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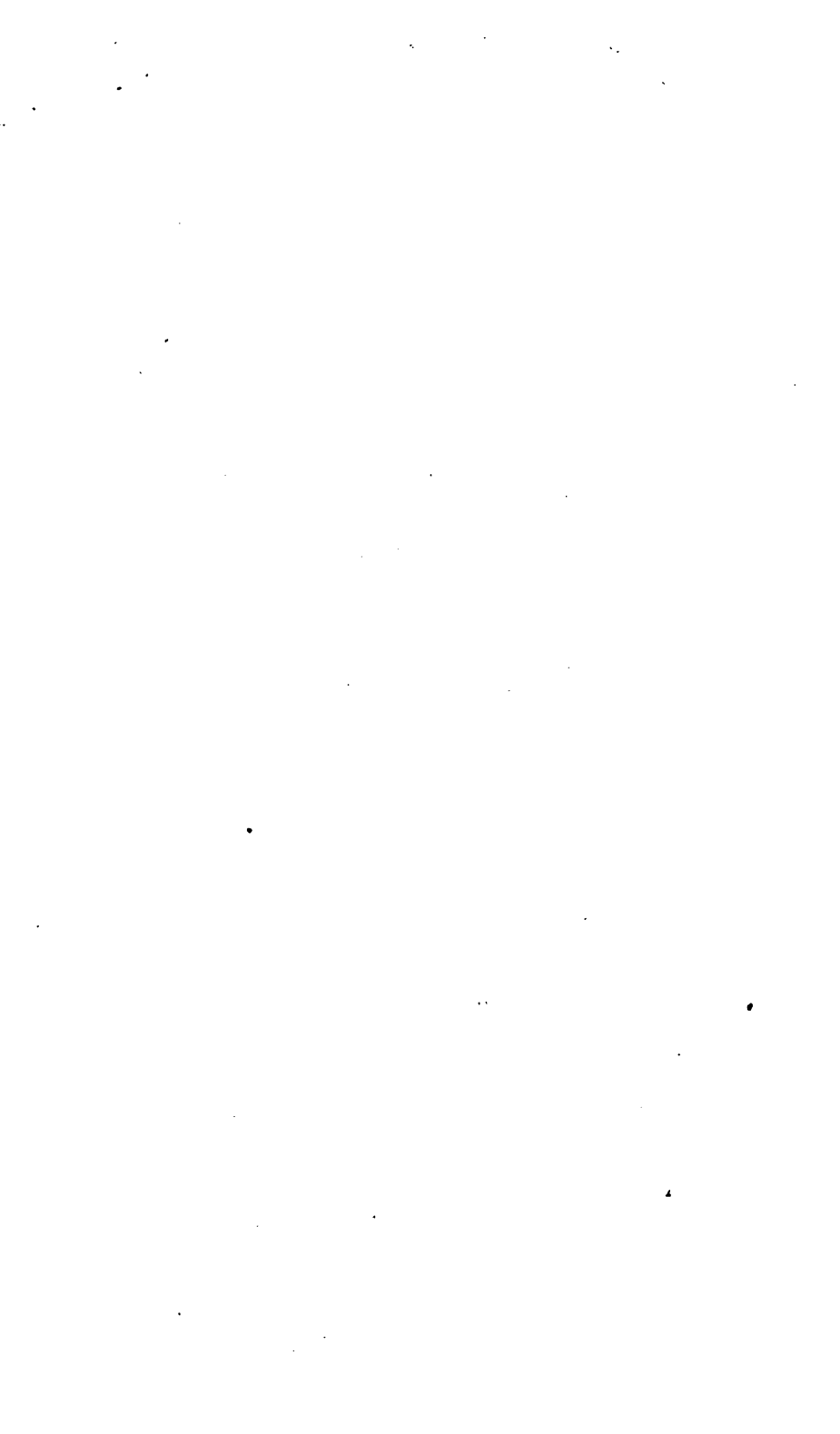
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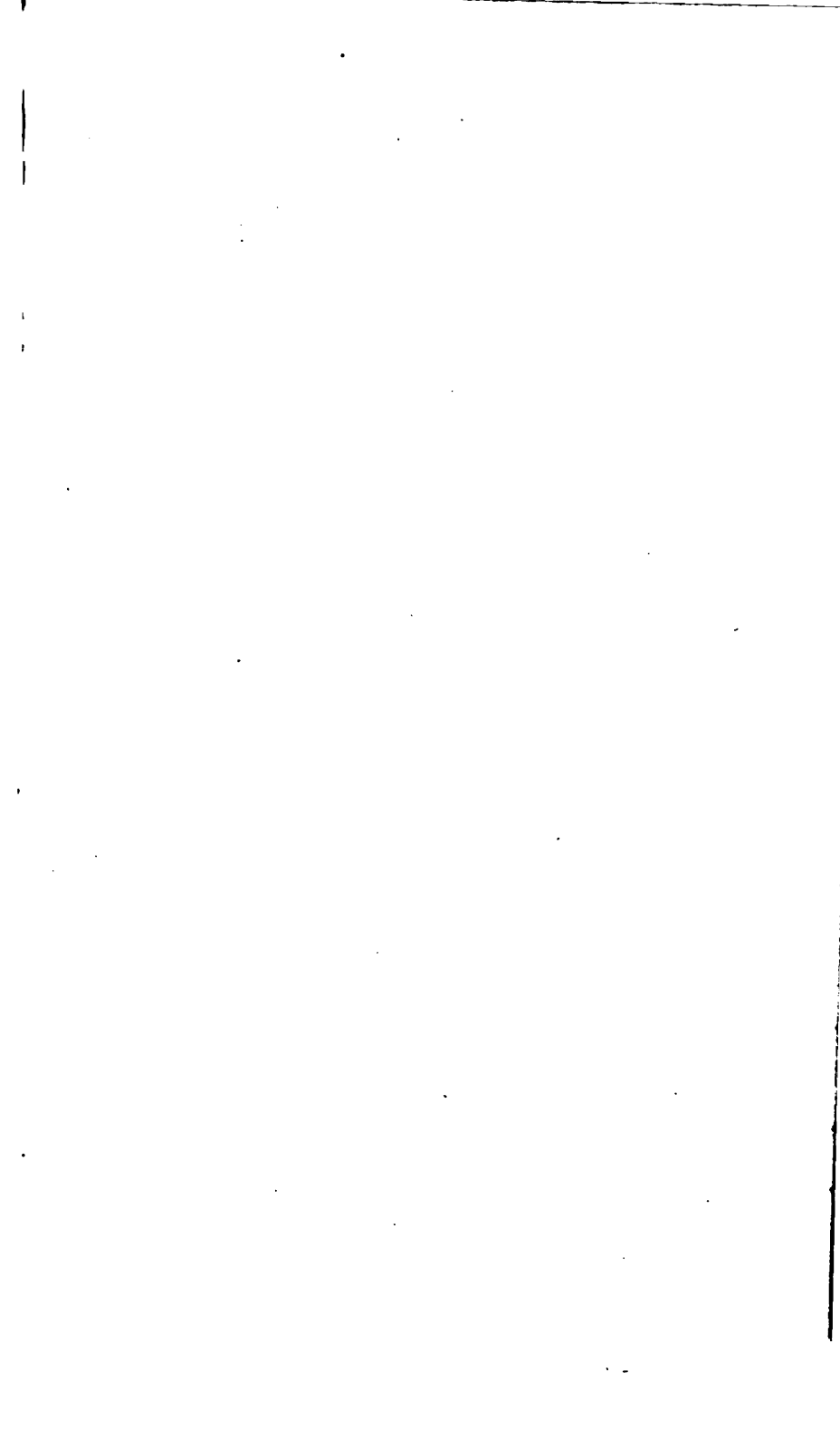
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THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN
MAGAZINE,

FOR THE YEAR 1872.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE

ARMINIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII. OF THE FIFTH SERIES.

VOL. FIFTY-FIRST FROM THE COMMENCEMENT.



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PREFACE.

IT is difficult to realize the fact that a whole year has elapsed since we last addressed our readers in this way. Our thoughts immediately revert to the losses which, as a Connexion, we have sustained during that time ; losses, which we shall not be able accurately to measure for months and years to come ; losses, of personal friends, of zealous coadjutors, of useful ministers, and of venerable and venerated standard-bearers in the Church. Some, the Master has called up higher, in the freshness of their youth ; others, in the fulness of their powers ; and others again, in "a green old age," fully prepared for the change themselves, and perhaps we ought to have been fully prepared for it also, as we knew of their intense spirituality and matured excellence. The names of several will readily occur to our readers ; but in this place it is only necessary to record the name of JAMES THORNE, not simply as the most distinguished of them all, but because his connection with this Magazine was of such an honourable character for so long a period.

But it is our duty not only to think of our losses, but of our gains also, for there have been numerous accessions to our churches, and some fresh Contributors and many new Subscribers to our Magazine. Let not the claims these have upon us be forgotten for one moment in our reverence for the departed. We will not thus forget them. We cannot but think of them gratefully, our Contributors especially, because now and then we are encouraged to believe that the Magazine was never more acceptable to our readers generally than now, and for this result we feel more indebted to them and to our Heavenly Father than we can find words to express.

And what is still more consolatory to our minds is the consideration, that there is reason to believe that the Church, and therefore the world also—notwithstanding all drawbacks and hindrances—is making great, if not wholly satisfactory, progress in several important respects. Religious accommodation in our large towns and cities is being provided to such an extent by the liberality of the established and non-established churches as not only to keep pace with the actual increase of population, but to lessen the deficiency that formerly existed. The settle-

ment of a grave international dispute by arbitration, which a few years ago would have inevitably involved England and America in a bloody conflict, is sufficient alone to make the year a memorable one. But other movements are hardly less suggestive and significant. It is perhaps too much to hope that Popery even by what is now transpiring in France and Germany will receive her death-wound; but the rights of conscience, the freedom of the nations, the spirituality of the Church, and the authority of the Bible alone in all matters of belief, are every year becoming more fully acknowledged, which in the end must prove fatal to despotic and priestly claims throughout the world.

One word as to the future as it respects ourselves. Let our readers only accord to us this mark of their sympathy and confidence, Continue to take the Magazine themselves and heartily recommend it to all their friends, and the successive numbers for 1873, if we are spared, shall give evidence of our zealous determination to labour more devotedly to promote their intellectual and moral improvement.

London, November 20th, 1872.

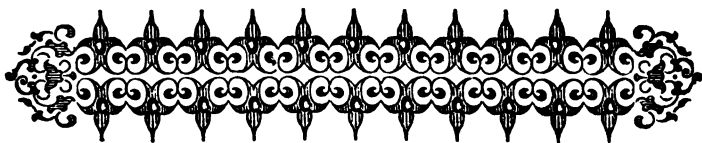




W. J. Hoeking

President of the Conference, 1871.

Engraved by J. H. Baker from a Photograph



THE
Bible Christian Magazine,
JANUARY, 1872.

A. D. 1871.

Is it because we are spectators of the great events of our own times, while far removed from those of the past, or is it because present events transcend in importance those of the past, that almost each successive year appears to be of a more eventful character than its predecessor? Without attempting to answer this question, we may suggest that probably the true solution, if it were found, would be that it is partly owing to one cause and partly to the other. Distant events grow dim and shadowy in proportion as they are distant. And it is equally true that if all things are hastening onwards towards the final consummation, and that is certain if the race is not moving in an endless circle, as some would have us believe, then may we expect that the closing scenes of our dispensation will be most remarkable and decisive, brilliant, probably terrible, all but overwhelming.

All movements, too, in these days of railways and telegraphs, whether for good or evil, make swifter progress than they have hitherto done. There is no slow, steady march for any cause, scarcely for any person. The crisis of a movement is precipitated almost before men imagine that its first stages have been reached. The fruit ripens soon, sometimes immediately after the bud has opened. The mid-day splendour or the midnight darkness is upon us before we thought the morning had fairly dawned, or the sun had hardly set. Last year, men thought, would stand alone in solitary and unapproachable solemnity and grandeur. But who supposes *that* now another year has almost run its course? The bloodiest war on record almost wholly absorbed the attention and interest of men the latter part of the year 1870, but causes silently and secretly at work then have already developed results of a profoundly significant character, which are but the precursors probably of others still more momentous.

JANUARY, 1872.

A

Coming to particulars, let us not forget that though peace has been concluded between France and Germany, it has not been accepted by the weaker and the defeated Power with hearty good will, hardly with equanimity. It was regarded as the necessity of the moment, and in no other sense desirable. However, a nation can hardly be expected to do more than sullenly consent to surrender some of its strong fortresses, and among them its strongest, more than one of its fairest provinces, and to pay two hundred millions sterling to defray the expenses of the war, however badly it may have been defeated! France is therefore burning for revenge, eagerly watching its opportunity. Notwithstanding the incredible losses her people have sustained, the irreparable injury that has been inflicted upon their trade and commerce, the all but intolerable pressure of their public taxation, the army, apparently with the consent of all parties, is to be larger than it was even under the Empire. The present state of things can therefore only be regarded as an armed truce. Germany on her part, is preparing for the worst, apparently as determined, as she appears to be able, to defend and retain all she won by terrible sacrifices and losses, despite the marvellous skill and courage of her sons. What France lost in the struggle Germany has gained. The determination of the one to get rid of her Emperor, the momentary all but universal gladness it caused, and the avidity with which the other crowned her soldier-king as Emperor of United Germany, amidst the acclamations of a whole people, is symbolical of other and greater changes which have occurred. France is irrevocably divided into hostile parties, Germany has been welded into a homogeneous whole, almost indeed into a perfect unity. In France, no sooner did the prospect of getting rid of the invader dawn upon her people than a fierce struggle broke out between the different factions aspiring to rule. As one set of men had successfully snatched at the supreme power, and trod down the Government of the Emperor, so another set of men, more extreme, more violent, more revolutionary, attempted to snatch the power from them, and in Paris the struggle, to the dismay and consternation and regret of the whole civilised world, was fought out to the bitter end. For the present the country districts of France, as represented in the National Assembly, have prevailed over the towns; but who will venture to predict how long this may last, or how speedily the position of parties may be reversed? M. Thiers has been chosen as the President of the Republic, but the majority of the deputies are favourable to a monarchical form of Government, but among them again divided counsels prevail. Nothing is settled, and the future unquestionably is dark and gloomy. Taxation to the tune of a hundred millions sterling must be imposed and realized, or bankruptcy and revolution are inevitable, and it seems barely possible for the most elastic, recuperative country in the world, as France is by her warmest partizans and admirers said to be, to raise such a sum, after the severe strain to which they have been so long subject.

The movement on the Continent, known as the Old Catholic movement, having Germany as its centre, has naturally attracted much attention during the year. This is nothing more nor less than

the reaction from the Ultramontaniam of the Papal Church, which reached its climax in 1870 when the Œcumenical Council decreed the Infallibility of the Pope. The opposition of the Bishops within the Council, on which such large hopes were based, must after all have been of a half-hearted character, as the protesting parties have since all but universally concurred in what was then done; it has yet to be proved whether the opposition which has been raised by the priests and the laity outside has in it life and permanence. For a time indeed, principally owing to the war between France and Germany, it appeared as if the Pope and the Jesuits were to have their way in the matter, as if their most daring usurpation were to be crowned with complete success. Fortunately this is not so, and it is significant that the opposing movement has originated in the intensely Roman Catholic State of Bavaria. Dr. Dollinger, a Roman Catholic professor, of great learning and ability and of the highest character, is its leader. At first he stood alone in his uncompromising opposition to the new article of faith. "But he was not left long in his isolated position. Supporters and coadjutors came in from various quarters; the movement extended beyond the boundaries of the Bavarian kingdom, and in the Congress which was lately held at Munich to consolidate the new movement and to give precision and purpose to the arms of its promoters, representatives were present from all parts of Roman Catholic Germany. And, as usually happens in such cases, the Congress gave greater breadth and meaning to the schism than was altogether contemplated by those who called it. Dr. Dollinger would have been content with his protest while he still remained in the Church, treating the excommunication that had been hurled against him as absurd and null; while, as far as we can discover, he was opposed to any step being taken that tended to separate his party from the general body of Roman Catholics, and he especially deprecated the formation of a new sect. But there were others present who had imbibed larger and wider views, and who were not terrified at the name of schismatics. They advocated the necessity of making provision for the celebration of divine service among themselves, if they were cast out from their parish churches, and with that view they were ready to fall back on the state of things existing when the country was not divided into parishes. Even the necessity of keeping up in their own society the purity of episcopal succession was hinted at, and in fact every preparation was made for the continuance of the body as a distinct body of Christians separate from the Roman Catholic communion. It says much for the enlightened and broad principles of Dr. Dollinger, that although he was not in favour of these views at the outset, yet, when they were approved by a large majority of the Congress, he instantly fell in with them. A large rent, therefore, has taken place in the body of Popery, and a new sect, professing to stand on Old Catholic ways, has arisen in the heart of Germany." What the result will be is yet exceedingly doubtful. There is certainly room for hope, but for little besides. But who among our readers will not wish that the movement may take "the shape of a national revolt from the Papacy—the completion of that commenced by Luther in the sixteenth

century." But all well-informed and competent observers predict that "should the Rationalist element become predominant, the movement is certainly doomed to perish;" and unfortunately many of its leading men are "deeply tainted with Rationalism." We may be sure that "consciences will not find rest in the barren negations of infidelity. If the Old Catholic leaders have nothing better to give than these dry husks, the people will either fall back into Popery, or will pass over into the Protestant Churches, or will break loose from every form of Christianity." If hope in this matter is mixed with fear, there is also much to encourage, as "Dr. Dollinger is certainly not a Rationalist," and the "believing element" is making itself more and more felt. And an able writer* who appears to possess certain qualifications for pronouncing a confident opinion lays stress on several considerations which numberless superficial writers have altogether overlooked. We refer to such considerations as these: the root of the movement goes far down into the past, and that it is connected in many ways with the "national and political history of the Fatherland." It is several years ago that a distinguished German, Dr. Hase, quoted by Dr. Binnie, confidently expressed his opinion that "it is not so likely that the existing Protestant Churches will be enlarged by many coming over to them from the other side—and bad Catholics do not readily make good Protestants—as that *from the bosom of the Catholic Church there will be worked out some new form of the Church, which, whatever name it may take to itself, will nevertheless be a REFORMED Church, and, in virtue of its protestation against the Infallibility of the Papal Church, a PROTESTING CHURCH.*" "The Ronge affair—a movement which agitated the Romish portion of North Germany some five-and-twenty years ago, and awakened a good deal of expectation in this country," he considers "*was only an immature abortion and caricature of what awaits us in the future.*"

And in reference to the other point named, importance is properly attached to the fact that the name of Luther has always been a name of incomparable power in Germany. Further, "the old traditional instinct of hostility to the Papacy, and of veneration for the men who did most to turn away the Fatherland from the Roman obedience, has never been, by any means, confined to the Protestant half of the nation." Another writer refers us to another circumstance which may be justly regarded as remarkable. "One can hardly fail to be struck with the resemblance that exists between this New Reformation in Southern Germany, and the policy of the heads of our own Protestant Church at the time of the Reformation. Here the work owed less to the zeal of individual Reformers than to any of the other countries of the Reformation. The emancipation from Rome was not, as in Germany, or Switzerland, or Scotland, the work of men raised up from the midst of the people: it was in large measure an affair of courts, of dignified ecclesiastics, of practised statesmen. One cannot go so far as to say the court of Bavaria has given as much support to Dollinger as Henry the Eighth gave to Cranmer, or Elizabeth to the divines of her day; but this is certain, that the new doctrines are protected by the King and their preachers are not

* Dr. Binnie, of Stirling, in the *Family Treasury*.

only tolerated, but chapels are assigned to them, where they may set forth their views. The new Minister of Worship in that country has issued his instructions to the bishops, forbidding them to annoy or to oppress the new sect; and hinting in no doubtful phrases that if his mandate be disobeyed, the offenders will find opportunity to reconsider their position within the walls of a prison. All this points to a readiness on the part of the state to adopt Dr. Dollinger's views as the recognised State religion of Bavaria as soon as public opinion should be ripe for the step. On the other hand, the Doctor shows that he has this end in view by the wariness of his procedure. Like all Reformers, he changes as little as possible. His object is to make the transition from the old to the new faith as simple and as smooth as possible, so that the laity should not be conscious of the change."

The burning of Chicago must be reckoned among the most memorable incidents of the year. What was its origin? We were almost startled when we saw the other day that the author of an article on Chicago commenced it thus: "A fire-storm! A snow-storm, a hail-storm, a thunder-storm, all these we understand; but a fire-storm! And yet a writer in the *Spectator* suggests this as the cause of the great fires in America, which 'spontaneously burst forth in a hundred widely-separated places at the same time.' He believes that the cause was atmospheric. The *Times*, of the 28th October, says:—'At Chicago, on the evening of the 8th [the night of the fire], balls of fire were observed to fall like meteors in different parts of the town, igniting whatever they came in contact with. Now a bright light appeared in the South-west horizon, gradually increasing till the heavens were aglow with fire. But a few moments elapsed after this before the horrible tornado of fire came upon the people, and enveloped them in flame, smoke, burning sand, and cinders. The inhabitants saw electrical flames flash in the air and dance over the surface of the earth around them. But the fury of the flash was past in half-an-hour.' If this conjecture be a true one, then the question, 'What were the firemen about?' is answered—answered by the counter-question, 'What could mortal firemen do, when the awful cause of the fire made the clouds His chariot and rode upon the wings of the wind?'" We know the suggestion has been treated with the greatest contempt; but to ask, "What has Chicago done above all other cities that it should be singled out for vengeance by Heaven?" only betrays unaccountable ignorance and pride; wilful forgetfulness, too, of the lesson taught by our Lord when He told the men of His time that the eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell were not sinners above all that dwelt in Jerusalem. But the calamity, in some of its features, alone and unexampled in the history of the world, must not be regarded as an unmitigated evil. Chicago itself will speedily rise, by the energy of its own children, into more than its former magnificence and splendour. Meanwhile the floodgates of charity, the divinest of the graces, and in its truest manifestations to be witnessed only in the track of Christianity, have been flung open all over the world. The last drop of bitterness between England and America has been drained out of the cup, as England has poured forth her contributions with-

out stint. Charity has once again proved itself to be more powerful than diplomacy in settling the disputes of nations. Philanthropy is a nobler science than statesmanship. Sin and Satan can separate peoples, but it is only religion and God that can make them one. Thank God, in this instance, that great work has been accomplished, and burned, blackened Chicago has been the occasion, afforded the opportunity, thus rendering greater service to the cause of humanity and civilization than she could have possibly done in all her prosperity and glory. In this connection, we may speak of the hurricanes in the West Indies, the famine in Persia, by the side of which all home disasters and accidents, painful as many of them have been, dwindle into insignificance. For these sufferers, too, Englishmen have deeply felt, and hastened, as with one consent, to their relief. Yea, it would seem that in proportion as the calls become louder and multiplied, the well of goodness is deepened, and the more freely and abundantly does the pure stream flow forth. The sick and wounded of both France and Germany last year were the recipients of England's bounty; this year the sufferers in beleaguered Paris, and those whose houses had been destroyed by the war, have had thrown around them the shield of protecting kindness and love.

Society in England has been much agitated in the past year. The days of quietness and peace are probably gone until various questions in Church and State have been satisfactorily settled. Some of the provisions of the Education Act of 1870 caused at the time great dissatisfaction to Dissenters generally, and the manner in which the Act has been worked by the "Department" has intensified and increased that dissatisfaction. Legislation probably would have assumed a somewhat different form if Dissenters had only been thoroughly united two years ago, or even as united as they are to-day, but every year and every agitation shows that there are Dissenters, and Dissenters. Some modification however of a few of the clauses of the Education Act of 1870 may be expected as soon as the wrath of certain officials has been sufficiently mollified, and we may be sure that all alterations effected will be in the direction of giving us a truly national system of education, in which sectarian bitterness and hate cannot possibly play any part. We may here note that the Romish hierarchy in Ireland, with Cardinal Cullen at their head, are demanding in such a way that the education of Roman Catholic children shall be entrusted to them, as denotes that a crisis is at hand. We most sincerely hope that neither the present nor any other Government will be cajoled or terrified, under any pretence whatever, to yield to these Prelates what can "only produce infinite confusion and mischief." To vote large sums for denominational education, which means education under the direction of the priests, would be to endow the Roman Catholic Church, a course which no true Protestant, and we think no wise English citizen, can ever consent should be adopted. Much uneasiness is felt in many circles as to the intentions of Mr. Gladstone's Government in this matter, and we are satisfied that this distrust has cost him considerable support. Let Roman Catholics, or even infidels, be at liberty to promulgate their respective opinions, pernicious as we conceive them to be to the best

interests of society, but let them do it at their own expense, for no more monstrous folly or injustice can be imagined than for it to be done at the expense of others.

Since the introduction into the House of Commons of Mr. Miall's motion for the separation of the Church from the State in England, Liberationists have had a busy time of it. By means of the press, and conferences, and public meetings, it has been sought to prepare the way for that great change which must soon or later come. "Convert the nation to your views before you ask Parliament to sanction your proposal!" was Mr. Gladstone's advice to Mr. Miall, and, whether for weal or woe, it has been promptly acted on. The contest is waxing hot and furious, and one proof that business is meant is, that bishops from their high seats are mingling in the fray. As opinion ripens so fast, it is probable that the next general election, or the next again, will be fought out mainly on this issue. Meanwhile every year witnesses some fresh effort or achievement in the direction of a new and better state of things. University Tests in our national seats of learning, so long a grievous injustice to Dissenters, have been abolished at the instance of the Government; their right to bury in our parish grave-yards will be conceded next, and then the end of so many aspirations and hopes may be in sight.

And then we are glad to observe that the opponents of our present licensing system are not less active and determined than anti-State Churchmen. A large Fund has been raised by the "Grand Alliance" for carrying on the agitation, and both in and out of Parliament the question will be discussed till our worst social monopoly and curse has received its death-blow. Many right-minded persons in the Established, and even in the Roman Catholic Church, Archdeacon Sandford, and Archbishop Manning, for example, are rendering this movement the most effective support. Aots of Parliament to close Public Houses on Sunday, or to further limit the hours of sale, to lessen their number, or to give the Ratepayers power to close them altogether, are among the good things which we hope a kind Providence has in store for the nation at no distant period.

Some agitations that might be named forbode, we fear, not only no benefit to society, but possibly great evil. Surely nothing is to be gained by the establishment of a Republican form of Government in England, or conceding "Home Rule" to the Irish people. Of the latter we need only say that the cry seems as senseless as it is popular. It may well make us doubt, especially when taken in connection with other ominous signs, whether any real improvement has taken place in the condition of Ireland; but patient and careful observers tell us that, notwithstanding present appearances, the healing and beneficent legislation of 1869 and 1870 has already produced fruit, valuable in itself, and still more valuable, as the earnest of good things to come. And concerning the former, we may ask, without contending that there is anything specially sacred in monarchical rule, whether Englishmen can expect to enjoy a larger measure of freedom or security under any form of Government than they now have? Our constitution may not be theoretically perfect, but men may live happily and prosper greatly under

it, enjoy in fact to the full all the practical benefits of Government, and what more can be required? Should not all changes be opposed that are sought merely for the sake of change? And as we have often said, we have a Republic all but in name, the will of the people being supreme, as even events which occurred during the last Session of Parliament bear witness. But the loyalty to their Queen and constitution of the great body of Englishmen has never been in question. How deep and intense that feeling, the universal sympathy which the alarming illness of the Prince of Wales evoked, must be regarded as evidence. It is hardly a figure of speech to say that the whole nation held its breath day after day while his life seemed to tremble in the balance. His anticipated death was a dark shadow on many homes, while his expected merciful preservation (which is the expectation at the time we write) has produced a thrill of joy in millions of hearts. May we not hope that great good will come out of the threatened evil? The disease to which the Prince nearly fell a victim, and to which his honoured father, Albert the Good, succumbed just ten years before, causes hundreds and thousands of deaths annually in England—deaths clearly preventible in the opinion of many by the adoption of efficient sanitary regulations in our towns and villages. Shall the Prince's danger and escape fail to teach and enforce that lesson? And, then, it seems to us that the Great Ruler of the universe suffered him to be brought to the very verge of death to show the helplessness of science, and the poverty of all human resources, and when that was plainly manifest, He, in answer to a nation's prayers, brought him back from the very gates of the grave. In this day of gross materialism and growing infidelity, was not such a lesson needed?

But death which did not make sure of our Prince as his most illustrious victim for the year, has sent out his angels and reaped a very large harvest, and some very distinguished sheaves. We cannot specify a tithe of the names that occur to us, it must suffice to state that in our own country *science* mourns the loss of Sir John Herschel, Sir R. Murchison (the friend of Livingstone, of whom, alas! no tidings have been received), Professor De Morgan, and Mr. Charles Babbage; *literature*, of Mr. Robert Chambers and Mr. George Grote, *statesmanship* and *philanthropy*, of Mr. Charles Buxton; while the Church has lost eminent divines in the persons of Dean Alford, Henry Melvill, and many besides, while many others prominent in their several spheres as Omer Pasha or Sir John Burgoyne, have been called to appear before "the King eternal, immortal, invisible."

And here we must abruptly close, imperfect as is our retrospect. We necessarily omit altogether many subjects that call for remark. We have said but little about the failures, faults, or merits of our Government; but one of their greatest distinctions, if not the greatest, in our view, is not the abolition of Purchase in the army, however meritorious that act may be, but the negotiating of a treaty with the Government of the United States, which we have every reason to hope will result in an honourable and lasting peace between the two countries; and of their faults and failures it is unnecessary

to speak, as the former they may avoid in future, and some of the failures of the past Session are safe to be among the victories of the next. We have said nothing either about such events as the Exhibition in South Kensington, or the famous Tichborne Trial, which still drags its weary length along; but we could not discourse on such topics without displacing others which are surely of greater importance, if they do not possess the same degree of immediate interest.

Our principal regret in the retrospect is the fact that nothing in the history of the Church beyond the movement of which we have already spoken calls for special notice. We feel sure that though the converting power seems almost lost, and the enemy tramples on the shrine of the Lord of Hosts, that Jehovah will again manifest His saving power and glory. The Cross of Christ cannot be shorn of its glory, any more than the heart of God can be emptied of love, and though there may be a pause in its onward march, or even what appears to be a retrograde movement, Christianity is destined to win yet nobler triumphs.

As for the future, what may it not unfold! We know not what dangers may lurk in our path, what storms may burst over our heads, what enemies may assail our peace, what trials may test our faith, what difficulties may hinder our progress; but this we know, that the purposes of the God of love cannot fail, and that nobler discoveries shall yet reward our faith, brighter glories shall yet more than fulfil our brightest hopes, purer joys shall yet ravish our hearts, and richer blessings shall yet descend on our families, the churches, and the world, in which belief we are hopeful, contented, happy.

THE SECRET OF GREAT USEFULNESS.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our title sets forth, with sufficient clearness, both our *aim* and our *method*. We can conceive of no *grander* aim, and of no *simpler* method. We do not expect our readers will get much instruction from the papers, of which this is the first; we shall be contented if they only derive from them some stimulus and encouragement. If each apparently useless minister and member of our churches were to learn the grand and blessed secret of usefulness, and each useful minister and member were to become doubly so, what a year of grace and blessing would this be, far exceeding anything we have hitherto known and experienced. We glance in this article at *three elements of success only, viz., eminent piety, intellectual vigour, and unwearied diligence*. These points were finely illustrated in the life of the Rev. Joseph Wood, a Wesleyan minister, whose biography has been lately published.* It is not our intention to tell the story of that beautiful life. It is sufficient to state that he was

* The life of the Rev. Joseph Wood, with Extracts from his Diary. By the Rev. Henry W. Williams. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

born February 23rd, 1797, entered the Methodist ministry in 1826, became a supernumerary in 1862, and died June 23rd, 1869, in the seventy-third year of his age. His claim upon our attention is, that in every circuit in which he laboured he was exceedingly useful, and his ministry was instrumental, to use the words of his biographer, "*in bringing hundreds—I might even say thousands—of men to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus.*"

Unquestionably, the great secret of Mr. Wood's large success was his *eminent piety*, "his holy walk with God, and the singleness of aim which marked all his public labours, and all his pastoral intercourse with his people." This is the uniform testimony of his friends. Mr. Williams says that from his first introduction to him, until his last interview with him when his day of active service to the church had closed, he was deeply impressed with the conviction that he was a man of God. "There was a hallowed influence connected with his whole deportment and conversation, which could only result from the rich anointing of the Spirit of Christ constantly resting upon him. The simplicity and earnestness of his personal piety,—the pure benevolence which made him anxious for the happiness of all,—the holy zeal for the honour of his Master which caused him ever to look reprovably on sin,—and his constant readiness to put forth efforts to lead those around him to Christ,—powerfully affected me." The late Rev. Thomas Vasey, himself a most godly and successful minister, says, "I shall always account it a special privilege to have spent the first year of my ministerial life under the superintendence of the late Rev. Joseph Wood. His spirit and example, both in public and private life, were well calculated to give a young man the most exalted ideas of the work of a true Methodist preacher. He was, indeed, a man of one business. Wherever you met him, he was intent on saving souls. He was a true evangelist. . . . His habits of private devotion were regular and were carefully maintained; and between these and pastoral duties his time was divided. *I believe he never went into the pulpit without a firm faith that souls would be saved, and he was rarely disappointed.*" The Rev. Benjamin Hellier, after hearing Mr. Wood preach, could not help saying to himself,—"*'Now I know what unction means.'* I had heard of men preaching with unction, but had not understood what it meant. Now the matter was explained. . . . I felt that I was subject to a powerful influence which I could not regard as the mere result of the action of one human mind upon another. I thought then, and think still, that this influence superadded to the effect of human eloquence was the unction of the Holy Spirit, resting on the mind of the preacher, and powerfully affecting his hearers."

In illustration of the same point, let us take two or three brief extracts from Mr. Wood's own diary at different periods of his life. The first is under date of December 13th, 1813. "For some little time past I have been greatly stirred up to seek purity of heart. I have desired it, and have found that desires alone will never bring the blessing. Sometimes, indeed, I have been much in earnest, but have not persevered. A short time since I was quickened under a sermon which I heard in Ebenezer Chapel, King Street [Bristol]. On

returning to my lodgings, I immediately went to my room, without waiting to get a light; but the God of light and grace manifested Himself as my portion. I was enabled to exercise faith in His word, and to say, 'O Lord, I come to Thee for a fulfilment of Thy promises! I am vile and sinful, unworthy of the least of Thy favours; but Thou, of Thy free grace, hast promised, and declared Thyself willing to perform all Thy faithful word. Why, then, do I not receive? I believe and know that Thou hast pardoned all my past sins, and I believe that Thou art able and willing to keep me from sin. Lord, I believe Thy every word. I believe the blessing into my soul.' I then felt such an invigoration of my faith, and such an outpouring of the love of God, as I never did before. The enemy is active with his temptations; but by the grace of God I am enabled to resist and overcome." Two or three years after, when out for a walk, while thinking how often he had grieved his heavenly Father, his mind was immediately withdrawn from the pleasant objects and delightful scenery by which he was surrounded. His own words are: "My soul was plunged in the depth of self-abasement. I believe I never saw so much of my vileness, and unworthiness to look towards heaven, or to take the name of God into my lips, as at this time. I cast myself and my burden at the footstool of Divine mercy, and pleaded the precious blood of Christ. Bowing my knees before God, I felt in that place the spirit of prayer come upon me. I had not continued long in supplication before all darkness was dispersed by my Redeemer's appearing, like a bright and cloudless morning after a night of storm. My soul was filled with Divine love, and I went home, rejoicing in the God of my salvation." We pass over much of the same kind, simply remarking that these humbling views of himself, which he cherished all through life, were often accompanied by extraordinary measures of Divine influence. Coming to the year 1841, he had an unspeakably bitter cup to drink then in the death of a dear child. He says, however, "If it may but be sanctified to rendering me more devoted to God, and more useful in His vineyard, I am content. O let not the Lord withhold this desire of my heart, that I may enjoy more of His favour, and bring more glory to His name! Give, O give, me this, whatever thou takest away, O my God! Amen, Amen." We will quote only one more entry bearing on this point. He preached in the Mint Chapel, Exeter, May 31st, 1863, and the following is his own account of the service. "I have scarcely ever felt more on taking a service. The tremor of the over-wrought frame continued for a considerable time; but at length I was lifted above this also, and felt a degree of power. On breathing my soul to God for help, when commencing the service, He, in condescending grace and mercy, said to me, 'I am with thee.' It seemed like an audible voice, communicating with the word a peculiarly reviving power, and assuring me that I should not be forgotten. I hesitated if I should name that which filled my soul with grateful love; but why should I not declare, to the praise and glory of infinite mercy, the loving-kindness of my God and Saviour." Is it any wonder that Mr. Williams says that in Mr. Wood, more, perhaps, than in any other man whom he ever knew, the beautiful lines of Cowper were exemplified,

"When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings :
Immortal fragrance fills the circle wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied ?"

We have always felt that there are revival preachers, and revival preachers, that some thus designated have even done much to bring the Gospel into contempt. We have been puzzled ourselves, and we know too, that it has been a puzzle to others, how some men, possessing no special gifts of intellect, and certainly without manifesting any great depth of piety, have been, apparently, so useful, able, as it were, to command success. But are the results of their labours *real* and *permanent*? It is a comparatively easy thing for men of a certain temperament to produce great excitement in congregations, especially in certain circumstances; but a genuine revival of religion leading to a thorough change of heart and life, we may be sure is only vouchsafed, as a rule, in connection with deep, and sincere, and unaffected piety in the principal instrument that Jehovah condescends to employ in the accomplishment of his purposes.

But not only is eminent piety essential to usefulness; *intellectual vigour* is only less important. *Feeling* that is not produced by *thought* is of the most transient character, and religious emotions are no exception to this rule. We are quite satisfied from our own experience and observation that momentary intensity of feeling is no compensation for poverty and feebleness of thought. There is a superficiality in the intellectual nature of some very popular preachers that is fatal to their exercising a lasting and widespread influence over the minds of others. From this vice, alas! that it should be so common, Mr. Wood was certainly free. His mind, we are informed, was vigorous and active. It was impossible to converse long with him without perceiving that he was a man of cultivated intellect. In youth he had a passionate desire for the acquisition of knowledge. This strong feeling was rightly subordinated to another, love to the Saviour and love to the souls of men, but it was not destroyed. We do not recommend midnight studies to the youth whose ambition it is to win distinction in the Lord's service, perhaps he ought to be affectionately warned against them, but we are sure there never was a man intent upon fully improving his powers that has not had moments of grand enthusiasm when all thoughts of health, and time also, have completely vanished away. One of the entries in Mr. Wood's Diary when a young man is, "I am endeavouring to pursue my studies, relating both to general information and to public duties." "As a general rule, it may, perhaps, be affirmed, that the forenoon of every day should be spent by a minister in his own house, in the studies appropriate to his sacred calling, and the afternoon be given to systematic pastoral visitation." When Mr. Wood deviated from this wise rule, he was constrained by a solemn sense of personal responsibility, and by intense longings, which could not be repressed, for the salvation of men. But whatever he neglected besides, whatever books were unread, *he always carefully studied the Bible*; and no man can be a giant in the pulpit except he

meditates therein day and night. "On some occasions, Mr. Wood ventured to preach on passages of Holy Scripture with very little previous preparation: but these occasions were comparatively rare; and he has recorded his decided conviction, that careful study, combined with earnest prayer, should precede every attempt, except under extraordinary circumstances, to unfold and apply the truth of God."

But as this paper is becoming too long, a word or two in conclusion about the third point already referred to, viz., the importance of *unwearied diligence*. There are such passages in the Bible, as, "Abounding in the work of the Lord," "Instant in season, and out of season," "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," and the like. How are these Scriptures to be interpreted? Good and conscientious men differ greatly in their views on this point, if their conduct may be regarded as an index thereto. All men certainly cannot do what Mr. Wood did, and it would not be prudent for them to attempt it. But many could do much, very much more than they even think of doing. The outward means may be used, but if the inner life be feeble, the result will be small. If, however, the heart be right, prompting to zealous and extraordinary efforts, at all times a wonderful blessing will be given. With some illustrations of this point taken from Mr. Wood's life, we may bring our remarks to a close. While in his first Circuit, Newport, Monmouthshire, he says: "Yesterday I began my visiting round from house to house under strong temptation to discouragement, thinking I should be regarded by the people as one bringing old tales. But I was never so much encouraged in this department of my work. I went to every house, not excepting the Inns, and I found many under good impressions. One of the members had become negligent. I first wrestled with God, and then conversed with the backsliding member. The Lord was pleased to soften her heart; she wept, and determined in the strength of grace to begin again. God greatly blessed my own soul while teaching and preaching from one house to another." When it was proposed to canvass the town in order to ascertain what families were without a copy of the Holy Scriptures, he tells us, he the more readily engaged in this work because "I wished to bear my testimony for God to all the accessible inhabitants of Newport before leaving them, and this errand furnished me with a good reason for calling at their houses. I set about the work accordingly; and on Friday last I had the gratification, by God's blessing, to state to the committee, that I had visited upwards of *seven hundred families in Newport and Pillquently*. To nearly all of these I have spoken on the subject of their present and eternal salvation."

It was not in one circuit only that Mr. Wood laboured thus indefatigably. He was, all through life, *sleeplessly vigilant*. One other extract from his biography will set this in a clear light:—"It was no uncommon thing for him to pay 150 'spiritual visits,' as he appropriately terms them in his Journal, in the course of a month, and sometimes the number rose as high as 190 or even 200. Nor was he appalled by the presence of disease, and the consciousness of danger. At one time, during his residence at Kingswood, typhus

fever was prevalent in the neighbourhood; but he visited those who suffered from it without hesitation and without fear. Under the date of July 21st, 1830, he writes, 'There being many sick in different parts of the circuit, I borrowed a horse, and rode through nearly all the circuit, and visited many. Several are ill of typhus fever.' This was not the only occasion on which he availed himself of the readiness of his friends to furnish him with a horse, to enable him to carry out his system of pastoral visitation further than he could otherwise have done. A gentleman still resident at Kingswood, who well remembers his ministry in that circuit,—Mr. George Dix,—writes to me, 'I have known him worn down with walking; but, wishing to visit more persons, he would borrow a horse to enable him to do so. He carried it to such an extent that I feared he would materially injure himself. I tried, therefore, to restrain him, pointing out to him what I thought the consequences would be; but he would say, "Souls are perishing. If you saw a house on fire would you not do all you could to rescue the inmates? Must I not, therefore, do all I can for the salvation of souls?"'

He preached at fairs and revels, and in every other place as he had opportunity; on this however we must not dwell, but content ourselves with quoting Mr. Vasey's testimony, and the record of one Sabbath's labours, and to all who can we would earnestly and affectionately bid them to "Go and do likewise." Mr. V. says, "Not content with preaching to the people who came to chapel, he would go on a week-night, before the service began, into some benighted neighbourhood,—address the people,—invite them to the chapel,—sing up the street,—and take them in with him. Sometimes, on such occasions, his congregations presented a motley appearance; women without shawls, or bonnets, and men in paper caps, with a due admixture of ragged children, all flocking in and listening attentively to the word." And here is the record of one Sabbath's labours. "Sunday, May 31st, 1840. I was appointed at Topsham, where the work has long been in a most discouraging state. Although well aware that my efforts were nothing but as God may be pleased to use them, I resolved to do all I could, and to expect the promise of the Father. I therefore preached without door on the quay, at 9½ o'clock, from 'Come, for all things are now ready.' I then went to the chapel, and preached at 10½ from Psalm v. 3. Visited a sick man, and preached again in the chapel at 2½ from Rev. ii. 4, 5, and baptized a child. At 4 o'clock I preached in the street in the centre of the town from the latter part of the Apostles' creed, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost,' etc. At 5½ I preached on board a vessel to a great number who stood on the deck and on the quay from Luke v. 3. I then gave out a hymn, and sang through the streets to the chapel, where I again preached at 6½ from Prov. xxiii. 26. After this I held a prayer-meeting and exhorted; and as one soul, who was convinced at the out-door service in the morning, was in distress, we stayed and again lifted up our hearts, and the Lord spoke her sins forgiven. Glory for ever to His Holy name! When I went into the pulpit the last time, I felt in my head as if I should scarcely be able to stand: but the Lord again strengthened me, and we had a gracious season."

OLD TEXTS WITH NEW ILLUSTRATIONS.

SOCIAL RELATIONS AND RESPONSIBILITIES,

"If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die: then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman, the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death."—Exodus xxi. 28, 29.

THE principle of this old Jewish law is of universal and permanent applicability and obligation—one of the many proofs that the LORD, the LORD God, whose special attributes are Mercy and Justice (Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7), was the Lawgiver of the Jews. It bears His impress, because it is conspicuous both for its humaneness and strict justice. In all the revelations we have of Him, He never reveals Himself as a God of Justice without also revealing Himself as a God of Mercy; and He never reveals Himself as a God of Mercy, without also revealing Himself as a God of Justice. Mercy's bright ray penetrated the thick darkness that gathered around Sinai, and the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ reveals the terribleness and the inflexibility of Divine Justice fully as much as the great love of the Father to a world of sinners.

This apple of gold, too, has its picture of silver. The jewel is magnificent, but the setting is also beautiful. The illustration, agricultural though it be, makes the truth plain and forcible even to dwellers in towns and cities.

And that truth is surely, That every man, forming a part of any community, whether large or small, must study the interests of others as well as his own. His liberty is not, and cannot be, and ought not to be, absolute. He has not a right to do as he pleases, not even with what is called his own. The rights of others are to be respected, their welfare should be sought, and their happiness promoted. There are limitations and restrictions on all sides, which all, the high and the low, the employer and the employed, are bound to observe. Injuries inflicted upon any member of the commonwealth are to be redressed, not by the person that is injured, but by the state of which he forms a part. This is the very germ of all true civilization and progress.

And this principle once admitted, it follows necessarily that the head of a family, the proprietor of a colliery or a manufactory, or the owner of a ship, is not only responsible for what he does personally, but also for what he causes other persons to do for him. A parent cannot wholly separate himself from the acts of his children, or a master from those of his servants. A man cannot even become the owner of a horse, or an ox, without at the same time becoming responsible for any damage that his beast may do to the persons or the property of his fellow-men. The law of God is, "that if an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten." Law is necessarily severe. The severity of law is of prime importance to the well-being of society, yea, it is essential even to its safety. The moral intuitions of man are in perfect harmony with the law of

God. If there were no conscience in men, there would be no respect for law. But the law must be also strictly just and impartial, the penalty it imposes must bear a due proportion to the offence which has been committed. To resist an unjust law, to pay no heed to it whatever, to disregard its penalties, is a course that conscience approves, and all good and enlightened men applaud. By the illustration before us we at once perceive how much more valuable a man is than an ox. Human life is a sacred and precious thing, of such inestimable worth that it must be hedged around and guarded on every hand. The ox is valuable to his owner, but the man is valuable to society; and therefore one cannot be compared with the other. But though an ox may kill a man or a woman, its owner may not be in the least blameworthy. And so the same law which demands that the ox shall be put to death, declares that the owner shall be quit. It is an "accident" purely, a result that was not only not desired, but was not even anticipated. A man may even directly cause the death of his fellow-man, and in the absence of all intention to do wrong, even though he may have been thoughtless or careless, the sense of public justice in society is satisfied with inflicting a small penalty on the offender.

"But if the ox were wont to push with his horns in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in," another and a much more serious and important element of the case is introduced, and the owner of the ox is virtually the murderer of his brother man, and now it is not the ox only, but the owner thereof that is to be put to death. He had no right to expose the lives of others to such grave peril, to such unnecessary risk.

In modern society, if this principle were impartially applied, how many persons who now hold their heads high in society would be first arraigned at the bar of justice, and then speedily consigned to the prisoner's cell or made to suffer the murderer's doom. I hardly know which is the more guilty, the merchant who for the sake of gain sends a old rotten vessel on a voyage, or he who entrusts the lives of the crew and passengers to the mercy of a drunken captain. In either case he wilfully, wickedly risks the lives of others, when he can insure his own property at its full value. The piercing shriek of agony from a hundred widows and orphans testifies of the wrong that has been committed, and cries for justice to be done.

And, then, again, how many colliery accidents might be prevented. The masters and the men share the responsibility between them of destroying, year after year, hundreds, if not thousands, of useful members of the community. With a little additional outlay of capital on the part of the masters, the expenditure of a small percentage of their annual profits, and this none know better than themselves, the lives of their men would be comparatively secure, except by criminal negligence or carelessness on their part. And criminally negligent and careless the men sometimes are. To the pernicious habit of smoking many of the most destructive colliery accidents can be directly traced. At the Ferndale Colliery explosion 170 human beings perished. And it is said that, "during the clearance of the fall, a considerable number of lamps were found with their tops off, but in such a condition as would be altogether incom-

patible with the supposition that the tops had blown off by the explosion; and three or four key lamps were found. . . . In one instance it was discovered that a collier had sewn a lamp key inside his cap." Such carelessness is all but incredible, and wholly inexcusable. What punishment would be too severe in such cases! What fearful risks the men run, yet they brave them all for a "momentary gratification. If the offenders alone suffered, we should not feel the same intensity of concern, but when the safety of hundreds is in the keeping of one man, who can refrain from speaking strongly on the subject.

Further legislation is confessedly necessary, and yet measure after measure has been introduced by successive Governments to remedy the most obvious evils, only to be withdrawn, through the pressure it is said of public business, and the country feels so languid an interest in the matter that this is done almost without protest or remark, while some wretched political squabble absorbs the time and attention of statesmen for days or weeks together.

But the most painful subject yet remains to be considered, viz., the legalized drink traffic of our country, that deadly destructive monster of modern English society. With its ravages all are, unhappily, too familiar. There is no village, there is hardly a family, left uncursed. "I do in my conscience believe," says Dr. Guthrie, "that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge which swept over the highest hill-tops—engulfing a world of which but eight were saved." "It is estimated that 10,000 members are lost to the Christian Church through drunkenness every year." It is unquestionable, it is almost undisputed, that drunkenness increases as the facilities for drinking are multiplied. Let the number of gin, and wine, and beer-shops be reduced in any locality, and drunkenness, and poverty, and crime, are proportionately diminished. Free-trade in strong drink has been declared, after it has been virtually tried on a large scale, to be detrimental, yea, destructive to the best interests of society. Is not then the duty of Christians, of philanthropists, of citizens, quite plain? Is this monster to be permitted to kill and destroy as many victims as it pleases? Because it is chafed, infuriated, and maddened, if you attempt to put a hook in its jaws, is it to be left alone altogether? Is the work of repression, it matters not by what machinery, but is the work itself to be left undone? Because the more poverty, the more misery, the more crime, through drinking, means increasing wealth and respectability and honour for a few, are the interests of the few to prevail over the interests of the many? Are these "silver-smiths" to be let alone because they raise a loud cry that their craft is in danger? Is the demand for compensation to prevail? Is the plea of the Government that the nation cannot afford to sacrifice the revenue derived from the sale of intoxicating drinks to stand in the way of a reform, we would rather say, the destruction of the traffic, as if nations could grow rich by the demoralization of the people. If betting-houses may be suppressed by Act of Parliament, why not drink-shops, hell-houses, as they have been called, and really are. The objection that the destruction of the drink traffic is too great an interference with the

liberty of the subject is too hollow a pretence to deserve a moment's consideration, if many intelligent and virtuous and respectable persons were not carried away thereby.

Sure we are that the monster will die hard, when driven from its position, betake itself to another, and many may lose heart and be in the struggle. All great evils take a long time to root up. Slavery was not destroyed by a single blow. But the victory, in all this life-and-death struggles, remains with the right and the true. Righteousness and truth, if they have any power, have all power. Truth contains within itself the germ of universal greatness and empire.

It is the God of truth who has said that the time shall come, as in the history of this world when nothing shall hurt or destroy all His holy mountain. And when that time arrives the drinking system in England, shall be reckoned among the things of the past, to afflict individual man and society at large no more. Who ready, aye, ready, to take part in the severe, but not doubt struggle?

GEORGE HERBERT AND HIS POEMS.

No. 1.

I HAVE examined two very pretentious editions of our British Poets published some years since, and in these I find no record of George Herbert. This is all the more singular, as in such series of the poets discover places appropriated to such worthless or trivial bards as Rochester and Whitehead. Our age fails somewhat in its literary judgments, it is true, but it is a consolation at least to discover that we are now doing justice to Herbert. There is no assignable reason why he should not take high rank amongst the poets of that memorable era. The fact that he wrote upon sacred themes does not militate against his position; or, were it so, we should have to deny to Milton the lofty rank which the voice of nations has conceded to him. George Herbert is one of those poets who fill up the interval between Shakespeare and Milton—exceedingly different from both of these as a man, and as a writer, no doubt, and yet exhibiting to us some qualities which we find in them. It is not at all surprising that, under any circumstances, his poems should have been treated with measure of neglect, for the poets who are “not for an age, but for time” are few; and a different style of composition now prevails, which makes the quaint conceits and fanciful symbols of Herbert, by force of contrast alone, seem strange and displeasing to some, who, by the depth of their religious feelings, are well qualified to enter into the spirit of the verse. People occasionally complain that they cannot understand George Herbert, and, perhaps, a little reflection would prove to them that they themselves are in fault. He is a poet worth taking some trouble to understand, and a little patience and quiet thought will clear away much that seems hazy. In some of our studies of his verses, it may then seem to us as if by a sudden intuition, we could look back across the ages, and read the workings of the poet's mind, as his thoughts shine brightly forth, just as, on some of these winter's days, through the fog and snow which the earth has sent up, the sun gleams out full-orbed, with a shift of the wind, and we rejoice, and proceed on our way exhilarated. There

many a thought to be got from Herbert, which, when once rightly fixed in the mind of a nineteenth century reader, may do him as much, or even more good than it did the man who received it two hundred years ago or more; for are we not the better for the flood of light which those two centuries have shed upon sacred and secular things! There is much fine gold in the writings of Herbert, and this has stood the test of time, whilst what there is of dross in matter or in manner, is easily separable, and can do no harm to none, unless to those who come to him with a determination to extract somewhat from his poems which will fit in with theories of their own. We have at the present time, various editions of Herbert obtainable, with notes and annotations; and his style of spelling has been modernized to suit the taste of those who do not care for the antique mode. I am, however, for my part, of the opinion of one of his Editors, that the original spelling, on the whole, seems suited to the rhythm and imagery, and the tone of the thought. I shall not, for my part, attempt in this series of papers, to give anything like an exposition of Herbert's poems. All I propose is to point out the excellences and beauties of a few, and endeavour to throw a little additional light on some passages which have seemed difficult or doubtful to readers of our time. There are some who will read my notes upon Herbert, who have already made acquaintance with him, and just in the proportion in which they really know his writings, and enter into the spirit of them, will they love the man for what he has penned; nor will they object to hear a little about him from a brother admirer. Others, doubtless, have not yet studied or even read his writings, though they may have come across a few extracts in books. To these the author hopes his observations will yet have their interest, and they will be benefited, he firmly believes, both religiously and intellectually, should they be led to enter upon the perusal of Herbert's prose, as well as his poetical works.

It will be as well, I think, that I should offer, in this opening paper, a slight, very slight sketch of Herbert's life, for there are several facts of importance that it is well for us constantly to bear in mind when we are considering his poems. For it is with him as with Cowper, and a few others (and a thing certainly not true of most poets), that his writings portray the man so accurately that we feel almost as if we knew him personally; and moreover, their peculiar characteristics are to be rightly understood only when we remember *what* the man was, and *where* and *how* he spent his comparatively brief life.

George Herbert, the fifth son of his parents, was born towards the close of the sixteenth century, in Montgomery Castle. An author of a recent outline of his life, thinks it necessary to add to this a statement of the fact that the Castle was taken out of the hands of the family, "during the Great Rebellion!" Is it possible that an educated Englishman, who knows any thing about the history of his own and other countries, can regard the grand struggle for her civil and religious liberties which took place in the middle of the seventeenth century, as nothing but a great Rebellion? True, is it indeed, as Carlyle has written, that there are some men of whom it must be said, "they have wedded their delusions," nor are they likely to get free of those as long as they live, they hold them, "until death do us part." Passing from this, however, it is noticeable that George Herbert lost his father when he was four years old, and it was fortunate for him that his mother, Magdalen Herbert, was not only a woman rich in accomplishments, but full of gentleness and piety. The influence which she exercised upon this son of hers was very great, and she helped, no doubt, to mould him into the man he afterwards became.

According to a plan frequently pursued then, as now, with young gentlemen of a certain position in society, he was sent to college at Cambridge when he was sixteen, though not, as it seems, with any immediate design that he should enter the Church. At college, though he went into no

excesses, he held the reputation of being rather proud and distant to his friends, though not uncourteous; and he was particularly fond of fine clothes, a foible common enough in the days of King James the First, and one which we find some people guilty of in the reign of Queen Victoria. A passage he wrote in a letter to his mother shows, that he was capable of better things; for in sending her some verses of his own, he observed: "My meaning is, to declare my resolution to be that my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory." At this University, he received the post of public orator in 1619; the pay was only forty shillings a year, but the honour was thought a good deal of, and moreover, it was regarded as a stepping-stone to some high post.

The golden prospects which had at one time presented themselves to Herbert now gradually vanished. He had once dreamed, it is evident, of plunging into the sea of political life; but the death of several, who would have promoted his interests; a degree of failure in his bodily vigour which augured ill for his success in a sphere which requires all the energy a man can command; and, last, though not least, the desire he began to feel to devote himself to the immediate service of God; led him to resolve upon entering the Church. That, however, as we know from the page of history, was in those troubled times no bed of roses wherein any one might hope to repose, and George Herbert, as he hints in one of his poems, had a wish to avoid Popery on the one hand, and Puritanism on the other. He was one, also, thoroughly imbued with love for the pastoral work, and his view of the qualifications and conduct which should mark the Christian minister might be thought by some to be rather too high. That he strove with all his heart to be such a man as he represented in his beautiful ideal of the "Country Parson," we are assured by the general voice of his contemporaries, many of whom, though they admired and revered him, could not understand why a poet who seemed so well suited to shine in the Court preferred to withdraw from it, and bury himself in an obscure retreat in the country. It was in 1626 that he entered upon the incumbency of the village of Layton, or Leighton, in Huntingdonshire, and he devoted himself eagerly to the rebuilding of the Church, which had gone to decay. His own funds not sufficing, he obtained help from friends. Those who have visited this church report that some of the portions restored by George Herbert may be still distinguished from the old walls which were left. It is reported that it was by his particular wish that the pulpit and reading-desk were made of the same height, and exactly similar. He argued, says Isaak Walton, that "prayer and preaching being equally useful, should agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation." Others, of Nonconformist principles, would probably argue, with all respect, that if the two structures should be so much alike, one of them might be dispensed with altogether. At this time Herbert was only in what is called "deacon's orders," the then law of the Church of England allowing such an office as he held to be taken by one not fully ordained.

The illness and death of Herbert's mother, and his own marriage, occurred before he was ordained a "priest," and entered upon that charge at Bemerton, which has made the church, the parsonage, and the localities surrounding them, objects of interest, not only to natives of England, but to visitants from afar. Our poet was greatly affected by the decease of his surviving parent, who had so tenderly watched over his early days, and at a time, during her illness, when he was separated from her unavoidably, he wrote letters to her, full of Christian consolation and filial love. In one of these, we discern a proof of his own devotion to the cause of Christ, and the denial of self, in the remark he makes that he dreaded sickness more than death. Death gave him liberty from the chains of the body and placed him in a higher sphere where he could serve God uninterruptedly: sickness broke in upon his course of daily work, and rendered him

unfit for the duty for which God had sent him into the world. Others have thought similarly, and to all disposed to be despondent on the latter account, the grand words of Milton, written a few years later, showing that "they also serve who only stand and wait," supply a ground for renewed hopefulness, chiefly, indeed because though the words are the poet's, the thought is Scriptural. Lady Danvers (for she had married again), died in 1627, and, as was so usual then, her son George commemorated her in funereal Greek and Latin poems. Of the next important event in his life—that is, his marriage, we have some details which are a little singular. Herbert had been unwell, and had gone for a change to the house of his step-father, Lord Danvers. Here he met a cousin of his lordship's, with whom he soon became on very friendly terms. This gentleman advised Herbert to marry, but as he was blessed with no fewer than nine daughters, the suggestion might be thought to be not quite disinterested, and, in fact, he said that he would not desire any better person than his friend George as son-in-law. Possibly the number of young ladies might have perplexed the rather shy and retiring poet, but it soon appeared that Jane Danvers had formed an attachment to him, and this led the thoughts of Herbert in that direction. They saw little of each other, through interfering circumstances, and it was not until after her father's death, and when the family was in deep distress, that Herbert proved his love by coming forward, and making Jane his wife. The union was not blessed with any offspring.

About three months after his marriage, at the request of a nobleman friendly to Herbert, King Charles I. gave him the living of Bemerton in Wiltshire. The poet hesitated to take the charge of this very moderate parish, for, as is often the case with men of sensitive mind, the burden of responsibility pressed so much upon him as almost at times to cripple his actions. At length he yielded to the persuasions of his relatives, and he was introduced to his church and parsonage at Bemerton, on April 28th, 1630. Being left in the church, so goes the story, to ring himself in, as the custom was, so long an interval occurred that his friends without thought that something was amiss. At last, one of them peeped in through the window, and saw the rector lying on the ground, not in a swoon, but absorbed in earnest prayer, and, as he afterwards told them, asking God's assistance, in order that he might carry out those plans which we have, no doubt, in substance, in the work of his of which mention has been made. But it was only for a little more than two years that he was to be spared to exemplify in his own life what the "Country Parson" should be. It was not indeed in that capacity that he was to exert the larger influence upon the minds and hearts of men. He knew not, that in the generations to come thousands would be instructed by him, not directly perhaps, but indirectly, through the agency of others who have delighted to ponder his writings, and have been, or are now, teachers of others, by means of the pulpit or the press.

Not many yards separated the church from the parsonage at Bemerton, when George Herbert lived there; now a handsome memorial church commemorates the poet-preacher, erected by Lord Herbert of Lea, and a visitant to the place not very long since found the old church closed. It is a very small structure, and, like that of Herbert's first charge, it was falling into decay even then. He did not rebuild, but repaired it, and also the parsonage. Of the latter we are told, that "it is a large, long house, of dull and uninviting exterior, with very pretty grounds; orange trees bloom there in the mild open air, and a spacious lawn slopes down to a brawling stream. This is broad, but shallow, with clear pools, where Herbert is thought to have angled sometimes. (We must remember that he was a friend of the noted Isaak). Across the level fields in the purple haze may be seen the cathedral spire of Salisbury." Thither would Herbert repair, to gratify his taste for music, when he felt that he could lawfully take recreation, and he was wont, like some other poets, to sing his own compositions.

But he was so diligent in his pastoral duties that it would appear he had not much time left for himself, beyond what he gave to devotion. Some have wondered that a man of his refinement and courtly grace could endure a comparatively isolated life, and the demeanour of the villagers, not always the pleasantest or most courteous. The reason was, he felt that God had called him by the providential course of events to the place he occupied, and to it he gave all his energies of mind or body, until both were exhausted. And, incidentally, we may learn a lesson here—one not much needed, it may be argued, in our day, when austerities are not much in favour with any Church, still let it be noted—from the remarks of his biographers Herbert seems to have shortened his life by too great abstinence from food. This arose evidently, in part, from an attempt to follow out some rules of diet recommended by the Italian Cornaro, and in a measure, I think, from a desire to “keep under the body,” blameless in itself, yet carried too far.

The love and esteem which George Herbert gained from his parishioners can hardly be described in words. Nor was it any wonder, for he made himself the friend of the poorest. He was ever ready to give clothing and food to the needy, and at a moment of need, he would put his hand to the plough, or an over-laden cart. Whenever he could, he held a daily service for the cottagers near at hand. Across the fields, from long distances, at the tinkle of his church bell, persons would be seen hastening. We might, had we been there, have asked them: “Are you going to hear Herbert *preach*?” Their answer would have been perhaps: “No, to hear him *pray*.” His earnestness and pathos in prayer were exceedingly remarkable. His mortal life closed gently, after some months of languishing, ere he had reached the age of forty. The place where he was buried has not been discovered, yet this matters not, his truest monument is the works he has left.

ANGER.*

A STRIKING STORY FROM ACTUAL LIFE.

“WHAT do you mean by such carelessness?” exclaimed John Doring to his son William, a young lad of twelve years. “Take that!” he added, striking the boy a heavy blow on the side of the head, “and that, and that!” repeating the blows as he spoke, the last of which knocked the boy over the plough that was standing at his side. “Get up, now, and go into the house,” continued the father, “and see if you can’t keep out of mischief for a while; and stop that crying, or I’ll give you something to cry for!”

The boy started for the house, struggling to suppress his sobs as he went.

“It is astonishing,” said Doring, addressing a neighbour named Hanford, who was near in the barn, and of course had seen and heard all that had passed, “how troublesome boys are! Just see these oats, that I have now got to pick up for that boy’s carelessness,” and he pointed to a measure of oats which William had accidentally overturned.

“And was it for that trifle that you assaulted your child, and knocked him down?” replied Mr. Hanford, in a sorrowful tone.

Doring looked up from the oats in surprise, and repeated—

* From the first number of *Methodist Visitor*, which is published at the small price of one halfpenny, suitable for the family or the school, and for wide circulation as a tract.

"Assaulted my child, and knocked him down! Why, what do you mean, neighbour Hanford?"

"Just what I say. Did you not knock the child over that plough?"

"Well—well—no. He stumbled and fell over it," doggedly replied Doring. "Do you go against parental authority? Have I not a right to punish my own children?"

"Certainly you have," responded Mr. Hanford, "in a proper manner and in a proper spirit, but not otherwise. Do you think that a father has a right to revenge himself upon his child?"

"Of course not, but who's talking about revenge?"

"Well, friend Doring, let me ask you another question: for what purpose should a child be punished?"

"Why to make it better—to do it good, of course," quickly answered Doring.

"For any other purpose?" asked Mr. Hanford.

"Well, no, not that I can think of just now," replied Doring thoughtfully.

"And now, friend," kindly continued Mr. Hanford, "do you suppose your treatment of your son, a few moments ago, did him any good, or has increased his respect and affection? The boy, I venture to say, is utterly unconscious of having done any wrong, and yet you suddenly assaulted him with anger and violence, and gave him a beating which no convicted felon can be subjected to without having the outrage inquired into by a legislative committee. But let me tell you a story. You know my son Charles?"

"The one that is now preaching in Charlestown?"

"Yes," you have probably noticed that he is lame?"

"I have noticed it," said Doring, "and asked him how it happened, and he told me he was hurt when a boy."

"Yes," responded Mr. Hanford with emotion, "the dear boy never could be made to say that it was occasioned by his father's brutality. But listen," he continued, as he saw that Doring was about to speak.

"When Charles was about the age of your son William, he was one of the most active and intelligent boys I had ever seen. I was proud of him, and especially of his physical beauty and prowess. But, unfortunately, I was cursed with an irritable and violent temper, and in the habit of punishing my children under the influence of passion and vengeance; instead of from the dictates of reason, duty, and enlightened affection.

"One day Charles offended me by some boyish and trifling misdemeanour, and I treated him almost exactly as you treated your son a few moments ago. I struck him violently, and he fell upon a pile of stones at his side, and injured his left side so badly that the result was he was crippled for life," said Mr. Hanford, in tones of deepest sorrow and remorse, and covered his face with his hands.

A short period of oppressive silence followed, which was at last broken by Mr. Hanford's saying—

"When I found that my boy did not rise from the stones on which he had fallen, I seized him by the arm, and rudely pulled him to his feet, and was about to strike him again, when something that I saw in his face—his look, arrested my arm, and I asked him if he was hurt."

"I'm afraid that I am, pa," he mildly answered, clinging to my arm for support.

"Where?" I asked, in great alarm; for, notwithstanding my brutality, I fairly idolised the boy.

"Here," he replied, laying his hand upon his hip.

"In silence I took him in my arms, and carried him to his bed, from which he never arose the same bright, active, glorious boy that I had so cruelly struck down on the pile of stones. But after many months he came forth, a pale, saddened little fellow, hobbling on a crutch!"

Here Mr. Hanford broke down, and wept like a child, and tears also rolled down Doring's cheek. When he resumed, Mr. Hanford said—

"This is a humiliating narrative, neighbour Doring, and I would not have related it to you had I not supposed you needed the lesson that it contains. It is impossible for me to give you any adequate notion of the suffering that I have undergone on account of my brutal rashness to my boy. But, fortunately, it has been overruled to my own good, and to that of my family also. The remedy, though terrible, was complete, and no other child of mine has ever been punished by me, except when I was in the full possession and exercise of my best faculties, and when my sense of duty has been chastened and softened by reason and affection.

"I devoted myself to poor Charley from the time he left his bed, and we came to understand one another as I think but few fathers ever do; the poor boy never blamed me for blighting so much happiness for him, and I have tried to think that his life is happier, on the whole, than it would have been had I not been taught my duty through his sacrifice.

"Still, neighbour Doring, I should be very sorry to have you and your son William pass through a similar ordeal."

"I trust that we shall not," emphatically and gravely responded Doring.

RAYS OF LIGHT FOR THE PULPIT AND THE DESK.

No. 1.

"THE TIME OF FIGS IS NOT YET."

WE were rewarded by another Biblical illustration, to which we attached some value, on this day's return from Bethany. Though, as we have seen, the olive is the prevailing tree on every part of the mountain that is wooded, yet on the sides of this road we met with an occasional hawthorn, promising soon to scent the air with its delicate perfume, and also here and there with a fig-tree. It was impossible not to be reminded of the barren fig-tree on this same road-side, on which our Lord, on another day in that last week of His humiliation-life, pronounced the withering curse which immediately leaped forth into effect; for "how soon," exclaimed the awe-struck apostle, "is the fig-tree withered away." But it was not the mere spectacle of the fig-tree growing, as of old, on the margin of this particular road, that so much impressed us. We were ruminating on the difficulty which has been occasioned by the explanation of the evangelist, "for the time of figs was not yet"—an explanation which, instead of accounting for our Lord's action, seems most of all to need to be explained; for if it was not yet the time of figs, why did our Lord come up to the tree, as if He had every reason to expect that He should find figs on it? We had met with no solution which seemed to us so entirely satisfactory as that suggested by the present Archbishop of Dublin in his "Notes on Miracles;" while his interpretation has the additional merit of greatly intensifying the lesson of the incident, which was designed to be a kind of enacted parable.

While adverting to the well-known fact in the natural history of the fig-tree, that its fruit appears before its foliage, and therefore that when such a tree was seen covered with leaves it was reasonable to look for fruit underneath them; and then to the statement of the evangelist, which seems so far at variance with this, that the time of the year for gathering the fig crop had not yet arrived,—he ingeniously suggests that while this was no doubt commonly the case at the season of the Passover when the

miracle was performed, yet, perchance, on some nook on a mountain-side where a fig-tree was protected from violent winds, had a favourable exposure to the sun's rays, and enjoyed all the selectest influences of Nature, it might sometimes be a month in advance of the other fig-trees all around it—green and bushy with foliage, while those in less genial positions were only beginning to send forth their first tender buds; and that in the case of such a tree, with so much pretence and promise, a hungry wayfarer would certainly come up to it expecting to gather fruit in abundance. Such a tree, our Lord intended to indicate, had been the Jewish Church, with its distinguishing religious privileges, its temple, its priesthood, its typical observances, its separation from the surrounding heathenism, its special covenant, its written oracles of God. It was natural to come expecting much holy fruit from a church so favoured, so pretentious, with so much of the foliage of profession about them. But it was all foliage and no fruit, barren as the shores of yonder Dead Sea. And now it was about to be given over to destruction, abandoned to perpetual unfruitfulness, withered up by the roots.

Such is the solution which has been given of the acknowledged difficulty, and it is remarkable that in walking along this same Bethany road we came upon just such a precocious fig-tree. It was, in all likelihood, the very road on which our Lord had travelled, it was the same week in the year, for it was the passover week when we were on Olivet; and while in general the few fig-trees that we saw were showing little more than the first signs of life, there was one more favourably placed, which was several weeks in advance of all the others, all green with foliage, and with ripe fruit underneath it. We plucked a branch and brought it home with us to Scotland. The large leaves had shrivelled, but the fruit was still sweet even to the smell.—*Dr. Andrew Thomson.*

THE USE OF PERFUMES BY THE ANCIENTS.

Perfumes were associated with almost every action and event in the life of the ancients. The free use of them was peculiarly delightful and refreshing to the Orientals. Their physical organization was more delicate and sensitive to external influences than ours; like well-strung harps, they vibrated to every impression from without. Not as mere luxuries or evidence of an effeminate taste, however, were perfumes employed by the Hebrews and Egyptians. The parching and scorching effect of a burning sun rendered them necessities. They counteracted the excessive evaporation of the moisture of the body, relieved the feeling of lassitude and irritation produced by the heat, and restored vigour and elasticity to the frame. A bouquet of fragrant flowers was carried in the hand, or rooms were fumigated with the odorous vapours of burning resins, or the body was anointed with oil mixed with the aromatic qualities of some plant extracted by boiling, or scents were worn about the person in gold or silver boxes, or in alabaster vials, in which the delicious aroma was best preserved. Beds, garments, hair, and articles of furniture were perfumed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon; and so indispensable were perfumes considered to the feminine toilet, that the Talmud directs that one-tenth of a 'bride's dowry be set apart for their purchase. When entertainments were given, the rooms were fumigated; and it was customary for a servant to attend every guest as he seated himself, and to anoint his head, sprinkle his person with rose-water, or apply incense to his face and beard; and so entirely was the use of perfumes on such occasions in accordance with the customs of the people, that the Saviour reproached Simon for the omission of this mark of attention, leaving it to be performed by a woman. And when death at last closed the scene, odorous drugs were employed to check the progress of corruption, and to express the affection of friends. The body was embalmed in a costly and elaborate manner; and even the cold poisonous grave was made fragrant with the multitude of spices—symbols of

faith which outlives that perishing, and will therefore see its resurrection—emblems of the self-sacrificing love of Him who makes all our gathered flowers to give forth a richer fragrance through dying. And it is a beautiful coincidence in connection with this custom, that Smyrna, the name of the old suffering Asiatic Church, is derived from myrrh, one of the principal gums employed in embalming the dead. The virtues and excellences of this bruised Christian Church, like aromatic spices, were to preserve it from spiritual decay, from the second death. "He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death."—*Hugh Macmillan, M.A.*

NATURE REVEALS GOD.

St. Paul says "that the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen; being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." In confirmation of this it may be mentioned that the phenomena of nature enable us to understand, so far as they can be understood by the human mind, the omniscience and omnipresence of God. Popular astronomy has made us familiar with the fact that the ray of light sent forth from each star in the firmament does not reach our eye at the same instant; but after an interval longer or shorter, according to the distance of the star; and that, as a consequence of this, we do not see the star as it actually is, but as it was at the moment when the ray of light was transmitted. Thus we see the moon as it was a second and a quarter before; the sun, as it was about eight minutes before; Jupiter as it was fifty-two minutes previously; the principal star in the constellation of the Centaur as it was three years ago; Vega as it was twelve years ago; Arcturus as it was twenty-six years ago; the Pole Star as it was forty-eight years ago; Capella, as it was seventy years ago; and so on to a star of the twelfth magnitude, which appears to us as it looked four thousand years ago. All these orbs may have been extinguished during the interval, and yet we continue to see them shining still. It follows from these wonderful facts that an observer gifted with the necessary optical and other powers, might place himself at distances in the starry firmament so graduated as to recall all the past history of our world, and see it actually going on before his eyes. From a star of the twelfth magnitude he would see the earth as it appeared in the time of Abraham, and in Vega as it existed twelve years ago. Passing swiftly from the one to the other, the whole history of the world from the time of Abraham to the present day would glance in rapid succession before him. Indeed it is conceivable that this transition might be made so swiftly that the whole wonderful panorama would pass before Him in an instant of time. Thus we see how the universe still retains all the pictures of the past—which spread out farther and farther into space by the vibration of light—and may be made visible to eyes endowed with the necessary powers, and placed at the proper points of observation. By means of these actual suppositions, we are able to conceive of the omniscience of God regarding the past as a material all-surveying view. We can comprehend in some measure how space and time are to Him identical; how "the beginning and the end coalesce, and yet enclose everything intermediate!"

"To your question now,
Which touches on the Workman and His work.
Let there be light, and there was light: 'tis so;
For was, and is, and will be, are but is;
And all creation is one act at once,
The birth of light; but we that are not all,
As parts can see but parts, now this, now that,
And live; perforce, from thought to thought, and make
One act a phantom of succession; thus
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time."

Ibid.

THE NECESSITY OF LABOUR.

It is an interesting fact, showing the precariousness of a natural spontaneous supply of food, and the necessity of man's labour for his support, that even the bread-fruit tree is comparatively scarce, and useful only as a cultivated plant. Its seeds, as Mr. Wallace tells us, are entirely aborted by cultivation, and the tree therefore can only be propagated by cuttings, which require considerable care and trouble. The fruit of the wild variety, which spreads itself all over the tropics by means of seed, is altogether worthless as food. In proof of the same great law of life, that in the sweat of His face man shall eat bread, Mr. Wallace further mentions, that the natives of the Aru Islands, who have no staff of life, and depend upon any wild roots and fruits they can find, are afflicted with terrible skin diseases and ulcers; while the Malays and the Hill Dyaks who grow rice are clean-skinned. Outaneous diseases are everywhere exceedingly common among savages who do not cultivate the soil; thus emphatically testifying that man cannot make a beast of himself with impunity, feeding like the cattle upon the herbs and fruits of the earth, and taking no thought for the morrow. To maintain his health and beauty he must cultivate the ground, and raise from it some farinaceous product, such as corn or rice, which is capable of being stored up for a time of scarcity, and so giving him a regular supply of wholesome food.—*ibid*

SEEKING TO SAVE:

Not many years ago God called home one of His redeemed ones—a wife and mother, and the earthly home was left desolate. Her husband mourned in bitterness of soul, till finding that he was spending his strength in sorrowing, he sought for grace to say from his heart, "Thy will be done." He looked upon his only child, the light of his home, and strove to lead her unto God. Each night the little one was brought by her nurse into the father's counting-house, that she might kneel at his knee while he taught her to pray. Night after night the father reverently fulfilled the mother's sacred duty. One night he was deeply engaged with his books, and little Sarah wandered to the door and looked out into the brightly-lighted street. On the opposite side she saw a toy-shop, and, forgetting her father's house, she ran across to gaze on the brilliant trifles.

Presently a woman of a dark countenance, but insinuating tones, stooped down to the little one and asked her if she would like to have toys like those for her own? Eagerly the foolish little creature answered "Yes," and the tempter said, "If you will come home with me, I have toys just like those, and I will give them to you." The false words were believed, and the child's hand placed within the stranger's; for the father's love and the father's home were utterly forgotten for the time. And when they were remembered, it was too late, bitter cries and tears availed not. The father missed his child, and sent far and wide many messengers to seek the lost one. Weeks and months passed, but the father's heart yearned still for his child. How could he give her up, how could he set her aside as a stranger? Others had sought in vain, though he had spared no pains and grudged no money, and sent those whom he trusted most. "Now," he said, "I will go myself; leaving my all, I go forth, and seek until I find my child." Through toilsome days and weary nights, through crowded cities, and by silent ways, in the lonely hamlet, and the little village inn, his undying love led him. One stormy night he told his story to the master of a quiet village inn. "I have come hundreds of miles to seek my lost child, and many miles may still lie before me, but I

have vowed to find my little one and bring her home at last." The host pitied him and told him that a mother in the village was watching her only child as she lay a-dying that very night; adding, "Sorrow finds us all at some time, and we cannot escape."

"But can nothing be done to save the child?" the father asked, his heart being softened to sympathy by the sacred presence of sanctified sorrow.

"Perhaps a doctor might do her good, but there isn't one nearer than the neighbouring town, and no man could go for him through such a storm as this, it would cost him his life."

"I will go," said the father. "God will bless me in seeking to save this widow's only child."

"In vain his host remonstrated with him. Alone on foot he battled through the storm, across the moor, and found the doctor's house.

"Impossible to reach the place to-night," was the unhesitating reply to his eager petition; but he told how he had come alone, and together they went back to the widow's house. A soothing draught was given, and the little child sunk softly asleep, murmuring, "Papa, papa, come and take me home."

Through four anxious hours they watched in silence the sleep that might awake to life, or might sink into death. Silent, yet full of prayer, those hours went by, and as day broke the young eyes looked up, once more "enlightened with the light of the living." The woman poured out her thanks to the doctor.

"No, no; not to me, but to this gentleman."

"No, no; not to me, but to God give all the thanks."

"I loved her," the widow answered, "as if she were my own. My husband died two years ago, and the night after I buried him, my heart being restless, I rose to go out and walk up and down in the cold moonlight. At the door I found a child asleep. I took her up, saying in my heart, 'God has sent me this child to comfort me, and woo me back to daily work.' I carried her in, and nursed her all night tenderly by my lonely hearth. In the morning I asked her name, and she said, 'Papa called me Sally.' She said her papa lived far away, 'at home,' but I knew not where."

The father could wait no longer, and in turn poured forth his story to the widow. Question after question was asked, and answered satisfactorily, and as the light shone in clearly, the familiar face was recognised though the eyes looked older, and there was a grave air about the little figure which in happier days it had not known. With gladness and rejoicing they went home together, the father rejoicing after all his toils, the child at peace in her father's arms, never more to wander away from him who had loved and sought and found her.

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." The way from our Father's house was wild and rough, our hearts sank, our feet failed many a time; yet it was "our own way," and we stumbled on wilfully, choosing death rather than life. But one who lived in His own glory, unshaded by sorrow, saw us afar off in our low estate, when we had turned our backs on Him, when we even hated Him, and He chose to love us, yea, He loved us unto death, and He came to seek and to save that which was lost.

In the Father's house above, the home-come children sing "unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And they shall go no more out."

"I WILLS" FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. •

1. I WILL, by God's help, endeavour to regulate my life according to the will of God.
2. I WILL spend a certain portion of every day in private devotion, and consider that I have asked amiss if I receive no signal answer to my prayer.
3. I WILL consider every day lost that does not produce some visible fruit of holiness, and some lasting good to the world.
4. I WILL learn to think so much of God's gifts to me, that I will never murmur at anything He withholds.
5. I WILL do my utmost never to be unemployed, nor to be triflingly employed.
6. I WILL never speak of myself, or of anything that I have done, unless there be good reason for it; and will never mention the defects of others unless compelled.
7. I WILL speak to at least two persons every week about their soul's salvation, and invite them to the house of God, and when it is possible, read to them the Scriptures and pray with them.
8. I WILL never willingly be absent from the means of grace, and will endeavour to be always present at the time appointed.
9. I WILL never expect God's forgiveness unless I can forgive all men their trespasses.
10. I WILL set apart a certain portion of my income for the cause of Christ; and, as the least that a Jew, under the Law, could give was one-tenth, and the Gospel being an extension of the law of benevolence, I will not give less than that amount.
11. I WILL strive with all my might to embody the character of Jesus, and to reproduce it in my life.
12. I WILL do nothing without Christ, and, trusting in Him, I will fear to do nothing that He has commanded.
13. I WILL rely upon God for constant strength to live, not to myself, but to save the multitudes that are ready to perish.
14. I WILL read the above Rules, at least, once every month.—AMEN.

Poetry.

IS THY MERCY GONE FOR EVER?

Is Thy mercy gone for ever?
 Wilt Thou leave us thus to mourn?
 Hast Thou sworn that we shall never—
 Never to our rest return?

Lord, we languish for Thy presence,
 Our hearts pine to see Thy face;
 Send Thy Spirit! O revive us!
 Grant us now the showers of grace!

Lord, we know Thou hast not left us,
 Only clouds have gathered round;
 Perhaps some idol stands between us,
 Or unbelief our hearts has bound.

* These Rules by the Rev. N. Bishop, M. A., may be had Four Copies for One Penny; 1s. 4d. per 100; or, 10s. per 1000, of Mr. G. J. STEVENSON, 54, Paternoster Row.

From that cursed evil save us !
 Pluck the idol from its throne,
 For Thine own, O Lord, receive us
 Make our hearts Thy constant home !

Blessed Spirit ! dwell within us,
 Be our Guide ; direct our way ;
 Fit us for our Master's service ;
 Be our Comforter and Stay !

Make us good, and pure, and holy ;
 Cleanse our hearts and seal them Thine !
 Help us, Lord, to serve thee fully ;
 Fill our souls with Love Divine !

Mid life's trials, cares, temptations,
 Help us still to trust in Thee !
 In life's darkest, bitterest moments
 May we Thy salvation see !

Keep us till life's pains are over ;
 Shield us till the battle's past ;
 Bear us o'er the cold, dark river ;
 Take us to Thyself at last !

A. STONE.

Brief Notices of Books.

Put Yourself in Her Place ; a few Words to Domestic Servants. By MRS. HINTON PHILLIPS, International Registry Office, 92, Hampstead Road. 1871.

IN this threepenny pamphlet, under the headings, *The Great Complaint of the Day, Take an Interest in Your Work, No good girl should be ashamed of a Sweetheart, Buy a Hawker's Basket and Tramp the Country. Women Servants think better of Yourselves, Must your Mistress be your Enemy, The easiest Mistresses are not the best, Love of Dress—that Bone of Contention, Of Course there are bad places, Your Employers have their Burthens, Try to avoid changing, and, For in Different Degrees we are all Servants, more valuable advice to Domestic Servants is to be found than we have met with before in the same compass. We extract a part of what is said under the heading, Take an Interest in Your Work:—*

"In the most trifling thing, down to the peeling of a potato, or the black-

leading of a grate, this rule will hold good.

"If your wits are wandering, if you are thinking whether or not your cap is becoming, whether you will see *him* this evening, or if you are trying to catch the purport of the conversation going on in the next room, likely as not you will be peeling the potatoes too thick, or splashing yourself with blacklead ; you will get a reprimand from the housekeeper or your mistress ; you will gain a character for wastefulness, perhaps quite undeservedly, but it could not have happened if you had only taken an interest in your work at the moment.

"You have so many opportunities, too, for making yourself valuable in small matters, to the very persons who set great store by such trifles—I mean those whose comfort depends almost entirely upon you.

"Think how pleasant it is for a mistress to find her new servant set about brightening up her kitchen or nursery, in a way it never was before ; routing out corners, making little improvements, arranging and setting off all to the best advantage.

"The place does not look the same

since she came,' the mistress will say, and show her friends with pride.

"There is a character made for you. Is it not worth trying for? Is it not more pleasant to know you are appreciated as a good, useful person, a credit, and a blessing to the house, than to feel that you are just tolerated because 'change is so unpleasant,' or really one is as bad as another.

"Do not then be content to do your duty grudgingly, and only when your employer's eye is over you. Think what you would wish and require of a servant, if you paid wages and gave food and shelter for good service to be rendered.

"Put yourself in the place of your mistress, and see then how easy it is to please, if once you will but take an interest in your work.

"Believe me, friends, if I could present to each of you, who read this, a purse of a hundred sovereigns, it would not be one thousandth part of such value to you as this one maxim constantly observed. *Take an interest in your work.*"

The Fascinator; or, the Knight's Legacy. A Prize Essay on the Moral, Social, and Economical Results of the Use of Tobacco. By HARRIETTE NOEL—THATCHER. London: W. Tweedie.

WE greatly prize this Essay for the fulness of its information and the earnestness of its appeals. We shall make some extracts in an early number.

Graham's Temperance Guide, Handbook and Almanac for 1872. Maid-

stone: Graham. London: Pitman.

VERY excellent, showing clearly the growth and magnitude of the Temperance movement. It has a capital likeness and biographical sketch of Sir Wilfred Lawson, and may be had for sixpence.

The King's Highway. A Journal of Scripture Holiness. London: A. Osborne.

THE *Guide to Holiness* is incorporated with this new serial. The various articles in this number are well calculated to promote belief in the doctrine, and attainment of the experience and life of Scriptural Holiness," the single purpose to which the Magazine is to be devoted. God speed the enterprise, as its success would certainly increase the prosperity of our churches.

List of Books received too late to be noticed this month.

The Preacher's Lantern. Vol. 1. Hodder and Stoughton.
The Bible Student. Vol. 2. ditto.
Crumbs Swept Up. ditto.
Grumbling Tommy. Partridge.
"Buster" and Baby Jim. ditto.
The Friendly Visitor. Vol. 1871. do.
The New Cyclopædia of Illustrative Anecdote. No. 1. Stock.
The Missionary World. No. 1. ditto.
The Methodist Visitor. Jan. ditto.
"This Christian Land." Marven.

Connexional Department.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

I.—ITS MOTIVE-POWER, ITS LIFE-SPIRIT.

THE depths of God are the depths of love, for God is love. His perfections are His glory, but love is the glory of His glory; and freed from all unnatural coverings, retaining its pristine vigour and native lustre, TRUE RELIGION in its very essence is Divine love. Paul laconically defines it thus—"The love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." "Of God," that is its origin; "love," that is its nature; "shed abroad in the heart," that is its seat and place of operation; "by the

Holy Ghost which is given unto us," that is the Agent by which it is begotten, established, vitalized, until in the actions of every-day-life we have living images of its holy nature and amiable properties. Love inspires vigour, creates happiness, promotes harmony. It is the noblest principle that can inspire and actuate rational beings. Its laws are the mandates of goodness, and its precepts a willing and delightful service. Destitute of this, religion is but an empty name, a shadow without substance, a law without energy, a duty without delight, an employment without reward. This filling the heart, all the varied powers of the soul become imbued with its spirit, and under its influence emit the finest fragrance. It levels all the rugged paths of nature, straightens what is crooked and perverse, renders the temper lovely and kind, holds the passions as with silken bands, and establishes rectitude on the basis of truth and goodness. Thus, delivered from the demon of discord, purified from the base alloy of sin, the soul regains its native freedom; and as with sparks, which know no motion but that of flying upwards, so the soul, born from above, ascends thither in willing thoughts, warm desires, and large expectations. It has free access to its Heavenly Original, enjoys a pleasing sense of His presence, and becomes adorned with the image of His Holiness.

Obedience to God owes its existence, activity, perseverance, and pleasure to the principle of divine love. No other principle can produce it. Education may refine the manners, but love influences the heart. The understanding may be enlightened by religious truth, but love gives ability to obey its dictates. The judgment may approve and recommend what is right, but love by reducing it to practice shows the possibility of performing it. Theory is one thing, practice is another. It is sentiment realized, religion exhibited in action. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." What is virtue? What is goodness? but love in the heart expressing itself rationally, religiously, usefully, to the benefit of mankind, and the glory of God.

" 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move."

Names do not alter things, and wherever the cause exists, the effect will follow.

The closest union, too, that exists among Christians is effected by the cement of this divine principle. Congeniality of sentiment, attachment to the same mode of worship, joining in the same external acts of devotion, sharing with others the privilege of church-membership, any, or all of these, may occasion a decided preference for one denomination to another, and partial union; but when love is added to these, it enlivens what was dead, enlightens what was dark, softens what was hard, blends what would not otherwise incorporate, and thus models, compacts, and raises persons of the same and even different persuasions into a holy temple in the Lord. Herein is equality, fraternity, brotherhood—a heartfelt, efficient brotherhood. God is love! Christ is God, Christ is love, and the Founder and Centre of this brotherhood of earth, and Christ-like, the Christian prays, gives, lives,—in all rightly-developed purpose, and purity of aim,—for this grand ultimatum—all men brothers, and all akin to a common Father.

Love is likewise diffusive. Wherever it exists it is sure to exhibit and extend itself. In action unceasing, in extent unlimited. Thus did it act in God when it produced the gift of His Son, and in the Son when He laid down His life for His enemies. Thus did it constrain the Apostles, and determine the character of the primitive Christians. Thus did it move the hearts, and stir the soul-depths of our illustrious fathers in the ministry years ago. How, on any other ground, can we account for their long life of honourable, well-sustained, noble, sublime, God-like action? Men were they, but men God-saved, called, possessed, encompassed, hon-

oured; men that could brave the keenness of the north wind, or the sultriness of the summer-sun; *forego* if not *forget* the comforts and pleasures of home. "The love of Christ constrained them." And, blessed be God, the like feeling is up-welling in thousands of heaven-born souls to-day—prompting the prayer, "Thy kingdom come;" enlarging and filling the heart—even to an overflow of heaven-like charity which, from the force of its divinity, bears them right on to their object. Whether past or present, at home or abroad, love to souls is one and the same thing. How bountiful is love! It can never do enough for its object. Nothing is thought too costly to effect its recovery when lost, or to enrich it when found. For this purpose it will exhaust all its resources, and rejoice even to give itself away. Love will have no representative utterance, but find an embodiment in its own personal ministry. It will not be satisfied by an indolent gift to some annual subscription list, and so hand its responsibility over to some impersonal institution; but will to the utmost pay its own visits, do its own work, in its own humble way—for all love is humble—and thus being the most Christ-like, will be the most effective.

With this love-power must be coupled faith—"the faith that works by love." They are the parents of noble daring, and of cheerful sacrifice. Love, in her devotedness to the common good, will bear the seed-basket over rough up-turned furrows, and, in weeping, water as well as sow the precious grain, while faith with emboldened gaze describes the harvest, and of reaping says, "I am sure." Love can tell her Lord of a brother's death, and where they have laid him, but faith, with a giant's strength, will roll away the stone, and stand erect with arms bare, and hands outstretched the grave-clothes to tear away. Love feels, faith sees. Love leans, faith holds. Love admires, faith believes. Love labours, faith conquers. These are the life-blood of the Missionary cause—the germs and pledges of its success. By them the soul is nurtured for heroic deeds. They sustain the flame of that devotion which, like a vestal fire, dwells unextinguished in the breast. They hallow our motives, invigorate our purposes, direct our efforts, and with them, we rise superior to ambition, the love of ease, worldly allurements, and all difficulties, for therein is the spirit of omnipotence, and the pledge of victory. Let these grand principles—faith and love—fill our hearts, enflame our zeal, strengthen our earnestness, dignify our purposes, as they did the fathers and pioneers of this Society, and surely with our accomodation, and improved machinery for working, we shall build ourselves into the age, while vice, hypocrisy, and wrong of every description shall be borne down by us, and glory undying encircle our brows.

Ours is a religion of mercy; simple as grief, cheerful as the day, instinct with tenderness, radiant with hope, big with compassion; to the defenceless, a protector; to the mourner, a comforter; to the outcast, a friend; to the captive, liberty; to all a Saviour of grace, and a heaven of glory. Such a religion is "not of men." It is of God, and God is in it—in its origin, its design, and destiny. It is like Him. He globes light in centres that it may illuminate; and love in His children that they may shed its glow and warmth around. The measure of the vitality of a plant is the measure in which it lives not for its own, but for the common weal. The law of ministry is universal and supreme. Everything in nature lives to communicate, and by communication thrives. "Freely you have received, freely give." An open heart and an open hand are what the Gospel asks, and God requires.

This meets the need of humanity. Sin spreads like leaven. Wherever infected spirits meet it sweats out, and must work itself victorious unless the Spirit of the Lord is abroad in the world to check and counterwork it. The Christian is to be as a sun-beam in the stagnant lair. His mission is to dry up the fountains of tears, to kiss them away, to obliterate the scars, to alleviate the sorrows of earth, and time, and man. Christ has chosen him

and charged him with healing influence to this end. And he alone can do it. The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye, the falling of a tear, the tone of a voice, are all wanted here. Sin spreads, revels in self-propagation. Christians must revel in the propagation of good—make it their life-work and glory. God's purpose is to save the world; but how can He except those to whom He has entrusted the Gospel not only consider themselves His debtors, but really and earnestly, lovingly and prayerfully make it and its claims, man and his wants, Christ and His purpose, their own. The life of a Christian, nay, the living progress of the world, is but a revealing of the Lord Jesus. The efforts and sighs, the tears and prayers, of the good on earth, Christ, sun-like, draws up, purifies in the sun-shine of His love, baptizes with His own Spirit, and turns them into a rill of steady, onward, heavenward life, and this is the life that is to bless and regenerate the world.

This has been, and still is, we believe, the motive-power, the life spirit of this Society, hence its existence, and, by the blessing of God, its increase. To its higher existence and larger increase,—an increase involving man's chief good, the devil's sure defeat, God's great glory,—our great want is not a new, but a nobler spirit. The Society has a nobility to-day, but looking at the zeal, the faith, the love, the self-denial, the courage of its young days, in nobility of spirit and action it then excelled. We are right in the means of power, but not in the measure—in the *quality*, but not in the *quantity*. We *shine*, perhaps, more, but *burn* less. On the sword there is a brighter glitter, and a more graceful wielding, but the executive energy and skill are less manifest. Still, we are not without hope. The means, ample means, are at hand. "It is ask and receive, seek and find." We are by the well-side, and the well is full. The cloud is nearing, filling, spreading: O for faith to pierce it! "Wilt thou not revive us again?" Disdaining to turn aside, incapable of drawing back, we must go on. There is a majesty in truth. Goodness is princely, in charm continuous, in effect undying. Personal holiness ensures practical success. To be *Missionary*, not so much to have a missionary Society as to be a missionary people, is our "high calling." The sphere of action making no difference—at home as well as abroad, on Circuits as well as Missions,—in spirit missionary, all missionary, and always missionary! And what an appellation! All that the world despises, all that Christians reverence, all that pastors covet, all that devils hate, and all that the angels of mercy rejoice in,—all the transport as well as the toil of man's salvation are involved in the heaven-hearted word—MISSIONARY! Never was a glory more exalted or a bliss more sweet. Let us then on bended knees, and with uplifted hands, seek the renewal of our youth—the diviner inflation of love and faith—the life-spirit of the Society's past success, present position, and future triumph. J. JOHNS.

THE SPECIAL EFFORT.

REPORT.

TO THE EDITOR,—DEAR SIR,—I herewith send you a detailed financial account of the effort inaugurated by the last Conference in aid of the Missionary Society. The proceeds of the services held being wholly devoted to local purposes, save those of the ordinary Missionary meetings, it is thought meet to leave the reporting of the same (in their particulars) to the pastors, their colleagues, and friends—they being the best judges of the merit of those services, and the actual profit derived. Suffice it for me to say that the following Circuits have been visited, not throughout but in part, viz., Breage, Truro, Michaelstow, Liskeard, Launceston, Week St.

Mary, Holsworthy, Kilkhampton, Bideford, Barnstaple, Exeter, Torquay and Dartmouth, Newton Abbot, London, and Chatham. The services have been diversified,—including Chapel openings, re-openings, Circuit efforts, Missionary and Temperance meetings. We are safe in saying that at all the services the salvation of souls has been most earnestly sought, and, blessed be God! many have been hopefully converted. To all the circuits visited I have been heartily welcomed, and while on them most kindly entertained; this, with the fraternal greetings and hearty co-operation of my ministerial brethren, has considerably mitigated the discomforts of my present position. I accept of those acts, together with the number of souls saved, and the amount obtained, as the earnest and pledge of the 6000 souls, and £6000—the life-object of my present existence. It may be said from the numbers and the amount shown, you are “making haste slowly;” yes, but none the less surely for that. Sooner or later the end *will*, simply because it *must*, be realized! The Society, nay, the Connexion and the world demand it, and we *can* and therefore *will* do it; but not alone nor at once, but through a persevering, united effort, characterized by an omnipotent faith, and love’s divine continuity of flow. Little by little, and the mountain becomes a plain. Is there not among us a remnant of the old Saxon energy, the Protestant pluck and heroism of the fathers, the pure, unselfishness of Jesus Christ? Surely there is, and if so, though only a remnant, the thing is done. Let us take heart, Mr. Editor, for under the blessing of God we shall yet arise, and do valiantly. Is it too much to ask the prayers of all our churches, and the practical liberality of all our people that this great, grand end may be realized? *Too much! too much!! ask less and we ask too little.*

It only remains for me to add that, while striving to serve the cause and my brethren to the best of my ability, I find it exceedingly hard to make perfect arrangements, and altogether impossible to comply with all wishes. There is “a charity that thinketh no evil, and that hopeth all things.” Impossibilities are not perversities. Our willingness to serve is bounded by our ability.

The following list of subscriptions has been obtained. Several of the places named show only the “first-fruits” of their doings.

MINISTERS....	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Mason	1	0	0	Mr. P. Labdon	1	0	0
— R. R. Tabb	1	15	0	— B. Ronsefell	2	0	0
— R. Kinsman	5	0	0	— T. E. Mundy	1	15	0
— F. Martin	1	1	0	— A. Trengove	2	0	0
— R. Rodd	0	10	0	— W. Hicks	2	0	0
— J. Hinks	2	0	0	— J. Webb	2	0	0
— W. Beer	1	15	0	— G. Daniel	1	15	0
— W. Höpper	1	15	0	— J. Brenton	2	0	0
— R. Westington	2	0	0	— L. Braund	1	15	0
— T. W. Garland	1	0	0	— T. Braund	2	0	0
— J. Maynard	3	3	0	— J. Woolcock	2	0	0
— R. Vaughan	5	0	0	— H. Rattenbury	1	0	0
— W. Linke	5	0	0	— W. Brock	2	0	0
— T. P. Oliver	3	3	0	— J. T. Daniel	1	0	0
— W. Rowe	1	0	0	— R. Orchard	2	0	0
— W. Clarke	5	0	0	— W. H. Hill	2	0	0
— F. W. Bourne	5	0	0	— R. Kelley	1	15	0
— J. Coles	2	0	0	— D. Murley	1	5	0
— H. W. Lillington	5	0	0	— F. Lockwood	2	0	0
— W. Bray	1	0	0	— J. Ashford	1	0	0
— I. B. Vanstone	4	0	0	— J. C. Bassett	2	0	0
— J. Horwell	2	0	0	— G. A. Joslin	2	2	0
— H. Ellis	2	0	0	— T. Banbury	1	10	0
— J. Johns	2	0	0	— W. H. Sleeman	1	15	0
				— J. Sutton	0	10	0
					£107	4	0

TAURO CIRCUIT.

Truro.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Martin	1	0	0
— J. Roberts	1	0	0
— Spargo	1	0	0
Capt. Kendall	0	10	0
Mr. Boundy... ..	0	5	0
— J. Strongman	0	10	0
— Taylor... ..	0	10	0
— Philip... ..	0	10	0
— D. Rowse	1	0	0
— Lashbrook	0	10	0
— Teague	0	5	0
Miss Ham	1	0	0
— Baker	1	0	0
£9 0 0			

St. Allen's Lane.

Mr. Bennett... ..	1	0	0
— J. Rawling	0	10	0
— R. Sampson... ..	1	0	0
— R. Cook	0	10	0
— J. Tremain	0	10	0
— F. Cahurt	0	10	0
— J. H. Ball	0	10	0
— R. Truscott	0	10	0
— J. Osborne	0	10	0
— E. Exter	0	10	0
— J. Duff... ..	0	2	6
— W. Thomas	0	10	0
— W. Cahurt	1	0	0
£7 2 6			

MICHAELSTOW CIRCUIT.

Medrose.

Mr. Rowse	0	10	0
— J. Davey	0	2	6
— F. Lobb... ..	0	10	0
— R. Redcliff	1	0	0
— T. Nottle	0	10	0
— Bickle	1	0	0
— Mutton	1	0	0
£4 12 6			

BREAGE CIRCUIT.

Leedstown.

Mr. S. Oatey	2	0	0
— Trevarthen	0	10	0

Mr. J. Adams	0	10	
— R. Grigg	0	10	
— Truan	0	10	
— E. Godey	0	10	
— W. Bartle	0	10	
Mrs. M. Jenkin	0	10	
Mr. J. Harvey	0	10	
— T. Rodda	1	0	
— T. Dudley	0	10	
Mrs. Pearce	0	8	
— Doney	0	10	
Mr. E. Hampton	0	10	
— T. Reed	0	10	
Miss Kate Burtle	1	0	
Mr. R. Arthur	0	10	
— W. Williams	0	10	
M. Trewilla	0	10	
— E. Reeves	0	10	
£12 8 0			

KILKHAMPTON CIRCUIT.

Eastcott.

Mr. S. Hopper	1	0	
— T. Martin	1	0	
J. Hopper	0	10	
— W. Johns	4	0	
— W. Warrington	0	10	
— J. S. Cottle	1	0	
£8 0 0			

Woolfardisworthy.

Mr. H. Jewell	4	0	
— and Mrs. Andrews	2	0	
— R. Prowse	1	0	
— J. Sanguins	1	0	
— Millman	0	10	
A Friend	1	0	
Mr. T. Short	1	0	
£10 10 0			

Bush.

Mr. S. Knight	1	0	
— D. Pooley	1	0	
— Rice	0	10	
Mrs. M. Sambells	0	10	
Mr. Knight	0	10	
— M. Ward	1	0	
— J. Gilbert	0	10	
Miss E. Sanguins	0	10	
£5 10 0			

(To be continued.)

MR. JOHNS AND HIS MISSION.

MR. EDITOR.—It may encourage and stimulate others in this special effort to raise £6,000 for the Missionary Society by reporting the reception and success Mr. Johns has obtained during a week's visit to this circuit. On December 3rd, he preached at Tamer-

ton and Ashwater; on Monday he tured at Ashwater, Tuesday at W stone; on Wednesday he preached Bridgerule; on Thursday he attend platform meeting, at Holsworthy. Penhale in the chair, and on Friday preached at Simpson Moor. All services were well attended and ric heavenly influences, especially at

water and Bridgerule; several were convinced of sin, and six or seven made happy.

We had a collection at the close of each service and raised over £7 towards the circuit-deficiency, and Mr. J. received on cash and promises nearly £80. He purposes to raise in each circuit in or before the expiration of four years as much as is now contributed annually to the Missionary Society. At first I did not think it would be done in this station as our receipts last year were over *one hundred and twenty-one* pounds, but I am certain if Mr. Johns could have followed up his work another week, he would have accomplished his object.

However his first visit has prepared the way for another. Every place now is anxious to have Br. J. and the general inquiry is—When will he come again? It is a bold attempt to raise £8,000 for the Missionary Society—but the grandest is to win six thousand souls for Christ! Hearty co-operation and large-hearted liberality will bring the money, and strong faith and earnest prayer will accomplish the latter.

May the Lord make every one of us —(Ministers) as Barnabas—"For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith; and much people was added to the Lord." W. BRAT.

December 13th, 1871.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

DIED at Drewsteignton, Chagford Circuit, on Wednesday, October 11th, 1871, MARY ANN JOSLIN, aged 63 years. She enjoyed religion, and was a Church member many years. Unlike many others, she evinced more in daily action than she expressed in words, that true religion consists rather in principle than in words, and that Christ was the foundation of her lifework, the Saviour of her soul. She was an affectionate wife, and a wise and faithful mother; her children call her blessed. Her health declined about two years since, when the Doctor informed her she had a diseased heart and must turn her thoughts from domestic duties to eternal things. Her last days were very painful, but her soul was unshaken and peaceful. In her last hours she prayed earnestly to be released: she desired to depart to the land she loved, which she at length did without a struggle or a groan. Thus died one whose life was as the path of the just, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. May her aged husband and affectionate children meet her in that land where sorrow, and pain, and parting are unknown. G. A. J.

DIED at Tenterden, Kent, October 27th, 1871, in the 23rd year of his age, of consumption, JOHN, the eldest

and beloved son of Mr. JOHN LISLE, Bible Christian Minister. He was a member of the Bible Christian Society nearly eleven years, and a local preacher for five. His end was peace. A memoir may be expected shortly.

J. LISLE.

DIED at Crust, Northlew Circuit, Nov. 27th 1871, THOMAS, the youngest son of Mr. JONAS SQUIRE, aged 23. He was converted when about fifteen years old, whilst Bro. Jabez Hill was holding special services at the chapel he attended. From that time till his death he gave evidence of genuine piety. His disposition was naturally amiable and generous, which being sanctified by grace, rendered him one of the dearest young men I ever knew. He evinced deep interest in the Master's cause by liberally contributing to its support, and by earnest personal effort to win souls.

About two years after his conversion he was seized with a disease which never left him. He was many times confined to his bed, but always seemed resigned to God's will. I saw him during one attack of severe illness, and he appeared to enjoy perfect peace. At different times it was feared he would soon die. Last spring he and all the family thought his illness would prove fatal. With a smile on his

face he bade his sorrowing relatives good-bye one by one, charging them to meet him in heaven. However it pleased God to restore him partially, and prolong his life a few months. The Friday before his death he was seized with congestion of the lungs. He came downstairs the Saturday, but grew much worse the Sunday. As night came on he felt it extremely difficult to breathe, but none of the family thought death so near. I slept at the house that night, was called at half-past twelve, and came into the room just in time to see him breathe his last.

He passed without a struggle. With him to die was but to fall asleep in the arms of God. I told his Father, who read a psalm, and prayed with him during the day. That he was "trusting to Jesus" was the last word he uttered. The occasion was improved by the presence of a writer, on Sunday evening, December 10th, when I addressed a crowded and attentive congregation. Rev. xiv. 13. Deep solemnity pervaded the service, and that all who attended it may enjoy the blessedness resulting from dying in the Lord, is the fervent prayer of

W. F. J.

CHAPELS.

NEATH.—The improvement of Hope Chapel, Neath, in the Aberavon circuit, was the subject of deliberation during the pastorate of Br. Johns. Plans were prepared with a view to remove the inconvenient steps leading to the entrance and substitute a gradual ascent from the road, and to obviate the difficulty of the doors opening into the chapel by erecting a lobby outside. These suggestions were not carried out, and when again mooted after the Conference of 1867 the friends were advised to wait until better prepared for enlargement. Meanwhile God continued to prosper us, the move in the right direction before we entered upon the station was by divine blessing and earnest prayer continued; congregation, society, and finances increased. Again the friends talked about the smallness of their chapel, and when the ordinary congregation filled it, and on special occasions many could not be accommodated, we thought the time had come to enlarge our borders. Accordingly a trustee and elders' meeting was held June 2nd, 1870, and after several suggestions were made relative to the best method of procedure, it was decided that as the building was so awkwardly situated behind two houses, the space between them being too narrow to admit of its being brought forward to the street without destroying the houses, thereby cutting off the income, the Rev. T. Thomas, architect, of Landore, should be asked to inspect the building. He suggested that a small piece of land should be purchased on the south side of the chapel and a transept built, the school-room destroyed, the entrance to be even with

the street, with end and transept galleries. These proposals were embodied in a rough sketch and approved by friends; a preliminary subscription was opened, which, pending the consent of the Chapel Committee and Conference, was confined to the church congregation; about £50 were promised, making it clear that the people had a mind to work. The necessary contributions having been obtained, with a grant of £100 provided the sum of £200 raised by local effort, the plans and specifications were completed, and work let by tender. Our services meanwhile were conducted in a school-room occupied by the Summerfield Welsh dependents, who kindly favoured with its use. The work proceeded slowly, but the friends were active, providing the sinews of war; collections were taken, a Christmas tree bazaar prepared for, a lecture delivered, and dissolving views exhibited; lovers of our cause worked with a view to the donations promised were urged to be paid by instalments; this was done in some cases, and proved mutually beneficial to the givers and the trustees. The time for opening did not arrive so soon as some anticipated; severity of the winter and the smallness of the builder's force before the severe weather set in were the evident causes of delay. Nevertheless, the long looked-for day arrived. Thursday, July 1st, 1871, we were favoured with the services of our highly-esteemed Editor, and a greatly respected friend on this occasion, who chose for his text Heb. iii. 4, which he founded a beautiful and powerful discourse. Abounding in beautiful thoughts, clothed in diction at once chaste and energetic, we thought at

time there was a prodigality of mental wealth; our friends were greatly delighted. A public tea followed, at which nearly 500 persons sat down. Subsequently a platform meeting was held, presided over by T. Andrew, Esq., ex-Mayor of Neath. The pastor made a financial statement, and Messrs. Bourne, Kenner, Roberts, Phillips, (Independent), Mills, (Baptist), and W. Oates delivered appropriate and thrilling addresses. On the following Sunday Mr. Bourne preached morning and evening, and Mr. Thomas, the architect, in the afternoon, in Welsh. The congregations were good, especially in the afternoon and evening, and the impressive sermons were highly appreciated. Joys were experienced, and impressions made which will not be soon forgotten. Thursday, July 20th, a sermon was preached by Mr. Trengove, and on the Sabbath after at eleven and six o'clock Mr. Oates preached, and at three Mr. Matthews in Welsh. These services were all well attended, and characterized by rich manifestations of the Spirit.

The chapel is almost new; only portions of the side-walls of the old building remain, one of which had to be slated to keep it dry; the transept is well built, the front is of limestone, with freestone dressings, a fine prominent window in the centre, with two smaller ones. The roof is new, and well laid with best Carmarthen slate, the ceiling relieved with light stained woodwork, and supplied with the means for ample ventilation; the galleries are stained with light varnish, the front is light, with hollow iron panels painted white slightly relieved, and furnished with an excellent clock. The entrance is all that can be desired, a well lighted lobby paved with ornamental tiles, with doors leading to the chapel and galleries. In the area the floor is new, the walls have been battened round, the old seats properly divided, and supplied with book-boards and hat-rails, the whole capped with mahogany, and grained to correspond. A platform pulpit supplied with chairs, handsome cushion, Bible and hymn-book. A number of windows admit a plentiful supply of light in every part of the building, and at evening services it is brilliantly lighted with one centre and two transept star burners, with pendants for week-night services; a fine-toned harmonium, with an elegant sacramental service, complete the furniture. The whole presents a chaste and beautiful appearance, capable of accommodating four hundred and fifty

persons. The work is well done. The architect and builder fully merited the high encomiums passed upon their work on the day of opening, and by all who have seen it since.

A great many sittings are let, the congregation increases, the finances improve, we have the sympathy of the neighbourhood, the Welsh residents have shown us remarkable kindness, our own people, members and hearers, old and young, have shown themselves worthy of the enlargement. May many be awakened to fill the place, and hundreds be converted to Christ. The following is the financial statement:—

DISBURSEMENTS.

To contract	...	...	...	555	14	9
„ Extras, painting, &c.	...	...	...	20	0	0
„ Land	...	...	...	20	0	0
„ Gas fittings, new meter, &c.	...	...	...	24	17	0
„ Architect's fee and expenses	...	...	...	20	10	0
„ Alteration of water pipes	...	...	...	2	2	0
„ Legal expenses	...	...	...	2	10	0
„ Printing, travelling ex-	}	penses, securing loans, &c	}	4	6	3
„ Clock, chairs, communion						
service, &c., &c.	}	}	}	21	0	0
				£871	0	0

RECEIPTS.

By subscriptions	83	18	9
„ Bazaar net	32	9	1
„ Diss. views and lectures	11	11	8
„ Re-opening services ...	45	14	2
„ Promises unpaid	26	6	4
	£200	0	0
Grant from Missionary	100	0	0
Society			
	£300	0	0

A. T., W. O.

Dec. 8th, 1871.

SWANSEA.—The Anniversary of the Chapel was held on Sunday and Monday Oct. 29th and 30th. The President preached on Sunday morning and evening, in his usually easy, happy style, and in the afternoon Dr. Rees preached the best English sermon we recollect listening to from a Welsh minister. The weather was unfavourable, but the congregations were comparatively good all day. On Monday the annual tea was prepared, of which about 200 persons partook. The evening meeting should have been presided over by Mr. Livingstone, but he was unavoidably prevented from attending. In his absence Mr. Cousins, who has a most

desirable aptitude for that work, occupied the place. Addresses were given by the Rev. W. Jones (Congregationalist,) I. Owen (Baptist,) T. Smith (Wesleyan,) W. J. Hocking, J. Snell, and S. Higman; and the well known chairman of the Congregational Union would have been present had he been at home. The services were well attended, and very blessed in their character. The proceeds are about £10 over those of last year. S. H.

HUNTSPELL.—Our friends at Huntspell were fortunate in securing the services of Mr. James Thorne to preach their anniversary sermons, on Sunday, October 15th. The attendance was good, a Divine unction rested on preacher and people, believers were quickened, and the unconverted felt there was a secret charm in the Gospel preached there that day.

The weather being favourable on the Monday, three conveyances were loaded from Bridgewater, and eighteen of our kind-hearted friends from Weston-Super-Mare furnished a practical proof of their Christian sympathy by coming with willing hearts and cheerful countenances to aid us on the occasion. Our tables were crowded at tea-time, and the provisions and attendance were of the first order.

At the evening service our chapel was filled from the platform to the door, and the Master's smile consecrated the place. Br. W. Lawry, from Bleadon, took the chair, and delivered a very affecting opening address. Mr. J. Wilson gave us an earnest speech of considerable power, which told well on the meeting, and was followed by the Brethren Vickery and Miller, who spoke some kindly encouraging words.

Br. Thorne contemplated the past, surveyed the present, and urged those that professed love to Christ to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, while he besought the unconverted, by the shortness of time, and by their advance towards an endless future, to make their peace with God.

The pastor made the opening remarks and the concluding statements.

All present seemed to feel their obligation to Mr. F. E. Coles for the skill he displayed in presiding at the harmonium; also to Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, Mr. Jos. Hardacre, and others for their hearty services. The collections were in advance of last year's, and with donations we hope to reduce our chapel debt about £8; some improvements are con-

templated at once, and the money promised to pay for them.

Our friends assert this is the bi-anniversary they have had for years and feel encouraged to pray that they may soon have the baptism of fire.

H. W. LILLINGTON.

Bridgewater.

QUEENSLAND.—Anniversary and reopening services in connection with the Bible Christian Church, at the Oval, were held on Sunday last, the Rev. Buckle preaching in the morning, the Rev. E. Griffith in the afternoon, and the Rev. J. Barton at night. On Monday evening a tea-meeting was held, which passed off very successfully.

The building, which has lately had an addition of ten feet made to its length, was liberally decorated with flowers and evergreens, which, combined with the tasteful manner in which the tables were laid out, presented a most pleasing appearance. A large number of visitors took advantage of the excellent spread provided for them, and testified, in an unmistakable manner, to the quality of the good things at their disposal. At the public meeting Mr. W. Brookes was to have presided, but, owing to his absence, the Rev. W. Woolcock, pastor of the church, filled that position. From a brief report which he read, it appeared that the enlargement which had been made in the chapel had been found necessary principally in consequence of an increase in the Sunday School. Several other repairs had been found necessary, which, altogether, had cost about £40. The proceeds of the present meeting were to be devoted to defraying this expense. They had also extended the sphere of operations during the past year. A Band of Hope had been established in connection with the chapel, which was rapidly increasing. They had instituted places of worship at Oxley, Indooroopilly, and Brookfield, all of which Sunday-schools were held and were all, more or less, making satisfactory progress. At the last named place, the want of a place of worship had long been felt, as it was the centre of a young and rising agricultural population. The building itself had been paid for, but a slight debt had been incurred in furnishing and painting it. With regard to preachers, they were at present rather short, but through the energy of one or two local preachers, they were enabled to hold regular services at each place. Alto-

gether, they had every reason to congratulate themselves on their success. Appropriate and instructive addresses were then given by Messrs. W. Moore, Fullwood, and Rogers, after which the meeting terminated. — *Brisbane Courier, September 30th.*

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

BODMIN CIRCUIT.—Meetings have been held at the following places. On Monday, Nov. 27th, at *Trefoil*; attendance good. Captain William Williams in the chair, who did his part first-rate. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. J. Brown, S. L. Thorne, and J. Bendle. The Sunday sermons were preached by J. Bendle. Collection in advance of former years.

Bodmin meeting was held on Tuesday, Nov. 28th, Capt. T. Hooper in the chair, who spoke well, and commenced the collection, which was ahead, with some of his gold, telling others to do likewise. Messrs. S. L. Thorne, J. Brown, W. Williams, and J. Bendle took part in the meeting. The sermons were preached by Messrs. J. Brown and S. L. Thorne.

Tregawne meeting came next day. Mr. John Mutton, who is a liberal supporter of the missionary cause, appeared quite at home in the chair. Messrs. Brown, Thorne, Hancock, and Bendle spoke. The sermon was preached by Mr. J. Brown, collections in advance.

The last meeting for the week was held on Thursday at *Ebezezer*, Mr. J. Lewis, jun., in the chair, who did good service both to the meeting and to the collection. The speakers were Messrs. Thorne, Brown, and Bendle, collection in the right direction. The sermons were preached by Messrs. Thorne, and Hooper. The attendance was very good throughout the week; and the speakers all spoke with ease and comfort. The deputation rendered most valuable service, and many would like him to come another year. We have only four meetings more to be held for this year, and as we have gone ahead in the collections at every place, we hope to continue ahead to the end, and at the close to be several pounds in advance of last year. J. BENDLE.

HICKS MILL CIRCUIT.—DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Just a word or two respecting the first series of services held in this circuit during the present Connexional year. On Sunday, Nov. 26th, 1871,

the usual sermons were preached in Quenchwell, Deliverance, and Kerleydowns chapels to large and attentive congregations. The annual meetings came off the following Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, in the order in which the places are named. Br. W. Clarke, the deputation, was assisted by the circuit ministers. All the speakers did their best to serve the good cause, and the friends generally manifested a deep interest, and exerted themselves nobly, and not in vain, to make the meetings a success. At the close of the services it was found that each place was ahead.

	£	s.	d.
Quenchwell ...	2	15	7
Deliverance ...	0	11	0
Kerleydowns ...	4	1	11
Total	£7	8	6

We are largely indebted for this result to a few friends at Quenchwell and Kerleydowns who have been laying by a certain per centage of their earnings during the past twelve months for the missionary cause. Since they have adopted this method the Lord has wonderfully prospered them. One of them said to me a few days ago, "We," speaking of himself and two others, "have carried more money out of the mine during the last twelve months than any other three men belonging to the mine." How true it is—"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." Our missionary services were held at Greenbottom the last Sunday in October, and following Thursday. There too the receipts were a little in advance of last year's. Upon the whole the meetings were characterized with much of the unction of the Holy Spirit, and we hope and pray that it may be found that the spiritual good imparted to many hearts was infinitely greater than the material wealth realized. To God be all the praise.

W. ROWE.

REDRUTH CIRCUIT.—Sermons were preached in our chapel, Redruth, on Sunday, December 3rd, in the morning by Mr. J. Robinson, (Methodist Free-Church), in the afternoon and evening by Mr. W. Clarke. On Monday, at three a good practical sermon was preached by Mr. S. Pollard, on "David's Experience." Tea at five, after which a meeting was held, presided over by Capt. W. Teague, who said he was very pleased to be there, and if he could do any good he felt to do so for those who really needed

it, and gave us a practical proof of what he said. We should like to have such a chairman again. The Report was read by the writer, and addresses delivered by Messrs. G. Bromley, (Primitive) the writer, and S. Pollard. Votes of thanks were accorded to the chairman and ladies, proposed and seconded by Mr. Woolcock and writer. Sermons and speeches good, collections and donations far in advance of last year's.

Sermons were preached the same day at Zion, in the morning and evening by Mrs. Behenna. On the following Tuesday at three a sermon was preached by Mr. J. Robinson, (Free-Church). Meeting at seven, congregation very large, chair was taken by Mr. Manuel, who said he would rather any other person was in his place, but he proved to the meeting to be quite capable of filling that office. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Woolcock, W. Clarke, and J. Robinson. Collections a little over last year's. We hope to go ahead in our Missionary Receipts in this circuit this year. W. CLARKE.

CHATHAM.—It is gratifying to find that in so many of the stations services in behalf of the Missionary Society have been so interesting, and the receipts so good. Some Missionary Meetings have been held in this circuit, some of them blessedly characterized by Divine influence, and on the whole the receipts are a little in advance.

Br. Johns did efficient service at two places. His intended visit in the spring is anticipated by many.

J. G.

A VISIT TO CHAGFORD.

SOME places we hear of, but never see; others we do not hear of, yet we see them. Some places we hear of, and have no desire to see them; and others which we are anxious to see, disappoint us after all. There are others again, which have no great charm in the distance, yet when visited, entertain us beyond expectation. These thoughts have occurred to me since my visit to Chagford. I have heard of this station these thirty years past, but never had the opportunity to visit it until this month (November). The locality around Chagford and Providence is suited to invalids who desire to inhale the pure strong air which plays around the feet of the Dartmoor hills.

Ryde and Sandown, Ventnor and Brighton, Hastings and Bath, and

many other places are full of attraction and comfort; but I could not be thinking when enjoying the pure air of Providence, that it must be a very welcome locality for invalids in spring, summer, and autumn. And now the train runs by way of Okehampton only three or four miles distant, it is a great distance to ride or walk in order to reach the salubrious air ever wafting around these wondrous hills.

But of all places where a feeble-bodied missionary can be set down, this would be the last, unless he had carriage to ride in, or it were desirable to test his weakness or his strength climbing the heights, and descending the depths, of this romantic country.

The number of people settled in this neighbourhood does not seem to be too many for the land to sustain; nor if the churches to hold, provided that the latter were at suitable distances, and supplemented with cottage meeting and a godly clergy.

But, alas! for the church established by law; when were its ministers, in this multitude, enlightened and godly, and when were the people religiously careful for as they ought? What would become of a large portion of the nation were there no enlightened religious dissenters? What would become of the people in the rural districts? What have been the church schools, a religious services during the last hundred years, really adapted to meet the mental and religious education of the whole people? It is relieving therefore to find so many places of worship built by the people themselves, and that they have a ministry more suited to their wants. Our chapels, at Providence, Chagford, Whiddon, Zeal, and Okehampton, &c., are as good as the people and times require, with no heavy debt on them. Okehampton especially is a specimen worthy of imitation. It is, at once, elegant, spacious, symmetrical and airy; all that the place or the people are likely to require for the next seven years. Honour to the friends who have built so wisely, and have incurred so small a debt, in these times when debts accumulate by thousands. If a good friend would only give them £300, I think that they would have a chapel free of debt! I was as much charmed with the Okehampton Chapel as I was a few weeks ago with Bampton Chapel, in the same county.

Then, again, there are the friends connected with those chapels. The gospel preached plainly, and extemporaneous prayers, week days and Sundays, his

made them the best of their race. Where are there found again such workers in Sunday Schools; such walkers and talkers as local preachers; such stewards to give time and attendance, to promote the comfort of the many; and such systematic, liberal, and continuous contributions to the support of truth and righteousness both at home and abroad! They prize the Connexion because they have been benefited by it; and now being part of it, delight to promote and extend its influence and usefulness. As a Connexion, we shall always have just as many such real, fast friends, as we make by faithful preaching, earnest praying, and diligent teaching. Make hundreds of converts to Jesus Christ, and we make as many to the Connexion.

I was, however, particularly impressed with one fact, viz., that with the growing intelligence of our friends, they do want preachers respectably educated. They want men strong in body, clear in mind, fervent in devotion, willing in work, and as well educated as themselves. Farmers' sons and daughters, so respectably educated, can only be fairly met by a corresponding education. When soundly converted, they can patiently overlook certain wants in education, but if not religious, we cannot expect it. All young men who go into the ministry, ought, with their other excellent qualities, to be good grammarians; and if not, they ought to remain at home until they are. I am not sure, if in point of education, the country is not requiring the best preachers. But if we are fortunate in getting the sons and daughters of our elder friends converted, and draw our future labourers from them, and others well trained, then we shall be safe. If Mr. Seldon, with his originality and rare eloquence, vein of good humour and fervent devotion, and Mr. Gimblett, with his clear voice and good expression, well digested thoughts and sound divinity, be properly prized, and supported, and a divine power rest upon the congregations, Chagford station will grow in strength. Revival life, more Connexional enthusiasm, and united effort, are needed everywhere. Mr. Johns's effort must succeed in the Chagford Circuit as well as elsewhere. Every endeavour should be made to popularize it in Chagford, so as to get a crowded chapel. Providence will move almost of its own accord.

Our Missionary Meetings, beginning with November 19th, were of the usual

type. The attendance was not large, nor the enthusiasm great; collections, in the aggregate, were above last year's. The spirit was good, the impression hopeful, the endeavours earnest. Could we get general revivals, and in one year 6000 converts to the faith of Jesus Christ, what a change would come over all our Connexional operations! 6000 souls saved would soon bring the six thousand pounds!

Educated preachers we want, but revival preachers we *must* have. "Missionary facts," and "revival facts," we do want in abundance, in order to awaken and sustain religious attention.

Whence and how shall we secure the power to create them? We need repeat the question often, so that we may be as often prompted to answer it.

Education, politics, business will supply us with full work for a lifetime; but our hope of living and prospering is in promoting religious revivals; these are the life of the churches.

T. W. GARLAND.

REVIVALS.

SCILLY ISLANDS.—As both you and your numerous readers will be pleased to hear of even a little move in the right direction, especially in our own denomination, I send the following scrap. Almost invariably when Christians pray with simple faith, and make a proper use of the means, the enemy leaves the field to Zion's sons. We have instances without number on record that as soon as Zion travailed she brought forth children; and if we let our light shine before men, they will see our good works, and be led to glorify our Father which is in heaven.

Although we do not remember a station where real spirituality was at such low ebb amongst professors of religion, and so much apathy and indifference manifested by the world as on this, yet we rejoice none are so cold that the Divine Spirit cannot warm them, or so indifferent that he cannot stimulate, or so hard that he cannot soften them. At our Michaelmas Quarterly Meeting it was arranged for special services to be held on all the Islands at the same time, and that earnest prayer should be offered for that quickening influence which awakes the sleeper, and alarms the sinner of his awful danger. After a long and mighty struggle, much prayer in our closets, at the family altar, and in the house of prayer, and preaching the Kingdom of

God and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, not only in his sanctuary, but from house to house, we achieved a glorious victory. The churches have been quickened, backsliders reclaimed, and many sinners have found redemption in the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of all their sins.

Two of the islands have been visited with a gracious reviving shower from above, and old men and children have been smitten down before its power, and oh! what a beautiful sight to see men and their wives mingling their cries for mercy together.

Allow me to say, Mr. Editor, before I close this scrawl, that this improved state of things has been brought about, as far as human instrumentality is concerned, principally by a constant and consistent visitation from house to house; and it is my conviction that we shall never fully answer the end of our mission as a denomination, or realize that amount of prosperity it is our privilege to attain, until we act more in the capacity of home missionaries.

J. PERKINS.

Scilly Islands, Dec. 7th, 1871.

HATHERLEIGH.—MR. EDITOR,—I felt very delighted in reading this month's Magazine; it appeared to me to require only one thing to make it perfect. I had been expecting to see accounts of revivals, especially as I had heard rumours of some. I confess I was disappointed; but consoled myself with the thought that there would be some reports next month. With this thought came another, Suppose all are like myself, expecting and not contributing to that expectation. This thought, and knowing that you are always pleased with, and heartily welcome anything of an encouraging nature, has led me to pen a few stray notes concerning the work of God in the Hatherleigh Circuit.

On the memorable 5th of November we commenced special meetings at *Winkleigh*. The Sunday was a good day, but it was not till the Thursday that any special result was seen. After brother Tickle had preached from, "Prepare to meet thy God," a solemn feeling prevailed all hearts, the power of God was felt, and three persons came forward to be prayed for and were made happy. One of them at a party the previous Tuesday was invited to sing, but being under deep conviction of sin, failed in the attempt. Thank God she can now sing the songs of

Zion. On the Friday night four more sought and found pardon. On the Sunday, the Chapel was crowded, on more set at liberty. Monday night one who had been a long while seeking was made abundantly happy, other were deeply feeling. Tuesday and Wednesday meetings were trying to our faith, but the next night the glory came in streams. Five stalwart young men sought the Lord, and four of them were set at liberty, and on the Friday night the fifth, with other weeping penitents was led to shout the praises of God. Sunday came, chapel overcrowded, three gave their hearts to God. One of them had been a believer in her own good works; during the morning service she thanked God she was not like others but in the evening, when convinced of her sad condition, was led to cry "God be merciful to me a poor sinner!" The following week many were brought to Jesus. Sunday, November 26th will never be forgotten by some of us. After preaching to a crowded congregation, we met the members and new converts. Having questioned the latter and given them a few words of exhortation, one of the leading friends proposed, another seconded, that they be admitted on trial, which was done all the members voting in favour of the proposition. We received about thirty on trial, and we trust and pray that they may be kept faithful to the end. We are much pleased with this revival, for whilst the influence has been wonderful, there has been no undue excitement; the chapel has been crowded almost every night for the last three weeks, some of the people coming for miles. It is indeed cheering to see five or six men taking the seats in the pulpit, there being no room elsewhere; and we were not a little amused to hear that a certain "Chas. John" had declared he could not see his wares, for all the people had gone to chapel. Up to this time between forty and fifty have professed conversion; but we shall not secure all of them, some being teachers in the Sunday School of another denomination.

Our friends at *Winkleigh*, with the view of paying off the debt on the chapel, amounting to £55, intend holding a bazaar about the 26th of March when we have reason to hope the object will be accomplished.

We are also happy to report that some conversions have taken place at *Hatherleigh, Exbourne, North Tawton* and *Idlesleigh*. Br. Dennis, and many

others, believe that the revival influence will be experienced in all the places in the Circuit. May God grant that it may be so, and throughout the Connexion.

We are delighted beyond measure with a gracious work now in progress at Merton, once a sunny spot in the Hatherleigh Circuit; but it has suffered much through removals, some of the leading families have gone to America. We began special meetings at this place on Sunday, December 3rd. At the close of the afternoon service, we desired the members to remain for a few moments, four only stayed, and one of them did not think it would be any use to have revival meetings; but we determined to try. We are thankful the effort has not been in vain, for the very same evening the power of God came down, and three were the saved of the Lord. Up to the 15th, fifteen persons have believed in Christ, and the congregations are very good, seventy or eighty out of a night; we are hoping to see many brought to God in this place, as the influence is on the increase, and the congregation last night the largest we have yet seen. Two were made happy. R. EDECOMBE.

We have but little to add to the foregoing this month; but we know that the good work is progressing in some places, though we are unable to supply particulars. But we are glad to state that several have been converted at *Lea* and *Providence*, in the Tavistock Circuit; that there is a good work in progress at *Meadrose*, in the Michaelstow Circuit; that at *Sandown*, also, there is a "little moving, though nothing as yet very extensive;" that at *Zion*, Portland, things "are looking up, and the friends are expecting a revival;" that at *Pilton*, in the Somerton Circuit the pastor has given twelve notes of admittance, and, also formed a new class in that place; and that at *Waterloo Road* (London) at the prayer meeting on Sunday evening, Dec 3rd, after Br. Sturgees had preached, several persons at once came out of their seats in order that prayer might be made especially for them. Some of these were teachers in the school, and had been feeling much in the afternoon, when their fellow-teachers prayed for them.

Missionary meetings have been held at several places in the *Looe* Circuit, Br. W. Hicks, Deputation; the meetings at *Waterloo Road* and *Woolwich* attended by Br. Johns, were

spirited, and the receipts in each case were in advance. Woolwich school anniversary was also quite a success.

Keinton Chapel, in the Somerton Circuit, has been lighted with oil instead of candle, and £20 of the debt paid off; and at *Torrington*, a gallery has been added to the chapel. The effect is good, and the general comfort greatly increased. The cost will be met by subscriptions, two or three pounds being wanted to complete the amount.

From across the Atlantic cheering intelligence ever and anon reaches us. The completion of numerous contemplated enterprises, or enterprises actually begun, we hope to chronicle in due course. Meanwhile it is pleasing to have a few encouraging facts to report. First of all, our readers will be thinking about the new missions. We have not much information respecting them; but in *Toronto*, Br. Rice reports "that the congregations are steadily increasing;" and in *Hamilton*, six weeks after the opening of the mission, the first Quarterly meeting was held. At a previous meeting, Br. Lewis, formerly of the Tavistock Circuit, and Br. Gardiner, of the South Devon (Kingsbridge) Mission, were appointed society, and the brethren Vaughan and Hover, of the Chatham Circuit, mission stewards. At the public tea held in connection with the Quarterly meeting, 150 persons were present, and the meeting after tea was presided over by another friend from the old country, Mr. Veale, a local preacher from Torquay. Mr. Kenner spoke on the rise and progress of the denomination, and Mr. J. J. Rice on the characteristics and mission of Methodism. Br. Kenner says, their membership is increasing, and that there is not a Methodist church in the city, but has received members as the fruit of our labours in England.

Revival influences are also being experienced in some places. At *Bethesda*, Exeter Circuit, conversions have been realized. On the first night of a protracted meeting, one little girl was received into Jesus' arms, and every evening for the next two or three weeks, there were penitents in God's house, one evening as many as ten.

At *Ebenezer*, in *Mariposa* Circuit, special meetings have been held with good effect. At *Lindsay* the church is reaping a blessed harvest of souls.

The work of chapel (or church) building is still going on, in the United States and Prince Edward Island, as well as in Canada proper; and the attendance at *Lakefield Church*, which was opened in September last, has exceeded the sanguine expectations of its promoters, it having been comfortably filled every Sunday evening since.

The dedicatory services of *Warrenville Church*, Orange and Chagrin Falls Station, Ohio, U.S., were held on Sunday, Nov 12th. Br. Roberts preached in the morning, and Br. Pascoe afternoon and evening. It is said to be the "neatest church in the Township," costing 1550 dollars, of which sum about four-fifths have been raised.

Cleveland Church has been renovated and improved, and the whole cost met, and something over towards further contemplated improvements.

Union Road Church, in the Charlotte Town Circuit, was opened for divine worship on the 5th of November. Mr. Webber preached morning and evening, and Mr. Stewart (Presbyterian) in the afternoon. The services were "unusually blessed," at the meeting after, the next day, the deficiency on the building fund was raised with much ease and heartiness. Thus another sanctuary, costing 1300 dollars, has been presented to the Lord free of debt.

MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

MR. KENNER'S VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO CANADA.

AUGUST 19th, 1859, after a wearisome ride in the train from Plymouth to Swansea, we found a number of friends waiting our arrival with conveyances to take us to our newly appointed home, where we found other friends with cheerful fire, smiling faces, and warm supper prepared to give us a hearty welcome to their Station.

"Truly the Lord hath led me by a way I knew not;" frustrating my calculations, humbling my reason, and affording me oftentimes the sweetest and most substantial enjoyment on stations where, and among friends from whom I least expected it.

From the friends at Swansea I received uniform kindness, and for two years I with them enjoyed uninterrupted good fellowship. But why leave at the end of two years? Because I desired to follow the leadings of Providence, and to me they pointed across the Atlantic.

Being impressed that it was my duty to leave, and not feeling quite assured, I resolved to pray for direction, throw myself upon the stream, and take the concurrence of circumstances to indicate the will of God.

It was first requisite to know if the Canadian Conference wanted labourers. On communicating with the Foreign Secretary, I was told no request had been forwarded for any.

So when my friends at Swansea

invited me a third year, I had to say, I cannot consent, I am waiting for more light. If God should open the way, I then shall have to leave you. The Canadian Conference over, the OBSERVER announces the want of two Missionaries. The Foreign Secretary advised me that there was an opening, and desired to know if I was willing to go.

At once a crowd of difficulties arose in the way. An aged mother, who had been three years a widow and had lived six years beyond the allotment of man—a mother who had taught my infant lips to pray, admonished me of wrong, directed me to 'the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world;' a mother who had taken me in her arms two miles of a Sabbath morning to the class-meeting, and led me as soon as I was able to walk—who for years had brought me to the family altar to bow before the God of Abraham, and while praying for benedictions to rest upon my head, had not infrequently bathed me with her tears; a mother who had followed me in my wanderings of sin with earnest prayers, affectionate entreaties, and a portrait of her piety, which ever told me that Religion was something more than a name, yea, a divine reality, which regulated the words, moulded the character, and influenced the life; a mother in whom I believed even more than in the Saviour, because I had seen

Religion embodied in her person, and exemplified in her life, in her management of her family, in her treatment of her neighbours, in her intercourse with the world, in her regard for the godly, in her attendance on the sanctuary, in her reverence for the Holy Scriptures; a mother to whose example and teaching I was indebted, under God, for my position in the church, and my hope for the future: could I leave her behind, without husband or child to cheer her in the latest moments of her life? I could not persuade myself that He who, dying as the world's Redeemer, forgetful of his own sufferings, was absorbed in affectionate concern for his mother, commended her to the keeping of John, required it of me; hence, my going for the present, in some measure, depended on her willingness to accompany me. On making enquiry, she said, "I will go with you, if your elder brother will go as well."

I thought he might not be willing, or that his wife might hesitate to leave her country and friends; a reply to my note, said there was no obstacle in that direction.

How about my wife? Before we were married, she had pledged herself to offer no obstructions to my going to whatever part of the vineyard the Lord might call me; but ever since, she had expressed a preference for living and dying in England, to going across the water. Would she object, or would she render my going difficult by a *reluctant* consent? After making it a matter of prayer, she could not offer one breath of opposition.

Her aged father was with us, passing *fourscore years*, could we think of leaving him behind? Would he consent to go? Would it be wise, at his advanced age, to think of risking a sea voyage? When the subject was brought before him he was as cheerful over it as a young man of twenty.

The way was now open to place ourselves in the hands of the Committee. I did so, stating to the Secretary that I had no desire to go, beyond a desire to fulfil the behest of Providence; that if the Committee had any doubt or difficulty as to the propriety of sending us, I should be as satisfied to remain as to go. I thought they might think we were not suitable men, that it would not be wise to send two brothers, there being one already in the ministry in Canada—or that it would not be wise to send two men with families. After a little discussion the Committee unanimously voted in

favour of our being sent. Only one brother failed to vote, and he said to me afterwards, "Go, with my best wishes, prayers, and confidence; but I could not vote for it because I did not want to lose you."

As soon as Conference had determined on our going, I hastened to prepare. Knowing the names and ages of intending emigrants were required, I sent to Br. Bourne; but the letter by some means was mislaid.*

When I went to Swansea, I found that there was a postal delivery of letters on the Sabbath day, but seeing no reason why postmen should not have one day in seven for rest, as other people, and no reason if London and other large towns of the empire, did without a Sunday delivery, why Swansea could not do without as well, I determined that I would not contribute to rob the postman of his Sabbath; and so I gave instructions to the post-master to retain any letters or papers he might have for me till Monday morning. For two years he had observed this rule; but now on a Sabbath-morning the postman knocked and dropped a letter. On opening it, I found it to be from Br. Bourne, stating that berths in the *Thames* were taken, and names and ages must be forwarded by return of post.

These circumstances, taken together, impressed my mind with all the force of moral demonstration, that the finger of God was pointing me to Canada. I know that persons of the infidel school will curl the lip, and smiling at my credulity, pronounce me superstitious. But I would pause to ask, *Why?*

Was there no Providence in Abraham's being brought from Chaldaea to found the Jewish nation? In watching over Moses in his bulrush ark? In leading Israel out of Egypt; opening before them the Red Sea, guiding them by the pillar of cloud and fire, satisfying them from the rock with water, and supplying them from heaven with bread? In watching over Daniel the lions' den, the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace, Mordecai at the gate of King Ahasuerus, Jonah in the whale's belly, Elijah by the brook Cherith? Was there no Divine Providence in the delivery of Peter from prison, Paul and his companions from the Philippian jail, the Apocalyptic

* It was enclosed in a letter to Br. Tremelling, who was absent from home.—Ed.

Sæer from Patmos. Did the Providence of God designate Saul of Tarsus to be an ambassador to the Gentiles, Martin Luther to confront Popes and Nuncios, Cardinals, and Priests, and help forward the Reformation; and Wesley, and Whitfield to revive religion in a slumbering church? Then why doubt that God will guide His people now, if they seek His guidance? He maketh his sun to rise on the evil; will He neglect the good? He causeth the rain to fall on the unjust; will He do less for the just? He feeds the ravens; will He starve His children? He counts the hairs of our head; will He forget the interests of our souls? No, I believe that He is kindly interested in all that concerns His people, for time and eternity; and rejoice in the simplicity which enabled me to realize the finger of God pointing me to Canada.

On the day of our departure, at the early hour of seven o'clock, the friends who welcomed us to Swansea, joined by others, did their utmost to render our departure from the Station as felicitous as possible. Several rode on to the second station, before they bid us farewell; and when we parted, we sorrowed most of all, that we should see each other's face no more.

One good friend accompanied us as far as Bristol, in testimony of his affectionate interest; and, by the donation of an English concertina, provided for our having music by the way; but of that we shall hear more as we proceed.

Nothing but the fullest conviction that the Providence of God had marked out my course would have induced me to break away from those whom I was bound, by so many considerations, to respect and love. The private conversations, social meetings, breaking of bread at the Table of the Master, and the public manifestations of God's power and blessing, while with the people of Swansea, will be things sacred to the memory for many a day.

I rejoice that though we are separated by that sea whose liquid arms interlink the nations of the earth, yet we are one in Christ. I shall watch with anxious interest for marks of progress in connection with our cause there, indulging the hope that those whom the Lord called into His vineyard during my short stay, will abound in love and good works, holding fast the beginning of their profession steadfast to the end; and that those to whom I have often spoken, and who were almost persuaded to

be Christians, will join the Lord's people, come to the Lord's Table, search His Word, live under the direction of His Spirit, and at last meet with the glorified in heaven.

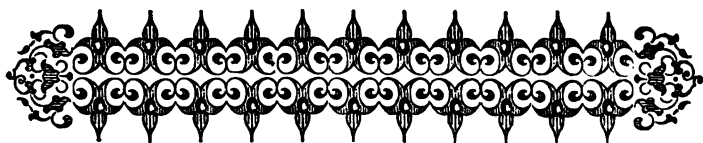
John Bright said after Richard Cobden's death, "We did not know loved him so much until we lost him. This represents my feeling for people of Swansea, but for the present I must bid them a hearty 'farewell.'"

"In the hope of the Gospel, oh! let us stand fast,
That having done all, we may all stand the last;
And then a bright crown we each receive,
And dwell where pure friendships eternally live."

We slept in Bristol the first night, taking the first train for Plymouth Wednesday, August 23rd, 1871.

On the journey I struck the "Hundred" on the concertina, and a young man commenced to sing, but moral courage failed him; when a gentleman in the next compartment shouted out, "Bear up my friend, never be ashamed to praise God. It is worthy of the highest, sweet notes." The gentleman was from Mary's Church, Cardiff; and I suppose knew experimentally the nature of sacred truth, and evidently was ashamed of the gospel of Christ. His beaming countenance and Christ conversation relieved the tedium of the way. The train was late, in consequence of which I had just thirty minutes, on arriving at Plymouth, to provide my family with lodgings, and get back to take the train for Callington to meet a business engagement. Taking a cab, we drove to Mr. Stone's, where wife and daughter kindly interested themselves in providing us lodgings. That being arranged, I proceeded to Callington; saw several of my friends, and regretted, the time being so short, I had not the opportunity of seeing more of them. Satisfactorily adjusted my business, left per express the early next morning and proceeded to Stone Farm, Beerferris; saw the long tried friends of the Denomination, I and Mrs. Trevethan; found that the second daughter had just married and left for America. The letter announcing their safe arrival in Liverpool came to hand while I was there. The pouring rain prevented my going to Beer Town and Beerlston as I had intended.

(To be continued.)



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PROGRESSIVE CHANGES.

"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." 2 Cor. iii. 18.

WHILE it is good for the eyes to see the light, the sudden bursting upon our vision of ever so little of it is disagreeable; hence how considerate is the plan by which God makes the day succeed the night. Were not the sun's rays subject to the refracting power of the atmosphere, and, if instead of gradually rising, he suddenly sprang above the horizon, instantaneously presenting his whole disc, the disagreeable change from dense darkness to high day brightness would have to be endured every morning. Had that been the case mankind would have contrived some artificial means of moderating the admission of the light. But, while a very little is uncomfortable at first, the eyes, in a few seconds, accommodate themselves to it, and it is only a short time before a high degree of brightness is not only endurable, but positively pleasurable. The eyes of the understanding, however, are not so quickly inured to any higher mental and moral brilliancy. And whereas a sudden burst of sunlight occasions slight inconvenience and discomfort, which are soon forgotten, each time God has favoured the world with additional spiritual light it has dazzled and confused the most magnanimous who were prepared for it as far as they could be by eager prophetic gaze and sanguine expectation of a brighter day, while the unthinking masses have been struck blind and mad,—like a herd of sun-blinded beasts; and have fallen upon each other with sword and firebrand and every other means of torture and death.

When we pray for more light, we hardly think what consequences would follow the realization of our petition. It is strength of vision we want, more than a brighter light. God will not withhold a

higher display of glory when the eyes of men are able to bear it. He always has given the world as much as has been good; more than has been comfortable. Had the glory of the moral law been shed upon any race, but Abraham's, and upon that, at any time previous to the training they had received, through repeated displays of divine glory, they might not have requested a vail, nor in any other way confessed the weakness of their vision compared with the light revealed, but would have offered opposition in some form or other; as indeed they did in after years when they "Killed the prophets and stoned them that were sent to them," because they persisted in reflecting Moses's light.

And as the vail on the face of Moses softened the glory to suit men's eyes, and so obscured the object intended to be revealed, it was an emblem of the vail of sinful ignorance upon all men's hearts, in consequence of which the brilliancy of the law is so far obscured that we can *look at it*, but we cannot *see into it*. A literal expression of excellent moral sentiment is the utmost that we can see till in the mercy of God the vail is "taken away." And when we have sufficient intellectual penetration and moral susceptibility to see the *divinity* of it, we are overwhelmed with the glory, and impelled to cry out, "Woe is me! I am undone!" And when one's spirit melts within him, and he is about to give up the ghost and die of terror, this same brilliancy, this killing law, this overpowering divinity, assumes the form of a man; and that man a brother, saying to the humbled and terror-stricken soul, "Fear not!" standing right before him, face against face, eyes looking into his eyes. He is dazzled, but not affrighted; overwhelmed with light, but not blinded; overpowered, but not destroyed; he is killed with glory, yet he does not die. Oh! he is "changed into the same image." "And we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Here the apostle, by the use of the words "we all," identifies himself with the whole collective mass of humanity, and looks forward to the time when it shall be wrought up to its destined pitch of moral brilliancy, by the gradual increase of individual lights and their mutual brightening of each other. As a group of stars makes a constellation, and a number of constellations a galaxy, and a plurality of galaxies a universe, and as each of the innumerable host of stars is the brighter for the shining of each and of all the others, so, by a process of illumination, reflection, and re-reflection, will God work society up to its highest possible state of moral splendour.

I. Let us notice the several **PROGRESSIVE CHANGES** by which we apprehend God will bring humanity to perfection.

1. *The dawn of day, or the world's Christian enlightenment.*

Were we to travel into strange parts, in a dark night, the morning light would reveal unanticipated sights and many things altogether unlike our preconceptions. So those ages of darkness which had elapsed ere Christianity dawned upon our world, had led mankind into a strange land of morality and religion. The most civilized and best informed, the most refined and highly educated nations and communities, were such idolaters that they could not number

their gods, and were accustomed to offer supreme adoration to those which they supposed the greatest monsters of cruelty and lust. Hence, to them, virtue was vice, and peace a stagnation of national progress: while the Jews perverted the law, and made it a power in aid of cupidity, by which they devoured the property of the widow and the orphan, withheld from the hireling his wages, and, by Corban, dishonoured their aged parents. "Darkness covered the heathens, and gross darkness the Jews." Then was not that a surprising change, when "The Sun of Righteousness" introduced a true philanthropy? A philanthropy which struck oppressors with terror, and thrilled the oppressed with joy. True it did call forth thousands of vengeful dragons, and legions of fiery serpents, which bit and stung and tore, banished and slew, drowned and burned, thousands of the holy children of light. Surprised and exasperated against their discoverers they hissed in fury. It is frightful to see a vast den of serpents infuriated, the entire mass twirling, stretching, hissing, and shooting out their forked tongues, while their eyes twinkle and gleam like sparks of fire. The introduction of Christianity uncovered and blazed upon a vast mass of filthy devouring reptiles, the multiplied issue of the old serpent. What trouble, what terror were occasioned by the light which shone upon the people which sat in darkness and in the region of the shadow of death! It is terrible to see a whale harpooned, rushing and plunging, turning the sea into blood, and raising the crimson foam. But his end is nearer than when he lay placidly upon the bosom of the deep. And the beaming forth of Christianity plunged a barbed spear into the head of the old serpent. Previous to that he nestled undisturbed in the bosom of society, placid because unmolested, while revelling in human life and drunk with human blood. No marvel that as a monster of the deep he overwhelmed the land with a sea of bloody persecution: but his end is nearer than when he lay placid upon the deep. Christian light, like the dawn of day, called life into exercise; inspired the holy with joy and prompted them to activity, while the vile, like beasts of prey, would fain have fled, but finding no hiding-place had no alternative but to turn and vent their rage upon their pursuers.

2. *Civil toleration.*

We passed on to a greater glory when Christianity was tolerated, and though espoused by thousands for gain and fashion's sake, other thousands rejoiced in its beams. It rapidly spread over Europe and the adjacent islands, the gods fleeing before it with all their cruel institutions and debasing rites, to be seen no more for ever. If it is a glory for a nation to be informed that the Lord is God, and a greater glory to be instructed in His character, is it not a still greater glory to adopt Him for the national God, and to repose in Him a special trust and confidence? If it is a glory when some are aroused to righteousness, so far as to render themselves obnoxious to the wicked, and to bring down upon their own heads a storm of persecution, is it not a greater glory when their sentiments have proven indestructible and self-propagating to so great an extent as to secure general adoption and lawful toleration? And to this glory the world was changed in the days of Constantine. However much we

may regret the apathy that followed, it was a glorious change for the holy. Prisons were opened, dungeons and catacombs were vacated by their martyr habitants, and dark as the times may have been subsequently, there has not been a time when, in any place within the circle of civilization, a man need be afraid to call himself a Christian : and there is not a greater diploma than that.

3. *Individual Priestly prerogative, responsibility, and power.*

That was another burst of glory which told the world that every man was his own priest, that Christ was Head over all, and that the kingdom of heaven knew no other monopoly. A glory many favoured saints were permitted to see ere it burst upon the general public, and which when it did so gleam forth was like a mighty jerk to the harpoon first thrown into the head of the monster by the Master and Source of all glory. Plunging again in madness, he bellows and roars till he has inspired his popish legions. Again the sea is blood. Beheading, burning, banishing, torturing. But the line put into the people's hands, by means of an open Bible, is held, and will be held with an eternal hold, and with all the monster's foaming and raging he is doomed to death, and his huge and hateful carcass to float upon the surface. What unpleasant things were revealed by this brighter light ! Errors and abuses of long standing, to which the people had been wedded and bound by selfish bonds, would fight a hard battle for life, and though their fate be sealed, their death-struggle is desperate and awful. The devil, like a warrior worsted time after time, and driven from one stronghold to another, is despicable enough to assume his conqueror's guise, and run for succour to his conqueror's friends. Emptied of valour and shivering with dread, the conscious object of universal scorn, plies his subtlety, deceives his foes into friendship, and Christianizes devilism, by which apt expedient he succeeds in rallying his dejected host to one more open fight. "Fire and faggot" again. Bible burning, saint-worrying, banishing, murdering. The exquisite tortures of the Inquisition, dungeon-gloom, and Smithfield-flame, are all sanctified by the name of Christianity. A passage to glory this, that was terrible indeed ; but once having gazed upon the glory of Christian equality and independence, its heroes entered the path, trampling upon the dead in blood to waist, crying victory and glory, till they brought England with other countries into the open day of a reformed church ; in which open day every man is free to be free ; he may bind himself, but another cannot bind him. The free circulation of the Scriptures, the rights of conscience, and Christ, the one Head of the Church, are among the invaluable privileges this change to glory has brought to us.

4. *Liberation from state-control and aristocratic usurpation.*

This is a glory which is coming. The fact that Christians from any of the nonconformist churches can attain to seats in the legislature and on the civic benches of our country, and in and out of office declare their conscientious convictions concerning religion and church polity, is a glory which our fathers might scarcely have predicted to have dawned upon us so soon ; but what would they say of our present apathy ? How great would be their wonderment as to what kind of bewitchment was mysteriously holding us back !

Would they not be puzzled to know what species of devilment could now be in play, that a great and a free people still permitted itself to be bound? Why they let the church be helpless in the hands of a parliament of papists, Jews, gamblers, and infidels! Why the people of England, possessing civil rights and political omnipotence, permit the appropriation of a vast amount of wealth to the sole use of a sect, while others are loaded to impoverishment with taxation in order to raise the necessary resources! When delivered from state authority and class interference, the "grand old edifices"—now so largely devoted to anti-Christian purposes—shall be free for the British public, whose they are, and their rents and other proceeds roll into the national exchequer for national purposes. Then their walls shall resound with the praises of God, and echo under the ministrations of a true Gospel ministry, and filthy lucre be no longer an inducement to the sacred order. A change this, in the opinion of many, hardly to be expected; but not greater than changes from glory to glory the world has already realized. As surely as Jesus was mocked by King Herod, scourged and crucified by Pilate; and as surely as His church was burned by the Cæsars, hunted and butchered by the dukes of Savoy and kings of France, and burned alive by the kings and queens of England, shall He liberate Himself from them all, and take vengeance on all temporal powers which persist in efforts to keep Him bound.

5. *Real Christian union.*

Oh! will not that be a glory when the dream of so many good men is realized, and "party names are known no more." Too dazzling for our eyes at present. Oh! "Christian union!" Omnipotent angel! What peace and prosperity, what beneficence, harmony and joy are with thee! Oh, my poor brethren, this heavenly beauty will destroy bigotry, sectarian differences and doctrinal disputes; disarm infidelity and bring the whole of the Lord's host into hearty co-operation; put the faces of all Christian persuasions towards the common foe, and lead them on from conquering to conquer. But she cannot come yet. While the interest of Mammon is so strong, our condition is utterly incompatible with her existence. How can universal fraternization even, take place while one sect clings to its unrighteous privilege of the use of the civil power in order to maintain an arrogant pre-eminence over their Christian brethren? Each degree of progressive brightness must take its proper place. Christian union is not to precede and effect religious liberty and equality; but perfect religious liberty and equality will make way for Christian union.

6. *A community of regenerated souls.*

This is the last and highest glory which I can conceive. Then shall the land enjoy her Sabbaths, and the labourer his rest. Bacchus will not then have any palaces, nor strong drink any victims; gaols and madhouses will be emptied; property safe; the hungry fed; the homeless housed and educated; the home happy; and the workshop glad.

II. The AGENT engaged in this great transformation.

I apprehend that the text refers us to some other work already accomplished by the "Spirit of the Lord." "We all beholding as

in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory as"—*something else was*—"by the Spirit of the Lord." From stage to stage did the Spirit of the Lord change the chaotic mass of the visible universe, till He finished all His work. Now He is engaged in the creation of another world; a human world; a moral creation. He has taken the chaotic mass in hand. He found it without form and void, darkness covering the face of the deep. Could we go back to "the beginning," and as angels hover over the confused elements of which this world is composed, what terrible disorder we should witness! What rolling and foaming of the mighty waters! What huge volumes of fiery flood incessantly poured forth, and what mountains of incohesive rock thrown up by the concussion of fire and water! All is confusion, blackness, and terror. "And the Spirit of the Lord moved upon the face of the waters," and all this mighty ebullition ceased. He spake and there was light, "and the evening and the morning were the first day." And the human world was as dark, as much confused, and as horribly convulsed as that old chaos of this globe, and the Spirit of the Lord has taken it in hand. He has moved upon humanity, and has said "Let there be light." At Pentecost He inaugurated the plan by which He will finish all His work, till human society is endowed with new life, and as one holy being, in the likeness of Him who created him, it shall live a second Adam; a perfect "image" of the Lord from heaven.

If in our efforts to renovate the world, we ever doubt of success, and are anxious and distressed, depressed and desponding, it is when we trust to some other power than the Spirit of the Lord, for we know that He cannot fail. What was the outpouring at Pentecost but the commencement of instrumental omnipotence. And as fire can never get cold, and power can never become weakness, for then would they be no longer fire and power, so the fire with which the church is baptized retains all its intensity and is constantly melting and inflaming men's hearts, and illuminating their minds, and the work is progressing at its proper rate. I triumph in faith, impossible to be shaken, in the success of the "Spirit of the Lord" in all that He undertakes. We may not set Him a time. Had our little day of mortal life been cast in one of those periods in which He advanced the material creation a stage, were we acquainted with the history of that portion of it which preceded our times, and were we arrogant as we now are, in estimating, from the past rate of progress, the time required to bring it to the state proposed, we should deem that period to be interminable. If the same Agent who took thousands of years in effecting one progressive change in the material world, is now engaged in changing humanity from "glory to glory," shall we be impatient, desponding and despairing of the proposed consummation, when He has taken only a few centuries for the several stages of the work already accomplished? Let us be cheerful. What He intends mankind to be that it shall be. Let us be active. "For as much as ye know that your labour cannot be in vain in the Lord." He says, "Let there be light" and the sun shines, and the earth cannot resist the powerful operation of his rays. So when the Spirit of the Lord enters a man, that man becomes a sun, and

diffuses the heavenly light, while the world is the object of his operation, and is overawed and drawn into the form and order of the divine life. For while the Spirit fires the souls of his choice instruments, and sends them on in their circles with planets and satellites to reflect their glory, He also disposes the dark mass to the effectual working of their influence. We have seen the face of the earth in dead winter; the rivers have been like rocks, the ponds glass, the earth iron, and the plains hard to look upon for their chilling whiteness. Then a warm breath from the south turns the white sheet to water, even in the dead dark night, and by the morning light the green hilltops peep to the eye of the rising sun. "What a change," we say, "since last night!" And all the day the rocky rivers melt away and roll down the vales, carrying with them large lumps of ice that would not yield to the congenial atmosphere, and in a few hours not a trace of rigorous frost is to be seen on hill, or dale, or plain. "What a change!" Aye, what a change! Seed is sown, the fields rolled down, moistening nights and sunny days follow; then the flowers spring, the grass grows, the corn shoots, the buds burst, the leaves expand, the trees bloom, the zephyrs breathe balm, the fields are gay, birds sing, flocks pasture, cattle graze, and lambs play. "What a change!" Golden waves pass over the acres, the reapers go forth, the day is hot, and it is difficult for the mind to realize the scenes so recently enacted by the piercing cold. So there was a time when society was in its stolid winter state, and the Spirit of the Lord has breathed His melting breath, and floods of holy influence have carried all opposing opinions before it. What is the use of a few stolid, bigoted, prejudiced, relentless opposers resisting the wave of revival power? Lumps of ice that will not melt must be carried down the stream, and jumbled against each other till they are lost in the common mass of waters. Society is changed, is changing, and shall be changing all through its spring time and summer, till the full harvest of "latter day glory" is ripe, and all earth's voices shout the "Harvest home." How is it now? That still, stolid frozen time is past; the tops of the hills are peering through their sterile shivering sheet of whiteness. Believers are praying, the waters will run soon, and a rolling river of revival will rush along and overbear all. Yes, all the great sentimentalisms of little men, who are so "*advanced*" as to sneer at the "*wild rant*" of revivalists, and with all confidence assure us that the day of excitement and external manifestation is gone by, and all that is now to be done is to educate men in the principles of Christianity, and work them up to the standard by increasing their intelligence. And all those high vaunters of their excellence in rationality, scorn the meanness of alarming the consciences and exciting the fears of the ignorant. And all our theorising upon the question of some new method of conversion, initiation into society and condition of Christian membership, and every and all other fancy and feeling will go before the mighty flood which the Spirit is preparing to pour over the land. Have we winter? Well, we have seen many winters, and, thank God, as many summers. Dark may be the night, the moral winds may howl in drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, and general profanity, and a sterile shroud of cold

indifference may cover the face of society. But the Spirit of the Lord has breathed his melting breath, and the waters will break their icy channels. Oh! what a change when the hardened melt, and the thoughtless think! When the pent-up waters burst from their eyes, and flow down their cheeks! Aye, what a change when a condemned man is justified! When Christian music first vibrates upon the tympanum of his soul, and he discovers harmony in the songs of believers. This is what the Spirit of the Lord is doing, and will continue to do until He has finished all His work.

III. MEANS which the Spirit has chosen for the accomplishment of his great work.

"And we all beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, etc." When we look into a glass we make *the image like ourselves*, but when we behold the glory of the Lord, that is, the Divine character, as shewn in the life of Jesus, the image is unalterable and makes the *beholder like it*. Wherefore whatever be the deformity with which sin has afflicted a man, let him look into this glass, and his mis-shapen features will assume a comeliness surpassing all earthly beauty. Worldly-minded man, Look! And His generosity and benevolence which reduced Him from the highest glory and wealth to the meanest servitude and deepest poverty for our sakes, shall blast and burst the bands of iron that so compress thy miserable heart, and let thy soul out of its narrow cell into a large place. Look! thou man of vanity and pride, and the dignity, grandeur and sublimity of the meek and lowly Prince of Life shall rescue thee from the pillar of smoke on which thou art borne away. The proud fool is as lofty as a hero upon a pedestal, while he is nothing but a vapour upon a pillar of smoke, carried about by every wind. Let the miserable bigot look! He who would rather all men should remain in sin and go down to hell, than that they should be saved by any but his own party, and his withered face shall blush, his shrivelled veins swell out with human blood, and the strange but glowing feeling of brotherly love flow into his heart. Look, brother, and even your own dear bigot, who is a very comely gentleman compared with the miserable and ugly misanthropist of other sects, he, even he, shall die and trouble you no more: no more shall you desire to forbid men casting out devils because they follow not us. Let the man of lust and carnal passions look. The sight of the purity and chastity of the Holy Lamb shall cure thy soul of its leprosy, and thy flesh shall become like that of a little child. And, oh, thou ease-loving, idle Christian do thou look till thy soul's rust, which is eating thy vitals and speedily reducing thee to death, shall fall off in great scales as by an electric shock, and as a polished shaft, thou shalt do thy Master's will.

This glass must be held up. In order to do it successfully we must be BOLD. The world does not like to see itself, and has many false and flattering mirrors to look into—as State-Church superstition and falsehood, antinomianism, water-regeneration, latitudinarianism, sectarian selfishness and devilism, etc., so that the man who dares to make them see their monstrous and contorted visages will sure to be the object of vituperation. The filthy pleasure-seeker, the black-souled mammon-server, and the arrogant usurper of authority

will sure to menace you with grins and hard words. 2. **PERSEVERING**. It takes a deal of looking for one to look himself like Christ. Many of us who have been looking for years are not *exactly* like Him yet. Despair not then of others. The deformities of mankind, so palpable and stubborn, are not worse than those which once afflicted some of us, but which have long since disappeared by the untiring efforts and ceaseless prayers of Christian friends. 3. **SKILFUL**. The Agent is efficient, the means and appliances complete; hence failure is only possible when these are wrongly, inadequately, or imperfectly employed. Let the whole church of God pray that her ministers and teachers may be sufficiently *Bold, Persevering, and Skilful*, to hold up this Divine mirror so as to rivet the eyes, smite the conscience, and melt the heart of the beholder till he is changed into the "same image."

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

FOREMOST among the many historical events which contribute to make the year 1870 one long to be remembered, stand the Sessions of the Œcumenical Council. Overborne for a time in most men's minds by the thrilling incidents of the Franco-German war, yet now bearing such fruit in their important effects on the faith of men and even nations as to once more draw all men's attention thereto. The thoughtful Protestant who marked the proceedings throughout, is confirmed in the belief that in them, most surely, was struck the death-blow to the much-vaunted unity of the Roman Church, such unity as with much struggling and much conceding had till then apparently been maintained in it. Those who thought little of them at the time can scarcely now help their attention being aroused by the agitation in Europe, especially in Germany, the direct consequence of the decrees of that Council. It may not therefore be in vain to some of our readers to make a slight *resume* of what seemed to the writer some of the most noticeable facts in that remarkable conclave.

Doubtless many readers of this Magazine are thoroughly conversant with the debates and discussions of those sessions, much more so than is the writer of this paper: their forbearance is craved; but there may be others of not sufficient leisure or opportunity to have gathered such information, and for such it is written.

It had been decided as early as 1868 that this Council should be convened, the first of the kind since the Council of Trent in 1563, which had settled the doctrines and laws of the Church of Rome as they have continued, in the main, to this time, and there had been much thought and preparation for it.

It is said that the result of the deliberations of the Preparatory Committee fill 18 large volumes. At length the day was fixed for the grand inaugural ceremony, and 1000 ecclesiastics summoned from all parts of the world. At 9 o'clock on the eventful morning,

December 8th, 1869, (the feast of the Immaculate Conception) in St. Peter's Church, Rome, beneath the wondrous dome of Michael Angelo's grand creation, there assembled such an immense concourse as probably had never before been witnessed within those walls. A crowd estimated at 180,000 of all nations and ranks from the crowned heads in the gallery above, to the Italian lazzaroni in tattered garments, who jostled the English nobleman in the nave below. The press at last became so fearful that many a strong man fainted. The procession was most imposing, composed of bishops, archbishops, primates, patriarchs, cardinals, and lastly, the Pope himself borne aloft in a chair of state. The lavish magnificence of the dress of these ecclesiastics could not have been the least imposing feature of the scene, and the descriptions given by eye-witnesses read like bits of some Eastern fable :—"Robes of creamy satin rich with gold embroidery, lace delicate as the web of the gossamer, silver tissue flower-embroidered, Tyrian purple (this was of the Eastern bishops) wrought with gold and precious stones; the cardinals in bright scarlet fringed with gold." &c., &c. The Pope in a dress entirely of white satin wrought with gold, "Not Solomon in all his glory," writes one, "was ever arrayed like one of these." The musical service, probably the finest of this century, was wonderful. Sweet were the cadences of the choir in the opening hymn *Veni Creator*, and as the service proceeded occasionally a solo part was sustained by a single voice, that of the Pope, clear and strong even in old age—the thrilling notes prolonged as the voices of the 700 prelates joined in to swell the flood of harmony, till it reached its climax of volume and power, when the vast congregation of 180,000 joined in the mighty response. The outward accessories of the ceremonial, those which appealed directly to the senses, or at best to the æsthetic faculty, were those no doubt which exclusively occupied the attention of the majority of the spectators, and in this there is no question that they fulfilled the intentions of those who designed and arranged them, and therefore were a success.

The North Transept of the Cathedral was fitted up for the Council Chamber at an expense estimated at £14,000. The carpet was a royal gift from King William of Prussia. The architectural splendours of a hall which is perhaps without an equal in the world, and in which are collected so many of the art-treasures of Italy, make it a place peculiarly adapted for "scenic display;" but never designed for an auditorium it required a very powerful voice indeed to make itself heard under those echoing arches, and was therefore as unsatisfactory for those who had something to say and wished to say it, as it would be possible to find. This was the Council Chamber; now let us consider the Councillors. About 1,000 were summoned—but the largest number the writer finds accounted for in the tables of the votes was 731: these were the nominal representatives of nearly 200,000,000 Romanists; but, that they were not a true representation *Père Hyacinthe* in his indignant protests against the whole proceeding has fully shown. There are in the Roman Catholic Church two parties as distinct from each other as the Whigs and Tories of our politics. One party, the Papists, know no allegiance but that which they owe the Pope; who, whatever their nationality,

would willingly see their respective ruler, whether Victor Emmanuel or Queen Victoria, supplanted by Pius IX. Through North Europe they are known as Ultramontanes* because their obedience, faith, and loyalty are all directed beyond the Alps. "Our citizenship is in heaven," said St. Paul; "Our citizenship is in Rome," say the Ultramontanes. The other party called sometimes the anti-Papist, sometimes anti-Italian, but now most generally known as the Liberal party, are often men of staunch patriotism, advocates and defenders of civil and religious liberty, who, while they acknowledge the Pope's authority as head bishop of the Church, hold that he has no right to interfere in the civil government of the country and would, there is no question, as willingly defend their own government from the incursion of any foreign power, be he Sultan or Pontiff, as any Protestant subject of the same land. The reason why this party is so little understood by Englishmen is that the majority of English and Irish Catholics are Ultramontane. Now it must be borne in mind that while the most prominent supporters of the Liberal party are French and German, the British, American, and Italian are, with few exceptions, Ultramontane. Therefore the 27 millions of Italy were represented by 276 votes, while Austria and Germany combined, with a Roman Catholic population of 34 millions, had not one fourth of that number. The 14 millions of England and America were supposed to enjoy so much of the light and grace of heaven that they were allowed 85 voices in the Council whose decisions were to be regarded as *Vox Dei*, while the 38 millions of France were only represented by about the same number. There were great differences among these Councillors—there were men of high social position; familiar with courts, of rare abilities and great attainments; proficient in modern languages; conversant with all the Greek fathers, and the lore of their own Church; accomplished in modern science, versed in European politics. There were men, dark, ignorant, superstitious, not only without learning, but who positively regarded learning as sin. There were men of bold courageous spirits who meant to declare what they held to be truth whether the Pope happened to concur with their ideas or not. There were Jesuits, cunning, crafty, wary, watchful, determined to let no occasion slip which offered an opportunity for extending the influence of their order. Among these last must be reckoned, we fear, most of the Italian bishops. There were votes in the Council also for such as we, my Protestant reader, for the Holy Father leaves us not without a Shepherd. "Pope Pius IX.," said Cardinal Catalpi, on one occasion (not that of this Council) "does indeed curse all Protestants, but it is, by a formula,—he carries them all in his heart!" Therefore he appoints a number of bishops "for the sake of unbelievers," (*in partibus infidelium*). These bishops, creatures of the Pope, mostly reside in Rome, perhaps, as has been wittily remarked, "because there are no unbelievers there." The vote of one of these men, really representing no one, could nullify that of a Dupanloup with his immense cure of 1,000,000 souls. This will show how the majority of the Papists was secured in the Council,

* *Utra*—beyond: *montana*—mountain.

for were the Church fairly represented, there is little doubt that the Liberal party would outweigh the other in numbers as they certainly do in learning and intelligence. Then also the Liberal party could not at all boast the strength of the other, lacking as they did that singleness of purpose which is such a powerful element of success. The Jesuits, who in reality convened the assembly, knew exactly what they were about, and their purpose fully determined, their ranks thoroughly organized, they had the advantage of a well-disciplined army over a body of un-drilled, un-generalised civilians. We know what a Council or Conference means with us—when once a year Bible Christians become “Friends in council,” and every topic relative to the true order and rightful progress of the Society may be aired and discussed, and one of the advantages aimed at seems to be to hear all sides of the questions on the *tapis*; but the aims of those who called together the Ecumenical Council were not those, but as Carlyle would say, “quite other.” Their purpose was to establish a certain dogma, and they meant to use any and every means to silence those who opposed themselves. Those who were sanguine enough to expect any freedom in this sham Conference must have had their hopes sadly blighted at the very commencement, as the first provision of the well-laid scheme for trammelling all free discussion was announced in the Pope’s allocution, Dec. 9th. Extremely courteous and tender of the feelings of the beloved and venerable Fathers, this address was a marvel of circumlocution; it was necessary that the nauseous pill should be thickly coated with sugar. The substance of this address was—“I, Pope Pius IX. alone have a right to suggest topics for the deliberation of this Council. You may offer nothing I do not like. You must reduce all propositions to writing, and submit them to a committee of cardinals and fathers which I have appointed. They will examine and submit them to me. Whatsoever passes our double scrutiny can come before the Council, nothing else. There must be no discussion: to prevent it the Council must elect by secret ballot four committees. They will take cognizance respectively of matters of faith, of ecclesiastical discipline, of the affairs of the regular orders, and of Oriental rites. If any discussion is provoked the matter shall be reported to its appropriate committee and put into shape there. If any father wants to speak he shall give twenty-four hours’ notice of his intention. Fathers shall speak in the order of their dignity. You shall take oath not to disclose the proceedings in the Council Chamber till they are officially promulgated. And, finally, I mean to see these rules carried out, and have appointed five cardinals who will preside in turn at all your sessions.”* This is the purport of the voluminous speech called a bull, “from the most holy father to the council of beloved and venerable fathers greeting.”

The Liberal party seeing all that this implied became restive at once, and a remonstrative address was preferred to the Pope. The tone of this has been called meanly subservient, and to a Protestant

* For this clever epitome of the Pope’s allocution, and for most of the information contained in this paper the writer is indebted to the leading journals of the time.

mind it may seem so; but when we remember Luther's protest at Worms we feel we can scarcely judge of the strength of purpose which may be hidden beneath the polished and respectful petition of a trained churchman. It requested that "the committee appointed by the Pope for the preliminary examination of propositions, introduced by members, be reinforced by some fathers elected by the Council out of their own midst, and also that members introducing propositions be allowed access to the said committee to enable them to take part in the examination thereof." This address was taken no notice of, a fact not at all gratifying to the feelings of the petitioners. The first public session, January 6th, (Epiphany) was the occasion of indignant protestations and noisy interruptions among the "holy and venerable fathers," and angry calls to order by the presiding cardinal. The bone of contention was a *Schema di Ecclesia* following a *Schema di Fede*, a kind of "Confession of Faith" which had been drawn up before-hand by the preparatory committee: the essence if we may so speak of the 18 volumes mentioned before. The *Schema di Fede* "condemned freedom of conscience, denied the right of private judgment in matters of religion. It declared that the Church was not only an infallible interpreter of the written Scriptures, but had the right to add to them the equally authoritative unwritten traditions of which it was the custodian. It asserted that all questions of theology and morals were to be determined by the dogmatic decrees of the Church, and added that never in the progress of mankind had it come to pass, nor would it ever come to pass, that the doctrines of science could be other than such as had been ever held and taught by the Church." The *Constitutio Dogmatica prima di Ecclesia Christi* consisted of four chapters—1st. The Institution of Apostolic Primacy in the person of blessed Peter. 2nd. The perpetuity of the same in the Roman Pontiff. 3rd. The force and meaning of the Primacy. 4th. The Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff. This *Schema* included the assertions that "the holy Church is not the subject, but the mistress of the State; authoritatively pronounces upon what is lawful and unlawful; has the right of ordering by its laws and compelling by antecedent judgments and salutary penalties those who wander and those who are contumacious!" It was this insult to existing governments and to Protestantism which raised such a *furor* of opposition that it is said the Pope was completely astonished, and he was compelled to hear strange sentiments during these discussions. Listen to the learned Cardinal Prince Schwarzenberg, Archbishop of Prague, "The time," he cries, "for these cursings between Catholics and Protestants has passed never to return. I tender them my hand. I long to begin with them the great work of conciliation and pacification;" and to the acute and eloquent Strossmayer, Bishop of Bosnia and Styrmium: "Protestantism is not to be held responsible for atheism, pantheism, and materialism, since many eminent Protestants are among the able combaters of these doctrines. Nor is it thus that we are to reclaim our separated brothers." When we reflect where this was said, and before whom, we are not surprised to read that "each speaker was interrupted by outcries which rendered it impossible for him to continue."

Dupanloup and others from France urged that should this *Schema* be adopted it would cut the last remaining tie that bound the French government to Rome, and the withdrawal of the French troops from that city would be the result. The German bishops, with that keen sense of the importance of the education of the young, which seems characteristic of the German mind, declared that they should be no longer allowed to conduct the public schools. The Eastern bishops, that it would drive their adherents by crowds into the Greek Church. But little was to be effected by speech-making in such a hall. Did some one with an unusually eloquent and powerful voice overcome the acoustic hindrances already mentioned, directly he became too unpleasant in his remarks a little coughing, a little shuffling of feet drowned it entirely, except for those in his immediate vicinity. Thus angrily and noisily was the time of the first session passed, and nothing was done. The oath was administered to the members, but they had every one taken it before.

But the opposition at least gained one thing—delay; and they made good use of it. In an incredibly short time the telegraph wires were flashing the obnoxious *Schema* all over Europe. It will be remembered that the bishops all took oath not to reveal the secret doings of the council, but it seems some of the members of the Liberal party have learned from the Jesuits how to take an oath with mental reservations, certain it is that the prime ministers of several of the principal European courts were kept fully informed of all that transpired, and before the next session various official despatches were received. Count Daru, on the part of France, addressed a guarded and polite remonstrance after the wont of the crafty and cunning policy of the *regime* of Napoleon 3rd. Count Von Beust, on the part of Austria, stated that the authorities at Vienna had no wish to interfere with the theological affairs at Rome, but, “it was different when the church was about to claim a permanent and comprehensive power over the state, and to arrogate to herself the right of deciding which of the laws laid down by the secular power were binding on the subject and which not.”—And further proceeded to declare that the carrying out of the proposed *Schema* would certainly lead to a disastrous struggle between Church and State. Count Von Bismarck was more outspoken still: He gave the German bishops “fair warning that if they voted for this insult to Protestantism and this challenge to the freedom of the state, they could never return to their dioceses.” We may suppose the feelings of the Pope, his grief and wrath to find how thoroughly he had been circumvented by his own council. How careful, too, had been all his measures to prevent such a catastrophe! He had forbidden the publication of any letter or pamphlet in Rome—the Post Office and the customs had been all the time under strict surveillance, so thoroughly so that many of the principal men of the council sent all their correspondence to another town to be posted. In vain he reminded the fathers of their oath—one ecclesiastic was imprisoned, but it is said he was an impostor. Some bishops were ordered to leave the city—some American bishops among others—but to the end it continued the same, in almost every city in Christendom you could read in the newspapers the doings of this exclusive council from session to

session. Roman citizens were probably kept in the dark, but certainly no others were. To the official remonstrances Cardinal Antonelli replied that, "there is a great difference between theory and practice. No one will ever prevent the Church from proclaiming the great principles upon which its divine fabric is based, but as regards the application of these sacred laws the Church, imitating the example of its heavenly Founder, is inclined to take into consideration the natural weakness of mankind, and accordingly exacts only so much from human frailty as is within the power of every age and country to render." And so with still more consideration for the "natural weakness of mankind" the *Schœma* was altered and amended, and when again promulgated on the 26th of April contained nothing whatever of the relations between Church and State.

But the great struggle of all was to be over the question of the Infallibility. The months of May and June were principally occupied with the discussion of this dogma. The Bishops of Besançon and Nevers were considered the leaders of the opposition, and seventy-two fathers, fifteen of whom were French, gave notice of their intention to speak against it. The Pope it is said had expected no such opposition. It is curious to notice the arguments brought to bear on this question. Against it was urged that "even St. Peter himself was withstood to the face because he was to be blamed"—that "the great Apostolical council at Jerusalem was a fraternal conference of co-equal Apostles"—that not a sentence of the Greek and Latin fathers was to be found favouring the dogma—that theological discussions could not so often have rent the Church if a Papal Bull was all that was needed for their determination—that the decrees of one Pope had more than once been condemned and annulled by another—that Honorius 1st was condemned for heresy, and his writings publicly burned by the council of Constantinople in the 7th century—that the Bible of Sixtus V. was suppressed by his successor and so on; then coming to later times, that the dogma, never seriously maintained in the Church till the 13th century, had been repeatedly and officially denied since, as in the Oath and Declaration taken by Irish Catholics in 1793 and reiterated by a synod of Irish bishops in 1810; and that in a catechism of the Church, indorsed by Archbishop Manning himself, as late as the beginning of the present century it was emphatically denounced as a "Protestant invention." These arguments seem to us tolerably weighty, but no doubt that is because of our "human frailty."

Of course from a Protestant standpoint they would have been entirely different; but we cannot help noticing with regret that on this side no appeal whatever seems to have been made to Holy Scripture.

Some held that although the doctrine was true it was unwise in the present benighted state of the world to proclaim it. To this was replied that it is always wise to declare the truth, a statement which it seems Jesuits know how to make when it suits their purpose. Some, that the Church groaned under sufficient burdens already. "It cannot be opportune," said one Cardinal, "to exact of the Catholic nations already exposed to so much seduction and temptation, heavier duties than were enjoined on them by the Council of Trent."

On the other side it was argued that the Roman Pontiff of whom, in the person of Peter, it was said by Christ, "I have prayed for thee," cannot err when acting as supreme teacher of all Christians. Another argument was that the Pope was infallible because Peter was crucified with his head downward which shows "that the Church stands on its head!" Some went to the catacombs for evidence on the point, but the most conclusive was taken from the personal experience of the Pope himself:—he having stated that "as plain Abbe Mastai I always believed in infallibility, as Pope Pius IX. I feel it!" Against such arguments what could even a Dupanloup or a Strossmayer advance. Strossmayer indeed directed their attention to the fact that no council in the past had ever confirmed a decree except by a nearly unanimous vote and demanded "the application of the same principle to the present dogma," and again he was silenced by enraged outcries and furious hisses. It is said the sessions were sometimes the scenes of such violent demonstrations that the angry voices and noisy interruptions could be heard by those outside, and more than one session broke up in disgraceful confusion. We do not learn that any particular measures were taken to convert the acknowledged leaders of the Liberal party, but it was the wavering, the hesitating, who became the objects of all solicitude. They became the guests of the Jesuit magnates of Rome, and delightfully kind and courteous, no doubt, was the hospitality they received while that insidious beguiling influence was brought to bear upon them to which many a "Lothair" has succumbed. Some were won by the promise of a cardinal's hat; some—notably the Syrian Patriarch of Babylon—were said to have been driven by menace. Meanwhile the time was wearing away, and Rome is not the pleasantest place in the world to be in at Midsummer, and many bishops left the city when they found opposition useless. In fact when the final vote was taken July 13th, 1870, seventy were absent it is said purposely to avoid voting and with all the manoeuvring and persuasive arts that had been employed, 88 at the last voted *non placet*, that is really in the negative; 62 *placet juxta modum*, a qualified assent;—the number of affirmative votes has been reported 451 and 488. Thirteen of the bishops had died in the first three months.

Some of the most distinguished prelates who opposed themselves were Prince Schwarzenberg, Cardinal Archbishop of Prague; Mathieu, Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon; Raucher, Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna; Ginoulhiac, Archbishop of Lyons; D'Arbois, Archbishop of Paris; Dupont des Loges, Bishop of Metz; Dupanloup of Orleans; Strossmayer of Bosnia and Styrmium; Conolly, Archbishop of Halifax, N.S. and Kendrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, U.S.; 3 Cardinals and 7 Archbishops.

The opposition throughout had at least hoped that they would succeed in reducing the proposed dogma to a "probable doctrine," but they were doomed to disappointment, it closes as all the decrees of that Church with the words,—“If any one, which may God forbid, have the temerity to contradict our definition, let him be anathema.” Monday, the 18th of July, the decree was to be promulgated and the descriptions we read of the closing scene are

very different from those of the grand ceremonious commencement. The "fathers" dropped in singly or in little groups, and almost sullenly took their places in the Council Chamber for the last time, and some of the weak and superstitious (and we cannot but think there were many such) must have felt a thrill of awe, if not fear, as a darkness that could be felt gathered over the City, clouding the glory of the meridian of that summer day. As the business proceeded the darkness deepened, and while the Pope was reading the prescribed formula by which he assumed the new authority, it had become so dense that he had to wait while candles were brought in order to continue. At last the storm burst in all its fury, and as the bishops one after another rose to give their assent, their voices were almost drowned amid booming peals of thunder. A summer storm common enough perhaps in Italy, but certainly awful enough at such a time. And so amid the "crash of elements" was fittingly closed one of the greatest acts of blasphemy ever committed on this earth.

We cannot but think that the decrees of this Council did more, much more towards the ruin of the Romish Church than did the army of Italy when it entered Rome in September, 1870, for what has been the result.—The Councillors dispersed, some as Archbishop Manning, of London, to endeavour by eloquent appeals to induce their congregations to accept without hesitation, without reasoning, the new dogma, and perhaps it has met with less opposition among the Romanists of the British dominions, than in most other countries, though here Dr. Newman has spoken out strongly and Father Hyacinth's voice has been heard throughout the land. In Switzerland secession is openly discussed. In Prussia and Bohemia even, the spirit of revolt is abroad. In Germany there has been the Alt-Catholic movement as it has been called, with its Munich Congress; its energetic leaders Dollinger, Schultze and Michaelis; its defiant protestations published in the German papers, as for example that of Prof. Michaelis: "I," he says, "a sinful man, but firm in the holy Catholic faith, herewith, before the face of God's Church, openly and loudly accuse Pope Pius IX., as a heretic and destroyer of the Church," and founds his right to do so on the canonical sentence of Innocent III. whereby "every Pope who is a heretic is subject to the judgement of the Church if he strives to ruin this same Church."

While it is with pleasure we read of the struggles of the Liberal party it is mingled with regret that they do not go further, and take higher ground. Still we cannot but hope that the stir which has been made will cause many who belong to the Romish Church to examine more closely her doctrines, which have of late been so violently attacked, not simply by heretics and outsiders, but by some in their own midst who claim still to be called her children, and through such examination will come to the knowledge of the truth. It will be a little matter to have thrown off the authority of the Pope if they own not in heart and life the authority of the true Head of the Church our Lord Jesus Christ; but let us do what we can by our small efforts, at least by our prayers, to help and strengthen those who are labouring among those people with the Bible in their hands and the Gospel of Christ in their hearts.

BILLY BRAY AND THE "PASSON."*

"I had often heard of Billy Bray at Baldhu, from his brother James, and wished very much to see him. One morning, three months after my conversion,† I heard some one walking about in the hall of my house, 'Praising the Lord.' I rose from the breakfast table, and opened the door to see who my happy, unceremonious visitor could be;—and then for the first time beheld this queer-looking man. I asked him who he was. He replied with a face beaming with joy,

"'I am Billy Bray—be you the "passon?"'

* From the second edition of *The King's Son*, which has many important additions, and an excellent portrait.

† The reader will be interested in the following account of the conversion of this good clergyman, from his own pen. "In the hey-day of my prosperity, and in the success of my sacramental ministrations, while I thought the church was the Ark—and no salvation could be had out of the church, except by some uncovenanted mercy—one of my most promising disciples, a regular communicant and zealous churchman, was taken seriously ill, and was pronounced to be in hopeless 'galloping consumption.' The man was my own servant, a gardener, and one to whom I was much attached; not exactly my spiritual child in the gospel, but my ecclesiastical child in churchmanship, and a strong adherent who, with many others, upheld me and encouraged me in a place abounding with 'gospel men, against Dissenters of various kinds. This man's heart failed him in the prospect of death, his views and religious practices did not comfort him in the hour of need, or give him assurance. He heard of others who could say their sins were pardoned, and they could read their title clear to mansions in the skies, whereas with him, as he thought, superior teaching, he was yet afraid to die. He ventured to send for some Dissenter to talk to him and pray with him, who went to work in a way just the reverse of the priest. Instead of building up and comforting, the man plainly shewed him he was a lost sinner, and needed to come to Jesus, just as he was, for salvation and pardon. The man was confident, 'pray for yourself,' said he; and he set before him the finished work of Christ, as the sinner's substitute. The gardener was brought under deep conviction, and eventually found pardon and peace through the blood of Jesus. This was a great disappointment. Instead of rejoicing with Christ over a lost sheep which he had found, I was angry with the sheep for being found, and deeply mourned over what I considered a fall into schism! Grieved as I was, however, I loved my disciple, and went to see him, though not till after several urgent invitations to go. I endeavoured to reclaim him, but the man was too firmly persuaded to be shaken from 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' Instead of lying on a bed of suffering, he was walking about the room, praising God in a most joyful state. 'Ah, John, you are excited, you have been taking wine!' 'No, master,' said the man, 'I have not touched a drop of it—no, dear no, that is not it, dear master. I know you love me and I love you—you don't know this joy and peace, I am sure you don't, or you would have told me of it. Oh, master, pray the Lord to give it to you—I will never rest praying for you—don't be angry with me—the Lord bless you and convert your soul! You have been a kind good friend to me, I cannot forget or leave you. I will pray for you while I live, for the Lord to save your soul.' I could not stand this pleading, and fled from the house in a tumult of disappointment and confusion." His heart was now "broken for work." A visit to a brother clergyman deepened his convictions; for he plainly told him that "if he had been converted he would have rejoiced in that man's salvation and praised God with him, and that he would never do any good in his parish till he was converted himself." "So deep became his distress, that, when the bell tolled for service on the following Sunday morning, he trembled and feared to preach;" but while preaching on the words—*What think ye of Christ?* the Lord showed him so clearly that Christ was the true and only foundation, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, that his soul was filled with joy, "as full of joy as it had been of misery!" The fervour and earnestness with which he now proclaimed "a present salvation caused a general cry for mercy, and many of his parishioners were saved." It was no wonder that Billy wished to see him, to give his eyes a treat, and to witness some of the blessed results of his prayer of faith years before.

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'Converted, are ye?'

"'Yes, thank God.'

"'Be the missus converted?'

"'Yes.'

"'Thank the dear Lord,' said he, coming into the room to make his bow to the said missus. Then he inquired of her if she had any maids in the house.

"'Yes, there are three.'

"'Are they converted?'

"'Yes.'

"'Where be they?'

"'In the kitchen.' So he proceeded thither, and soon we heard them all praising the Lord in Cornish style with a loud voice.

"After a time Billy joined us again in the dining-room, to take, by invitation, some breakfast, but before he sat down he approached me and suddenly put his arm round me, and took me up, and carried me round the table, and then, setting me down at my chair, rolled on the floor for joy, and said he was as 'happy as he could live.'* We persuaded him to sit down and get some breakfast, as he had been riding in a slow-going donkey cart since midnight through the cold night air of January. He said he had heard of our conversion, and had been begging Father to give him leave to visit us. He received permission to do so just as he was getting into bed at half-past eleven. So he put up his clothes again, and 'hitched in the donkey,' and came along singing all the way.

"Then he proceeded to tell us why he was so anxious to see us. He said, some years before that time he was walking over the place where the house stands, and the Lord said to him, 'I will give thee all that dwell in this mountain.' So he knelt down immediately and prayed for all who lived there, and then proceeded to the various cottages which were situated on that hill, and continued to visit the people in those cottages till they were all brought to the Lord. Then he knelt down and complained that there were 'only three housen' there, and received a promise that there should be some more. He never forgot this, but continually mentioned it in his prayers to the Lord, till, to his joy, one day he received a letter from his brother James to say they were planting the hill and going to build a church there, and then his brother wrote to say they were building a house (The Vicarage)—then again another house (The School). Dear Billy redoubled his efforts of prayer and faith, and when the church was opened he came to see and hear for himself, and was disgusted and disappointed to find a 'Pusey there preaching.' He went away unhappy, and it came to his mind that he had no business to come to see till Father had bidden. So he departed to the neighbourhood of Bodmin where he then lived, and remained there. After a few years, news reached him of the clergyman's

* Many persons have been treated by Billy in much the same way as the good clergyman. The first time Mr. Maynard saw him was at Deliverance Chapel in 1844 under these circumstances:—When he was in the pulpit a little man came in, turning up the white of his eyes, and praising the Lord. He thought at once, as the eyes of all the people were instantly upon the new comer, and as a smile, as if a magic wand had been used, passed over their faces, "This, then, is the famous Billy Bray, about whom I have heard so much." After the service, Billy did not exactly carry the preacher, but he dragged him round the pulpit pew to the amusement of the people, shouting and jumping with all his might the whole time. When he let the preacher go he asked him whether he could stand that or not. "Yes, much more than that," was the answer. "All right, friend Maynard, praise the Lord." On my first interview with him he carried me round the room many times, continually asking me, "Is not this 'pretty' riding, dear?" But I was too much disconcerted, half-amused, half-frightened, to be able to answer.

conversion, and also that there was a great revival in the place. He then praised God and begged permission to go and see this passon and his missus, and continued to beg till he obtained permission.

"After breakfast he went off to the School House and found the school-master and his wife both converted, then to another house where the people were all converted. His joy was unbounded, he jumped and danced, and clapped his hands, he shouted, and he sang! The happy man was beside himself, and beyond himself!"

WHAT EVERY MINISTER NEEDS.

And there went with Him a band of men whose hearts God had touched.—1 Sam. x. 26.

THE origin of this expression may be told in a few words. The people of Israel had desired a king, and though their desire was granted, yet their conduct was displeasing to the Lord. Samuel—one of the holiest who have ever lived, and who had been judge of Israel—meets with Saul, anoints him, kisses him, and instructs him as to his future conduct. And when they separated God gave Saul another heart. On the day that he was by the voice of the people declared to be the king, and when he went to his home in Gibeah, there went with him "a band of men whose hearts God had touched." For what purpose we are not told, but undoubtedly they were intended to help him in affairs pertaining to the kingdom. While the sons of Belial despised him, good men approved of him; God blessed him, though Satan might have been angry. Though God approved not of the conduct of the people in asking for a king, yet He was gracious to the person appointed to reign over them. And his having a number of men who were ready and willing to work with him, was to have what every minister of Christ requires.

1. Unity between minister and people secures *power*. Every godly man is a blessing, and a power for good; but a number of godly men united will be a greater blessing, and a greater power for good. The Bible and good men are two of the greatest blessings in this world. Unity is strength, everybody says. Let the rays of the sun be concentrated on any point, and heat is produced sufficient to burn. Let the particles of steam escape and they are powerless and harmless; but confined they will perform wonders. Just so it is when God's people are truly united. When one in feeling and girded by charity, they are a power that neither the world nor the devil can overcome.

Unity secures *attraction*. What is wanted is power in the church to attract the world, so as to make the world like the church. Discord and disunion will drive persons away, while unity and concord will draw them. Who can wonder that some of our societies do not increase in numbers? Who would not wonder if they did? The fault-finding and the unkindness that exist are enough to repel any well-disposed person from them. The men of the world are sadly divided; disunion we observe in society everywhere. The church of Christ should stand out in bold, striking, and inviting contrast thereto. Let the world be tossed about like the sea in a storm, the church should shine peacefully, like the moon, reflecting the rays of the Sun of Righteousness grandly. A Christian society should not only be a lighthouse, but a place of refuge. It should say to the distressed, divided ones outside, "Come in here, for here you may find unity, peace and love. Come thou with us, and we will do you good." And many would say, "We will go with you, for the Lord is with you." For

Christians to exert the pure, beneficial influence it is their duty and privilege to exert they must be like a band.

2. How is this unity to be secured? Most easily; first by uniting as to the *object* to be accomplished. Every minister should aim at the conversion of sinners, and will not make out much if this be not his aim. Every member should aim and live for the same object. The work of saving souls devolves upon everyone whose soul is saved. Members whose talents are feeble, are particularly in danger of excusing themselves on this point. It should be remembered that it was not the man who had five talents, or he who had two that did not use them, but he who had only one. Let all be united in this grandest aim; the most useful for one's own soul, the most beneficial to others, and the most in sympathy with Christ's great design—with God's great and glorious purpose.

Next unite as to the *means* to be used. If one works one way, and another works in a different way; if one adopts one method, and another a different method, it is evident nothing very great can be accomplished like that. The story told about Constantine seeing the cross in the air, with the inscription "By this conquer!" symbolises a great truth in the Christian warfare. Sin, the world, and the devil, must be conquered by Christ and His cross, or they will never be conquered. Be agreed then as to the means to be used.

Next be united in *spirit*. A band of men, evidently actuated by the same spirit. Some set to work in the Lord's vineyard with a spirit utterly inharmonious with the work they profess to do; it seems more like anger than love. How inconsistent to go about a good work in a bad spirit! Every Christian should be moved by motives the most lofty, and by a spirit the most heavenly. Paul said, "The love of Christ constraineth me." And every member of the church of Christ may blessedly realize the same inspiration.

"And there went with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched." God had given to Saul another heart, and had touched the hearts of those who went with him, so that the whole thing was *divine*. Unless one has *another* heart, he has no right to be a preacher of the Gospel. Unless the heart has been divinely touched, no one has any right to be a member of the visible church of Christ. But when each heart has been touched, why should not all be perfectly agreed? Division is for the want of piety; concord is because there is piety. Useful members are not those who are troublesome, but the useless; those who have nearly lost the divine touch they once felt, and have allowed their own wills to reign again.

True religion will produce such agreement and unity as will form a beautiful contrast with everything else seen among men. This is not all that a minister wants, but it is one of the things that he needs—"a band of men whose hearts God has touched."

S. H.

CONFIDE IN GOD!

THERE once lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken coop, a solitary woman. She was some thirty years of age, tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere, from village to village, by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives; she was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her; and yet there, in that homely, deformed body, the great God who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set His royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again," would the chance visitor say, as he lounged at her door.

"La, yes; I'm for ever at it. I don't know what people will think," she would say with her sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think as they always do, that you are very happy."

"La, well; that's a fact; I'm just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy. You are all alone; you work hard; you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you: what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks, like you depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children; and then they're always mighty afraid of trouble ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, Well, if He can keep this great world in such good order,—the sun rolling day after day, and the stars a-shining night after night, make my garden things come up just the same, season after season,—He can sartainly take care of such a poor simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but Nancy, suppose a frost should come, after your fruit-trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out; suppose—"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now, why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah! Nancy; it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head; "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desprit sight of mischief!"

She was right; we do take the demon of care, of distrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts, and pet and cherish the ugly monsters till we assimilate to their likeness. We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of coming ill; we seldom trust that blessings will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our misanthropy.

It would be well for us to imitate Happy Nancy, and "never suppose." If you see a cloud, don't suppose it's going to rain; and if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow. Do whatever your hand finds to do, and there leave it. Be more childlike towards the great Father who created us; learn to confide in His wisdom, and not in your own; and, above all, "wait till the 'suppose' comes, and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden if you would follow Happy Nancy's rule, and never give place in your bosom to imaginary evils.

SPOILED CHILDREN.

THE old adage that a girl is worth a thousand dollars, and a boy worth fifteen hundred, is a depreciation of values. I warrant that the man who invented the theory was a bachelor, or he would not have set down the youngsters so far below cost. When the poorest child is born, a star of joy points down to the manger.

We are tired of hearing of the duty that children owe to their parents.

Let some one write a disquisition on what parents owe to their children. What though they do upset things, and chase the cats, and eat themselves into colic with green apples, and empty the castor of sweet oil into the gravy, and bedaub their hands with tar? Grown people have the privilege of larger difficulties, and will you not let the children have a few smaller predicaments? How can we ever pay them for the prattle that drives our cares away, and the shower of soft flaxen curls on our hot cheek, and the flowers with which they have strewn our way, plucking them from the margin of their cradles, and the opening with little hands of doors into new dispensations of love?

A well-regulated home is a millennium on a small scale—the lion and leopard nature by infantile stroke subdued—"and a little child shall lead them." Blessed the pillow of the trundle-bed on which rests the young head that never ached! Blessed the day whose morning is awakened by the patter of little feet! Blessed the heart from which all the soreness is drawn out by the soft hand of the babe!

But there are children who have been so thoroughly spoiled they are a terror to the community. As you are about to enter your neighbour's door, his turbulent boy will come at you with the plunge of a buffalo, pitching his head into your diaphragm. He will, in the night, stretch a rope from tree to tree to dislocate your hat, or give some passing citizen a sudden halt as the rope catches the throat, and he is hung before his time. They can in a day, break more toys, slit more kites, lose more marbles, than all the fathers and mothers of the neighbourhood could restore in a week. They talk roughly, make old people stop to let them pass, upset the little girls' school-basket, and make themselves universally disagreeable. You feel as if you would like to get hold of them just for once, or in their behalf call on the firm of Birch and Spank.

It is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him. At ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe-strings. Let him strike auntie because she will not get him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obeisance and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster, which with knife he will endeavour to open.

If that does not spoil him, buy him a horse. It is exhilarating and enlarging for a man to own such an animal. A good horseback ride shakes up the liver and helps the man to be virtuous, for it is almost impossible to be good with too much bile, an enlarged spleen, or a stomach off duty. We congratulate any man who can afford to own a horse; but if a boy own one, he will probably ride on it to destruction. He will stop at the tavern for drinks. He will bet at the races. There will be room enough in the same saddle for idleness and dissipation to ride, one of them before, and one of them behind. The bit will not be strong enough to rein in at the right place. There are men who all their lives have been going down hill, and the reason is, that in boyhood they sprang astride a horse, and got going so fast that they have never been able to stop.

But if the child be insensible to all such efforts to spoil him, try the plan of never saying anything encouraging to him. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly; but if he do well, keep on reading the newspaper, pretending not to see him. There are excellent people, who through fear of producing childish vanity, are unresponsive to the very best endeavour. When a child earns parental applause he ought to have it. If he get up head at school give him a book or an apple. If he saw a bully on the play-ground trampling on a sickly boy, and your son took the bully by the throat so tightly that he became a little variegated in colour, praise your boy, and let him know that you love to have him the champion of the weak.

Perhaps you would not do right a day, if you had no more prospect of reward than that which you have given him. If on commencement-day he make the best speech, or read the best essay, tell him of it. Truth is always harmless, and the more you use of it the better. If your daughter at the conservatory take the palm, give her a new piece of music, a ring, a kiss, or a blessing.

But if you have a child invulnerable to all other influences, and he cannot be spoiled by any means already recommended, give him plenty of money, without any questions as to what he does with it. The fare is cheap on the road between here and Smashupton. I have known boys with five dollars to pay their way clear through, and make all the connections on the "Grand Trunk" route to perdition. We know not why loose cash in a boy's pocket is called *pin* money, unless because it often sticks a hole into his habits. First he will buy raisins, then almonds, then a whisk cane, then a breast pin, then cigars, then a keg of "lager," then a ticket for a drunken excursion, and there may possibly be money enough left for the father to buy for his boy a coffin.

Let children know something of the worth of money, by earning it. Over-pay them if you will, but let them get some idea of equivalents. If they get distorted notions of values at the start, they will never be righted. Daniel Webster knew everything, except how to use money. From boyhood he had things mixed up. His mother gave him and Ezekiel money for Fourth of July. As the boys came back from the village, the mother said, "Daniel, what did you buy with your money?" and he answered, "I bought a cake and a candy, and some beer, and some fire-crackers." Then turning to Ezekiel she said, "What did you buy with your money?" "Oh," said Ezekiel, "Daniel borrowed mine."

On the other hand it is a ruinous policy to be parsimonious with children. If a boy find that a parent has plenty of money, and he, the boy, has none, the temptation will be to steal the first cent he can lay his hands on. Oh, the joy that five pennies can buy for a boy! They seem to open before him a paradise of liquor ice-drops and cream-candy. You cannot in after-life buy so much superb satisfaction with five thousand dollars, as you bought with your first five cents. Children need *enough* money, but not a superfluity. Freshets wash away more cornfields than they culture!

Boys and girls are often spoiled by parental gloom. The father never unbends. The mother's rheumatism hurts so, she does not see how little Maggie can ever laugh. Childish curiosity is denounced as impertinence. The parlour is a parliament, and everything in everlasting order. Balls and tops in that house are a nuisance, and the pap that the boy is expected most to relish is Geometry, a little sweetened with the chalk of blackboards. For cheerful reading the father would recommend "Young's Night Thoughts" and "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs."

At the first chance the boy will break loose. With one grand leap he will clear the Catechisms. He will burst away into all riotous living. He will be so glad to get out of Egypt that he will jump into the Red Sea. The hardest colts to catch are those that have a long while been locked up. Restraints are necessary, but there must be some outlet. Too high a dam will overflow all the meadows.

A sure way of spoiling the children is by surfeiting them with food. Many of them have been stuffed to death. The mother spoke of it as a grand achievement that her boy ate ten eggs at Easter. He waddles across the room under burdens of porter-house steak and plum-pudding enough to swamp a day-labourer. He runs his arm up to the elbow in the jar of blackberry jam, and pulls it out amid the roar of the whole household thrown into hysterics with the witticism. After a while he has a pain, then he gets "the dumps," soon he will be troubled with indigestion, occasionally he will have a fit, and last of all he gets a fever, and dies. The parents have no idea that they are to blame. Beautiful verses are cut

on the tombstone, when, if the truth had been told, the epitaph would have read—KILLED BY APPLE DUMPLINGS.—*Crumbs Swept Up.*

THE ATHEIST AND HIS DYING CHILD.

WE enter the darkened chamber where the Atheist has been sitting through the long hours of night by the bedside of a dying child. It is his favourite boy, and his brightest hopes for the future had all centered in him. But the hand of the destroyer has been laid upon the child, and it is evident that the hour of his departure draws near. The boy turns to his father and asks if he must die. There is no answer, and the child comprehends the silence. In faltering tones, he says: "Father, I have loved you very much, and you have treated me very kindly; you have taught me a great many wonderful things, you have made the future look very pleasant. I had supposed that I should live with you for many years, and I thought that I should see the good of all my studies and labours; but I am going to leave you: will you tell me *where* I am going? What is to become of me? Shall I live anywhere after my body is laid in the grave? Will what I have learned be of any use to me when I am dead? Is there any God who will keep my soul alive? Shall I ever see you again?"

The boy waits, and again there is no answer. "Why, then," he asks in tones that grow more tremulous, "why did I ever live? And why did you make me toil so hard? Why did you teach me to love you? Tell me, father,—before the sun goes down shall I have become nothing? *Will you feel that I am nothing?*"

Again there is no answer.

"Father, perhaps you said that there is a God,—and I could not hear you. Say it louder—louder! *I must have a God!* I am going away: What was it that Jesus said when *He* went away?"

There is no answer.

"Father, it is growing dark, and I am very cold.—Good bye!"

All is still and quiet now, and this wretched, desolate man goes down from the chamber of death to his solitary room—we trust, to pray.

Connexional Department.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

II.—ITS PAST AND PRESENT.

"In 1820," says the Report for 1871, "some persons who had witnessed the success of this denomination in Devonshire, requested that preachers should be sent to Chatham. Two brethren were therefore sent, and within a few weeks many professed conversion through their instrumentality. By the time of the Conference in 1821 the preaching-rooms had become thronged with hearers, and about seventy persons had united in church-fellowship. This led to the formation of the Missionary Society."

How easily told! How simple the fact! How trivial the circumstance! John Hocking, a stonemason in Plymouth, removes, in the ordinary way, to Chatham, converses with a Mr. Olark on the work of God in general,

but of that then progressing in Devonshire, through the instrumentality of the Bible Christians, in particular. Mr. Clark at once wrote to J. O'Bryan and "requested that preachers should be sent to *Chatham*. This is nothing more than any other person *might* have done, but what other person *did* do. The ability and disposition were not coupled. A why in him? because an inspiration had come—come through J. O'Hocking—the inspiration of a fact, fraught with divine power. But what of the men? Like seeds in germination, which ultimately become lost, rather absorbed, in the body of their own origination, so is it with J. O'Hocking and Mr. Clark; and not them only, but thousands besides. The more bulky, showy after-growth, seeds are nothing, and the flowers, the plants, the trees, everything: but whence their charms and uses all? *Chance*? Nay, but from seeds acted on by influences which sum up in the air, and burrow in the earth,—a divinely-appointed, controlling course of working,—and with or without Divine blessing, is something nothing in the end. Ought the seed therefore, though small, to be despised; or man who simply plants be unduly extolled; or God, on whom all depends, be forgotten, or only coldly, and partially recognised? Each must have his place. The whole must go together. We should like to know more of the men. But the *fact* only is ours. Thank God for that. The cause certainly is small. Tiny is the spring, but there is life in its flow. It grows. A general meeting is called. The call thought providential, but difficulties were in the way. When was it otherwise? There was a scarcity of men, and even a greater scarcity of money. But who love burned, faith grappled. Hence, "it was resolved that JAMES THORNE and WILLIAM LYLE should be sent as soon as practicable." It was "so practicable;" for we are told that after James Thorne had "visited many parts of the connexion, and received donations to meet the expense of this undertaking: on February 21st, 1820, the two brethren met at Exeter and in the evening left that city on the top of a coach for London, whither they arrived the next evening at nine o'clock, having had a keen east wind in their faces all the twenty-six hours of their journey, and the ground was covered with snow, knee-deep in some parts. The next day they went to Brompton, near Chatham, where Mr. Clark resided." A sketch of that starting we should highly prize. Can it be revived? But what did Mr. Clark think of the new-comers? Were they such as he expected? Perhaps, John Hocking, in his warmth, had overdrawn the picture, so that he was expecting angels, and this may account for the fact that no entertainment was provided, for "*the young brethren had to lodge in an Inn, and pay for their own board, while the sum of money they had was not large.*" Cold as was their journey, colder still must have been their reception. But this was not all. They were there to preach, and the season demanded rooms, their owners demanded rent, the services demanded conveniences,—such as seats, candles, etc., and all these "*the young brethren*" had to provide for themselves. But the greatest trial was not the journey, nor the reception, nor the expense, but in that, when all was provided, the people would not come to hear; hence, they were preaching "to congregations of ten, fourteen, and twenty persons." A struggle ensued. They began to doubt the divinity of their mission, or whether they were in their right place. Should they remain or return? was the perplexing question. In resource they were small, but in spirit chivalrous, in deed heroic, in aim right. They wanted light. Travail *must* go before birth; sowing before reaping. The sword *must* be wielded before the sceptre is waved; the cross borne before the crown is worn. The wilderness and its crossing come before the "better land" and its rejoicings. Such is God's method. They gave themselves to prayer, *i.e.*, *special prayer*, and "after nine or ten days of somewhat severe conflict, relief came." There was a rift in the cloud. Great was their joy when "tears," for the first time, "were seen copiously flowing down the cheeks of a young woman whilst listening to the word

preached." *"He winnowed right,—a young woman in tears."* They had seen the like of that before, surely; yes, *happily*, and from experience as well as theory, knew right well what those tears meant. They had brought the rod of truth to bear, and by a divinity of application the rock was broken, hence the "tears."

Beautiful tear! whether on the eyelid
Lingering, or coursing down the care-worn cheek
In furrows deep,—thou art in simplicity
Sublime,—in modesty thy greatness lies—
Ever weak, yet always strong,—mute, but eloquent.
Offspring of sorrow! To sympathy, thy claim we own,—
Thy eloquence, who can resist? Or mercy
From the merciless withhold when thou pleadest?

But these were "tears" of penitence—the fever-sweat of a heart-agony—the death-dew of unbelief—the dew-drops of midnight darkness soon to beam with morning radiance—the like of which these men had shed before, hence their sympathy; "tears" for sin were those, and flowing too in mercy's sight, hence, also, their joy. In the face of this we can easily imagine the senior of the two, tall and erect, with face bright as a seraph's glow, hands uplifted, and with his clear clarion voice shouting, "*It is all right now! The Lord is here! Hallelujah!*" They take heart. A larger room is taken. And after a month's toil two classes—four persons in each—were formed. "These classes were soon augmented," and mark, not by entering into other people's labours, taking advantage of misunderstandings, or got-up (so-called) reform agitations, but "*by the addition of young converts—a few every week—until they reached the number of sixty-nine in both.*" In this we sincerely rejoice. They sought not *flocks*, but wanderers, that they might *increase*, not *divide*, the one flock of Christ. They were silver-seekers, but over unswept floors. The weather improving as the season advanced, out-door preaching became general—a double advantage—more people, and an excellent advertisement for the young, small, but growing, community. Place after place opens up, societies increase, more labourers needed. And the next thing we hear is, that "CATHERINE REED and ANN COY were sent to assist them, who arrived at Brompton, June 17th." This gave a new impetus to the cause. Female preaching was a new thing in the earth, at all events in the Kentish part of it. But while it was novel, it was likewise exceedingly practical and powerful, for by God it was sanctified and blessed. The fire was now fairly among the stubble. The seed had not only taken root, but fruit was already appearing. More agents of both sexes followed. Meanwhile other doors were opening. ELIZABETH COURTION was invited to visit some parts of Somersetshire. She went, and was soon followed by MARY MASON, when hundreds were hopefully converted. In 1821 MARY ANN WERREY, followed by WILLIAM MASON, visited for the first time the Scilly Islands. Multitudes flocked to hear, and at the end of the year 141 persons were meeting in church-fellowship. In the same year several openings in Devonshire and more in Somersetshire were effected. A mission also in London is opened by Catherine Reed, and much good done. In 1823 William Mason visits Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire, and obtains encouraging success. In March of the same year Mary Ann Werrey, who must have been "abundant in labour," visits Guernsey, and from thence Jersey also. Many were brought to the knowledge of the truth, and societies formed in both islands. In July of the same year MARY TOMS left Plymouth for the Isle of Wight, and landing at Cowes about ten o'clock at night, she found herself a stranger in a strange land. Nothing daunted the very next day she set up her banner in the name of the Lord, and in a wonderful manner did He bless her and make her a blessing. Hearers flocked around. Converts increased. Societies were formed. Others

entered into her labours, and at Midsummer, 1824, in less than twelve months, there were 265 members returned. It is self-evident that whithersoever they went, male or female, "signs" of divine approval followed. And to-day the operations of the Society, commenced fifty years ago at Chatham, in Kent, have so far extended that at home, in Canada, Prince Edward Island, the United States, and three of the Colonies of Australia, it employs 151 missionaries, who have under their care 12,446 members, 3,521 teachers, and 23,257 scholars. They are assisted in their work by 794 local preachers, and on the stations there are 449 chapels, and 191 other places in which the Gospel is preached. Then it must be remembered that Hatherleigh, Bideford, Northlew, Kingsbrompton, Weare, Forest of Dean, Faversham, Shanklin, Yarmouth, and Jersey,—with 23 ministers, 303 local preachers, 124 chapels, 23 other places,—and 3,601 members,—now flourishing circuits first were taken up by the Society, and under its fostering care and the blessing of God, have obtained self-sustaining strength.

For some years past it may be said the Society has extended itself but little, especially at home. In territorial expansion this is true, but in consolidation, accommodation, and in other ways it has considerably improved withal. Its pioneer-fathers in good "back-woods" style went over the forest waste, marking into circuit fields that which we designate our Connexional farm, but the work of clearing, cultivating, and otherwise improving, in great measure, remained. Of late years at this the Society has aimed, nor has it aimed in vain. The new chapel and premises at Torquay, Newton Abbot, Dartmouth, Bristol, Torrington, Southmolton, Taunton, Southampton, Portsmouth, Ryde, Aberavon, Neath, Kingsbridge, Chichester, London, and many smaller places, to wit. Beside these new erections there have been other improvements in the form of galleries, enlargements, &c.; and this is in connection with the home department only. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

The Society in its origin was small, feeble; but in result great, blessed, glorious. It was a little thing that Abram should migrate from his country into some strange land, he knew not where. Thousands might have done the same. But the *migration* was a *call*, and as long as the world stands its influence will live. It was a little thing that Joseph should dream a dream; that Pharaoh's daughter while bathing in the Nile should discover that little rush-bark in which lay the germ of liberty, reform, advancement; the transportation of Daniel from his native hills of Palestine to an unwelcome captivity in Babylon; David's being sent with supplies to his brethren while serving in Saul's army; Ruth's going to Bethlehem—Judah because of famine, Abimelech's death, her return, marriage with Boaz: but these *little things* God impregnated with the greatest, grandest, results.

Profane history unfolds the same lessons. A little matter that a Dutchman should cut a few letters of the alphabet on the bark of a tree, and then by means of ink, transfer an impression of them on paper. It was a little thing to see that nutshell of a vessel, the *May-Flower*, tossed like a feather on the huge waves of her ocean-home as she neared the rock-bound coast of New England. A hundred persons on board only, but in their heart-chambers and brain-recesses they carried the germs of free institutions, advanced government, and pure, evangelical Christianity which, under God, have made America what she is. A Highland boy is taught the first principles of religion by his parents at home. He afterwards became a marine and served on board a British man-of-war. During an engagement the captain swears, when he is respectfully reminded by the marine that God hears prayer, and *what* if He should answer the prayer he had just uttered. The captain reflected, became affected, and afterwards a pious man, and through his (the captain's) instrumentality his brother, Robert Haldane, became converted, and subsequently settled in Geneva.

He was while there the means of the conversion of several persons, and among them Felix Neff, Henry Pyat, and J. H. Merle D'Aubigne. A Welsh clergyman asks a little girl for the text of his last sermon. She answers not, or only in tears. She had no Bible, and furthermore on inquiry he found her parents and neighbours had none. This led to that memorable meeting in London in 1804, the grand issue of which was the formation of the *British and Foreign Bible Society*—a society which to-day stands out like a central sun, and around it all other world-illuminating lights revolve. It was a "little fire" that kindled these great lights. The result, in each case, surpasses the cause, exceeds the largest anticipations.

God is good, and all good-begetting is of God alone, through the Son, by the Holy Ghost. Truth has no power independent of a divine agent. A blessing is God in motion. It has to travel a long way, through various processes, under a hundred disguises in order to reach us. It never waits for us; always comes to us. Its mission is to do good, and to the happiness of the universe gives itself away. The BIBLE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY is a blessing—a blessing divinely-originated, directed, sustained,—hence its growth, and present position. Could such benefactors rise up with no designation? Was there not in their very existence a mission to mankind? Were not their goings divinely ordered? Did such glories unbidden cross the spheres? God was in it. Nothing else can give key and solution to the movement, and the effects are in harmony with such a cause. Results justify the conclusion.

Its preservation and growth must be traced to the same cause. Looking at the state-church of this country with its high patronage, immense wealth, social influence, and gorgeous ritual, that nonconformity exists at all is to us a great marvel, but that she not only exists, but in the face of these odds advances in the world is, certainly, a greater marvel, and a most manifest evidence of her divinity. If this be true of the state-church and nonconformity as a whole, it is doubly true as it regards ourselves, and our relation to the both. For not only do we suffer with nonconformity in general from the amazing mightiness of state-church influence, but from nonconformity in particular through its sectional aggrandisement. In the church as in nature the greater live principally by the lesser. The fruits of our toil are to be found in all the churches; some righteously so, others vainly and ignorantly so. The current of migration and emigration carrying—because of our limited extent—the former *beyond us*, while the blessing of God upon our labours has, according to their thinking, lifted the latter *above us*. One we commend, the other we pity. In purse they may have grown in height, but in head and heart in vanity and conceit. The attachments of some are like sun-dial shadows—only seen when the sun shines. Pretense is nothing, principle is everything. Right or wrong, crowds draw crowds. Dead fish can go with the stream. The Society's name many have ridiculed, its origin despised, its agents ignored, its sphere denied, its work condemned. But amid the sneer of men, and the hate and rage of demons it has existed, nay, *does* exist, and if it did that only it would be a great mercy, but when we find that that existence is one of life,—practical, healthy, aggressive life,—it is certainly a greater mercy, and an unmistakable evidence of the divinity of its mission, the necessity of its being, and its ability for its work.

THE SPECIAL EFFORT.

REPORT CONTINUED.

KILKHAMPTON CIRCUIT *Contd.*

<i>Glovely.</i>			
	£	s.	d.
Mr. Ralph	0	5	0
— J. Hockridge	0	10	0
— B. Burman, senr.	0	10	0
— T. Hockridge, Eastacott	0	5	0
Mrs. Jewell	0	1	0
Mr. Joseph Burrow	0	10	0
— R. Burman, junr.	0	5	0
— C. Littlejohns	0	5	0
— T. Hockridge, Hartland	0	10	0
Mrs. Andrews	0	10	0
Mr. T. Hockridge, Dyke			
Green	0	10	0
— R. Colwell	0	10	0
— J. Ching	1	0	0
— B. Eddy	0	2	0
— T. Fry	1	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
	£7	13	6

Gooseham Mill.

Mr. Stevens	1	0	0
— Wm. Cottle	0	10	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. Hancock	0	10	0
— R. Eden	0	5	0
— E. Rice	0	10	0
	£2	17	6

Atworthy.

Mr. Chubb	0	10	0
— Thorne	0	10	0
— Fisher	0	10	0
— Bond	1	0	0
— Barfitt	1	0	0
— Bennetts	0	10	0
— Johns	0	10	0
	£4	10	0

Kilkhampton.

Mr. G. Sanguins	0	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. W. Petherick, senr.	0	10	0
— W. Petherick, junr.	0	10	0
Miss Barrett	0	1	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. J. Sanguins	0	10	0
— Gist	0	10	0
— T. Pennington	0	15	0
	£3	12	0

TORQUAY AND DARTMOUTH.

Torquay.

Mr. Crocker	2	0	0
Mrs. Mary Pursey	1	0	0
— E. Light	1	0	0
— G. Robins	1	10	0
— Heath	1	0	0
— J. Westacott	1	0	0

Mrs. G. Southcott	1	0	0
— Smerdon	0	10	0
— Kinsman	0	10	0
— S. Hocking	0	5	0
— Mayers	1	0	0
Miss Daniel	0	5	0
Mr. Body	1	0	0
— Dillon	1	0	0
— Prowse	1	0	0
— Clow	1	0	0
	£15	0	0

Dartmouth.

Capt. W. S. Bradley, R.N. ...	1	0	0
J. B. Bradley, Esq.	1	0	0
Rev. Mr. Nicholson (Wealeyan)	1	0	0
Mr. S. Elliott	1	0	0
— W. J. Rowe	0	10	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. Worden	0	10	0
A Friend	0	2	6
	£5	4	6

NEWTON ABBOT.

Mr. Pitwood	0	10	0
— Squire	0	5	0
Miss Sexon	0	10	0
Mr. J. Evans	0	10	0
Mrs. Budge	0	10	0
— E. Budge	0	8	0
Mr. J. Jones	0	8	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Mr. E. Case	1	0	0
— Thos. Giffard	0	10	0
— J. Dymond	1	0	0
Mrs. T. Lambells	2	0	0
Mr. Coleman	1	0	0
— J. Braily	0	10	0
— Charlton	1	0	0
	£11	7	0

EXETER CIRCUIT.

Exeter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Horswell ...	2	0	0
— John Horswell	1	0	0
— J. Clow	0	10	0
Mrs. Clow	0	10	0
— Clow's children	0	10	0
Mr. Jordan	0	10	0
Mrs. Callard	1	0	0
Mr. Rowe	1	0	0
— J. Parkhouse	1	0	0
— W. Parkhouse	1	0	0
— John Fisher	1	0	0
Miss Hellier	1	0	0
Mr. C. Chanter, junr	1	0	0
— Kingston	2	10	0
Miss Pollie Harris	1	0	0
Mr. Dyer	1	0	0

	£	s	d.
A Friend	0	5	0
Miss E. Smale	1	0	0
Mr. Clarke	1	0	0
— R. Burnett	0	10	0
— G. Paine	1	0	0
— G. Roberts	1	0	0
Miss E. Down	1	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. R. Cann	0	10	0
Miss S. Venn	1	0	0
— Potter	1	0	0
— Harris	1	0	0
— Heard	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith	0	2	6
	£27	7	6

Newton St. Cyrus.

Mr. C. Ware	0	10	0
— Stidwell	0	5	0
	£0	15	0

LONDON CIRCUIT.

Waterloo Road.

Mr. N. Bailey	5	0	0
— A. King	0	10	0
— Woollacott	4	0	0
J. W. (Christmas Gift) ...	1	0	0
Miss E. George	1	0	0
Mr. G. Westacott	1	0	0
Miss E. Jeffery	0	10	0
Mr. Jeffery	1	0	0
— R. Lake	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Jewell	0	10	0
Miss H. Hobbs	0	10	0
Master C. Hobbs	0	10	0
Mr. Jones	0	10	0
	£16	10	0

Jubilee Chapel.

Mr. R. Wittey	4	0	0
— Trout	0	10	0
— McAsh	0	10	0
Mrs. Wallace	0	5	0
Mr. Berry	1	0	0
Miss Short	0	10	0
Mr. Harris	0	5	0
	£7	0	0

WOOLWICH AND FOREST HILL.

Woolwich.

Mrs. Carter	1	0	0
Mr. Hart	1	0	0
Mrs. B. Chalker	0	10	0
Mr. Lambert	2	0	0
Rev. Mr. Richards (Independent)	1	0	0
Mr. Kammell	1	0	0
Miss Standing	1	0	0
Mr. B. Hooper	4	0	0
	£11	10	0

CHATHAM CIRCUIT.

Luton.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Humisett	4	0	0
— W. Crittenden	1	0	0
A Friend	0	2	6
	£5	2	6

BARNSTABLE.

Mr. J. Down	1	0	0
— and Mrs. Richards ...	0	4	0
Mrs. Rowe	0	10	0
Mr. J. Parish	1	0	0
Rev. Mr. Stevenson (Baptist) ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Reed	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Lee	1	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Miss Martin	0	10	0
Mr. H. Yeo	1	0	0
— Griffin	1	0	0
— Browning	0	10	0
— Hancock	1	0	0
— Lethaby	1	0	0
Miss Barton	0	5	0
Mr. Shaplin	1	0	0
— Gay	0	10	0
— and Mrs. Berriman ...	0	10	0
	£12	11	0

BIDEFORD.

Mr. Heard	0	10	0
— Pugsley	1	0	0
Mrs. Dingle	1	0	0
Misses Lethaby	4	0	0
Mr. W. Isaac	0	10	0
— Cottle	0	2	0
— W. Dunn	0	10	0
— T. Collins	0	10	0
Miss B. Gregory	0	10	0
— S. Williams	0	10	0
Mr. W. Blight	1	0	0
— W. Judd	0	10	0
— Tucker	1	0	0
Mrs. Rodd	0	5	0
A Very Poor Woman	0	0	2
Mr. J. Dannel	4	0	0
— Blake	0	10	0
— J. Bailey	0	10	0
Mrs. Shepherd	0	5	0
Mr. R. Dymond	2	0	0
— T. Main	1	0	0
A Friend (Through P. L.) ...	1	0	0
	£21	2	2

LISKEARD CIRCUIT.

Pensilva.

Mr. James Knight	0	10	0
— Wm. Lawry	0	10	0
— T. Carthew	0	10	0
— W. Carlyon	0	10	0
— T. Hodge	1	0	0
— J. Mallett	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Lawry	0	10	0
— W. Reynolds... ..	1	0	0
— T. Williams	1	10	0
— T. Trelease	0	10	0
— O. Martin	0	10	0
— T. Bath... ..	1	0	0
— E. Carlyon	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Yeale	1	0	0
Mr. Goodman	1	0	0
— W. Williams... ..	1	0	0
— Joseph Smith	1	0	0
— Josiah Smith	0	10	0
— J. Cannon	1	0	0
— Simmons	0	10	0
— J. White	1	0	0
— Pearce	1	0	0
— Harry Stade	0	4	0
— Waters	1	0	0
Mrs. Waters... ..	1	0	0
Miss J. Trelease	0	10	0
Mr. E. Snell	0	2	6
Mrs. M. A. Coombe	0	10	0
Mr. J. Reynolds	2	0	0
Capt. Taylor... ..	0	10	0
Mr. W. Phillips	0	10	0
— C. Northcott... ..	0	5	0
Between Two	0	10	0
	£24	11	6

St. Cleer.

Mr. Honey	0	10	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. Goldsworthy	0	5	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. Daniel	0	2	6
Two Friends... ..	0	0	9
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. Barnicott	0	10	0
Mrs. Crego	0	16	0
Mr. J. Pike	2	0	0
— J. Doney	2	0	0
— W. Rome	0	4	0
— Libby	1	0	0
— R. J. Harris... ..	1	0	0
— Furseman	2	0	0
Mrs. Furseman	0	2	6
Miss R. Furseman	0	5	0
Mr. M. Daniel	1	0	0
	£12	1	3

St. Lukes.

Mr. Jacob Hooper	1	0	0
— T. Lang... ..	0	10	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. J. Hooper, Jun.	1	0	0
— J. Hooper, Jun.	0	15	0
— R. Hooper	0	10	0
— R. Higgins	0	5	0
	£4	1	0

LAUNCESTON CIRCUIT.

Lewannick.

A few friends	0	2	6
Mrs. Tickell... ..	0	2	6
	£0	5	0

Kennard's House.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Jonas	0	5	0
— J. Blake	0	5	0
— Orchard... ..	1	0	0
— Lamerance	1	0	0
— Sergeant	0	5	0
— Tickell	0	5	0
— Dymond... ..	0	5	0
— Smith	0	5	0
— Jenkin	0	5	0
Miss E. Wooldridge	0	5	0
— Snell	0	5	0
Mr. S. Doidge	0	5	0
	£4	10	0

Truscott.

Mr. Johns	1	0	0
	£1	0	0

Launceston.

Mr. Lukey	1	0	0
— J. B. Geake	0	10	0
— W. Cooke	1	0	0
— and Mrs. Littlejohns	2	0	0
Miss M. Adams	1	0	0
Mrs. Colwill... ..	0	5	0
Mr. W. Caddy	0	5	0
— G. Elliott	0	10	0
— Shute	1	0	0
— N. Harvie	1	0	0
Mrs. Tribble	1	0	0
— Butcher	1	0	0
	£10	10	0

Bridge town.

Mr. Rowland	1	0	0
— Chubb	0	10	0
— Edgeparnell	0	1	0
	£1	11	0

By Collections 1 10 0

WEEK ST. MARY CIRCUIT.

Providence.

Mr. J. Hodge	0	10	0
— Chapman	0	10	0
— E. Turner	0	10	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. J. Northey	0	10	0
— E. Downing	0	4	0
— Coad	0	10	0
— U. Tucker	0	4	0
— Harry	0	10	0
— Strout	1	0	0
	£4	9	0

Cold Northcott.

Mr. G. Tucker	0	10	0
— E. Stevens	0	4	0
Edward Venning, Esq.	0	10	0
Two Friends... ..	0	1	6
Mr. W. Rowe	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Worden	0	10	0
— E. V. Stevens	0	10	0
— R. Hawke	0	1	0
— Burnard... ..	0	10	0
— W. Ham	0	2	6
— W. Vosper	0	8	0
£3 11 0			

St. Genny's.

Mrs. Jane Hicks	0	8	0
Mr. John Smeeth	1	0	0
— W. Moyses	1	0	0
— M. Luxton	0	10	0
— T. F. Sandercock	0	10	0
— Hicks	1	0	0
Miss L. Cowling	0	4	0
Mr. T. Hicks	0	10	0
— J. Sandercock	0	10	0
Miss M. J. Bellamy	0	4	0
Mr. A. Harvey	0	4	0
Mrs. M. Gerry	0	4	0
Miss A. Baker	0	4	0
— E. Shepherd	0	2	0
Mrs. Ward	0	4	0
— Marshall	0	4	0
Mr. H. Medland	0	4	0
— J. Shepherd	1	0	0
Miss T. Harris	0	4	0
£8 8 0			

Canworthywater.

Mr. Pethick... ..	2	0	0
— Jenkins	0	10	0
— J. Moyses	0	10	0
A Friend	2	0	0
Mr. Cotton	0	10	0
Miss A. Budd	1	0	0
Mr. W. Moyses	0	4	0
— H. Littlejohns	0	8	0
— Littlejohns	2	10	0
— Gregory... ..	0	7	9
Mrs. Cobbledick	0	2	6
— Luxton	0	10	0
— Sleeman	0	10	0
— H. Davey	0	4	0
— Harry	0	10	0
— J. Gilbert	0	4	0
— White	0	5	0
A Friend	0	0	6
Mr. Prout	0	10	0
— W. Davies	0	10	0
£13 5 9			

Week St. Mary.

Mr. Prower	1	0	0
— J. Broad	0	10	0
— J. Elliott	0	10	0
Mrs. T. Orchard	0	10	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Miss S. A. Treleaven	0	16	0
Mrs. G. Featherstone	0	4	0
Mr. J. Eyres	0	10	0
— J. Paynter	2	0	0
Mrs. Uglow	0	10	0

Mrs. Sandercock	0	10	0
Mr. J. Reynolds	1	0	0
— Spettigue	1	0	0
£9 1 0			

Bethel.

Mr. Worden... ..	4	0	0
— D. Smith	0	10	0
— Uglow	5	0	0
£9 10 0			

Tresparrett.

Mr. Routly	1	0	0
— M. Wicket	1	0	0
— N. Wicket	1	0	0
£3 0 0			

Mazworthy.

Mr. Rockey	2	0	0
— Bray	1	0	0
— W. A. H. Colwill... ..	1	0	0
£4 0 0			

Reholoth.

Mr. Tucker	0	10	0
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Poundstock.

Mr. Heard	0	10	0
By Collections	3	17	0

HOLSWORTHY CIRCUIT.

Ashwater.

Mr. & Mrs. Ham	0	5	0
— R. Gerry	1	0	0
— B. Gerry	1	0	0
— J. Fry	1	0	0
— R. Veale	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Soby	0	4	0
Mr. R. Brimacombe	0	10	0
— J. B. Stanlick	0	8	0
— S. Bassett	0	10	0
— J. Rowland	0	10	0
— J. Gerry... ..	0	4	0
— J. Veale... ..	1	0	0
— W. Spry... ..	0	10	0
Miss M. Gerry	0	10	0
Mr. E. Mountjoy... ..	1	0	0
— G. James	0	2	6
— Oliver	1	0	0
— Smale	1	0	0
— T. Kevill	1	0	0
— Watkins... ..	0	5	0
— Hamblly... ..	0	10	0
Miss M. Martin	0	10	0
Mr. J. Spry	0	10	0
— J. Oliver	1	0	0
— E. Spry... ..	1	0	0
— P. Spry, senr.	0	10	0
— P. Spry, junr.	0	10	0
— H. Spry... ..	0	10	0
— W. Gerry	0	10	0
£18 8 6			

<i>Whitstone.</i>				<i>Holsworthy.</i>			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Doble	0	10	0	Miss S. J. Martin	0	10	6
Mr. J. Paynter	2	0	0	— E. C. Martin	0	10	6
— D. Doble	1	0	0	Mr. W. Beale	2	0	0
A Friend	0	1	0	— Stranger	2	2	0
Miss M. Buckler... ..	0	4	0	— J. Vanstone	0	10	0
— E. Webb	0	10	0	— Richards	0	10	0
— M. A. Webb	0	10	0	— D. Batten	0	4	0
Mrs. Orchard	0	10	0	— W. Curtis	1	0	0
Mr. W. Titball	0	10	0	— J. Nichols	0	10	0
— J. Berriman... ..	0	2	6	— J. Southwood	0	10	0
— R. Webb	0	2	6	— Ford	0	8	0
— T. Gerry	1	0	0	— W. Stacey	1	0	0
A Friend	0	0	6	— S. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. T. Gilbert	0	5	0	— J. Ford	0	10	0
— J. Johns	0	4	0	— H. Hocking	0	10	0
— R. Gerry	0	10	0	— A. Blight	0	10	0
— J. Tredinnick	0	10	0	— J. Andrews	0	5	0
Miss M. Harris	0	4	0	— J. Furze	1	0	0
Mr. Stanbury	1	0	0	— N. Heard	1	0	0
— Heard	1	0	0	— J. B. Blight	0	10	0
J. and T. Heard	0	10	0	— T. Batten	1	0	0
S. and E. Heard	0	8	0	A Friend	0	2	6
W. H. Heard	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Batten	1	0	0
Mr. G. Gilbert	1	0	0	Miss A. Ching	0	4	0
— Uglow	0	10	0	Mr. J. Ching	0	6	0
Miss Uglow	0	8	0	— Shapton... ..	0	10	0
£13 11 6				— S. Bassett	0	10	0
<i>Bridgerule.</i>				Mrs. Bassett	0	10	0
Mr. W. Bines	1	0	0	— Box	0	10	0
— J. Taylor	0	16	0	Mr. T. Veale	1	0	0
— W. Jewell	0	16	0	— Harris	1	0	0
— W. Rundle	0	4	0	— J. Sanders	1	0	0
— W. Rowe	0	2	0	— Short	2	0	0
— J. Cleave	0	8	0	— Brimacombe	0	10	0
— R. Parnall	0	8	0	£24 12 6			
— J. Chapman	0	4	0	<i>Simpson Moor.</i>			
— S. Trine... ..	0	4	0	Mr. J. Gilbert	0	4	0
— W. Bickle	1	0	0	— Daniel	0	10	0
— R. Carthew	1	0	0	A Friend	0	1	6
— W. Bines	0	8	0	Mr. Routly	0	2	6
— W. Ashton	0	10	0	— Hatch	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Woodley	0	4	0	— R. Beale, Upcott	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hamly	0	4	0	— M. Routly	0	10	0
— J. Vinecombe	0	10	0	— S. Southwood	0	10	0
— J. Carthew	0	5	0	— G. Hancock	0	10	0
Miss Woodley	0	4	0	— S. Sanders	0	2	6
Master J. Woodley	0	2	0	— R. Penhale	1	0	0
Mr. J. Bines	0	4	0	— R. Beale, Lakes	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Jordan	0	10	0	£6 10 6			
— Bailey	1	0	0	<i>Providence.</i>			
A Friend	1	0	0	Mr. G. Harris	1	0	0
£11 3 0							

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

BUELE. — A Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held at Bethesda chapel, on Wednesday, Dec. 20th. Although the weather was very unfavourable, the attendance was very good. After sing-

ing and prayer, interesting pieces and dialogues were recited by several of the children belonging to the Sunday school. They all did their part well, and much to the credit of their teachers. The choir attracted special attention by singing some choice pieces. It was feared

a short time ago that the singing would not be so good on account of Mr. W. Hore, the leader of the choir, leaving for a distant land; but all such fears have now been dismissed, another leader having been found in the choir capable of discharging his duties with great skill.

J. BENDLE.

ST. IVES.—At our services in this town, December 3rd., 1871, Mr. J. O. Keen, from Penzance, preached morning and evening, and Mr. Best, (Primitive Methodist) in the afternoon. On the Tuesday, the chair was occupied by Mr. J. M. Kernick, ex-mayor. The writer read the Report, and the meeting was addressed by Mr. James Eddy, teetotal lecturer, Messrs. W. Foale, (Congregational) J. B. Armstrong, (Methodist New Connexion) and J. O. Keen. Mr. Symons, (Wesleyan) and Mr. S. J. Southwood, (Primitive Methodist) would have been with us, but were prevented. Speeches good, influence rich, and liberality encouraging. Receipts advanced from the £4 12s. 1d. of last year, to £8 4s. 6d., and more expected. "The people had a mind to work."

JOHN HICKS.

REVIVALS.

MOORWENSTOW, KILKHAMPTON CIRCUIT.—Morwenstow, the most north-easterly parish in the county of Cornwall, is not one of the most inviting spots in winter; and yet it would have delighted you (as it did me) to have gone into our chapel at Eastcott, in this parish, about eight o'clock last evening, January 11th. Between forty and fifty young converts had assembled in their weekly class-meeting. It was really "like a little heaven below," as they, one after another, rose to testify their acceptance in Christ Jesus. Their statements were clear, and in some instances accompanied with a depth of feeling positively irresistible. Perhaps one of the chief objections those have who oppose class-meetings, is the monotonous triteness of the experiences. Now there is some foundation for this objection. It has been painfully evident to us at times in the conduct of these meetings, that some persons mock God with a mere lip-service, never acceptable in His sight. But while this is the case, it has been equally evident to us that others, even employing what is deemed "cant phraseology," express a depth and intensity of devotion we fail to

estimate. Our young friends last evening freely used the well-worn words—"temptations, trials, difficulties, etc.," but their devotion to God, no Christian listener could possibly question. From what I have already said you will infer that we have had a revival in this station, of which I will give a few particulars:—It began with the celebration of our Eastcott Chapel Anniversary. Brother Johns preached two powerful sermons on Sunday, October 1st. At the close of the evening service two persons sought and found peace with God. From that time, for a month or more, services were held every night (Saturday excepted) all more or less successful, resulting in the conversion of about sixty persons. Quite a change has come over the people; the neighbourhood being rather sparsely populated, righteousness does almost cover it for a mile or two round, taking the chapel as a centre. We gratefully record this outpouring of the Spirit, for the encouragement of our fellow-labourers in the work. Br. Johns has visited us on two or three different occasions since the time above referred to. Crowds flocked to hear him, and the meetings were quite successful, both as to spiritual and monetary results.

One of these services demands special mention,—The opening of our new chapel at *Hartland*. For a long time we have been sadly inconvenienced for want of a better place of worship in this town. At length a site was obtained and a chapel erected, affording accommodation for 150 persons. The building is in the semi-gothic style, and (including land) will cost about £300. From three to four hundred people assembled at the opening service, which was held on Friday, October 13th, 1871. Br. Johns preached both afternoon and evening, and two brethren from neighbouring circuits on the two Sundays following. On making up our accounts, we found that nearly £60 had been realized by the opening services. This sum added to other donations and subscriptions, will make about £100, leaving a debt of about £200. Br. Johns has rendered us great service by his visits, and while pursuing his own object, and pursuing it successfully, has contributed to the spiritual edification of our people, and in no sense militated against our circuit finances.

W. HOLMAN HILL

CHAPELS.

TIMBERSCOMBE.—On Thursday, Dec. 28th, a Bazaar, at which a considerable variety of useful and ornamental articles were collected, was held, to liquidate the debt on our Chapel and School-room in this place. The rain which fell heavily the whole of the day, prevented a great many friends at a distance from attending, and consequently the number present was not large. Those who were in attendance, however, did exceedingly well, so that by nine o'clock in the evening the principal part of the goods were disposed of, and a considerable sum was realized. The stalls, which were very tastefully arranged, together with a Christmas Tree, handsomely furnished by the Misses Webber, of Hill Farm, presented a pleasing appearance. Mrs. Greenslade, Mrs. Daniel, Miss Cording, Miss E. Webber, Miss Morgan, and Miss Hensley, rendered very valuable service by disposing of the goods. A capital Tea was provided at half-past four, of which between sixty and seventy persons partook. Mrs. Poole, Miss Webber, and Miss Hensley, presided at the tables. Receipts from this source are £24 3s. 3d. In addition to this the neighbourhood has been canvassed, and churchmen, and dissenters of other communities, as well as our own, have readily contributed to the object. The money received in this way, is £29 16s. 6d.; together, the noble sum of £53 19s. 9d. There is something over two pounds to be deducted for expenses, but this effort will enable us at once to pay fifty of the £100 owing on our premises, and leave something in hand. With this balance, the goods remaining, a few promises unfulfilled, and the Anniversary to be held in the spring, we intend to do some necessary repairs to the Chapel, and put it in a clean and comfortable condition. The names of persons who have taken an active part are too numerous to be mentioned, but the result has shown that by a combined and persevering effort great things can be accomplished, and that by bringing the public acquainted with our wants, very much practical sympathy may be elicited.

Through the liberality of your esteemed friend Mr. Robert Burston, (who generously offered at the last Midsummer Quarterly Meeting, to give £10 a year towards the removal of Chapel debts, provided the Circuit would raise a similar amount,) we shall be encouraged once in a year to

make a united effort in behalf of one or other of our chapels, until the last vestige of this painful encumbrance is gone, and within a few years we hopefully anticipate that the debt on chapels in the Kingsbrompton Circuit will be numbered with the things of the past.

We are cheered to find that Br. Johns's mission is proving so successful; there are many in this Circuit who have deep sympathy with the object, and who are anxiously waiting to receive a visit from him. Though we have to make a considerable effort to maintain our independency, and to keep up our regular missionary receipts, yet I am hoping that something handsome will be done to facilitate the object of his mission.

G. D.

PENRYN.—The anniversary was held on Sunday, Monday morning, and Tuesday afternoon and evening last. For the Sabbath we obtained the ready service of Br. J. Johns, and I am happy to inform you that his labour was not in vain. At the prayer-meeting after the evening service, two persons obtained the assurance that God was reconciled. I believe that Br. Johns also received promises to the amount of £24 towards the Missionary debt. On the following morning, at six, Mr. S. Pollard took us in thought to the scenes of Bethlehem, when Christ was born. Many felt it good to be present. The singers sang suitable carols and anthems, delighting all present with the melody. I believe of our singers it may be said they are the best within many miles for their regularity, punctuality, and general demeanour, and of their ability there are few in the county to equal them, and considering their numbers none to excel. On Tuesday afternoon, four of our lady friends undertook to supply one of the best teas, if not the very best, that has been held in the school-room, by which we realized something like £3 12s. 0d. After tea a public meeting followed, G. A. Jenkins, Esq., in the chair. The report, which was read by your correspondent, stated that £30 had been paid off during the past year, and that some expenses which had been incurred, amounting to about £12, would not be brought on the trust funds. Speeches were given by the chairman, Messrs. S. Pollard, and W. Rowe, Circuit Ministers, and three local friends. Votes of thanks were presented to the ladies, chairman, and

singers, thus bringing one of the most interesting anniversaries to a close. Proceeds of services about £10.

M. V. B.

December 29th, 1871.

CUMBERLAND MISSION

DEAR BR. BOURNE, — Many friends will, I know, be pleased to hear of our welfare in this mission. Our last Quarterly Meeting held Dec. 4th, 1871, at Haverigg; on the whole passed off well. Both members and receipts have increased during the quarter; our friends are evidently determined to increase the receipts in the coming quarter.

A public meeting held in the evening, in the Baptist Chapel, (kindly lent) was presided over by the writer, and addressed by Messrs. C. Bartle. H. Sobey, W. James, T. Sobey, H. Bartle, and H. Chappel. We very much regretted the absence of Br. Kelley, especially as the cause of his absence was the severe illness of his wife, for both of whom much sympathy was felt. At this time, Mrs. K's health is improving, but she is not yet able to leave her bed.*

During the last two or three months, at our special services, we have had the pleasure of seeing some leave the ranks of the wicked and come over on the Lord's side. Our friends, as a rule, delight in their class-meetings, and therefore we can hardly fail to realize success. The congregation at *New Millom* continues good, and we are confident better it will be when the new chapel is ready. *Dalton* congregation is gradually increasing, last evening in the prayer-meeting, after the sermon, a young man cried for mercy, the beginning, we hope, of a glorious revival. We have purchased a new harmonium, which has very much improved the service of song. A chapel is very much needed in this town, we cannot delay building much longer with safety to our cause. We are now making efforts to raise funds towards the proposed building; a tea-meeting will be held for that purpose in a few days. I have a Bible class every Friday evening for young men, and Br. Kelley has one at *New Millom* Saturday evenings, both classes are well attended.

For a long time past we have been anxious to commence preaching in *Barrow*. We are sure that in this town of 20,000 inhabitants, there is a work for us to do; and we have taken the chapel lately occupied by the Baptists. The first sermons were preached on Sunday, January 7th, 1872. Mr. J. Livingstone, of Piel, preached morning and evening, and Mr. Kelley in the afternoon; the attendance was not large, but it was considered to be good for the

* Mrs. K, we regret to say, died Jan. 20th.

REDRUTH.—On Saturday, Dec. 30th, a Christmas basket on a small scale was opened in the schoolroom, and most of the articles were disposed of.

On Sunday, the 31st, three sermons were preached. In the morning by the writer, in the afternoon by Capt. Josiah Thomas, of Camborne, (Wesleyan), and in the evening by Mr. J. Johns. Congregations good, and in the evening filled to overflowing. On the following Monday, the 1st of January, a sermon was preached by Mr. Johns at three p.m. A tea-meeting was held in the schoolroom at five o'clock. Provisions all given by the friends, but the weather being very unfavourable, only a few attended. It was announced on the bill for a platform meeting, but (on account of there only being a few people, and my not being able to attend in consequence of the death of my eldest daughter at the same time, which threw a gloom over the whole affair), another sermon was preached by Mr. Johns. On Sunday, Jan. 2nd, recitations were given by two youths, natives of Ceylon, pupils in our Institution at Shebbear, and select pieces sung by the choir. Master Clarke, from the same school, was not able to take his part in the dialogues on account of the reason already stated. So to make up a little of the deficiency, the second entertainment was given on Thursday evening, Jan. 11th, when Miss Warne, the blind girl of Redruth, played on the harmonium, and sung some very interesting pieces; suitable and select anthems were also rendered by our Camborne choir, and also recitations given by the same youths, and Master B. A. Clarke in addition.

The sermons by Mr. Johns, the recitations by the boys, the services of Miss Warne, and of the Camborne and Redruth choirs, gave very great satisfaction.

Proceeds of the whole affair £23 17s. 5d. We have to raise between £30 and £40 a-year, besides our regular receipts, to keep matters in working order.

If any kind friend would give us a £100, we will try to get another and pay off £200 of the debt. If not, will any friend, or friends, lend £800 or £900 at 4 per cent.; if so, it will save £8 or £9 a-year in interest?

Who will help?

W. CLARKE.

commencement, the weather too, being most unfavourable. Yesterday, (Jan. 14th), I preached there morning and evening, and in the afternoon I commenced a Sunday school of seven scholars and two teachers. Let not the reader despise the day of small things at Barrow, for the few friends we have and the children in our school have been collected by house-to-house visitation. At the close of the service last evening, I had the promise of several children for next Sunday. It will be necessary in order to raise our cause in this town to spend much time in visiting the people in their houses; it would be well if a minister could be stationed in Barrow.

Yours truly, E. ROGERS.

CHRISTMAS TREE, EXETER.

I had heard of the Exeter Christmas Tree, but never saw the working out of a Christmas tree effort ere this time.

It certainly is a very novel and simple way to get money.

By means of a tea, the provisions for which were all given, followed by a sixpenny tree, and also a penny tree, covered with articles both useful and ornamental, with a little bazaar, branie, and galvanizing battery, together with two or three donations, we secured in four or five hours the sum of £20. We only want to be as united and hearty in the spiritual department, as the temporal, of the church, and we must succeed to the joy of earth and heaven.

I have not seen friends more united for work, or contented with results.

Our next great effort is for reducing the debt upon the chapel by £800.

If some good friend would send me a cheque for £50 by the first week in March, our success would be made sure.

T. W. G.

PORTSMOUTH CIRCUIT.

The friends on this Station, for many years past, have been under the necessity of making special efforts year by year in order to meet the ordinary expenses of the circuit; and in many instances the principal effort has been made at the end of the year. At Midsummer, 1870, the Quarterly Meeting decided on fixing a sum for each of the three societies to raise quarterly, with a view to prevent the heavy deficiencies that had previously existed, and also to

make each society bear its proportionate share in the cost of the working of the circuit. In the past year we found that several pounds more were raised by the ordinary receipts, by the *partial* carrying out of the above decision; but still there was a heavy deficiency at the end of the year, which, as on many former occasions, fell principally on a few friends. Soon after last Conference, the united societies of Grosvenor Street and Albert Road decided on having a Christmas Tree in order to raise their part towards the circuit expenditure. About Michaelmas a meeting of friends was called—a general and sub-committee were formed, and arrangements made for weekly meetings, for sewing, etc. Donations amounting to £7 were also received at this meeting, so as to put the effort afloat. The plan succeeded admirably in arousing attention, and in securing sympathy and co-operation.

The ladies belonging to the two congregations have attended the weekly meetings with great regularity and increasing interest; and as the time drew near for the goods to be offered for sale, the excitement and interest on the part of all became intense. The committee found that such was the number as well as variety of articles collected, that a three-days' sale might be arranged for. Accordingly, on Dec. 28th, 29th, and Jan. 1st. last, our sales were held. For some days before, the school-room had been undergoing a thorough preparation and adjustment, under the skilful hands of Capt. Moors, Mr. Harding, and Mr. E. Bate, aided by a goodly staff of young ladies. The room, on Thursday, Dec. 28th, when first thrown open to the public, presented a gay appearance. On each side of the room three stalls were fitted up and richly furnished. Five were devoted to an exhibition of general goods, and one was a refreshment stall. In the centre of the room was a fine tree, richly laden with sundry articles which proved very attractive to the young folks. The tree was superintended by Mr. J. S. Sampson. The refreshment stall, No. 1, was in the able hands of Mrs. H. Ash, Mrs. J. Ash, and Mrs. Moors. No. 2 was presided over by Misses King (2) and Fronde. No. 3, by Mrs. Sampson and Miss Dawe. No. 4, by Mrs. W. Ash and daughters, and the Misses Cooley. No. 5, by Misses Holmes, Shepherd, Thomas and Hunt, and No. 6, by Mrs. Bate and Miss Richardson.

The rain fell heavily all day on Thurs-

day, so that our attendance was not so large as had been anticipated; but an encouraging amount of business was done at each stall, and the secretary, Mrs. Loth, was able to report the receipts of the day to be a trifle over £20. The Friday was a fine day. Crowds of people, and a good business greatly encouraged the friends at the stalls; and the day's receipts were nearly £15. On New Year's Day, our friends, the stall-keepers, were again at their post, and the weather being again fine, we had greater crowds than on any former day. We had, however, two additional attractions on Monday, viz., a public tea at five, and a meeting at seven, when Mr. Moyses, of Sandown, was expected to thrill and charm his hearers by his eloquence. About 130 persons were accommodated with tea, and a deeply interesting meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by the pastor of the circuit, and addressed by Mr. Honey, Mr. H. Taylor, Serjeant-Major Dyer, and Mr. Moyses. The expectations of the people in regard to Mr. Moyses were fully realized, as he expatiated with great force and beauty on the importance of healthful, vigorous, fruitful, and progressive spiritual life and service, on the part of all Christians, in order to a "Happy New Year." Business in the school-room was resumed after the public meeting, and continued until ten o'clock. It was then found that we had some £3 or £4 worth of things unsold, but the friends generally were satisfied with the results of the day, and decided on closing the Christmas-tree effort, reserving the unsold goods for Mr. H. Ash's birthday tea-meeting, to be held the last Monday in January. The financial results of the effort are as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Received from Sale of			
Goods at Stalls ...	32	16	10
Received by Donations			
from various Friends	13	0	0
Received by Proceeds			
of Tea Meeting ...	6	0	0
	£51	16	10

We are grateful to be able to say that the Lord often favours us in the means of grace with encouraging signs of His presence and blessing. Our watch-night service at each of the three chapels was unusually largely attended, and characterised by great solemnity and prayerfulness. Our Christmas Quarterly Meeting was a good one; cash considerably in advance

of previous quarters. The two circuit stewards received the hearty thanks of the meeting for their services in the past year, and were unanimously re-elected. The stewards, Mr. H. Taylor, and Mr. H. Ash, at once became responsible on behalf of the circuit, for any deficiencies that may occur, and to see that the ministers had their salaries and allowances regularly paid to them quarterly.

We have arranged for Prayer Meetings every evening at the several chapels during the week from Sunday, January 7th, and a noon-day Prayer Meeting also daily at Stamford Street. A few have recently been added to our numbers at each chapel, and our prospects are still brightening.

Since Conference we have held two chapel anniversaries (Grosvenor Street, and Stamford Street) which have passed off well, with good spirit and influence, and encouraging financial results. The Brethren Moyses and Oliver have rendered efficient aid at these services. At Stamford Street, the trustees have had to incur considerable expense in putting their chapel in thorough order. It now presents a clean and attractive appearance; and although, for the time, the debt has been increased the friends have arranged for holding a bazaar in June next, when it is earnestly hoped that at least £100 may be secured for the reduction of the heavy debt on the premises.

January 9th, 1872.

BAZAAR, GUERNSEY.

DEAR SIR,—Having just held our Annual Bazaar, perhaps you will not object to a few brief particulars for the Magazine. I find in looking over the past years' accounts that our friends have, from this source alone, raised about £850, which must have considerably assisted them, and greatly eased the Missionary Society. It has not been my lot to labour in any station before, where one small society of about forty members has raised so much money for the cause of God as is raised by our friends on this island. I only wish that many of our mission stations in England would give and do, according to their means, as much as is done here. A great deal is said and written about the Missionary and other Connexional debts; but I am quite sure, Mr. Editor, that if the friends throughout the connexion would only act up to the principle of *doing what they can*, the various

funds would be largely augmented, and the committees have their minds set at ease. As a denomination we are not raising anything like the amount we ought for carrying on the great work of our Divine Master. If we would make aggression upon Satan's kingdom, we must couple with more earnest prayer a greater spirit of liberality.

The first bazaar committee formed in Guernsey consisted of 18 persons; of those, only one remains, all the others have either departed this life, or left the island. The one remaining is Miss Le Leivre, who, although not now a member of the said committee, is, nevertheless, a member of the church, and a regular contributor to the bazaars.

In the year 1844 I find a Mrs. Edwards in the committee. After continuing for five years the name is dropped, Mrs. E—— having left the island, but now, after the elapse of over twenty years, during which our esteemed friend has never forsaken her Saviour, nor the people of her early choice, at the advanced age of three-score years and ten, we have Mrs. Edwards (now Mrs. Dennis) with us again, her heart as warm as ever in the cause of her Divine Lord.

The bazaar was held this year in the school-room, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd days of the New Year; (four others being held at the same time, viz., Wesleyan, New Connexion, Primitive Methodist, and Roman Catholic). As for many years past it has been held at other places in the town, our friends were fearful of a failure, the school-room not being very central for such a purpose. However, now all is over, and the receipts in advance of former years, every one seems pleased. The amount taken is £34, being £2 above last year, in addition to over £3 saved in expense of room. This amount will enable the circuit to meet all its demands, and leave some pounds in favour of the chapel.

The following is a list of the ladies who provided for the stalls:—

Mrs. Billen and Miss Moon.

Mrs. Williams.

Mrs. Hansford and Mrs. Dennis.

Mrs. Bridgman and Mrs. Roberts.

Miss Ingrouille, the refreshment stall.

One very pleasing feature in connection with the affair is the kind and Christian spirit which has prevailed amongst all parties concerned. Only one drawback occurred. Mrs. Williams, who has taken a very active part for

many years, was so ill at the time as not to be able to leave her room; for this all felt deeply sorry, though her place in the bazaar was ably and cheerfully supplied by another.

As a church, we are living in peace, and in the enjoyment of God's presence and favour, but, too much like all the other churches in the town, the cause of God is almost at a stand-still. May God in His infinite mercy pour His Holy Spirit upon us. Amen. C. B.

LEA, TAVISTOCK CIRCUIT.

DEAR SIR,—Thinking you would like to know how we are getting on, I venture to give some account of the chapel, and the doings of its supporters. On New-year's day, it being the anniversary of the Band of Hope, R. Sleeman, Esq., of Tavistock, kindly consented to address the members. Mr. Vaughan, who took the chair at two, p.m., after calling the attention of those present to the melancholy effects produced by drinking intoxicating liquors, and exposing the hollowness of the publican's cry for compensation, called on Dr. Sleeman to address the audience. In the course of his speech he said he was a teetotaler of thirty-four years' standing, that intoxicating drinks were not necessary to the healthy, and that his experience, as a medical practitioner, went to prove that the regular taking of those drinks in moderation baffled medical men, more than occasional excess. He referred also to the recently published document by eminent medical men, on the necessity of members of the profession giving definite instructions both as to the power and quantity of drink when they prescribe it in cases of sickness, and how long it should be continued to be used. The doctor was cheered several times during his speech, and at the close Mr. Braund proposed a vote of thanks to him, which was seconded by Mr. Heard, a teetotaler of thirty-four years' experience, who could recommend teetotalism to all, and supported by Mr. Hanns, also a teetotaler for thirty-four years, whose experience as a guardian in the Tavistock Union, confirmed the views the lecturer had expressed, and accorded unanimously. The children of the Band of Hope sang several selected pieces in the afternoon, and again in the evening, led by Miss Burnard, who also presided at the harmonium in a very creditable manner. After the Band of Hope children had

been satisfied, about 140 visitors partook of an excellent tea, presided over by Mrs. Horswell, of North Milton, assisted by Miss Weeks, and other friends. Next followed a public meeting, over which William Sims, Esq., of St. Mary's, Lifton, presided. He was supported by Mr. T. Braund, Mr. T. Hanger, and Mr. R. Vaughan, who, with the chairman, made excellent speeches on christian union, and the efforts necessary for spreading and sustaining christianity among the nations. On this occasion the report was not used as a peg to hang a speech on, but was read after the speeches by the chapel secretary, and was in substance as follows:—

"In order to understand the reason of our being here on this occasion, it is best, perhaps, to give a short statement of the affairs of the chapel in the past and present, also to refer to the future. With reference to the past, in 1858, there was a debt of £66 on the premises. This liability was a source of inconvenience, especially as the chapel needed repairs. A friend then connected with the place offered £10 if the remainder was raised within twelve months. By the liberality of the congregation, and a few persons outside, the required sum was obtained, and the last fragment of the original debt paid off. Next, how to repair and improve the chapel, (for nothing short of the improvement would satisfy,) was considered, and then, too, the question of keeping it in nice order arose, for up to this time the Sunday school met in the chapel. After much discussion it was decided to build a school-room, which cost about £100, exclusive of some teamwork and labour, leaving a debt of £90, which has been slightly reduced since. Pressing on this matter was the improvement of the chapel itself, which was in a very shaky and discreditable condition, badly seated and worse lighted; the thing was set about and cost about £96, which was met at once, by the profits of a bazaar, public tea, and subscriptions. Then the congregation partly to improve, and partly to sustain the singing, resolved to get an harmonium; the expense of which, amounting to nearly £18, was met by voluntary subscriptions. In regard to our present gathering, it originated in the following manner. The finances of the Circuit being often in an embarrassed condition, and frequent calls being made on the trustees to

help support the ministry, it was felt that the debt stood in the way. Again and again how it could be paid was considered, especially as some of our friends had left, and others were thinking of leaving. Some months before our last anniversary a friend offered to give £10 if the remainder was raised on or about Christmas; this was thought too good an offer to be disregarded; the subject was mooted at our last anniversary, and five friends present promised £5 each. It was soon decided to call our friends together, and get them to take collecting books. The results are as follows: Promised at last Anniversary, by five friends, £25. The friend who initiated the movement, £10; Miss Sendey's book, £5 10s.; Miss Burnard's book, £7 9s.; Mr. Horswell's book, £5; Mr. Allen, 5s.; Mr. Braund's book, £2 5s. 6d.; Mr. George Greening's book, £8; from tea, £6 18s.; from collection, £2 13s.; making a total of £73 0s. 6d., which added to the profits of the last anniversary and balance in hand will enable us to relieve ourselves of all incumbrance, for which favour we tender our hearty thanks to all who have taken any part in bringing about such a happy consummation." After the report had been read, one and another congratulated the trustees and officials of the chapel on their success, and on the prospect of being able to devote the income to the support of the ministry, believing that it is not good to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn, and that every man is worthy of his hire. It is much to be desired that all chapels should be free, and that more attention be paid to the regular collecting of the pew-rents quarterly. We conclude by expressing a wish to see other chapels in Tavistock Circuit in like circumstances before another Christmas. G. L. H.

SWANSEA.

MR. EDITOR,—Dear Brother.—It is a good thought of yours to collect all the connexional intelligence you can, and then weave it into a monthly narrative. The more we have about ourselves in our own magazine, the better will our friends be pleased. I am thankful to say that in Swansea circuit, there is a decided and substantial improvement. Between twenty and thirty sittings have lately been let in Swansea chapel. That, of course, will increase

our seat rents, and also our monthly collections. Several persons have united with the society. We had a profitable watch-night service, with a good congregation. At our last quarterly meeting we had a most encouraging advance in our receipts to the quarter boards. At Norton, also, the society and congregation have improved. The very awkward pulpit that stood in the chapel has been taken away, and a neat becoming platform put in its place. The society at the Hafod is going on hopefully. Taking all these things into account, we feel we must do as Paul did—"Thank God and take courage." The Lord will prosper sincere and persevering efforts.

S. H.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

STANDING NOW on the border of the old, and upon the verge of the new year, I propose a hasty glance at the last five months. I begin with Sabbath, July 30th.

CONFERENCE SUNDAY.—My appointment was at Penryn, where I preached to large congregations. As I had time in the afternoon, I walked with a Christian brother into the graveyard. Here were the graves of the brethren, J. H. Prior, Francis Haycraft, and Ackerleigh.

August 3rd.—Tywardreath. Chapel tea, on the grounds of the flower show. One gentleman bought forty tickets. More than £5 were raised. £45 of the chapel debt paid in thirteen months.

September 10th and 12th—*Providence* Chapel Anniversary.—Br. Jas. Thorne preached three sermons on the first day, and one on the second. Provisions for the tea given. Capt. R. Martin in the chair at night. Speakers, Capt. Lobb, E. Turner. James Thorne, W. Bassett, and S. L. Thorne. Profits more than £17.

September 13th. TEACHERS' CONFERENCE at *Bethesda*.—Various resolutions were passed in the afternoon. The public meeting after tea was addressed by the brethren E. Turner, Jas. and Wm. Turner, Binney, W. Penhall, J. Borlace, and S. L. Thorne. The scholars number more than 1,100.

September 21st.—In company with two friends visited Innis burying ground, where are resting the mortal remains of the mother of William O'Bryan, Edmund Warne. William (or "Uncle Will,") Allin, Henry Reed, Captain Robert Knight, his wife, and son Joseph, and many others. From thence

we went on to Gunwen, in the same parish (Luxillian), where Mr. O'Bryan was born.

September 24th.—Preached the anniversary sermons of *Paramore* chapel, in the Mevagissey Circuit. Tea Wednesday after. Good influence. Crowds of people. Receipts ahead.

Wednesday, October 4th.—Bridges Chapel re-opening, Bodmin Circuit.

Saturday, Oct. 8th.—Bethel Chapel Anniversary. Br. Turner and Hawken preached on the Sabbath. Br. Clarke preached on the Monday, at 3 p.m. After tea, speeches were given by the brethren Joseph and Edmund Turner, W. J. Nicholls, S. L. Thorne, W. Clarke, and Mrs. Mary Thorne. Receipts more than £7, which is in advance of former years,

October 19th.—Preached at *Boswinger* Anniversary, in the Mevagissey Circuit, to a good congregation. I was glad to see so many old friends.

Wednesday, October 25th.—Attended the opening of a gem of a chapel at Camborne. Preached at 3 p.m., one of the largest rooms in the town was crowded again and again at the tea. At the evening meeting Captain Rabling presided. Speakers—Bros. W. Rowe, W. Clarke, Captain Thomas, Taylor, another minister of the town whose name I forget, J. Woolcock, and S. L. Thorne. You will, no doubt, get a better account.

October 22nd and week, we had missionary meetings in the St. Austell Circuit. Br. Angwin, of Devonport, helped us. Br. E. Turner has lost the "desire of his eyes" this week. Mrs. Turner died October 21th. Br. T. was therefore absent from our meetings at St. Blazey Gate, Bethel, St. Austell, and Sparnon Moor. Receipts, except at one place, about the same as last year.

October 29th. and 30th.—Attended the anniversary of a chapel opened January 1st., this year, at Limehead, in the Michaelstow circuit. This is certainly progress. It is a beautiful and substantial chapel. Receipts of bazaar, tea, etc., about £25.

October 31st.—From Limehead, I came to Mevagissey missionary meeting, Mr. Pine in the chair. Speakers: Brs J. Ashford, of St. Mawes, Edmund Turner, an earnest old gentleman from the North of England, J. D. Balkwill, and S. L. Thorne. Our friends here still feel the missionary fire.

November 12th and 13th.—Attended Truro chapel anniversary. Monday, Bros. Hopper, Holmes, myself, and

gentlemen and ministers of the town, addressed the meeting after tea. Here things wear a hopeful aspect.

November 19th and week, we held missionary meetings at Fowey, Tywardreath, Tregorrick, and Old Pound. At the three former places, receipts ahead. Br. Thomas Banbury, our deputation, delivered good sound speeches and sermons.

November 26th and week, Bodmin circuit missionary meetings at Tretoil, Bodmin, Tregawne, and Ebenezer, Luxillian, Bros. Bendle and Brown, and the people, were in earnest. Receipts ahead at each place.

December 3rd and 4th.—Attended *St. Just* chapel anniversary. Mr. West, a Wesleyan minister, preached in the afternoon. Good attendance; good influence. Receipts about £13 above the previous year. The scenery here is bold and romantic. With Bro. T. Andrews and some other friends, I saw the Land's End. From the "narrow neck of land" the Scilly Islands were visible. At night I saw four lighthouses; one on Cape Cornwall; one on a ridge of rocks—the "Long Ships;" one on the Scilly Islands, and one on the "Wolf Rock." The latter has a revolving light; one half minute it emits a white light, the next a beautiful red light flashes out on the vast surface of blue waters around.

December 26th.—Our Christmas quarterly meeting was held at *St. Austell*. The attendance was good. In the evening the meeting was addressed by the brethren S. L. Thorne, J. Jose, Jos. Turner, E. Turner, and W. Penhall. A vote of thanks was unanimously accorded to Brs. William Grose, and Thomas Crowl, the retiring circuit stewards, who have borne the circuit debt, (a thing of the past.) Brs. Wm. Bassett and Jonathan Jose, junr., were elected to the office for the coming year. We have nearly £3 as a balance in hand, to commence the year with. It was called by one of the speakers "a nest egg." Twenty-one were admitted members on trial for the quarter.

S. L. THORNE.

St. Austell, Dec. 30th, 1871.

SOME few additional items of intelligence we now proceed to furnish, thankful to those brethren who have sent us the facts, and hoping that many others will follow their example another month.

First, let us briefly refer to the *Quarterly Meeting Reports* we have

received. At *Hicks Mill* the receipts and disbursements were found to be equal, and over £33 had been raised by special effort, to meet a previous deficiency and to supplement the sum granted by the Conference towards furnishing the second married preacher's house. A scale of contributions was also drawn up for each place to prevent the recurrence of any deficiency. Messrs. N. Verran and M. V. Barratt were unanimously re-elected Circuit Stewards. The number of members is 2 less, but 52 have been lost from all causes. (A few persons were converted at Falmouth and Penryn before the quarterly meeting, and since there has been a good work at the latter place, and on the 1st Sunday in January there were 5 penitents at the former.)

At *Bodmin* also the Circuit Stewards—Messrs. J. Hancock and J. Stick—were re-elected, a candidate unanimously recommended to the Connexional School with the view of his entering the ministry, and in the same manner also was a resolution carried to pay off the debt of *Bridges Chapel* at the next anniversary, that the receipts may be available for the support of the ministry. "The work of God in the circuit" was very seriously considered, and as the number admitted was only just sufficient to cover the losses, it was decided that one of the ministers should devote the whole of his time in holding special services during the coming quarter to promote a revival of religion. The public meeting in the evening was pervaded by a rich influence.

At *Week St. Mary*, the attendance was larger than ever known before, a healthy sign. The lovefeast in the evening was a season of power and spiritual delight. A few persons in the circuit have lately "cried for mercy;" but a mighty revival shower is the blessing sought.

(Two series of missionary meetings, attended by Messrs. J. Johns and T. Braund as deputation, have passed off well, and the pastor expects to get £100 in the circuit towards the *Special Effort*, more than £60 having already been obtained in cash and promises.)

Holsworthy meeting was well attended, and the business transacted in the best spirit. A young man of great promise was unanimously recommended for the ministry. Mr. R. Gerry was re-elected Circuit Steward, and Mr. Daniel Doble was chosen as his colleague. Nearly £12 have been raised by special efforts, so that there is only a small balance due to the Treasurer.

At *Hatherleigh* all appeared to be of one mind. The deficiency of £3 on the quarter was subscribed at the meeting, and the balance of over £7 on the previous quarter has also been met. 64 persons were returned as on trial for membership. Resolutions were adopted appointing a chapel committee, where the next Sunday School Conference should be held, electing S. Piper and W. Halls Circuit Stewards, and recommending the case of Winkleigh chapel, and a new one at Hatherleigh to the consideration of the circuit committee. After 150 persons who came from all parts of the circuit had taken tea, Mr. Edgcombe preached a short sermon, followed by a lovefeast, when many spoke with great clearness of their acceptance with God.

Kingsbrompton was a very good meeting, as all quarterly meetings ought to be, and generally are, we believe, when, as in this instance, the receipts are sufficient to meet the disbursements.

South Petherton officials met at Hambridge. "A very good meeting," the pastor says it was, and better still, at that place since several persons have been converted. At *Haselbury* also two have professed conversion, and several others are under deep conviction.

At *Portland*, after the business had been despatched very comfortably, the officials joined a nice company of friends at a public tea. A most delightful lovefeast followed. In the special services which have been held a few have professedly been brought to Jesus, and others are feeling after Him.

Sandown meeting passed off very comfortably, but nothing occurred to call for remark except that there is a deficiency of nearly £7 on the Quarter, and over £20 on the two Quarters. Special services have been held in three places, but there have not been many conversions. At *Brading* two persons have been converted, and several others there are under conviction.

Newport receipts were higher than they have been at any period before since Br. Honey's pastorate. The at-

tendance was also good, and the spirit brotherly. Business was over in good time, and at the public meeting after tea several short, spirited, earnest addresses were delivered. "Each speaker had a point, and kept to it." Members just ahead of last quarter. Mr. R. Bullen was re-elected circuit steward, and Mr. J. Gale was chosen as his colleague, one committee was appointed to invite a successor to the present pastor, and another to prepare and inaugurate a scheme for juvenile classes.

The *Forest of Dean* meeting was one of the best ever held. There is great harmony in the circuit, and some conversions have been realized. Ruardean and Bream congregations crowd the chapels, the former must be enlarged at once, and the sooner the latter is the better for the cause.

Chepstow was also a good meeting. The friends had a Christmas tree on the same day to aid the circuit funds, and nearly £10 was obtained. Signs of a spiritual harvest have also appeared. The pastor has no doubt that the circuit would rise if it was not so large, or a second preacher appointed. One preacher and eleven chapels, not much headway can be made he thinks, and is certainly in the number of places in striking contrast to some mission stations.

It affords us much pleasure to state that there has been a good work at *Meadrose* in the Michaelstow Circuit, and that a few in other places are seeking the promised blessings of pardon and peace; and that at *Penzance* "there are evident signs of prosperity."

At *Bampton* on Christmas Day a public tea was provided in the chapel in behalf of the circuit funds. There was a good congregation in the evening to hear a lecture by Mr. Marsh on "Peace among the nations." At intervals, while the lecturer rested for a few minutes, the choir sung some choice pieces, which were well received by the audience.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

JACOB CORIN EDWARDS,

LATE OF TRURO.

THE Christian Church furnishes a great variety of experience which it behoves its chroniclers to record for the instruction and consolation of those that come after, battling with adverse circumstances in their attempt

to make the blest shore. Considerations of this kind induce me to furnish a few particulars of one lately passed away.

JACOB CORIN EDWARDS, when about nine years of age, sought and found redemption in the blood of Jesus, the forgiveness of sins, and experienced the love of God shed abroad in his heart. This happy change took place in the year 1812, while he was residing with his parents in the village of Bojewan, in the parish of St. Just-in-Penwith, near Morvah, in the west of Cornwall. He felt so happy that he desired his companions and play-fellows should share his joy, and in the intervals of school he improved his opportunities earnestly to exhort them to embrace salvation. Some of them refer to it still with great pleasure, and nowhere is he remembered with more respect and love than in the neighbourhood in which he spent the first twenty-five years of his life.

About the year 1816, the Bible Christian Society was formed in his native village, with which he cordially united. He was big for his age, and as he advanced to manhood was a fine grown youth, above six feet in height, well proportioned. I remember seeing him in company with William Rannalls, one of the early preachers in the denomination, who was rather short, and they both were diverted as the latter stood up under the arm of the former.

He was always ready to do what he was able to promote the good work in which his heart was thoroughly engaged; and when in his fourteenth year became a local preacher; being well received in that capacity. He was a sensible, though not a fluent speaker, and through the years that he sustained that office was always listened to with great attention. He was prolix, but in the end gave a clear exposition of his meaning. His parents would not expose him in early youth to deep study, and his command of language was never of a high order, yet he had a capacious mind and a very tenacious memory.

For some years he met a Sunday morning's class at Penzance, a distance of seven miles, making fourteen going and returning; but the distance did not deter him, nor did he esteem the long journeys he afterwards walked in attending his appointments on the plan, or on other Connexional business when he became a member of the Committees or Conference, a sacrifice too great for him to make in the cause of God. He has on many occasions travelled on foot, great part of the way, from Truro to Shebbear and Langtree, in the north of Devon, to attend the Conferences or Committee Meetings, cheerfully sharing the laborious journeys of those days with his ministerial brethren, the business of the shop being carried on by Mrs. Edwards and her assistants. Their residence was a home for the preachers at a time when the mode of denominational operations made them to a great extent dependent on the hospitality of friends. In fact the promotion of the affairs of the Connexion appeared to be one of the principal parts of the business, engrossing their thoughts, and enlisting their abilities—perhaps too much for their circumstances.

After his marriage to Miss Blewett in 1828, and his settlement in business in Truro, he rebuilt his shop, and afterwards the Bible Christian Chapel in that town, took an active part in public affairs, and enjoyed a measure of prosperity. I have enjoyed some remarkable seasons while engaged in family worship with the household, Mr. Blewett also being present, the remembrance of which is still sweet. Mr. Edwards considered that every Christian had certain duties of citizenship to perform, and heartily united with the party whose watchwords were "civil and religious liberty throughout the world, retrenchment, and Parliamentary and municipal reform," and was untiring in his efforts to secure good, inexpensive, and equitable government. Believing it wrong to levy a tax on all parties to support the Established Church, whose services Nonconformists could not enjoy, he was opposed to church rates, and refused to pay them; because while the Nonconformists had to erect their own places of worship, and

keep them in repair, as well as to maintain their own ministers—being in many cases compelled to do so, in order to secure an evangelical ministry—it was not an equitable tax. Two other persons refused on similar grounds, and the goods of all three were taken to discharge the impost. The auction occasioned great excitement, and although the parties offered no resistance, the three were indicted for occasioning a riot, and were sentenced to imprisonment in Bodmin gaol. When their term of imprisonment expired, many of their fellow-townsmen escorted them in triumph into the town, amid great rejoicing, being aware that they suffered innocently, as victims of an inequitable law, which view has since been adopted by the legislature in repealing the vexatious impost.

He was a zealous teetotaler, and when the celebrated James Teare visited Cornwall, personally accompanied the town crier in announcing a public-meeting to explain the meaning of the then strange word *teetotal*, owing to the incompetency of that functionary to pronounce it. And when the well-known John Cassell followed as an advocate, he also heartily assisted him.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards had a great trial in burying what was then their only son. Mr. Edwards remarked on that occasion, "We had each of us lost our parents, and several near friends, therefore bereavements were not new to us, yet none but a bereaved parent can know the feelings excited by the death of our child."

Mr. Edwards experienced a much more serious loss in the death of Mrs. Edwards.* She departed this life November, 1849, in a very hopeful and blissful state of mind, leaving her affectionate husband to fight life's battles alone. She had been the life of the business, which through a variety of circumstances, and as Mr. Edwards thought, a conspiracy by political partisans to ruin him, was after her death relinquished, and after trying plans which proved unsuccessful, his mind in some measure, I think, gave way, until at length he went to reside with his daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Richards, at Treviscoe, in St. Stephens, where he remained until he exchanged worlds.

I saw him when on a visit to Trethosa, May 24th, 1871, at the anniversary of the Sabbath school. He came out to meet me, but though a distance of less than half-a-mile, was so much affected in his breathing, that he was obliged to rest two or three times on the road. I found him in a very comfortable state of mind, resting on Christ for salvation; not a word of complaint of those who he formerly considered had treated him unkindly. He was happy while accompanying me on a visit to Mrs. Benetto, (formerly Susan Baulch) and enjoyed our talk of former times. I left him with the persuasion that he was ripening for glory; and on Monday, September 4th, 1871, in full assurance of a blissful immortality, he fell asleep, in the 68th year of his age.

JAMES THORNE.

JOHN BESSANT.

JOHN BESSANT was born at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, October 20th, 1795, and died on December 19th, 1871, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. As his parents were in humble circumstances, and as Sandown at that time was only a scattered hamlet, and the education of the poor little thought of, his was much neglected, a disadvantage he all through life deeply regretted.

* For an account of this excellent woman, the reader is requested to turn to the volume of the Bible Christian Magazine, for 1854, to a memoir of her, written by Br. Kinsman, page 138.

He was converted to God at the age of twenty, and had the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost. During his apprenticeship in West Cowes, he joined the Wesleyan Methodists, with whom he continued a member several years. Anxious that all mankind should share the same spiritual blessings he did himself he engaged in active efforts for the salvation of others, which were so blessed by God, that many sinners were brought to the feet of Jesus. He felt divinely impressed that it was his duty to preach that Gospel to others whose power he had experienced in his own conversion. He made known his views to his class-leader, and asked him to acquaint their minister with them; but he and others thought his abilities (considering how his education had been neglected) were not sufficient to qualify him for a local preacher. He deeply felt the disappointment, but submitted to the decision with Christian resignation. His impressions were so strong on the point, that he could do no other than he had done, but he left the issue with his God, whose truths he wished humbly and simply to proclaim. He continued to act out faithfully his conviction as he pursued the heavenly journey, embracing every opportunity to persuade men to turn to God.

After several years had passed, the Primitive Methodists formed a society at West Cowes, of which he became a member and local preacher. He now had an opportunity to visit many places in the island to proclaim the glad tidings "to the relief of his mind, and the secret joy of his heart."

After a period he left West Cowes, and went to reside at Wellow, where he had purchased some property. Anxious to have the advantage of Christian society which the neighbourhood offered, he there joined the Bible Christian Connexion, with whom he continued a member and a local preacher until he departed this life at Sandown, to which place he removed about eleven years ago. The last time he preached was at Sandford, on the 29th October last. On the following Sunday I called to see him, when he was very poorly: he kept about until the following Thursday, when he took his bed, not to leave his room again until he was carried to his grave.

During his five weeks' illness I was with him every day, and sometimes the whole of the day, as I was desirous to give him all the attention I could, he having expressed a wish that I should be constantly with him. Soon after he was taken ill he said to me, "Brother, I have been tempted of the devil this morning—he told me I was an old hypocrite, that there was nothing the matter with me, I could get up if I liked, I was only lying there to get others to wait upon me." I replied, "Brother, the devil is a liar from the beginning. If he tempt you again refer him to Christ;" when he said, "Precious blood—precious blood of Jesus," and never spoke of further temptations. I engaged in prayer, and at its close, out of the fulness of his heart he said,—

"Would Jesus have the sinner die?
 Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
 What means that strange expiring cry?
 (Sinners, He prays for you and me!)
 Forgive them, Father, O forgive;
 They know not that by Me they live!"

He then repeated, with the firmest confidence,—

"Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love!"

After he had rested a short time he mentioned the names of several persons who had been converted by the grace of God through his ministry,

adding, "I should like to see another soul saved before I die—precious souls! precious souls!" I asked him if he had preached in every place in the island. He said he had in nearly all, if not in all the places. Another day I asked him if he felt any pain. He said, "Yes, my back is very painful, almost more than I can bear. I do not know how long the Lord will keep me here suffering before He takes me away. I have a good home to go to! There I shall see our father, mother, sisters, and brothers, and all my dear children." By this time he felt exhausted, and I gently laid him on his pillow. Another day he said, "I have abundant entrance, it is so wide that every one in the world may go in. It is not like a narrow passage to push through." Upon another occasion, on my inquiring how he felt, he said, "I do not feel such rapture of joy as I have felt at times, but I am happy. God is very good to me! Glory, glory, glory." I inquired whether he wished his body to be buried in any particular place. He answered, "You may place my body where it is most convenient for you all—it will make no difference to me, I shall have it again in the morning." At another time he said,—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one."

He continued: "I am like a passenger at a railway station waiting for the train to come up that I may step in and depart;" and those who knew him best, and had watched the moulding of his character through life had no doubt that this aged disciple possessed the ticket for the heavenly journey, purchased by the blood of the dear Redeemer. His mind was at peace, his heart filled with love, and his mouth with praise. He kept firm hold of that old doctrine, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

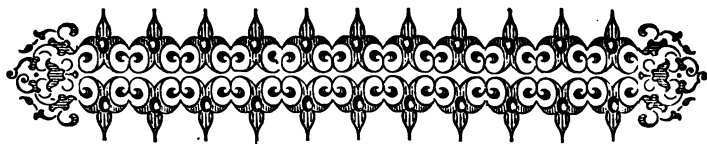
On the Sunday before his death he affectionately squeezed my hand; but the next morning he lost all consciousness. The next day I was sent for early and found his departure near at hand. I stayed with him till nearly four in the afternoon, when I left for a short time, but returned in time to witness the closing scene, when his evidently happy soul took its flight to that rest which remains for the people of God, a few minutes after six o'clock in the evening.

So lived and so died my truly affectionate brother, on the 19th December, 1871, leaving a widow and son to lament their loss.

GEORGE BESSANT.

CORRECTION.

In noticing Mr. Honor's little book, *Fish, Tin, and Copper*, in our November issue, we said: "We suppose the author to be a Primitive Methodist Minister, and also that those of his readers who did not know better would conclude from the way in which 'Billy Bray' is spoken of in the following extract, that he was a local preacher in the same denomination." We now wish to state, in justice to Mr. Honor, that Billy Bray was a local preacher with the Primitive Methodists for a little over two years. When he went to live at Loshurriel in 1855, he united with that denomination, for the sufficient reason, as we are told, that there was no Bible Christian Society in that town, and that on leaving it for Tywardreath Highway, he did not immediately reunite with our people, though he did subsequently, and continued a member until his death. We are bound also to add, in justice to ourselves, that we wrote as we did, not from hearsay information, but as we thought positive statements from Billy's own lips not long before his death, and we can offer no explanation of the discrepancy further than that we must have misunderstood what he said at that time.



THE
Bible Christian Magazine,
MARCH, 1872.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

THE EX-PRESIDENT'S CHARGE TO THE BRETHREN, J. ASHFORD, W. BROWN, R. EDGCOMBE, J. BOTHERAS, J. C. BASSETT, AND G. A. JOSLIN, on their being received into Full Connexion by the Conference, 1871. Published by request.*

MY DEAR YOUNG BRETHREN,—To each of you, in all sincerity, I would offer the congratulations, the sympathies, the prayers, and the counsels of a friend. Twenty-one years' labour and toil in the full ministry amongst us have not destroyed the recollection of my own feelings and experience during my probationary period, nor the deep and over-powering emotions of which I was the subject, when, in company with five other brethren,—some of whom are now present,—I stood in the gallery of Lake Chapel, Shebbear, in a position similar to that in which you are now found. I know the fears and struggles, as well as the joys and triumphs, of a young minister; and I, therefore, cheerfully ask you to cherish the assurance that in all which concerns your welfare, your improvement, your usefulness, and happiness, I take an affectionate and deep interest. You have already, in your course of religious and ministerial career, passed through many stages, and have now reached a very important and momentous stage. Each year of your probation has found you with new and varied feelings, as you have anticipated and passed your examinations, and been allowed to pass on, and on, to your present interesting and serious position. The past has been preparatory to the present. You have, by the decision of the Conference and by the prayers of your brethren and the church, been recognized this day as full and accredited ministers of Jesus Christ. You are, therefore, set apart for the work of the Christian ministry;

* At the same time, the following Brethren were also recognized as Approved Ministers, having been duly received into Full Connexion by the Canadian Conference, viz.:—J. COLLINS, R. BAKER, S. H. RICE, and A. SCHUSTER.

a work the most momentous that can possibly engage the attention of man, and accompanied, too, by responsibilities of the gravest and most solemn kind. You have now nothing to do but to seek to save souls. This must be your one employ. To this, learning, talent, eloquence, and every energy must be made to bend. I pray that in the discharge of your duties you may ever be faithful men, "rightly dividing the word of truth;" seeking, in order that, instrumentally, you may save that which is lost. In accordance with the usages and regulations of our Conference, it is my official duty to place before you, and urge on your attention, certain suggestions and counsels, which may, in some degree, I trust, tend to the successful prosecution of your ministerial career. You cannot have passed through the examinations of this Conference, or given utterance to the convictions and vows which have proceeded from your lips, without feeling that you have arrived at a most serious period in your life; nor without earnest and sincere aspirations to Almighty God that He may give you a will to do all these things, and also strength and power faithfully to perform them. In the remarks which I am about to address to you, I shall aim at deepening that feeling, and intensifying these longings and desires.

Let me direct your attention to a few passages of Scripture, which are fitted to impress your minds on this occasion with the nature and design, the authority and dignity, the sacred duties, and solemn obligations of the Christian ministry; with the means and qualifications necessary to ministerial success; and with incentives to ministerial loyalty and fidelity.* Let the advices here given, as to the cultivation of personal piety; the study of divine truth; the maintenance of that truth in its simplicity, and purity, and power; the caring rightly for the flock of Christ; the preservation of godly order; the extirpation of evil in whatever form presented; the promotion of whatever is upright and pure, both in temper and life; the zeal that fears no danger; the fidelity that abideth in the presence of death: let such requirements as these be recognized and carried out, then, as ministers of the sanctuary, you shall be perfect; thoroughly furnished for the right discharge of all ministerial and pastoral obligations.

I. Let us seek to understand the NATURE and DESIGN of the Christian Ministry.

The Christian ministry is an engagement to which no other is similar; its peculiarity consists in this, that it is of Christ's own institution; and he who engages in it must do so simply and exclusively in reference to the objects for the sake of which the institution is made to exist. Those who engage in it must do so, not as the means of obtaining a livelihood, as with men entering on certain professions, or branches of trade and secular business; but as believing it to be their duty thus to seek the honour of God in the salvation of men. The official and authoritative declaration of the truth, in order to the salvation of mankind, is the work of the ministry. In order fully to understand the nature of this work it is necessary to understand the constitution, condition, character,

* The following passages of Scripture were here read, viz.:—Acts xx. 24-28; 1 Cor. iv. 1, 2; 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16; iv. 1, 2, 5; Colossians iv. 17; 1 Thess. ii. 4; 1 Tim. iv. 16; 2 Tim. ii. 15; iv. 1, 2, 5; Titus i. 7-9; Rev. ii. 10.

capabilities, tendencies, dangers and destiny of man; his moral, intellectual, and spiritual being; his relationship to God, to His Gospel, to His government; also rightly to understand the nature, provisions, aims, and power of the Gospel of Christ as provided for and adapted to man's entire being and requirements; the divine purposes concerning this Gospel as to its being made known, by whom, and how; and the possibility or otherwise of this Gospel being received by man, together with the result if properly received, and the fearful consequence of its being rejected. The Christian ministry is a ministry of reconciliation; that is its distinguishing character. It is founded upon the plan of redemption devised by the wisdom and carried into effect by the power and love of God. For the accomplishment of His own gracious purposes, He sends His ambassadors, to whom He has committed the word and ministry of reconciliation. Your work, then, is not merely to tell men the truth, but to reason with them, to plead with them, and to beseech them in the name, and on the behalf of God. You have to make known the Gospel as the instrument of man's salvation, and that there is no other; that this is the appointment of God; the manifestation of His truth; the revelation of His righteousness; the exhibition of His power; the triumph of His grace. In making known this Gospel, you have a testimony to bear, and a mission to fulfil. In bearing your witness in this day of universal doubt, you must hold no disputatious creed; and in fulfilling your mission on behalf of a lost world, your every utterance must be articulate, distinct, emphatic.

"Various are the similitudes under which, each in its own aspect of fitness, the office of the Christian ministry is presented in the Scriptures." *Ministers of Christ*; to show guilty men their sins and their necessities; to point out their remedy and their salvation; to bring them into oneness and friendship with God; and to lead them on in all Christian graces, so that they may attain to everlasting life. *Fellow-labourers* with Christ; allowed, in humble degree and measure, the abounding grace of being co-workers in spreading the blessings of His salvation, and promoting the interests of His kingdom. Labourers in God's husbandry, seeking to cultivate the soil of the human heart; striving to uproot evil principles and to implant heavenly; to sow the seed of truth in human hearts that they may become as gardens of the Lord, in which the plants, and flowers, and fruits of righteousness and holiness may flourish and grow in rich abundance. *Vine-dressers*; "tending early and late upon the vines," that they may yield rich and luscious fruit. *Good soldiers*; exercising themselves to great self-denial, sacrificing ease and comfort for the sake of truth and the souls of their fellow-men; cheerfully submitting to toils and hazards in the prosecution of the good warfare; holding themselves at the Commander's disposal; never planning, nor conniving at, a compromise with the foe. *Fisher-men*; toiling through the dark, and in the rain." *Builders*; in the house of God under the eye of the divine architect; charged to see that the house is safe and strong: taking care that the materials are of the best quality; building not after the wisdom of men, but according to the divine plan; making sure of a

good foundation on which to erect a holy and spiritual structure. *Pastors and shepherds*; to guide the flock, to cherish the weak, to restore the erring, to fold and find them pasture, to protect them from their enemies, and, if need be, to lay down their lives for the welfare of the flock, not counting life dear, in comparison with the discharge of duty. Like Jacob, who was consumed by the heat of day, and by the frost of night. Like David, who in defence of his father's flock, exposed his life to hazard. Like Christ, the "Good Shepherd," who "gave His life for the sheep." *Watchmen*; to guard the sacred interests of Christ's people with diligence and fidelity, ever treating these interests as superior to all personal considerations; wakeful, earnest, and unweary in the hours when other men slumber. *Stewards*; to arrange and direct the household from which the Lord is absent for a season; entrusted with the mysteries of God, and charged to be faithful, having to give an account of their stewardship. *Ambassadors for Christ*; to whom are confided the honour, and the message of the King; employed to explain His love to sinners, to urge them to accept His mercy, and to receive His grace. In the work of the Christian ministry, you are fellow-workers with the apostles. You are, in truth, their successors; you devote yourselves to the same work, you serve the same Master, you aim at the same ends. As the servants of Christ, His will must be your only law. You are to yield to no other will; to obey no other law; to have no will even of your own. Every doctrine you have to preach is already prescribed, every duty you have to perform is already set down. Jesus is exalted as a prince and a Saviour to give repentance and the remission of sins; and you are employed as His ministers that you may, instrumentally, make converts to His grace, and build up His people in their most holy faith. "You have to instruct the ignorant, to direct the inquirer, to disarm prejudice, to arouse the insensible, to correct mistakes, to resolve uncertainties, to enlighten the erring conscience, to remind the thoughtless and gay of the instability and insufficiency of earthly enjoyments, and to draw the self-righteous from their refuges of lies: and all this you have to do in the name of Christ, and with a view of bringing them in penitence to His feet!" Having received, with the meekness of children, the "truth as it is in Jesus," that truth, with all the fidelity and boldness of apostles, you have now to proclaim. "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God." You should not be desirous of saying any more; and you must tremble at the idea of saying less. By your engagements and vows this day, you have pledged yourselves to sacred relationships, and special duties with God, and also with the church and denomination to which you belong. The best fruit of your studies, the best energies of your lives, you now owe to God and to the church. You have to preach, as you have opportunity, the Gospel to every creature. You must not consider any to be above the needs of your ministry; nor must you suppose any to be beneath its regards. "Whatever has a tendency to meliorate the sufferings of humanity, to disperse the darkness of the mind, to subdue the vices of society, to restore man to a divine obedience, and to attach his hopes and his thoughts to an unseen eternity, you must consider as in perfect harmony with the

spirit and the letter of your commission. The improvement of talent, the extension of influence, the continuation of life—these should be desired and sought after, with the ardent and single hope that they may yield further opportunities for usefulness, and enable you to guide another, and yet another spirit to the paths of happiness and heaven !”

The Christian ministry, thus understood, is appointed and designed for the highest purposes. Its design is in perfect harmony with its exalted origin, and its loving and gracious character. It is to testify of God. To make known His character, His perfections, His government, His plans, His purposes, His treasures, His heart, His claims on our affections, our services, our all; His love and mercy to mankind, in the Gospel of His Son. The great end of your ministry is to convert sinners to Christ, to enlarge His church, and to lead all its members to zeal and devotedness in Christ's service. This is why Christ Himself performed the transcendently sublime service of “obedience unto death;” this is why He is now your Lord; and why He chooses to employ you as His ministers. Your ministry points to Christ's ministry. “He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.” He was a minister once; and in a most peculiar and sublime sense, made full proof of His ministry. He is a master now, having a throne and servants of His own. You profess to be among His servants and His ministers. The character of Christ has flashed a new light on your character. You feel that He has laid all your nature under obligation, bought all your powers; and, therefore, it is that you have placed yourselves at His disposal. Here you see the nature of the ministry and also the reasons of its urgency. God has a message of mercy to man; and you, having believed this message, are called to deliver it to others. Jehovah is now on a throne of grace, and you, having bowed before it, have offered to unveil that throne in the eyes of the guilty. God is now waiting to save; and you, realizing His salvation, have stepped forth from the ranks of ordinary Christian activity, and have volunteered to “pray men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God.” If, like the apostle Paul, you “are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ,” and are determined in your ministrations, to know nothing except “Christ and Him crucified,” you shall thereby shed the truest honour on your ministry, and render the highest glory to God. You are, as ministers of Christ, ministers of His mercy, and almoners of the bread of eternal life. You have to hold forth the word of light for the illumination of the benighted; you are the cup-bearers of the heavenly Majesty, handing the wine of the kingdom to those who are ready to perish; and the fruit of the tree of life to those who are sinking into the arms of death. You are not only recipients, you are benefactors; “the light of the world, and the salt of the earth.” You are the *media* of God's Gospel to man; the channels through which the living waters of salvation are flowing to a thirsty and barren world. You have been admitted to the divine presence not only to worship, but to receive a commission; not only to be the sanctified and saved, but to be prepared for benefiting and saving others. The cup of life has been put into your hands not only that you may drink of it yourselves, but that you may hand it to those

who are around you. See to it that you exemplify this character, and pursue this holy and loving course. Distribute with the freeness and liberality with which you have received. Make the circle in which you live and minister, fruitful in righteousness, and attractive with divine beauty; and so fulfil your mission. Never, for one moment, lose sight of the fact, that "the design of your ministry, is to exhibit Christ's death as the sinner's only means of atonement; to declare His righteousness as the sinner's only ground for justification; and proclaim His resurrection and intercession as the sinner's only hope. It is to make known Christ's fulness of grace, as His people's only treasury; His promises, as their only encouragement; His example, as their only pattern of obedience; His approbation, as their highest reward; His indwelling Spirit as their only earnest of future glory. For this the ministry, the church, the world, the universe exist; for this Christ is on His throne, and His angels are on the wing; for this the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost combine their offices and influences infinite, and point them all in one direction; and for this you have to live and labour as ministers of Jesus Christ!"

II. Let us now strive to understand the **AUTHORITY**, and realize the **DIGNITY** of the ministerial office. The Christian ministry is a divine institution. It is an ordinance of God; its authority, therefore, "It is an ordinance appointed for great moral and spiritual ends; and that these moral and spiritual ends may be attained, there must be eminent moral and spiritual endowments and qualifications; and these must come from heaven. The authority, therefore, of the Christian ministry, is from God." The appointment of a separate order of men for the public performance of religious worship, is one of the oldest institutions of God, and has been adopted in every age as necessary to the perpetuation and maintenance of any system of religion.

It may be clearly discerned as a most valuable prerogative in patriarchal days; and the separation and appointment to the duty are largely declared in the Old Testament. Our Lord himself named twelve men as apostles, and gave them power and authority to enable them to perform their special duties. Afterwards, "He appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before His face into every city and place, whither He Himself would come." In both cases there was the act and principle of avowed selection. Our Lord invited the multitude of His hearers, and especially all who were weary and heavy laden, to come to Him for rest to their souls; and many believed on Him as the great prophet, and the Lord's Anointed; but from among *many* He selected *some* to be witnesses, preachers, messengers, and under-shepherds, charged to feed His lambs and sheep. He is now gone up on high, but He has not left His people orphans. His church has still a divine government and an everlasting Head. As in the days of our Lord's earthly ministry He qualified the apostles and others to preach and work in His name; so He has provided for a perpetuation of ministerial and subordinate offices in the church, until the great purposes of the church shall be accomplished. The apostle Paul, who was not among the original twelve, vindicated the divine commission of the ministry. He tells us that when the Saviour had triumphed over His foes, and He would select the choicest gifts for His people, "He received

gifts"—the choicest gifts—"for men; and He gave some apostles; some prophets; some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints; for the work of the ministry; for the edifying of the body of Christ." And the same passage which fixes the divine authentication of the ministry, also fixes the period of its termination; "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Thus the Redeemer—enthroned at the right hand of the Majesty in Heaven, though absent as to bodily presence from His disciples on earth—exercises a real and sovereign sway. He selects His own agents, and communicates His call to them as really and intelligibly as when He named the apostles, and "appointed other seventy also." By the same Divine Spirit which convices of sin, which speaks peace to the believing penitent, and which imparts to believers "the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind;" by the same Spirit there is laid upon the minds and hearts of some of His servants a solemn and weighty sense, not only of the misery and danger of sinners, the value of souls, and the interests of Christ's kingdom, but also of their own special and personal obligations to call sinners to repentance, to direct penitents to the Lamb of God, and to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation by grace through faith in the crucified Redeemer. The Christian Ministry is no mere profession which an individual may assume or lay aside at his option. There must be the express command of Christ, "Go thou forth and preach My Gospel," or the path of duty will be mistaken. Other vocations are merely of human origin; this is of Divine appointment. In the order of God, the ministry of reconciliation is never committed but to those who are themselves reconciled to God. An unconverted, man-appointed ministry is an insult to the Headship of Christ; the bane of the church; a trafficking in souls which cannot be too deeply deplored, or too strongly denounced. "No man taketh this honour to himself." The Divine Author of the Gospel has commanded its diffusion throughout the world, and has ordained preaching as the means by which this is to be effected. The Christian Ministry is, therefore, a permanent institution; nor will its work be done until the Gospel shall have been preached to every creature. This office, so high in its origin, so solemn in the mode of its bestowment, you are now invested with. You have avowed your convictions that you are truly called, according to the will of God, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, to devote your lives to the work of preaching the Gospel, and feeding the flock of God. Your brethren, and the elders of the church, have taken care to ascertain, as far as possible, whether you are right in this solemn persuasion as to your special calling and duty; and if we were not all persuaded that Christ Himself calls and sends you forth, we should not dare to send you. You are allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel, and, while health and opportunity last, this trust will oblige you not to fail in its exercise. You must not part with it. You must not neglect it. You must not forsake it. You have it upon the authority of the Lord Himself, that he who hath put his hand to the plough, and looks back, allows his attention to be diverted to secondary objects, however valuable

and important in themselves, "is not fit for the Kingdom of God."

There will be times in your ministry when you will need to fall back upon the consciousness of Divine appointment as the only source of comfort, or ground of support; "when appearances without, and feelings and emotions within, all *seem* to indicate that you are out of the order of Providence; then, the in-wrought persuasion, the deep-felt consciousness that in preaching Christ's gospel, you are doing His work, obeying His command, responding to His call; that to this work you have been called and set apart by the Most High God; and that you have received your commission not from man, but from Jehovah, will nerve your souls with new courage, keep your minds in a state of holy trust and calm, and shed rays of reviving, gladdening light upon the darkness and gloom reigning without and within!"

What a **SUBLIME** and **DIGNIFIED** work is that to which you are this day committed! What a commission is yours! How unspeakably great your privilege! How lofty and ennobling your theme! How benevolent and God-like your aim! How rich and blessed are the favours you seek to convey! How fearful and awful the ruin and woe from which you seek to save! How ineffably glorious and magnificent the joys and honours to which you seek to raise mankind! How certain and grand your success and triumphs! How noble and pure the spirits with whom you are associated! How transcendently great and inconceivably glorious is the Master you serve!

Yours is the **PRIVILEGE** of "standing like the angel in the sun, that you may fling down the healing of his rays; or between the living and the dead, like the priest who stayed the plague; to bear God's offers of reconciliation to the worst rebel; to tell of cleanness to the most loathsome leper, to speak of holiness like that of heaven to the heart set on fire of hell; to lift up the anointed cross, that whosoever looks may live; and in the sight of God to commend yourselves to every man's conscience by the manifestation of truth." You are favoured by Providence to be separated from the toils of this busy world, in this absorbing and competing age, for the express purpose of studies and exercises, the sanctified effect of which will be the enriching and invigorating, purifying and beautifying, the highest faculties of your souls—the noblest powers and passions of your nature! "You have to do with the merit of an Infinite sacrifice; the purposes of an Infinite mind; the agencies of an Infinite Spirit; the everlasting destinies of souls!" The world itself exists only as a stage for carrying on the holy and heavenly work to which you are devoted. One of the most eminent and deservedly popular ministers of the present day, says, "I would rather have the seal of the Christian Ministry on my brow this day, than the grandest coronet worn by earthly monarch!"

Your **THEME** is "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God!" You have authority to make known to your fellow-men, that which patriarchs desired to see; that which comprehends all that is fair and lovely, sublime and lofty, grand and glorious, pure and honourable, joyous and happy; and that which Christ Himself contemplates as His highest glory! All truth is

centred in Christ. To preach Christ, therefore, is to preach the truth; not to preach Him, is to utter mere vanity. The truth is one in Him—complete in Him—illustrious in Him. His glory in heaven; His life in the flesh; His death on the cross; His triumph over death and hell, compose that great mystery of godliness which unveils all other mystery. The Father is known, the Spirit is given, life and immortality are brought to light through the Son! “Here you will find that which will kindle your admiration, elevate your thoughts, expand your minds, fire your imaginations, enlarge and purify your hearts; fill you with peace and gladness, call forth your deepest passions, your tenderest sensibilities, your most active energies; and carry you away out of yourselves, bearing you onward with mysterious and delightful power!”

The AIM of your ministry is akin to the song of the angels at the nativity of Jesus. “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.” Your aim, therefore, is the glory of God in the salvation of men. The most celestial benevolence could not suggest a more sublime object, or contemplate a more benevolent end. You seek to aid in saving immortal men, and to lead them to crowns of unfading light. You aim at the conquest of the world for Christ. By your ministry you seek to depose Satan, and enthrone God; to destroy error, and establish truth; to put an end to sin, and bring in the reign of perfect holiness and love; to disperse the clouds that shadow the paths of men, and pour heaven’s light and salvation over every land; to convert all that is barren into fruitfulness and beauty; to change the rebellious into submission and loyalty; to sweep away all traces of idolatry and infidelity, all remnants of pollution and misery; to transform this earth into a terrestrial paradise, and to make this world a nursery for heaven! Your aim thus comprehends the richest good of the universe, and the highest honour of the Deity!

How rich are the BLESSINGS you convey! The blessings of the Gospel are blessings which gladden the hearts of men with the blessedness of life evermore. You have become the agents to scatter a darkness thicker than that which enveloped the nation of Egypt, and to destroy a despotism more terrible than any that was ever exercised either by Pharaoh or Nebuchadnezzar. The politician may alleviate the burdens of many; the merchant increase their comforts; the physician mitigate their sufferings; and the inventor multiply their conveniences; but you, as Christian ministers, by the course which you pursue, ensure the enjoyment of yet higher blessings; you are agents to carry light to the benighted, life to the dead, pardon to the guilty, purity to the defiled, elevation to the degraded, and salvation to the lost. These are blessings superior to earth, greater than time, and expanding into eternity!

The EFFECTS of your ministry are referred to by the apostle Paul, as “a savour of life unto life;” or of “death unto death.” Your ministry is not to be directed mainly to temporal or transitory objects; it relates to souls, and to souls in their immortal interests! It proposes to redeem men from horrors which know no abatement, and suffer no description; and to restore them to the lost image and lost favour of the Creator, who is God over all, blessed for evermore.

"The saving effect of the Christian Ministry is not merely a living influence, but as a savour of *life unto life*: life swelling into immortality, grace flowing into glory; and, when heedlessly administered, or sinfully rejected, it is not merely death that is inflicted, but *death unto death*; death with the consciousness of death; death having no oblivion, no resurrection; a negation of all happiness, and of all hope; a fulness of all misery sealed by the inexorable hand of Eternity!" "What awful extremities of bliss or woe are suspended on your ministry!" You have to do with men in their highest, their eternal interests! You have the means of man's redemption in your hands, and it should be your restless effort to make them known, and to see them effectual.

Think also of the PURE and NOBLE SPIRITS with WHOM YOU ARE ASSOCIATED! "By becoming ministers of Christ, you fall into, and form a part of a train, in which the prophets, the apostles, the martyrs and confessors, the reformers, the worthies, and saints of all ages have formed a part. A procession, of which the front ranks have long been mingling with the radiance of the ineffable glory;—a train which still reaches from earth to heaven!" Your associates in this holy work are those on whom is found the blood of the atonement; in whom the Spirit of the living God has been enthroned;—the good, the true, the heavenly, and the holy. Such are the real benefactors of their race, and stand at the very head of their species! They may not have been always regarded in this light, or so estimated by those who sit in judgment on their claims; but the Word of God is the standard of our appeal; and according to that, the Christian labourer is still "the highest style of man."

You follow in the pathway of PAUL, with his marvellous genius, his lofty intellect, his glowing enthusiasm, his profound erudition, his argumentative power, and his more abundant labours and sufferings; of APOLLOS, with his power of oratory, his mighty eloquence, his knowledge of the Scriptures, and his success in convincing the Jews that Jesus was Christ; of PETER, with his great fervour, wondrous impetuosity, and unwearied assiduity; of JAMES, with his plainness of speech, his condemnation of "respect of persons," his loyalty to Christ, and his eminent practicalness; of JOHN, the favoured of the Lord, the banished exile, the rapt seer on the solitary island, who, one "Lord's day," is wondrously favoured of the Spirit, and illumined by the glory of the descending angel—sees doors and windows opened in heaven, and hears the "voice of harpers, harping with their harps;" of WYCLIFFE, "the morning star of the Reformation," a translator of the Scriptures, a determined foe of the Papacy, a friend to the unlearned and the poor, a kind and unwearied pastor, whose dead dust it is said was refused a grave on earth, but whose spirit is now with the glorified in paradise; of LUTHER, with his thundering declamation, unflinching firmness, and lion-hearted courage; of MELANCTHON, with his profound and varied scholarship, and Christ-like deportment; of HOWE, with his moral greatness, and deep contemplativeness; of BAXTER, with his burning zeal, his patient endurance of affliction, and his heavenly musings; of WATTS, with his philosophic power and his soul of poetry; of WHITFIELD, with his commanding earnestness and overwhelming

oratory; of **WESLEY**, with his sanctified genius, his remarkable industry and skill, his power for organization, and his practical and prolific pen; of **FLETCHER**, with his seraphic piety, and argumentative power; of **BEAUMONT**, with his impassioned eloquence, his vivid imagination, his power of appeal, and touching pathos; of **WARNE**, with his sagacious and devotional spirit; of **BASSETT**, with his passion for souls, his zeal for Jesus, his holy unction, and felicitous spirit; of **CORY**, with his sweet temper, and clear, liberal views; of **MAJOR**, with his catholic spirit, varied knowledge, and indefatigable labours, saying, as the spring and guide of action, "I must work while I can, and rest in heaven;" of **CORY CORNISH**, with his holy fervour, self-denial, and great usefulness; of **W. HARRIS**, with his simplicity, his prudence and firmness, his zeal and love for mission work, yet called, after a few days' illness—the first who had fallen by death on our American fields—to the rest and joy of heaven; of **H. REED**, with his high principle and strict conscientiousness, his firm adherence to the great truths that are essential to salvation, and his remarkable gentleness; of **SEDWELL**, whose early home was so unfriendly to religion, but who became an early fruit of this Society, and for more than thirty years with clearness of view, depth of feeling, soundness of judgment, and great devotedness was "a good minister of Jesus Christ"—whose pious and useful career was abruptly closed on the road-side, when about to leave his home for a brief rest from work; of **P. JAMES**, another of our American missionaries, whose calmness of mind, candour of soul, untiring activity, great punctuality, and daily manifest life in Christ, made him a beloved and faithful minister, both at home and abroad; of **PENNY**, who with sound views of Gospel truth, methodical mind, ready utterance, and great animation was listened to with general pleasure, and was instrumental in doing much good; of **BROOKS**, one of the early fruits of our Kentish missionary operations, with his thorough conversion, his generous and affable spirit, his unaffected, animated, and impressive manner, his consistent and permanent character, practical preaching, and warm and lively prayers, was enabled for nearly thirty years to serve in the Ministerial work with great cordiality and usefulness; of **W. REED**, with his child-like modesty and diffidence, his solemn and impressive manner, his power and unction in prayer, his skill in debate, his legislative and administrative powers, his unequalled pulpit persuasiveness, his full-toned utterance of Gospel truth, and freedom from fear and anxiety in death; of **TRIBLE**, with his steadfast piety, his diligent and prayerful study of the Scriptures, his great abstemiousness, his patience in affliction, and triumph in death; of **TILLY**, whose intercourse with heaven was so sweet and constant, whose spiritual realizations were often overpowering, whose ministry was solid and instructive, whose memory is lovingly cherished—and the fruit of whose labours still remains; of **KENT**, whose early life was characterized by dissipation, but through the influence of temperance principles was led to religious thoughtfulness and conversion to God, his superior abilities, his extensive knowledge of Biblical and general literature, his melting pathos, his fervid eloquence, his terse but clear style of expression, his rich illustrations, his pictorial descriptions—together

with a unique, and at times almost ludicrous gesticulation and attitude, conspired to make him a popular and useful servant of Christ; and whose love for his brethren was a passion, whose interest in the cause of Jesus was intense, and whose trials, many and painful, were borne with wondrous patience and fortitude—paradise to him must be sweet after the struggles of life below; of COURTOISE, with his eminent piety and faithful service, his sincerity and moral honesty, his unaffected modesty and humility, his cautious and sound counsels, his life a standing protest against pride and worldly conformity—and a striking exemplification of the truth, and beauty, and joyousness of that Gospel which for more than forty years he taught; of MOXLEY, with his cheerful piety, his great activity, and genial, loving soul; of PRIOR, with his great determination and earnestness, his power in prayer, his readiness in debate, and strong denominational regard; of MOUNTJOY, with his careful industry, his pastoral diligence, and his almost excessive cautiousness; of PRICE, with his timid but promising juvenile efforts, his steadfastness in the faith, his courteous and kind spirit, and short but honourable and useful ministerial life:—such is the fellowship to which you belong. Surely you cannot reflect on the character and deeds of the men who have gone before you, or those with whom you are now actively co-operating without realizing a new impulse to duty and zeal!

As to your success, you are labouring in a field in which you must be successful! "Your interests are united with those of the government of God. Every hallowed aim takes an angel shape, every lofty aspiration enters a bright imperishable form. Allied to any other scheme of effort, you can only *hope* to be right; identified with this you may *know it*." You must triumph! "Unless Providence can be foiled, unless Christ can have died in vain, unless the unchangeable can change, unless the Almighty can fail as man, unless darkness, ruin, and death can gather round the throne of the one Eternal!" The success of your Ministry, is the success of Christ's mediation and intercession; the triumph of love over selfishness, of light over darkness, of truth over error, of holiness over sin, of mercy over judgment, of life over death, of heaven over hell! The prospect of success fires the ambition of the hero; the assurance of a page in the records of fame, excites the perseverance of the aspiring patriot; but to draw one wandering sheep to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, to lead one sinner to the cross of the Redeemer, to bring forth one precious gem to sparkle amid His jewels, to flash light from His diadem,—is sufficient to animate all the powers of the mind devoted to this glorious end! Christ shall "see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied." "He shall reign until He hath put all His enemies under His feet."

Then rise to a full consciousness of the dignity of your office, by thinking of the inconceivable glory and transcendent greatness of the MASTER WHOM YOU SERVE! No intelligent or adequate idea of the Christian Ministry can be formed apart from the consideration of the character and claims of Him from whom the appointment and commission comes. The name that is stamped upon your ministry is the name of Him who claims it for His own. He is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person;"

the equal of Jehovah in majesty and power; the possessor of the fulness of the Godhead, and the Proprietor of all things. "By Him all things were created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by Him, and for Him; and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist." "There is not a light in the firmament that was not enkindled by Him; nor an ordinance of heaven that was not instituted by Him; nor a form of unconscious matter, or of intelligent existence, that was not created by Him. His were the lips that broke the silence of eternity, and spoke worlds into being; His hands wove the splendid web of the overhanging firmament, and the resources that replenished the universe with all its descriptions of enjoyment, and varieties of attractiveness. He is the mighty God: God over all, blessed for evermore!" Angels worship Him; the spirits of the redeemed worship Him; the whole church worships Him; the Father of an Infinite Majesty commands us to worship Him. We bow low before His footstool; we hope in His sacrifice; we rejoice in His salvation; we glory in His cross! He is as gracious as He is great; as loving as He is mighty! As is His majesty, so is His tenderness; as is His power, so is His compassion! Our Friend as well as our Creator; our Brother as well as our Sovereign. The subject may be proud of his sovereign, the scholar of his teacher, the mariner of his captain, the soldier of his general; but there is no sovereign or teacher, no captain or general, to compare with Him whom you serve, either in character or in achievement, in faithfulness or in friendship, in resources or in bestowment! "There is no one who ought to be trusted with such implicitness, listened to with such attractiveness, loved with such cordiality, or followed with such constancy and devotedness! What else can it be but a work of honour, and a service of dignity, to follow the example, and do the bidding of one so pre-eminently glorious and attractive; who so loved us as to give Himself for us; who stooped to the condition of a servant and minister that we might attain to the dignity of kings; and who humbled Himself to the ignominy and death of the cross, that we might rise to the honours and felicities of heaven!"

III. Let us now for a brief period consider the SACRED DUTIES, and SOLEMN OBLIGATIONS of the Christian ministry. Your duties are numerous and diversified, sacred and solemn. They have to do with *yourselves*, your own hearts, your own religious character, your own safety, and purity, and felicity; they have a relation to your *charge*, the flock, the church, "over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers;" they relate to your *work*, and the spirit and manner in which you should perform it; they have to do with your *message*, and the way in which it is presented and delivered; they have a bearing on time, and a relation to eternity; they are associated with man's highest interests both here and hereafter; and are also connected with the highest manifestations of the divine character and glory—the fulfilment of the divine purposes, the execution of the Divine plans. If time permitted, we might dwell on these varied aspects of your work; we must, however, hasten on. In order then somewhat to impress your minds with the solemn duties and

obligations of your office, take a supposed case. "Imagine yourselves in the pulpit; and in fancy look around on the congregation. It presents a varied appearance; human nature is exhibited under many forms. There are the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the thoughtful and the thoughtless, the grave and the gay. You are naturally led to inquire, what are these beings who are seated before you? For what purpose are they come? And what must you say to them? Every one of them has a mighty interest that requires his attention. If you cast a glance into futurity, you see, at the distance of a century, each of these creatures in a state of unspeakable happiness or unutterable misery. Long before that time has elapsed you will be in another world, where, in all probability, you will see some of the beings who are now assembled to listen to the words which shall fall from your lips. Nay, more than this; those very words must have an influence upon their future destiny. You are placed there to distribute the elements of life. To some perhaps, they will be the means of death; for you know that such fearful transmutations often take place. You stand in a most fearful place, where the destinies of immortal souls seem to hang on your conduct. You might have occupied those pews, and thus have been free from this burden. But, since you have taken your position, and the burden of responsibility is upon you—should it not create a deep seriousness of spirit, a thrilling anxiety, as to the result of your efforts, a yearning desire that they may have a happy issue: a desire that shall swallow up every other, and make you feel as if you had no interest, and even no existence, apart from that of these immortal spirits? Do you feel within a tendency to treat the whole affair with indifference, and to pass it over as one among a series of acts which form the common routine of human existence—you come here to preach, and the people come to hear; and that is all? But instantly you check the indulgence of such reflections as these. A multitude of spirit-stirring inquiries at once present themselves. Are eternity, heaven, and hell, salvation and damnation, objects and subjects that should be viewed and treated with indifference? Can you think of the miseries of a lost soul, and feel no emotions of pity? Your souls feel the awful justice of sentiments like these; they enter your souls with all the majesty of truth; and you are convinced that to dismiss them would be a profanation of the place in which you stand, and a violation of the character which you sustain! But what is the character of that preaching whose tone shall be in harmony with sentiments like these?

"In imagination, you now leave the pulpit, and seat yourselves among the audience. You observe the preacher enter the sacred place; you watch every step, and mark every movement of his countenance. He moves as if he were on some great business. There is a seriousness about his demeanour which the spectators feel. His entrance produces a change in the emotions which pervade the assembly. If emotions and ideas could take a visible form, those of a worldly character would be seen to vanish, and thoughts and feelings of deep solemnity to take their place. You see him seated in the pulpit. He does not look like an ordinary man. There is a solemn, an unearthly anxiety in his look. All the powers of his

mind appear concentrated upon one object, far different from the whole range of sublunary cares. He has been in a higher state of existence. He has come from a moral elevation which humanity seldom reaches. His spirit reflects the light of heaven! He glances at the assembly; but although the glance is momentary, yet it speaks volumes, which those who mark it can easily understand. His hearers feel that their best interests are dear to him. He opens the sacred volume, and all listen as if God Himself were speaking. He announces the subject of discourse. It is a practical one; in which all must feel interested. In commencing he is deeply serious, although far from being loud and boisterous. The thoughts and feelings, which have been confined in his breast, at first escape in gentle accents. He addresses the understanding of his audience, knowing that they require to be informed before they can be excited; that the way to the heart is through the understanding. His descriptions are clear. His pictures are vivid. His aim is direct. His hearers cannot mistake him. They feel the tendency of his thoughts, and they eagerly anticipate the object at which he is aiming. As he proceeds, he seems to gather a mysterious energy, arising not from wire-drawn theory, or splendid creations of fancy, but from the clear plain statements of simple but Divine truth. The light which heat first scattered, now begins to diffuse heat. He soon becomes an altered man. The powers of the world to come are seen to take possession of his spirit. He draws the curtain which conceals the invisible. Earth and all its busy scenes vanish. Heaven and hell are revealed. Every countenance reflects the light of the one, or the gloom of the other. There is not a careless or inattentive spirit in the place; all feel compelled to look in the direction in which he points. He now feels that he has got access to the immortal souls with whom he is surrounded, and he does not fail to improve the precious moment. He urges with divine energy things, which belong to their eternal peace. He presses with resistless force and earnestness the inquiry, 'What must I do to be saved?' He appeals to conscience in a tone which it dares not refuse to answer. The affections and passions are raised at his command. Love, fear, and hope start from their slumbers, and the whole moral being becomes intensely awake; and the heart is fixed on Christ and God! Such is the man, that I, and each one of you, ought to be! 'Who is sufficient for these things?'"*

IV. We come now to consider some of the QUALIFICATIONS necessary to ministerial success. The qualifications for the Christian ministry may be considered as of three kinds, viz. :—the *physical*, the *intellectual*, and the *spiritual*. We shall not, however, follow this order, but simply call attention to the following, as *essential to ministerial success*.

GENUINE, SCRIPTURAL CONVERSION. In the choice and appointment of Christ's ambassadors to a rebel world, there is a sovereignty exercised by the Head of the Church which none must ever call in question; and with which none should dare to interfere. It is a principle laid down in God's holy word that all efforts to benefit our

* From Memorials of John Hessel, altered..

fellow-men shall be founded upon a previous regard to personal religion. Thus in the order of Jehovah, the ministry of reconciliation is never committed but to those who are themselves reconciled to God. There cannot be a greater anomaly in the world than that of a man who is unconverted going forth to proclaim the glad tidings of mercy and forgiveness to his unconverted fellow-creatures! He is like a philanthropist who is breaking bread to perishing thousands around him, yet dying of hunger himself! Or like an individual presenting a cup of water to the lips of the perishing, yet himself dying of thirst! Or, as the physician, dying of the very disease which he is trying to cure in others! If there is one point, which as a denomination, we have been, and still are, anxious to guard, it is, that every man who enters our ministry should be a converted man,—a man living under the power and influence of God's truth. There must be life *within a man*, before the fruits and beauty of a holy life will be evinced externally. The heart must be right with God, before any actions can be truly pleasing to God, or profitable to our fellows. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." There must, then, be the consciousness and the evidence of true scriptural conversion and renewal. In your cases, my dear brethren, we are persuaded that you have been the subjects of this spiritual change; that you have passed from death unto life. Without such an assurance, we could not be satisfied that your credentials are from God; or that we are right in the engagements of this day.

DEEP AND EMINENT PIETY. Your religious life should not only be real and true, but in a high degree *vigorous, healthful, energetic, eminent*. This is necessary for all Christians,—but especially and emphatically so for all Christian ministers. Your vocation, your work, your position, your example, your happiness, as well as your usefulness, all conspire to make it necessary that your religion should be full, joyous, and powerful. You have to take the lead in the whole line of obedience; and to stand out bright and luminous patterns in conversation, in charity, in faith, in spirit, in purity. "In all things approving yourselves as ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in strifes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost." Such passages give striking lessons upon the temper by which you should always be influenced; the spirit which you should ever cultivate; and the tone and character of your hearts and lives. Nothing can be substituted for a holy walking with God. Abide in Him, and He will abide in you, and you will thus bear much fruit. "The man who becomes the monitor and example of all others, what elevation should possess his views! what sanctity his heart! How pure should be his motives! How devoted his life! How should he walk with God in all righteousness, and find in His approbation, the sole and sufficient aliment of his life and joy!" It is the order of Infinite Wisdom, that goodness shall yield goodness, that piety shall produce piety, and that love shall beget love. If, therefore, you would be truly successful in your work, aspire to possess copious supplies of the spirit of piety, and of Christ.

SYMPATHY WITH THE TRUTH. The word of God supplies us with

all requisite information for life and godliness. In it are the sources of all history, all truth, all morality, all religion. "It is the book of knowledge; the key to nature; the commentator on Providence; and the charter of salvation." It imparts to us the knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ, and of eternal life; and these are the substances of the Christian ministry. No case of intricacy can arise for which it does not provide; there is no truth necessary to be known which it does not reveal; there is no duty to be performed, to which it is not the guide. Individually, the Scriptures are able to make us wise to salvation; and officially, they are profitable to the man of God, "for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness that he may be thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work." As Christian ministers, therefore, you have no need to explore the heavens above, or the deep beneath, for the knowledge of what you should believe yourselves, or teach to others; "it is nigh unto you, in your mouths, and in your hearts," if they are filled with the words of the living God. You profess to be satisfied of the divine inspiration of the Scriptures; that they were written by holy men who were inspired by the Holy Ghost; and that they authoritatively convey the mind of God to man. Let nothing abate this conviction of the authority and sufficiency of the Scriptures. Tradition must not be accepted by you, as having co-ordinate authority with holy writ. "The sacred Scriptures are the only judge, the only rule of faith; the touch-stone to which all dogmas are to be brought; and it is by them that all questions should be decided, whether they are pious or impious, true or false." Tradition, however venerable, cannot add to the sufficiency of the Scriptures when it agrees therewith; and when it differs from them it must be rejected. But whilst nothing must be added to the teachings of the Scriptures, so you must guard against abating their force, or weakening their influence by any form of unbelief however specious and inviting its presentations may appear. Purity of doctrine depends on reverence for the word of God, and the converting power of the ministry on the faithful embodying of unsophisticated truth in preaching. The best safeguard against speculative errors, is to avoid the vain and dreamy speculations from which they spring; and the best defence against the departure from the living verities of the Gospel, is the living experience of them in the heart. As ministers, you are not to be perpetually proving the Gospel to be true, but to proclaim it as the "perfect law of liberty," in the name of its divine Author. If you falter in your faith, the same may be expected in your hearers; but if you preach the Gospel from a deep conviction of the truth of its history and doctrines, its promises and threatenings, you will by God's blessing, work the same conviction in the minds of those who hear you. "Take heed, therefore, unto the doctrines, continue in them; for in doing this, you shall both save yourselves, and them that hear you."

A PASSION FOR THE DIVINE GLORY. The chief end of man on earth, is, to "glorify God, that he may enjoy Him for ever." You cannot conceive of a more noble and glorious object, than the glory of Jehovah; and neither human nor angelic mind can cherish a more elevated, and ennobling aim, than the promotion of the divine

glory! As a principle, the promotion of the divine honour, is necessary to all Christian character. The ungodly have it not; they are regulated by an opposite principle. But a Christian cannot be without it. In the Christian minister, it should be found, not only as a settled principle, but with the absorbing power of a **RULING PASSION!** Others may have a passion for wealth, or fame, or pleasure, or science, or politics, or merchandise; but you must be possessed by the one noble passion of living, working, preaching, suffering, and, if need be, dying for the glory and honour of God! This must be the great end of your lives—the very element and delight of your existences. This will teach you to forget yourselves; to deny yourselves; to sacrifice yourselves for God; and to be happy in so doing. “Actuated by this holy and elevating principle you will indignantly spurn whatever would dishonour your Saviour, or contravene His will, or compromise His purposes. It will give vitality, beauty, and power to your ministry.” Your constant solicitude, and perpetual endeavour, must be so to preach and exhibit Christ, that He may be esteemed, and honoured, and loved—that He may be “exalted, and extolled, and be very high.” “And, as in your own salvation, you will suffer nothing to come between you and the cross of Christ; so, in presenting that cross to the view of others, you must be constantly jealous and solicitous, lest your own shadow, or the shadow of an angel’s wing, should come between it, and the sinners whom you address.”

DEEP SYMPATHY WITH, AND COMPASSION FOR MANKIND. You have to make men sensible of the fact that they have broken the righteous laws of their Maker; that they are under sentence of condemnation for those offences; that the sentence recorded against them subjects them to the forfeiture of life and happiness, both in this world, and in that which is to come. You have also to announce the grace and mercy of God, as unfolded in the pity, the humility, the tears, the sufferings, and the death of the Son of God for their sakes. You have to beseech men to accept the Gospel message by faith, that they may rejoice in a display of infinite mercy, which provides for them the only escape from the wrath to come. You must set your hearts upon this. And so far as there is a sacred violence in the clear exhibition of Gospel truth, in cogent argument, in earnest appeal, and loving passionate entreaty, let that sacred violence be used by you. If your own hearts be right, there will be ardent zeal for the glory of Christ, and melting compassion for perishing sinners; there will be in one word, “the love of Christ;” and that love will mightily constrain you. “You will love the world as the Holy Spirit loves it; love it with tender compassion, with meltings of pity, with the unction of gentleness, with the emotion of concern, and with strong energies to save it.” You must not forget that you have been in like circumstances of guilt, and misery, and danger, that some one pitied and warned you; and that you are as “brands plucked out of the fire.” You will then feel that the ministration of mercy is committed to you and not to angels, that it may be sustained by a fellowship of sympathy, and a gushing tenderness of heart, which angels can never know. The man who is devoid of love, will be devoid of power; for sympathies

are golden chains by which Christian orators draw men's ears and hearts to themselves, and the truths they teach. "I preached," said one, "when I spake of condemnation as though I wore the chains about my own arm, and heard them clanking in my ears." "And I," said another, "preached of pardon bought with blood, as though I had myself just come up from the sacred fountain, having left my foulness all behind, and being girt about with the white linen which is the righteousness of saints." You must have warm, tender, flaming hearts, hearts saturated with intense sympathy in order to be useful. Heart-power, is real power. "He that astonishes his fellow-creatures may be great; he that alarms them may be powerful; he that arouses them may be energetic; he that pleases them may be amiable; but he that 'winneeth souls,' is *loving* and *wise*. The eye of Christian love is cheering as the day; her voice is sweeter than music; her smile is peace; her words are soft as the dew of the morning; her approach is like the descent of angels; her tears and tenderness have melted the hardest hearts; her eloquence is persuasion; her argument is entreaty; she pleads, beseeches, constrains, conjures. She is familiar with the themes of mercy; and draws with the cords of love, and with the bands of a man."

FIRM AND HUMBLE DEPENDENCE UPON GOD'S SPIRIT. The source of all holy activity and spiritual power, and religious beauty and fruitfulness, is the life-giving Spirit. Whatever else may be necessary to an efficient ministry, you must, first and last, insist on the influence of the Holy Ghost as essential: you will then feel as if you could not move without the Spirit; but knowing that the Spirit is promised to prayer, you will cry mightily for His aid and power. And as certainly as you believe you will pray; as certainly as you pray you will obtain the Holy Spirit; and as certainly as you obtain His influence and help, yours will be an efficient and fruitful ministry. Let no conviction be more present to your minds, or more settled there, than this—that there is nothing on earth or in heaven to warrant your preaching of the Gospel with the hope of success, but the promise of God's Spirit. And as you can have no hope without it, let it be seen that with it, you have unbounded hope and confidence. "Look around you for the last means, the last plea, the last word, by which you may give completeness and power to your solemn message; and then just lie down at the foot of the throne in your weakness and look up with an infinite desire to the right hand of the Most High. Perfect diligence and perfect dependence would save the world!" Honour the Spirit by your humble dependence and earnest prayers, and God will honour you with a rich and an abundant harvest of usefulness. If God be the source of greatness, then those who aspire to greatness must live at the Fountain-head. Cherish the sense of your own weakness, you will then lean your entire weight upon the arm of God. Let me commend to you the prayer of Aquinas; and in these words or others better suited to your views be oftentimes praying with direct reference to your work. "O incomprehensible Creator, the true Fountain of light, and only Author of all knowledge; who, out of the treasure of Thy wisdom, hast, with wonderful harmony, disposed and ordered all the parts of the world; vouchsafe, I beseech Thee, to enlighten my understanding

with the rays of Thy brightness, and chase away from me all darkness of sin and ignorance! Thou who makeest eloquent the tongues of those that want utterance, instruct my tongue, and pour on my lips the grace of Thy blessing; give me a diligent and obedient spirit, quickness of apprehension, capacity of retaining, and the continual assistance of Thy Holy Spirit; that I may apply all to Thy honour, and the everlasting salvation of my own soul, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

V. WE WILL NOW NOTICE A FEW INCENTIVES TO MINISTERIAL FIDELITY. Think of the vows you have taken upon yourselves to perform. A vow in connection with man, and in trivial engagements will give a somewhat serious character to such an act; but a vow made to God and to His church, is surely of the most sacred and binding kind. There are such vows upon you now. You have avowed yourselves as resolved to serve God in the Gospel of His Son. You have reviewed your engagements during four years of probation; you have looked for light and direction; and now you again repeat your solemn vows. Your vows are heard and recorded in heaven. Do not under any temptation or inducement, forget or forsake your engagements made this day. Be true to your own consciences, to your brethren in the ministry, to the denomination of your choice, to your vocation, and to your Saviour! You profess to approve of our doctrines and discipline; and after the years of experience you have had, and the readings, studies, and examinations you have passed through, the articles of your creed ought to be so fixed on your minds and hearts, that nothing can shake them. "It is hardly possible to use too strong language in condemnation of those who, having been entrusted with the care and leading of a flock, set them an example by desertion, either to escape reproach, or to get into a more respectable position. Such men, as they deserve, are generally disappointed in both these particulars—always in the latter; for no position which may be occupied by one who has betrayed his trust will make him respectable." Abide, then, in the position in which you are called to work, and pursue your arduous but honourable calling with firmness and cheerfulness.

THE TIMES IN WHICH WE LIVE, are such as to demand steadfastness and loyalty at your hands. The church and the world have high claims upon you. Times of trial, of change, of doubt, and of decision are at hand. Scepticism and infidelity, ritualism and ceremonialism, are not backward to avow their principles and propagate their errors. How much more, therefore, should you have faith in the sublime disclosures of the Gospel, and in their matchless adaptation to the moral necessities of our race?

"It is a serious mistake to interfere with the dogmatic teaching of the Bible, or think of making the doctrines of Revelation more palatable or more acceptable to the unrenowned man. There are ultimate facts in our fallen humanity, and there are ultimate truths in the Bible; and between these there is perfect harmony." This truth you are pledged to conserve and propagate. You must hold fast the truth as it is in Jesus; otherwise your ministry will lose its power. You must strive to be full of power, men in intellect, saints in piety, serpents in wisdom, lions in courage, seraphs in zeal. "You are

compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses—martyrs, confessors, and saints! You must follow whither they have led; trace their steps; hold fast by the same truths; avow your attachment to the same principles; and like them, be prepared to suffer rather than surrender, to die, rather than yield!”

THINK ALSO OF THE PRICELESS AND INCALCULABLE WORTH OF THE SOUL! *Intelligent*; capable of all that is high, and lofty and sublime! *Immortal*; destined to live for ever in a perpetuity of bliss or woe! *Fallen*; therefore, under sentence of condemnation, and exposed to endless perdition! *Redeemed*; therefore, on a platform from whence it may rise to the favour and image of God—and to all the glories of heaven! What vast and mighty means are in operation, if possible, to rescue the soul from guilt, from pollution, from perdition, and black despair; and to exalt it to peace, and purity, and hope; to endless joy and ineffable glory! And, oh! what powerful, determined, ceaseless efforts are being made to prevent the soul's happiness, and well-being in time; and to secure and perfect its ruin and misery for ever! Two worlds are ever contending and struggling for the soul of man! *Heaven*, in love, in mercy, in grace, is striving to get it up there! *Hell*, in malice, in envy, in cruel, infernal rage, is struggling to get it down there. Open your eyes to the awful scene of myriads of precious, immortal, blood-bought souls, rejecting God's counsels, despising His mercy, neglecting salvation; going on, and still on, downwards, and still downwards to their everlasting doom! Then, if your hearts are in sympathy with Christ, and the purposes for which “He left the throne of glory for the pang of death;” if your spirits are stirred by the agonies of Gethsemane, and the tragic scenes of Calvary; if your minds are duly impressed with the solemn truths of Revelation, and all the dread realities of eternity; if your souls are filled with love to God and man, and fired with zeal for the glory of the Redeemer: then you cannot but weep, and tremble, and pray, and labour, so as by some means to promote the salvation of your fellow-men! Seeing thousands around you hurrying to death and woe, with only a single thread between them and ruin, suspended by the mercy of God, but which may in a moment, any moment, be broken; you will hasten to plant the “cross of Christ,” between the sinner and hell, that he may be attracted, and won, and saved! On the one hand think of a soul, or souls *lost*, through your negligence, or indifference, or coldness, or want of fidelity, or defect in Christian character! On the other hand, think of a soul, or souls *saved* through your faithful and loving service! Such reflections will supply you, if your hearts are kept right with God, with powerful incentives to duty, fidelity, and zeal.

There is also the JOY OF DOING GOOD—the BLISS OF DUTY FAITHFULLY PERFORMED. To a well-regulated mind it is no small satisfaction to know that duty has been performed. Self-respect, by an approving conscience, is a valuable quality, and upholds a man with strength and confidence. When the conscience whispers the music of “Well-done” to the soul, there is deep, pure, heavenly joy. “A good man is satisfied in himself;” but a *bad man* can never be. “This is our rejoicing, even the testimony of an approving conscience.” You have to fulfil your trust, by keeping at your post,

doing your appointed work, at the right time, in the right spirit, with the right end, and from the right motive; then as years advance, and health fails, and life declines, and you may no longer labour actively for the Lord, how refreshing and joyous to be able to reflect that your life has not passed away in vain, but that you have served your generation by the will of God! Moving and acting thus in harmony with your heavenly appointed mission, and in agreement with the will of your divine Lord, healthful streams of happiness will ever flow in upon your spirits to cheer and solace—the light of the divine countenance will fall brightly on your pathway, and the “joy of the Lord will be your comfort and strength.”

Lastly, think also of the GRANDEUR OF YOUR REWARD IN HEAVEN! Your divine Lord hath said, “If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am there shall also My servant be.” To follow Christ, and to serve Christ, is to pursue the path that infallibly leads to the heaven where Jesus now is, and to the realization of all that His heavenly presence ensures, and His kingdom supplies. As certainly as you look to the Saviour’s obedience and death for pardon and eternal life, and make His example and precepts the rule of your conduct, so sure is it that you will outlive all that is imperfect and unworthy, gain the heights of celestial security and elevation, lift up your heads among the hierarchies of heaven, and stand and worship with the loftiest created intelligences in the presence of enthroned love! But who shall describe the honour that you shall then experience, and the bliss you then shall share, “when the garments of corruption have been exchanged for the vestments of immortality, the infirmities of earth for the perfection of heaven, and the pilgrimage of the wilderness for the repose of the celestial Canaan; when you tread the very eminences that engirdle the eternal throne, gaze on nothing but scenes of glory, listen to nothing but utterances of love, and experience nothing but feelings of joy!” “It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when Christ shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.”

And now, my dear brethren it is my earnest wish and prayer, that the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush may be ever with you; that your hearts may be ever right with God; that your minds may be full of divine light, and your souls filled with divine love: that God may ever dwell in you, and you in God; that the Gospel of Jesus which you proclaim may ever be the peace of your conscience, and the life of your hearts, and the joy and beauty of your lives; and that those to whom you shall be permitted to minister, may be your chief joy on earth—and the crown of your rejoicing in the kingdom of glory! “May you lean your heads in death upon your Saviour’s breast, and feel yourselves upborne in the arms of the great Shepherd! May you yield up your labours and your lives together into the hands that were nailed for you to the cross, and now wait to invest you with the Crown! May the voice of heavenly love and welcome, fall softly on your ears, before that of earthly tenderness is silent, while kisses of immortal love and the tears of mortal anguish are mingled together on your cheeks; may you breathe the air of Paradise before you have wholly passed the confines

of the wilderness, and find yourselves, while sinking in utter weakness, rising into undecaying vigour! In death may it be given you to live as you have sought in life to die! Standing, as shall that mighty angel, on the land and on the sea, who shall raise his hand, and swear that time shall be no longer, may it be yours to feel yourselves, for one blissful moment, secure and happy alike in earth and heaven; then, lifting your last steps from the wave, having passed the stream of death, you shall linger and look backwards wonderingly on its dark waters, now gilded with the light of immortality, and rippling peacefully on the eternal shore! This is a joy which angels know not; and which we must die to know!"

"But chiefly ye should lift your gaze, above the world's uncertain haze,
And look, with calm unwavering eye, on the bright fields beyond the sky.
Ye who your Lord's commission bear, His way of mercy to prepare,
Angels, He calls you: Be your strife, to lead on earth an angel's life.

"Think not of rest: though dreams be sweet. Start up and ply your heavenly feet.
Is not God's oath upon your head, ne'er to sink back on slothful bed?
Never again your loins untie, nor let your torches waste and die,
Till when the shadows thickest fall, Ye hear your Master's midnight call."

GEORGE HERBERT AND HIS POEMS.

No. 2.

GEORGE HERBERT was a ritualist—but let not any reader start to find such a designation applied to him. Had he lived in our time, he would not have belonged to a party, too well known to us, which is endeavouring to approximate as closely as possible to the Church of Rome while retaining its connection with the established Church of England. Herbert's ritualism was of a milder and less dangerous sort, and the overweening regard with which he speaks of certain parts of the church ceremonial does not diminish our esteem for him as a minister and a poet, however much we may think him in error. There are certain men whose cases are clearly exceptional, and Herbert's is to be numbered among these. From peculiarities in his temperament, he was led to dwell with love and reverence upon things which were not to him merely fitting externals, but symbols full of a deep spiritual meaning. His ritualism did not loosen the grasp of his faith, dim his hope, or deaden his love; yet in other men even such a moderate clinging to forms and ceremonies will often have these effects. Herbert had a strong attachment to the Church Liturgy; he honoured her days of special observance; nay, even the walls of the building in which he met his people, and the very porch, had a sanctity in his eyes; yet he would have held aloof from, and heartily repudiated, those innovations brought into the Established Church by modern so-called "priests." Those amongst our modern ritualists who seek to claim Herbert as on their side, forget that there was an under-current of deep religious feeling which ever flowed on while he was dilating in his quaint and beautiful style on some visible object, for that was only touched upon in order that, by its means, he might touch the heart. He wrote in fact, as most authors do, judging of other men by himself, and as he could be stirred by these outward, and seemingly trivial things, when he addressed others, he did so as if they were cast in the same mould, and could be moved in like manner. This explains the purpose of much of his verse, and shows us also how it is that he is not, and has never been, a popular religious poet; since to

appreciate Herbert perfectly you must be somewhat like him. But to those who are not lacking in imagination, and who will take the trouble to follow out his (admittedly) curious conceits and similes, we can promise a rich reward. They will find a thread of pure gold interwoven everywhere with the gaudy and strangely coloured tapestry which hangs around his thought. True as the magnetic needle to the pole, Herbert's heart ever turned to his Lord, and of all themes, the one most congenial to him was that of Redemption. The object before his bodily or mental vision has but a transient value, he touches slightly upon it, yet only to turn with deeper enthusiasm towards the unseen, and one even of the names given to Christ suffices to send him to his harp to draw therefrom angelic melody.

"How sweetly doth My Master sound! My Master!
As Ambergris leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster:
So do these words a sweet content,
An oriental fragrancy, My Master."

Whatever beauties and excellences may be found in the shorter poems of Herbert, I suppose most critics will consider, "The Church Porch," as his master-piece. If the "Country Parson" contains, in prose, his ideal of the Christian minister, we have in the opening poem just named, his representation of what the worshipper in the church ought to be. It teems with choice lessons, as applicable to the conduct of life in the nineteenth century as in the sixteenth. But, alas! where shall we find either "Parson" or people approximating to the exalted standard he desires to set up. If the threshold of the church or place of worship was the halting-place of those who, themselves being judges, make no attempts at attaining to these graces of the Christian character, the largest part of many a congregation would have to pause outside, and the dust gather thickly on no small proportion of the seats within. In fact, two things impress us very forcibly as we con Herbert's "Church-Porch;" we are surprised, not only at the suitability of his remarks to our own day, and the aptness of the language, which seems almost, with the exception of the form of some of the words, as if it had flowed fresh from the pen; and secondly, we perceive that the author, though a man reserved and studious, was exceedingly observant of all that passed around him, in church, in society, or in the street or wayside. He was fully alive to the importance of securing the young, and fixing them on the side of truth and virtue. A youth he regards as a "treasure," and therefore he is eager to seize him, and assails him with poetry, being quite aware, as he observes in the opening stanza, that the "sermon" is often unattractive, and fails of its intended effect. And it is with admirable wisdom that Herbert directs his first attack upon sensuality and self-indulgence, particularly the besetting sins of the young. The subject of breaches of the seventh commandment is handled with no coarseness, yet with a plainness usual in that age; and I fear it must be conceded, to the disgrace of our era of refinement and progress, that, despite a certain show of delicacy, we are really worse than our ancestors in this matter. The consequences are deadly, for as Herbert shows, licentiousness and drunkenness become the parents of every other sin which can be named.

Like Paul, in a good sense, George Herbert was "all things to all men," and in his appeals to the conscience, he plied a variety of arguments. Nor did he fall into an error too common with preachers and teachers; namely, that of addressing men and women as if they recognised certain principles of action which are either unknown to them, or rejected by them. He adapts his arguments to the case before him. Thus; if the swearer is deaf to higher and nobler appeals against his vice, Herbert will have him think how utterly profitless it is; so that even to the "epicure"—to one bent on self-gratification—it really is of no benefit. If this does not startle

the transgressor, Herbert tries him in another way. "The cheapest sins most dearly punished are;" because they might be easily avoided; then surely the pleasure (if pleasure there be) cannot be worth the penalty which must follow.

Sometimes one is almost tempted to smile at the ingenious suggestions Herbert offers, which he believes may help those who are in danger of giving way to vice. Thus, having noticed sensuality in its form of excess in drink, he, some stanzas farther on, shows that gluttony is as dangerous, and gives this caution:—

"Look to thy mouth; diseases enter there.
Thou hast two sconces, if thy stomach call;
Carve or discourse; do not a famine fear,
Who carves, is kind to two; who talks to all."

The meaning of which slightly obscure verse is this; "sconce," though very frequently applied to the head or skull, was also used in the sense of "bulwark." That is to say, if a man is in danger of eating too much, through being very hungry, or because he has a natural weakness in that direction, there are two safeguards he can avail himself of. He can carve, or he can converse, and from the remark that he who carves is "kind to two," it would seem that the usage in those days was different from that now prevailing. Perhaps each carver only attended to the wants of his neighbours on the right and left. And again, says Herbert, trouble not about the remarks of those who cry: "Thou liv'st by rule." Why, should not rule and method, be adopted in eating, as in other things? We find these in "houses," in "commonwealths;" nay, even the celestial bodies move strictly according to a Divine plan. Therefore,

"Who lives by rule, then, keeps good company."

Very cogent are Herbert's utterances concerning the duties of parents. He saw fathers and mothers busily enough engaged about a variety of things, while they neglected the education of their children. Nor did he think that mere instruction, in some form, was sufficient to exonerate a parent from all further trouble, as far as the mind of his child was concerned. Herbert held that the proper training of their children was the duty of parents, and one especially incumbent on those who had means and leisure; and yet, notwithstanding, by these very persons was it often neglected.

"Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sons;
Some mark a partridge, never their child's fashion;
Some ship them over,* and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great design,
And if God's image move thee not, let thine."

Strongly does our poet reprehend those who toil and scrape in order to accumulate wealth for the supposed benefit of their children, without taking any care that those who are to possess it are also so trained, as to have a right apprehension of the responsibilities wealth throws upon them. And he would have the parent see to it, that the mind of the child is, by early culture, brought into the belief that money alone cannot bestow either happiness or peace. And never scarcely was this lesson needed more than now, when we see around us so many madly intent upon being rich, no matter at what cost to themselves or to others. "Strive to get on," is a maxim too often dinned into the ears of youth, and though, rightly interpreted, the advice is good; in the common acceptance it is frequently only meant to imply the attainment of a certain position of superiority above

* That is, send them abroad for their education, a practice not yet out of fashion.

others, in money or in position; principle being left out of the question. Well may we say with Herbert,

"The way to make thy son rich, is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches;
For wealth without contentment, climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests, which fly over ditches."

Herbert would have his model man remarkable, not indeed for his dogged self-will, but yet for his determination, as far as possible, to adhere to any resolutions which he may have formed. Vacillation is destructive to the powers of the mind, and is not without its unfavourable influence upon the bodily energies. And we generally find that those who, within wise limits, are steadfast in keeping to their purposes, are slow in making resolves. Thus Herbert puts it in verse,—

"When thou dost purpose ought, (within thy power)
Be sure to do it, though it be but small;
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stout (*steadfast*)
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself;
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf."

We are accustomed to speak of "shelving rocks," but this is not precisely the old meaning attached to the word. "Shelf" was applied to a precipice, or a ridge of cliff, which was of a dangerous sort. So that the poet's argument is this, a resolve steadily acted out, is as a good ship to carry you on to the harbour of success; should you change, or shrink therefrom, it will, likely enough, work evil instead of good, and prove a stumbling-block—or worse.

"Speak, that I may see thee," said a philosopher of the olden times to one in whose company he was thrown, and Herbert gives many pithy maxims on the subject of conversation, and it is noticeable that already when he wrote, the word was used occasionally in its modern acceptation, though more generally applied to the "course of life" or "conduct," which corresponds with its Latin derivation. And again, when Herbert says, that, "in conversation, boldness now bears sway," he is not using boldness in a bad sense, but means by it "confidence" or "determination;" and hence, he adds, it is important that we have something solid in the background, to justify us in being bold.

"First assay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery;
Then march on gallant.—

So in dealing with those who are our superiors, Herbert thinks that boldness is better than obsequiousness; yet the boldness must be kept in check by its being respective, i.e., *respectful*. And the tenor of his remarks in this is to the effect, that, as each man is, or may be, in his own sphere, as worthy as any other in approaching persons above us in station, we ought not to forget what is due to ourselves. Above all, do not encourage any in evil-doing because they are great, says Herbert, and reprehends the practice in these strong words:—

"Feed no man in his sins; for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation."

That is, in plain prose, we are helping on Satan in his malicious designs, if we supply others with the means of doing evil, or palliate their vices, though we ourselves may keep aloof from them. Admirers of the *In Memoriam* of our poet-laureate will perhaps be reminded by the lines just quoted, of a passage in which Tennyson speaks of some, who employ

Philosophy to furnish certain palliations or explanations of wrong-doing, and are in danger of making her become

“Procureess to the lords of hell.”

With all his earnestness in religious things, Herbert had little austerity about him, and we are not astonished, therefore, to find that he highly commends wit. He looks upon it as a wholesome seasoning to our discourse, and harmless fun is not prohibited by any rule of Christian ethics.

“All things are big with jest; nothing that’s plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.”

In fact, as he shows, if we sift the conversation of others whose language is not in many respects what we should approve, we may select therefrom various things which we may make useful, taking care to remove from it all profanity, malice, or indecency, just as we would remove stones and weeds from our garden-plot. Wit, says Herbert, is nevertheless a weapon needing cautious usage. A man must not laugh much at his own jocose remarks, for then it is not at all unlikely that those who laugh first at what he has uttered, will end by laughing at him. And, if not well managed, the witty observation may be so taken up as to produce an unpleasant effect, perchance upon some friend; or it may fall to the ground flat and unprofitable, to the mortification of the speaker.

“Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.”*

Some further remarks on the remaining stanzas, we must hold over until the next paper.

THE SECRET OF GREAT USEFULNESS, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

BEFORE proceeding with our task, it is necessary to offer a brief explanation. We do not wish our readers to infer, as some have done, that the “Life of the Rev. Joseph Wood” illustrates *only* those principles to which we justly gave prominence in our last paper, as essential to great usefulness. This explanation is all the more necessary, because the “Memoir of the Rev. W. C. Burns” is to be used this month to illustrate other principles, but we are bound to add that the “Memoir” might have been substituted for the “Life” without any appreciable difference in the result. The truth is, that the life of every eminent Christian is an embodiment of all the principles and graces of religion, though some of these, owing either to natural temperament or outward circumstances, may be more prominent than others, in some instances, even unduly so.

One word as to another point. It must not be supposed that only those persons who are instrumental in the conversion of sinners on a large scale, are eminently useful. The translator of the Bible into a new language, the learned apologist who successfully defends the truth against the attacks of all assailants and adversaries, and others besides, are not less useful or necessary than the revival preacher. It is to be regretted that one kind of usefulness cannot be always recognized and approved without seemingly to disparage all other kinds. This is not our intention; and if it were, we should be chargeable with as great folly as the man who despises the moon or the stars because it is not the sun, a bed of roses because it is not a

* That is; they have bought their folly dearly.

field of wheat or a bubbling spring, or a splendid painting, because it is not useful in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, or healing the sick. It is, however, because we are sure that usefulness in the conversion of sinners is of the *highest* order, and the common and glorious privilege of all the saved, that this series of papers has been projected, and for no other reason whatsoever.

The Rev. W. C. Burns* was born on the 1st of April 1815, and died in China, April 4th, 1868. From his conversion until his death, he was in labours more abundant. First in his own country and in other parts of the United Kingdom, and afterwards in Canada and China, he laboured with a zeal, and a devotedness, and a success that has scarcely a parallel in modern times. It is hardly too much to assert that a hundred such as he would change the aspect of professedly Christian lands such as England or America, and overturn the idolatry in the centres of heathendom. What was the secret of his power?

First and foremost we believe was *his felt conscious dependence upon the Holy Ghost*. This was continually present to his mind, and it formed "the master principle of his whole life and ministry." The Holy Ghost must be more honoured by the churches before the great mountains of Pride, and Prejudice, and Selfishness, and Cruelty, and Superstition flow down at His presence. Almost any number of extracts we might quote from Mr. Burns's beautiful and instructive memoir to illustrate the point under consideration, but as our space this month is very limited we must be content with a few only. From his diary we take the following:

"Sep. 23rd, 1838. Oh! it is indeed an arduous thing to preach from supernatural views of divine, supernatural truths. The Lord must give these, or they cannot be attained.

"Sep. 3rd, 1839. I felt so desirous to press home the glad tidings, and to call down the Holy Ghost by more importunate prayer, that after the blessing had been pronounced I waited with nearly as many as could find seats out of the immense multitude who had been present till a quarter past eleven, partly instructing and exhorting them to an immediate acceptance of Jesus, and partly praying for the Holy Ghost."

23rd. After exhorting the people at great length, he says: "In this work I was assisted, I think, as much as ever before in my life, having a degree of tenderness and affection which my hard, hard heart is rarely privileged to feel, and in prayer I was favoured with peculiar nearness to God, in so much that at one time *I felt as if really in contact with the divine presence*, and could hardly go on; while at the same blessed season there seemed to be a general and sweet melting of heart among the audience, and many of the unconverted were weeping bitterly aloud, though I spoke throughout with *perfect calmness* and solemnity.

"Saturday, Dec. 7th.—In the afternoon I sailed down the Clyde, but was in a very dead frame of soul, and could hardly bring myself to speak for Jesus to any of the passengers. Indeed, though it is always duty to be doing the work of an evangelist, *it is a duty entirely dependent upon the prior one of 'living in the Spirit.'* It is a fearful sin to be going through the world with a light kindled by the Holy Ghost to guide sinners to Jesus, and yet to carry this as a dark lantern which can give no benefit to any one. But ah! how vain is it, on the other hand, to hold up a lamp to one when the light is almost out, and the oil is nearly done! May I always be like a lamp full of oil (the Holy Spirit), burning brightly with the love of Christ, and guiding those that are in darkness to the strait gate and narrow way that leadeth unto life!"

It is no wonder that he marvelled if he "did not feel particularly assisted

* Memoir of the Rev. W. C. Burns, M.A., Missionary to China from the English Presbyterian Church. By the Rev. Islay Burns, D.D., Professor of Theology, Free Church College, Glasgow. London: Nisbet, 1870.

in preaching," that frequently "there was an indescribable awe over the assemblies," that he had an "over-mastering sense of eternal things and of the infinite worth of souls," that his word was often "accompanied by an extraordinary measure of the Holy Ghost," that "he felt he must utter the very present experience and conviction of his soul, or be silent altogether," and that the declaration of a "mere intellectual belief, or remembered conviction of the past, seemed to him a mockery and almost a falsehood." Well does his brother and biographer say, "Better a single word spoken in the spirit, than a thousand words of mere sounding breath; better to utter in a few broken sentences a real message from God, than to speak with the tongue of men and of angels a heartless, soulless message of our own."

The effect of Mr. Burns's "living in the Spirit" upon his contemporaries, earnest and devoted men of God, was hardly less remarkable than upon the congregations that he addressed. "He bore so manifestly the visible seals of a divine commission, and carried about with him withal such an awe of the divine presence and majesty, as to disarm criticism and constrain even careless hearts to receive him as the messenger of God." Mr. Moody Stuart's testimony is, "His preaching was in a most peculiar manner by the power of the Holy Ghost, 'in demonstration of the spirit and in power,' and 'mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.' He had no pathos, no fancy, little natural enthusiasm, and not much that could be called natural eloquence, but he had a firm grasp of Gospel truth, a capacity for clear and forcible statement, and a voice capable of commanding any audience, however large, in the church, in the street, in the field; and when the power of the Spirit rested upon him, there were the thunders of Sinai in all their terrors, the still small voice of the Gospel in much of its tenderness, the fervent fluency of a tongue touched with a live coal from the altar, the irrepressible urgency of one standing between the living and the dead, the earnest pressing of salvation that would accept no refusal; himself standing consciously and evidently in the presence of the great God, with heaven and hell and the souls of men open before him, with Jesus Christ filling his heart with His love, and pouring grace into his lips, and with multitudes before Him weeping for sorrow over discovered sin, or for joy in a discovered Saviour." To the same effect is the testimony of another friend: "The first part of his discourse always embodied a mass of telling doctrine, holding up the divine law right in face of the sinner's conscience. The appeals in the latter part were irresistibly winning, brimming over with the freely offered love of Jesus. The Spirit was glorified. He arrested many before the preacher had time to enter on his subject; in some cases the arrow sped from the first Psalm that was given out, and many were awakened during the opening prayer. It is not easy to describe his prayers. Adoration of Jehovah's uncreated glory, as it falls on the darkness and corruption of man's heart and reveals the abyss of a yawning hell, filled the first part. He brought himself and the saved part of his audience down into the sides of the pit whence they were hewn, in a way that made the greatest outcast in the church feel that he or she was sympathized with and carried abreast; and then his soul would as it were be seen to pass anew through the cleansing flood, up into the very presence-chamber of the King of kings, and there looked up into the Father's face with unutterable love." Many could say of his prayers, as a white-haired old man, weeping bitterly, once did: "Oh, it's his prayers: I cannot stand his prayers." Another old person, who literally did not know one word of English, was asked, what was the use of *her* hearing Mr. Burns. "Oh," she answered, "I can understand the Holy Ghost's English."

Perhaps we have said enough on this one point, but closely associated with it is another of vital importance, viz., *pressing tenderly upon the unsaved, the necessity of closing at once with God's offers of mercy.* What

a power should such Scriptures as, "Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation," be in the hands of every minister. Preaching at Kilsyth on Psalm cx. 3, Mr. Burns says he was led under the last head of his discourse, "to allude to some of the most remarkable outpourings of the Spirit that have been granted to the church, beginning from the day of Pentecost; and in surveying this galaxy of Divine wonders, I had come to notice the glorious revelation of Jehovah's right hand which was given at the Kirk of Shotts in 1630, while John Livingstone was preaching from Ezekiel xxxvi. 26, 27, when it pleased the sovereign God of grace to make bare his holy arm in the midst of us and to perform a work in many souls resembling that of which I had been speaking, in majesty and glory! In referring to this wonderful work of the Spirit, I mentioned the fact that when Mr. Livingstone was on the point of closing his discourse a few drops of rain began to fall, and that when the people began to put on their coverings, he asked them if they had any shelter from the drops of divine wrath, and was thus led to enlarge for nearly another hour in exhorting them to flee to Christ, with so much of the power of God, that about five hundred persons were converted. And just when I was speaking of the occasion and the nature of this wonderful address, I felt my own soul moved in a manner so remarkable that I was led, like Mr. Livingstone, to plead with the unconverted before me *instantly* to close with God's offers of mercy, and continued to do so until the power of the Lord's Spirit became so mighty upon their souls as to carry all before it, like the rushing mighty wind of Pentecost! During the whole of the time that I was speaking, the people listened with the most rivetted and solemn attention, and with many silent tears and inward groanings of the spirit; but at the last their feelings became too strong for all ordinary restraints, and broke forth simultaneously in weeping and wailing, tears and groans, intermingled with shouts of joy and praise from some of the people of God. The appearance of a great part of the people from the pulpit gave me an awfully vivid picture of the state of the ungodly in the day of Christ's coming to judgment. Some were screaming out in agony; others, and among these strong men, fell to the ground as if they had been dead; and such was the general commotion, that after repeating for some time the most free and urgent invitations of the Lord to sinners (as Isaiah lv., Revelation xxii. 17). I was obliged to give out a psalm, which was soon joined in by a considerable number, our voices being mingled with the mourning groans of many prisoners sighing for deliverance."

We cannot forbear quoting a description of this wonderful scene from the pen of Dr. Burns: "His manner indeed at first, and through nearly one-half of the discourse, was, as usual, calm, deliberate, measured; nor did he, I think, greatly diverge either in words or in sequence of thought, from the line of the written discourse; but there was about him throughout an awful solemnity, as if his soul was overshadowed with the very presence of Him in whose name he spoke; and as he went on, that presence seemed more and more to pass within him, and to possess him, and to bear him along in a current of strong emotion, which was alike to himself and to his hearers irresistible. Appeal followed appeal in ever-increasing fervour and terrible energy, till at last, as he reached the climax of his argument, and vehemently urged his hearers to fight the battle that they might win the eternal prize, the words, "no cross, no crown," pealed from his lips, not so much like a sentence of ordinary speech, as a shout in the thick of battle. Another moment of intense and uncontrollable emotion I vividly remember. In urging sinners to an immediate closing with Christ in the offers of His grace, he had made use of the obvious and very common figure of a life-boat bringing hope and deliverance to the side of a foundering vessel; when in developing the idea and dwelling on it, the whole scene seemed to pass in living reality before his eyes—the doomed bark rolling

helplessly amid the wild waves, and rapidly settling down; the crouching, trembling throng clinging to the gunwale, and the light buoyant skiff leaping up towards them amid the blinding spray, so near that they might almost touch it; and as he saw them still hesitating and wasting in fatal inaction the last moments of opportunity, he cried aloud as one might do from the summit of a neighbouring headland on the shore, 'Are you in? are you in? Flee for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before you; now or never.' There was in his whole style and manner at this moment, as frequently afterwards at similar times, a dramatic vividness and energy, which reminded one of what we read of in Whitfield;—a vividness and energy, however, which in my brother's case was not in any measure due to a graphic poetic fancy, but simply to an intense and awful realization of eternal truths. As to the scene itself which followed, I can think of no better description than the account of the day of Pentecost, in the second chapter of the Acts, of which both in its immediate features and in its after results, and in everything except the miraculous gift of tongues, it seems to me to have been an exact counterpart."

From experience and observation, we are led to conclude, that one of the greatest defects of the modern pulpit is, that sinners are not entreated, urged, aye, all but compelled to instantly decide for Christ.

"Now, only now, against that hour,
We may a place provide."

And though our space is exhausted, and we must pass over entirely two or three matters, we cannot refrain from adding a word on Mr. Burns's *deep, intense sympathy with his hearers, and his fervent, irrepressible longings for their salvation*. The person who of all others knew him the earliest and the best, once saw him coming slowly towards her from the opposite direction as in deep reverie. "Though she went straight up to him, he was quite unconscious of her presence, and started, when addressed, as from a dream. 'O mother,' said he with deep emotion, 'I did not see you, for when walking along Argyle Street just now, I was so overcome with the sight of the countless crowds of immortal beings eagerly hasting hither and thither, but all posting onwards towards the eternal world, that I could bear it no longer, and turned in here to seek relief in quiet thought.'" In his most ecstatic moods he never forgot others. Here is a delightful record: "O what a week of mercy and grace and love! Last week was wonderful, this is much more so; what will the next be? Perhaps it may be with Jesus in glory! O that it may at least be with Jesus, and that it may redound to the eternal glory of His grace in me and many thousands of redeemed souls! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! O scatter the clouds and mists of unbelief which exhale afresh from the stagnant marshes in my natural heart, the habitation of dragons, and pour afresh upon my ransomed soul a full flood of thy divine light and love and joy, in the effulgence of which all sin dies, and all the graces of the Spirit bloom and breathe their fragrance! Nor do I pray for myself alone, but for all my dear friends—father, mother, brothers and sisters . . . for all the people here—all the ministers of every name whom Jesus hath called to preach His Gospel, and for all who shall to-morrow hear or read the glad tidings of great joy which shall yet be to all people! Lord, hasten the latter-day glory! Come quickly, and reign without bounds and without end!" He visited an Orphan Hospital, and "felt quite overpowered by a feeling of sympathy with the dear children in their orphan state, and yearned over them in the bowels of Jesus Christ." A visit to the barracks caused him to feel as "if he could pull the men out of the fire," which feeling constrained him to speak to them of Jesus and salvation. Sometimes, too, "after all his labours were over, he would go forth into the dark streets . . . that he might see the city in its midnight dress, look down into the depths of that abyss of ruin which for the love of God and

man he so vehemently longed to sound, and it may be hold out the torch of life eternal to some poor wanderer whom he might never hope to meet at any other place or time." He watched for individuals souls, that he might not lose a jewel from his crown, for as a godly woman once said to him, "Though you don't lose your crown, you may lose a jewel from it." His hearers could always see, as a poor woman beautifully expressed it, "the tear of mercy in his eye." He was indeed "a voice from Christ's own heart inviting perishing sinners." Among the French in Canada he almost lived in the element of French thought and speech. So in China, "He spoke Chinese," says his biographer, "wrote Chinese, read Chinese, heard Chinese, sang in Chinese, prayed in Chinese. Far into the night sometimes might his voice be heard reciting aloud the words of life, or pouring out his heart before God in the broken accents of that strange tongue which for Christ's sake he had determined with as little delay as possible to make his own. Six years after this, as I heard recently from a relative when on a visit to England, he surprised a company of friends by suddenly pronouncing the blessing before meat in Chinese, and then calmly repeating the same in English. It was only an extreme instance of that which was in reality the ruling principle of his whole missionary life. From the first in everything 'to the Chinese he became as a Chinese that he might gain the Chinese'—lived in their world, thought their thoughts, spoke their words."

We have said enough to prove, we think, that the success of such men as Mr. Burns can never be for one moment doubtful—for in addition to every human element of success, there is the omnipotence of prayer and faith.

"ALMOST SAVED."

THESE words were spoken with reference to a very distressing shipwreck. The steamship Delaware, left Liverpool for Calcutta on Monday, Dec 18th 1871. For a time all went on well, and no doubt all on board were expecting a prosperous voyage. That, however, was a vain expectation. On the following Tuesday night a gale sprung up, which increased in power until the afternoon of the next day. On Wednesday morning the Bishop Lighthouse was sighted and every effort was made to keep clear of the numerous rocks which surround the islands of Scilly. But in vain. About two o'clock it became painfully certain that the noble vessel must become a wreck. She was now fast driving on the rocks. The sea looked like a vast cauldron seething, foaming, and leaping about in wild fury. Brave-hearted men stood and gazed appalled upon the awful scene, unable to render the least assistance. No craft, large or small, could live in that sea of seething breakers. In about half-an-hour the vessel and all on board went down like lead in the mighty deep, and only *two* out of *fifty* persons were saved from the "greedy sea." Our heart aches to think of it—forty-eight of our brothers perishing in sight of land, and no human arm able to render them any assistance!

Of course it was the one absorbing topic of conversation, both among old and young; and during one of those conversations this sentence fell upon our ears:—"And so near to land, too. They were *almost saved*." The words fastened themselves upon our mind, and our thoughts reverted to that declaration of Agrippa—"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." How many Agrippas there are in the present day! How many there are *almost saved*! It is really appalling to think on the number who attend a Gospel ministry, more or less regularly, but are only *almost Christians*! There are thousands who are not far from the kingdom but yet are outside. How often have we to mourn over these who have so

often blasted our dearest hopes! We have known many with whom God's Spirit has striven powerfully; we have thought how useful they would be if they were only converted; for weeks and months we anxiously expected to see them give themselves to God; but, alas! to-day they are no nearer to Him than when we first knew them—*nearer*, they are further from Him—they are only "*almost saved*." Others have laid down their weapons of rebellion at the feet of Jesus, have groaned the publican's prayer, and have struggled into liberty and life; but *they* remain unsaved. Other "*bones*," apparently more "*dry*," have been clothed with "*flesh*" and stand up in the valley a noble army full of life, vitality, and power; but *they* lie still in the open plain dead and "*very dry*." Such cases are awfully numerous—truly, they are "*very many*." Among them are thousands who have been privileged with an earnest, faithful ministry all their days—who have been blest with praying parents—whose earliest recollections are of a family altar, a father's counsels, and a mother's prayers; but notwithstanding all these privileges, they are only "*almost saved*." May the Spirit of the Lord take hold upon them! For unless He does they will sleep on till it is too late to awake. "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live."

Should this meet the eye of one who has felt, again and again, the strivings of God's Spirit—who has been blessed with faithful ministers and praying parents—who has been, perhaps more than once, on the threshold of the kingdom of God—let me ask, earnestly, lovingly,—What is *your present condition*? Are you a Christian? Are you trusting in Jesus for a *present, free, and full* salvation? Are you trying to imitate Christ—to serve Christ? Do you "*know*" that you have passed from death unto life?" Or are you only "*almost saved*?"

If this is your condition—if you are only "*almost saved*"—how is it? It is not because you have had no desire to be the Lord's; for you *have* desired many a time to be His. It is not because you think that religion is a "*cunningly devised fable*," for you know better than that. You know what a hallowed influence it exerted over that mother, father, or friend of yours amid the many trials of life; how it supported him in the last conflict; and how he was enabled to triumph over "*the last enemy*." How is it, then, that you are only "*almost saved*." Are you *happy* in your present condition? You know you are not. You see others rejoicing in God, triumphing in the Gospel; but *you* cannot rejoice, *you* cannot triumph. Are you *safe* in your present condition? Far from it! You are exposed to the greatest danger and you know it. In a moment the shaft from Death's unerring hand may pierce your heart, and you may have to stand at the bar of God. You are under condemnation—"condemned already"—exposed to eternal ruin. You are *not* happy—you are *not* safe; it is only *almost*. And *almost a saint*, means *altogether a sinner*. "*Almost saved*" means *quite lost*. *Almost* reaching heaven means *quite* reaching hell. There is no half-way state—no middle condition. Ponder the words of the Saviour, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." Not to be on Christ's side is to be on the side of Satan; not to be going with His children to heaven, is to be marching with His enemies to hell.

If you are *almost*, take the other step and determine to be *altogether* saved. *Just here, just now*, give yourself to God, and determine in that strength which is better than your own, that you will become, now and for ever, *altogether a Christian*.

A. STONE.

JAMES THORNE.

CAN it be true that our venerable father in the Gospel is gone to the land of the blessed? Has the Master summoned him to His own presence to receive the reward of the faithful? Will his friends and fellow-labourers see his well-known form on earth no more? Are they not to hear again words of sympathy, or counsel, or exhortation, from his lips? Has his face beamed on us and his hand grasped ours, for the last time? Aye, it is even so! When we first heard of his death it seemed a dream, and so it seems still. But our inability or fear to realize the fact does not render it less blissful and glorious to him, or less solemn and affecting to others.

He had enjoyed his usual good health up to the end of the year 1871. From that time his strength seemed a little to fail, and his public and private ministrations to lack some of the vigour which had formerly distinguished them. Still, there was nothing in his condition to arouse apprehension, or excite alarm among his friends, and throughout the second week in this year he attended the United Prayer-meetings held daily in the Royal Hotel, Plymouth.

On Sunday, January 14th, he attended the morning and afternoon services at Stonehouse, at the request of the officiating minister offering prayer on both occasions, and proceeded in the evening on his way to preach at Haddington Road Chapel. His strength failed him on the journey, he had to rest himself against a pillar, and some passers by kindly assisted him into a friend's house, where he received every attention, and after recovering himself a little, was conveyed home. About a week afterwards he sustained a second attack, which left a little numbness in the left hand, thus making the presence of paralysis evident. He had the advantage of Dr. Pearse's attendance and advice, and seemed rapidly to recover from the attack. On Sunday, the 28th, he appeared, to use his own expression, "quite like himself," enjoyed the reading of sermons to which he listened, and conducted evening worship at about nine p.m. with his old fervour and much freshness. He retired to rest, and was seen apparently comfortable by his daughter at eleven. Shortly before midnight he raised a slight alarm; the household were quickly at the bedside; he said, "Go for the doctor," which request was immediately attended to, and Mr. Jackson was in the room before he breathed his last. No effectual assistance could, however, be rendered, and in a few minutes he expired.

Mr. Thorne was the second son and third child of John and Mary Thorne, of Shebbear. He was born on Monday, September 21st, 1795. He was a member of the first Bible Christian Society, which was formed in his father's house by Mr. O'Bryan on the 9th October, 1815. He preached his first sermon in the same house on the Christmas-day following, and entered the Itinerant ministry early in 1816. From that time his history and that of the Connexion may be traced in parallel lines; in fact, so closely identical are they, that the history of the one is almost the history of the other. He was the first preacher after Mr. O'Bryan, and one of the two first agents of the Missionary Society. He assisted in editing the Magazine before Mr. O'Bryan's separation from the denomination, and when that event occurred, the editorship passed into his hands, and its duties he continued to discharge with tact, ability, and perseverance rarely surpassed, until a recent period. For many years he was either the Treasurer or Secretary of several Connexional funds. He preached the opening sermon of many, and until lately of most of our chapels. Five times he was the President of the annual Conference, and eighteen times its Secretary. He took a leading part in the establishment of the Connexional School, and as its Secretary and Governor, much of the responsibility connected with it rested on his shoulders. He was a Nonconformist from deep convictions, and laboured zealously, both by voice and pen, in the promotion of political and social reforms, especially for the Temperance cause, into which he threw his whole heart and soul. He took the liveliest interest in everything that affected the welfare of the Connexion; but its missionary efforts—such as the formation of the Society, and the extension of its operations to Canada and Australia—and measures to secure greater peace and prosperity—were dearest to his heart.

As a preacher he early took a high position, which he maintained with credit and honour until the last. The sermons he preached at Plymouth and St. Austell, at the Conferences of 1855 and 1867 respectively, were, in our view, models of clear exposition and affectionate appeal. From older brethren we have learnt that these efforts, effective as they were, suffered in comparison with sermons delivered at an earlier period; but of them and many others we heard on special occasions, we shall ever retain pleasant and useful remembrance. His voice was rich and full, and his manner, always agreeable, was at times very impressive. And the matter, like his own character, was uniformly sound, solid, and scriptural. He was not carried about with every or any wind of doctrine. The grand verities of our faith

he was never tempted to exchange for the speculations and refinements of men. And because these had such a power over his own heart, they were fresh and attractive to others. But it was on the platform, or in debate, that he won his greatest oratorical triumphs. His ready utterance, his full information on many subjects, his deep and generous sympathies, his shrewdness of observation, his strong common sense, and his conciliatory bearing, combined to render him a most effective impromptu speaker.

Such was the strength of his piety that no accumulation of honours appeared to have any injurious effect upon that beautiful humility of character which was his greatest charm, and certainly no weight of responsibility was sufficient to repress that remarkable buoyancy and hopefulness of spirit which was one of his chief characteristics, and never forsook him. When fainter hearts and a feebler faith were ready, in the presence of sore discouragements and multiplied difficulties, to give over the struggle, his faith and courage often urged him on to more heroic efforts and sacrifices.

There was in his character a happy combination of fervour and intelligence, wisdom and zeal, strength and tenderness, distinct but not discordant qualifications, which made his faithful service so generally acceptable, and so largely useful. He was a burning and a shining light. Nature had done much for one of her favoured children, but it was the grace of Christ that beautified and perfected him as an instrument of righteousness. His intellectual powers, though varied and great, did not excite our astonishment so much as his spiritual attainments won our affections, and compelled our admiration. We have spoken of his excellence as a debater, of his effectiveness as a speaker, and passing over many minor but not less real excellences, we might enlarge on his sagacity as a counsellor, on his mingled firmness and prudence as a ruler, but we love most of all to think of his fidelity as a friend, of his strict integrity as a steward of Christ's church, of his zeal and success as a minister, and of his consistency and devotedness as a Christian.

He doubtless had failings like other men, but of these, in the first moments of our grief, we cannot bear to think; and all his friends know they were only spots on the surface, not any vicious or disturbing element inwrought into his understanding or heart. It is however some comfort even now to think that perhaps no person ever did or could occupy so prominent a position for such a long period, and come so little into collision with others, and that as he cherished no personal antipathies, neither can survivors do so.

He did not outlive his reputation, as unfortunately many have done, because they cease to cultivate their own intellectual powers, or to strive after the higher attainments of the divine life, or to take an interest in those movements with which they are no longer actively connected. James Thorne died at his post. The last number of the Magazine was enriched by a memoir from his pen, which he completed and copied for the press after the commencement of his illness. Another matter of public interest occupied his thoughts even at a later period. No dying testimony was needed; but friends will be glad to learn that on the last evening of his life the lesson read at evening worship was Matt. xxv, which afforded him the opportunity to enlarge on the grounds of the sinner's acceptance, which he did in the most delightful manner, and to express triumphant confidence in the merits of Christ. We love to recall this, as another proof of our heavenly Father's special love, whose watchful eye, seeing those momentous issues hidden from mortal eyes, thus gently and graciously and marvellously prepares His servants for them, and others to see afterwards that He was thus preparing them.

On his sudden re-union with beloved companions in a world of perfect light and purity the mind loves to dwell. In his case it has an increased charm, an indescribable felicity, as so many who shared his toils, and trials, and triumphs, had gained the heavenly inheritance, and quite a multitude besides whom he had led to Christ were there also to render him a joyous welcome.

We have only to add, that his remains were taken to Shebbear, the place where he was born, where he was converted, where he first began to preach, and where he spent so many years of his life, and amidst the lamentations of many, consigned to their last resting-place in the burying-ground at Lake. The President of the Conference conducted the service, in the chapel adjoining, with much propriety, Mr. Bray prayed with great power and unction, and several brethren delivered addresses; at the grave Mr. Blackmore spoke a few words, Mr. Rounsefell prayed, and the solemn ceremony was over.

Almost spontaneously, brethren arranged to preach funeral sermons in all the principal places of worship in the denomination; from communications we have received, we judge some of them are almost ready to despair at the greatness of our loss, and others to murmur at the suddenness and severity of the stroke; but let this thought cheer our hearts, that while our leaders and companions may die, *the Lord liveth, yea, He is alive for evermore.*

Connexional Department.

REVIVALS.

January 19th, 1872.

PENRYN.—**DEAR BR. BOURNE,**—You well, I am sure, be glad to know that there is a mighty work of God going on here (Penryn). It is not confined to the sanctuary, but extends to people's dwellings. Night and day there have been knockings at the door by those who have come to call assistance. I am just come in from being with a young man who, after a hard struggle, was enabled to believe in Jesus as his Saviour. Great was his distress last night in the house of prayer. Almost the whole of the night was groaned away in anguish. I was sent for at eight o'clock, returned at twelve. The hours I intended to have spent in writing you I have employed as indicated. I will write what I can now, and, if spared, take my pen again some day.

This work, which the friends say is the most powerful they ever knew here, was very gentle in its beginnings—like a little gliding stream. As the old year was drawing to a close, we had, in the improved interest and spirituality of our meetings, public and social, encouraging tokens of God coming nearer to us. I think I have never had a dull meeting here, on a Sabbath or week night. Others found it good to "stand up for Jesus." Blessed be God! the double purpose, of rousing the church and congregation, was accomplished. First of all, one by one, sinners were smitten and led to pray. The very first to manifest concern was a young woman, who, on being invited, came to the class-meeting. The leader took her for a believer, but found her a penitent. On being asked if she felt herself a sinner, she said, "Yes, and a great one," and began bitterly to weep on account thereof. All bowed, and fervently prayed for her salvation. While this was going on in the vestry another class was being held in the schoolroom adjoining. Soon the two classes were blending their supplications and rejoicings, some shouting, others even dancing with gladness. Thus at the source of this stream, as that of others, the waters bubbled up. A short time after a young man was invited to class. Great, yet not in vain, was his distress.

Coming a time or two both were enabled to rejoice in God. Let who will despise those meetings, they have been to multitudes means of great spiritual good.

At length came a memorable Sabbath night (Nov. 12th.) on which a female stood up to speak from her full heart the words of life. The meltings and shakings grew. In the prayer-meetings which followed sobs and cries of penitents were heard. One woman shrieked for mercy, another prayed for it, while many for the time resisted the Good Spirit sent to enlighten and lead to Calvary. Those we have named were all sooner or later enabled to rejoice in God, and are now walking in the way to heaven.

A week before Christmas a backslider was so powerfully arrested, that on the following Friday night he resolved to go to the class-meeting. He was late, but waited at the door till those inside came out. He told the leader he had not been able to rest since Sunday, and that he had resolved, by the grace of God, to return from his wretched wanderings.

On Christmas-day, according to due announcement, Br. J. Johns preached Chapel Anniversary Sermons. It was a day long to be borne in mind. Congregations, sermons, collections—decidedly good. Best of all, three were led to seek pardon, two of whom were filled with the joys of realization.

The last Sunday in the old year—(the fifty-third—what a year of privileges!) the convicting power was again felt. A woman shook under it in such a way that she could scarcely keep her seat. Three penitents came to the Tuesday night's class; two left rejoicing. The next night, after the preaching, we had a prayer-meeting. A man who thought some one had been telling the preacher all about him, and that he accordingly had been preaching to him only, prayed till conscious of being saved "by grace through faith." A woman, who for a long time had kept coming with the hope of being converted, was enabled to struggle into life. Her face shone with the glory, and scores of times she leaped for joy. Next was a woman who twelve months since buried a little boy. Dear little fellow! he felt

he was going to the Better Land, and with his dying breath said, "*Mother, promise you will meet me in heaven—promise me you will.*" She did it, but more or less resisted the Spirit until that night. She was in bitter distress, feeling deeply that if she did not get saved that night she might be in hell to-morrow. Blessed be God! that mercy which broke the chains of the others snapped hers asunder. She begged that none who were praying for the salvation of their children would despair, since she had a dear aged father in heaven who had long prayed that she might be converted. Then, as if she could see him, or felt certain he could see or hear her, she cried out, "*I'm coming up now, father—I'm coming up now.*"

Since then what hath God wrought! Great waves of mercy are rolling along, bearing men, women, and children into the Harbour of Salvation. We have six or seven hundred people to the meetings night after night, with many on bended knees crying for the pardon of all their sins. The meeting last night was one of the mightiest we have had. The Holy Ghost seems to be having it all His own away. None of us seem to be able to do much; but the Hallelujah singing, and the Hallelujah shouting, full of the Spirit, are *like great wedges splitting up the devil's kingdom.*

Believing that if you could have seen the thirty or forty—big and small—that were praying last night, and witnessed the rejoicings of such as were set at liberty, you too, would be ready, like myself, to cry, "*Glory, glory, glory be to God!*"

I remain, dear brother,
Yours truly,
S. POLLARD.

DEAR BR. BOURNE.—With much pleasure I resume my scribblings of our revival. The night after that Wednesday, when a man and two women were made happy, a public prayer-meeting was held; so the night following, when one found the Lord, another in distress sought Him, while a third wept much without specially praying. After the Saturday night prayer-meeting it transpired that the man of many tears, on leaving the sanctuary sought and found mercy in his own house. The groaning captive of the previous night was still in bondage. The Sabbath was great in numbers and power. The people in the evening were weeping all over the

chapel. It was announced that special meetings would be held. A crash in the school-room the Monday night. Came home by the 9 p.m. train Tuesday night, and found the work going on well. Looked in again late on the Friday night, and observed that the revival river had deepened considerably. Men and their wives were turning to God. Saturday the same as previous nights. Among the suppliants I noticed a dear little girl, whose cry was, "*Save me now for Christ's sake.*" Before the meeting was over I heard her affirming, "*The Lord has pardoned all my sins.*" Several penitents the next morning, the meeting lasting from 7 to 9. Cries for mercy mingled with the shouts of the new-born in the public service. Read as being accomplished the 12th of Isaiah. A company of lads and young men had come up from the class-meeting full of the holy fire. O that memorable morn! Some thought there was a little too much noise, while others said, it is "like heaven upon earth." When the meeting was over one of the old friends gave his opinion in one short sentence,—"*The Bryanites are come back again.*" At night, I was told, there was "a wonderful shaking."

Monday night we were obliged to leave the school-room for the chapel. The work more mighty and sweeping than ever. Six or seven hundred people present night after night. From twenty to forty penitents every night, many coming forth two or three times in succession. I think the Thursday and Friday nights were the most extraordinary that I witnessed. On the first of them more people than ever were present. The anxious, as requested, came forth early. About forty during the meeting. The cry, "*Room for the penitents,*" was repeatedly heard. About 10 o'clock young converts and old ones gathered near the seeking, and what followed forcibly reminded me of what is known in British history as the "*Hallelujah Victory.*" While certain hallelujah songs were being sung mercy seemed to break forth in full splendour. The penitents one after another, sometimes two or three together, arose, believing and rejoicing, shouting aloud and embracing one another. O the joy! the joy!! I had not during the progress of this great work seen any thing equal to it. Long as I possess powers of recollection and expression I shall call that *our great Hallelujah Victory.*

Friday night, chapel crowded, peni-

tents again coming forth early in the meeting. The spaces inside and outside the railing were packed with men, women, and children in distress about their souls. Still came the trembling. We put them into the two front pews, and into others right and left under the gallery. Two great fellows knelt in the rostrum stairs. There must have been as many as fifty of them. What a sight for the angels to look on! Before the meeting closed the greater part rejoiced as having found the Lord.

Saturday, and right through the blessed Sabbath, victory was on Israel's side. So crowded was the chapel at night that Br. Rowe was obliged to have some of the people up in the rostrum with him. Heart-searching was the sermon, and so came home to the consciences of some that they thought the preacher must have been told about them. Looked in late Tuesday night, and found the great work of the Holy Ghost swinging grandly as before. A woman who came to mock remained to pray. When made happy her husband literally jumped for joy. He fell down in the aisle, was lifted up, and jumped again. May they rejoice together in heaven! As I write, groups of incidents come up before me, and seem to solicit notice, but space would fail, and I am obliged to put them from me for the present. To shorten this sketch let it suffice to say that during that week, and on from then till now, the revival has been advancing with power and triumph, the Divine Spirit rolling the tides of salvation along, its waves of mercy dashing against the consciences of the people, leading many on bended knees to cry, "Lord, save, or I perish."

Last Sunday fortnight I addressed the young converts in the afternoon. They filled all the central seats from lobby to rostrum. I looked at them and wept for joy. The lambs, the tender lambs! God keep the wolves away! Br. Rowe counselled them the Sabbath after, and in the evening held a love-feast. Often two, and sometimes three, extolled together the saving grace of God. So thoroughly did the leader of that meeting enjoy it that as it proceeded he asked, "*Can heaven itself be better than this?*"

At Falmouth too a work of mercy is advancing, though not at present on so large a scale. In certain other parts several have been led to pray. Promising you that if spared I will write again some day, I remain, dear brother,

Yours truly,
S. POLLARD.

St. Just Circuit.—**DEAR BROTHER.**—I am glad to inform you that God has been pleased to pour out His Spirit in this Circuit. Our revival commenced at *St. Just*, January 7th. My Brother preached in the morning, and Br. Vingoe at night. On my return from my appointment at night, I found the ranks of hell broken, and from that time to the present the good work has been progressing. Souls have been saved almost every night, upwards of 120 in all, and some of the young men bid fair to be very useful. Our prospects at *St. Just* are brighter than they have been for many years.

At *St. Buryan* there is a gracious influence, and on Wednesday last there were three penitents.

At *Sennen*, on Sunday last, there were four or five, over whom angels rejoiced.

At *Trevarthan*, sinners are coming to Christ. T. ANDREWS.

BODMIN.—**DEAR MR. EDITOR.**—I am pleased to find that this month's Magazine contains so much Connexional Intelligence. I find that many of the subscribers in this Circuit generally read the latter part first, from the deep interest they take in the prosperity of the denomination. At *Bugle*, on Tuesday, Jan. 16th, the friends had a Christmas tree, (for the purpose of selling the things left from the Circuit Bazaar) in Gracca school-room, which was most tastefully decorated. The little effort was quite a success and resulted in a profit of over £8 to the Circuit Fund.

Bridges.—On the 8th of Jan. I commenced holding special services at this place. The first week the attendance was not very good, but a rich influence pervaded most of the services, and three persons professed to find peace. The second week the attendance much better, and we had three or four penitents on most nights. The third week the chapel was crowded, and at its close it was found about 30 had been converted. The services are being continued by the friends, and a few are being added to the society. To God be all the praise.

Ebenezer.—Jan. 29th I commenced special services at this place. The attendance which at first was small, has gradually increased, and several persons have been converted. J. B.

About 20 persons have been converted at *Brading*, in the Shanklin Circuit, and a few also have been saved at *Whitwell* and *Shanklin*.

The revival at *Hambridge*, South Petherton Circuit has resulted in the addition of about 20 members to the society, and a general quickening of the church. At *Stoke*, in the same Circuit, six persons have professed conversion, and several more are seeking the Lord. (Bands of Hope recently formed at *Stratton* and *Hambridge* are progressing favourably, the former numbering about 60, the latter 70 members.)

At *Blissland*, in the Camelford Circuit, there has been a powerful awakening, and we believe about 50 persons have been saved.

Special services at *Hungry Hill* and *Crondall*, Crondall Circuit, have been held with good effect, and have resulted in a few conversions.

At the *Jubilee* Chapel lately, several persons have been awakened, some of whom have happily found peace.

CHAPELS.

CAMBORNE.—The first Bible Christian chapel was built in this town in 1829; in 1871 the congregations were so overflowing, the seats so inconveniently laid out, the roof so poor and badly ventilated, that the friends resolved to have a new chapel, or to enlarge the old one. Having consulted Mr. J. Hicks, architect, of Redruth, about the strength of the walls, plans for galleries, to provide accommodation, &c., the latter course was chosen. The memorial stone, which is over the doors and was the gift of the architect, was laid by Capt. W. Rabling, April 17th, who placed on it £10 10s.; Mr. Johns then gave an appropriate address, and at the close the vast concourse of people repaired to the "New Connexion Chapel," where Mr. Lark preached to the satisfaction of all. At half-past four a public tea was provided gratuitously, of which about 300 persons partook. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms, presided over by Capt. Charles Thomas and addressed by Messrs. R. Allen, (Wesleyan), T. E. Shaw, (Free Church), T. Low, (New Connexion), W. B. Lark, and Capt. Rabling. At the close of this service Mr. Johns, in behalf of the trustees, presented to Capt. Rabling (who is a Wesleyan) a handsome Bible, a Bible Christian Jubilee volume and Hymn Book, for his kindness in laying the memorial stone, &c. The influence of this meeting is felt to-day.

The chapel was opened for divine worship on the 25th October last, when

Mr. S. L. Thorne preached in the afternoon; a public tea at half-past four—(all the provisions given) of which about 300 persons partook. This was also held in the Assembly Rooms, and was managed admirably by the ladies. A public meeting was held in the chapel in the evening under the presidency of Capt. Rabling, and addresses given by Messrs. J. Taylor (Wesleyan,) R. Bennetts (Primitive Methodist,) W. Rowe, S. L. Thorne, and the Circuit ministers. The following Sunday (October 29) three sermons were preached, in the morning and evening by Mr. W. Clarke, and in the afternoon by Mr. Allin (Wesleyan minister.) Monday, October 30th, the writer delivered a lecture on "Worship and Worshipers." Chair taken by Capt. Charles Thomas.

On Sunday, November 5th, sermons were preached, morning and evening, by Mr. S. Pollard, of Penryn, and in the afternoon by Mr. Bennetts, (P. M. minister.) Sunday, November 12th, Mr. Johns preached morning and evening, and Mr. J. Woolcock in the afternoon. The following Monday afternoon, Mr. Johns preached again. A public tea at five o'clock in the chapel and school-room, again the provisions were all given, of which about 200 partook. In the evening Mr. Johns gave his popular lecture on "Queen Mary and her times." The chair was taken by Capt. Josiah Thomas, and thus were brought to an end the opening services of our Camborne Chapel. The services were rich in divine influence, and well attended, and as far as the largeness of our congregations is concerned we want to enlarge now as much as we did before. All the seats are let, But, better than all, since the chapel was opened many souls have been brought to Jesus. Praise the Lord. The chapel is of somewhat novel design. On the north-side, abreast with the front, is a tower 70 feet high, in which is the entrance to the ground floor, the gallery, and the vestries. The trustees contemplate having a classroom made in the tower some day, which will be a great convenience. The pews are varnished. The front of the gallery, which extends all round the Chapel, is painted in two bright cheerful colours, giving it a pleasing appearance. The rostrum is of open-iron work, painted to match the gallery. The roof is open, of diagonal pattern, and the wood nicely varnished. The framing of the roof consists of circular

principals, and by an ingenious arrangement the weight is carried down to the gallery timbers. The roof is said to be light and elegant in appearance. The chapel will seat about 650 persons. The vestry is under the gallery behind the pulpit, the class or school-room is along the north-side of the chapel behind the tower. The entire cost is about £800, towards which we have raised about £150, and hope to raise £50 more by next July.

J. WOOLCOCK.

CWMILLERY, PONTYPOOL.—This chapel was opened on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1871. It was an occasion of much joy and gratitude, and had for several months been eagerly anticipated, as the dwelling-house in which the public services were held was over-crowded. We were favoured with truly beautiful weather, although it was the month of November and the place one of the bleakest in South Wales. The services began with a prayer-meeting at nine o'clock a.m. The sermons in the morning and evening were preached by Mr. R. P. Tabb (of Newport). The Holy Spirit graciously assisted our brother, whilst he very earnestly enforced some very serious truths on the attention of the large congregations. Mr. J. P. Bellingham, (Primitive Methodist) preached, in the afternoon, a thoroughly practical sermon, which we believe could not fail to accomplish permanent good. On the Monday following a public tea was held, when nearly 300 visitors came together. A public meeting was held after the tea. The chapel was literally packed with people. Addresses were delivered by R. P. Tabb, J. Jeffrey, and W. Payne, who had great freedom in speaking. At the close of the meeting votes of thanks were given to the ladies for their services at the tables, to the two ministers who preached on the Sabbath and to Mr. J. Wallace, the manager of the works, for his uniform kindness from the commencement to the completion of the undertaking. The services were continued on the following Sabbath when Master J. Meredith, of Blaenavon, well known as the "Boy-preacher," officiated three times. The new sanctuary was again well filled, and many of the hearers returned to their homes praising God. The rentable sittings are nearly all let, and the attendance continues very good. The chapel is a neat, substantial building,

34 feet by 24 without, and will accommodate 150 persons. The present financial state of the building fund is as follows:—The receipts are £75 5s. 4d., and the total cost £179 5s. 4d. The sum of £100 has been borrowed of a Building Society, which has to be repaid in annual instalments of £10 each, for the term of sixteen years. But the favourable appearances justify the belief, that long before the term has expired, the debt will have been paid. £20 were collected in the "pit," mainly through the exertion of the manager. When we first talked about raising a fund towards building, he pleasantly said to me, "You have not the courage to canvass the men in the pit with me." My reply was, "If you will go I am willing to go with you." Shortly after, the morning appointed for our subterranean begging expedition came, and it was not without a slight feeling of fear we stepped into the "carriage" and descended to the dark world below. We were told that "sight-seers sometimes go down coal-pits for the fun of the thing." Our object was of a more utilitarian kind, and a few moments after we got to the bottom of the pit, we started on our mission and prosecuted it until we had walked more than a mile, seen upwards of two-hundred-and-fifty men and boys, and obtained promises amounting to the sum specified. From all the men and boys we received the greatest respect, and with only two exceptions, they all gave something towards the chapel fund. One poor fellow was killed, and two others were badly hurt, by an explosion only three days after our visit. We found a few truly pious men among the colliers; but the great majority are toiling in their dangerous employment without making any preparation for eternity. This fact made us very sad as we passed from one "stall" to another. We pray that the erection of the chapel may be the means of leading many of them to think of their latter end and be wise. Now that this chapel is built, other places contiguous should be entered by the brethren of this circuit as soon as an open door is presented. J. J.

From the *South Australian B. C. Magazine*, we learn that the anniversary of *Young Street Chapel, Adelaide*, passed off well, a little over £90 being raised from all sources, three friends besides offering to loan £100 free of interest for twelve months; that the

anniversaries of *Angle Vale*, *Lyndoch*, and *Smithfield* chapels, in the Gawler Circuit, went off satisfactorily; that at the anniversary of the chapel at *Ohais of Ponds* the congregations were large and attentive, the presence of the Master abundantly realized, and the collections far in advance of the expectations of the friends; that *Allendale* chapel anniversary, Kapunda, brought £86 into the treasury, and the trustees, though they have effected sundry improvements, are in a position as usual to pay off £50 of the debt; that *Kapunda* chapel anniversary has been more than usually productive, the debt has been reduced £50, and preparations are being made for a bazaar; that the interior of *Hamilton* chapel has been so altered as to give it "almost the appearance of being new," and the whole of the debt it is expected will be paid at the next anniversary; that for *Walleroo Mines* chapel, Kadina circuit, the sum of £48 was raised at the anniversary; that the foundation-stone of a new chapel has been laid at *Emu Flat*, and most of the cost of the erection is expected to be raised; that a new chapel is to be forthwith built at *Riverton*; and that a new chapel has been opened at *Mount Bryant Flat*, Koorunga Circuit, on which there is a temporary debt of only £86.

"Mr. Price writes of some improvement on the Wellington station," and Mr. McNeil reports the conversion of a few persons at Caroline, Mount Gambier Station, and others are in distress.

In the *Victorian Record* there are interesting accounts of the anniversaries of *Woodstock*, *Maldon*, *Terang*, *Cobden*, and *Camperdown* chapels; of the opening of a chapel at *Walner*, and of a schoolroom in *Melbourne*; and of special efforts in behalf of *Creswick* chapel, and *Armstrong St.*, and *Humfray St.* chapels, Ballarat. At *Terang* the friends gave so liberally that the debt was discharged, the amount is not stated, but it was evidently a considerable sum.

Successful Missionary meetings have also been held at various places in Melbourne, Sandhurst, Daylesford, and Ballarat Circuits.

some recent efforts for the sustenance and promotion of the cause of God among us. This, I doubt not, will be as gratifying to the friends in the distance as to many who are deeply interested in our prosperity on this station.

Almost immediately after I got settled in my new sphere according to appointment of Conference, it became manifest that, from circumstances which need not be detailed, the ordinary income in this place would by no means meet our current expenses. To meet the accumulating deficiency it was proposed to prepare for a Christmas-tree. The proposal was readily accepted, and the kind consent of the following ladies was obtained early in November, to act as a committee of management to carry out this object, viz.—Mrs. Vanstone, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Cardwell, Miss Pearson, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Nevill, Mrs. Barnaby, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Blackmore, and Mrs. Harmer. The next few weeks were well employed in prosecuting their undertaking. On the 1st of January, 1872, at three o'clock, p.m., the Christmas-tree and several well furnished stalls were exhibited in the school-room, (which presented a lively and attractive appearance) for the sale of the great variety of articles they contained. Business commenced briskly, and was kept up until ten o'clock. A public tea was provided in the chapel for visitors at half-past five, of which nearly one hundred persons partook.

As many articles remained unsold, it was resolved to re-open on the following evening at six o'clock, when nearly all the things were disposed of. On both evenings the proceedings were enlivened by the kindness of several friends in rendering some suitable pieces of vocal and instrumental music. On making up accounts it is found that this well-timed effort has resulted in a clear balance of a little over £20. Too much cannot be said of the kindness, diligence, and cheerfulness of the ladies' committee in collecting cash and suitable articles, and for their hearty unanimity in bringing about this successful result in so short a time. It has been a great relief from our embarrassment, and a great encouragement for future working—especially as a spirit of determination has been inspired to repeat the effort on the return of another Christmas.

ELTHAM CHAPEL. — Last year this small chapel was greatly improved, and certainly made to appear much more in harmony with the attractive character of this suburban village, at a cost of more than £50. A noble effort was

WOOLWICH AND FOREST HILL CIRCUIT.

CHRISTMAS TREE, FOREST HILL.—
I venture to send a brief account of

made at the time, and something over £40 raised. The balance was allowed to stand until the way was clear for a second effort. On Sunday, Jan. 7th, two sermons were preached by Mr. F. W. Bourne, on the following day a public tea was held at half-past five, and a public meeting at seven. The chair was filled by C. S. Mann, Esq., and addresses delivered by Messrs. R. Orchard, Carter, (Wesleyan), D. Sturges, and I. B. Vanstone. The tea-meeting was well attended, and the speaking in the meeting after was spirited and encouraging. Upwards of £10 was raised, being sufficient to pay the standing balance, and provide for some incidental expenses besides. It is right to add that we are greatly indebted to the chairman for his repeated assistance and liberal contributions in the improvement of this chapel. This is a village which very much needs an earnest, faithful ministry, and a praying, zealous, society. Special services are now in progress, and have already resulted in quickening the church and the conversion of a few precious souls to Christ. The little united band are resolved to pray and labour on in the hope of a much more extensive work. At Woolwich and Forest Hill there are some indications of a spiritual awakening. The Lord hasten it. I. B. V.

SOMERTON CIRCUIT.

The annual Circuit Bazaar was held at Keinton, January 30th, 1872. Br. J. Johns preached a masterly discourse in the afternoon. It was a most felicitous season for minister and people. About 160 sat down to tea. In the evening we went to the Wesleyan Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion). Br. Sutton offered the first prayer. The pastor of the Circuit took the chair and after making a few impromptu remarks called on Br. Johns to deliver his

popular lecture on "Peter Cartwright." The audience was not emotional, but the lecture rivetted their attention upwards of one hour and a half.

We raised over 13 guineas that day for the Circuit funds. Br. Johns told us the two-fold object he wished to accomplish, 6,000 souls for Christ and £6,000 for missionary purposes, and his friends promised him £22 towards the latter object. If Br. Johns will give us a fair number of visits, we will pay our part of the contemplated £6,000. The time that Br. Johns came was very opportune, as 13 persons were hopefully converted in the chapel the week before his visit and several have been converted since.

T. HARRIS.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

REDRUTH AND CAMBORNE CIRCUIT.—Sermons in behalf of the Missionary Society were preached on Sunday, February 4th, at Lanner, Brea, and Camborne, by Messrs. J. Johns, W. Clarke, J. Woolcock, Wilson, and Bennetts, (Primitive.)

At Lanner, on Monday, a sermon at three p.m. by Mr. Johns, from Phil. i. 21. A good sermon, and a blessed influence. Meeting at seven, chapel well filled, addresses by Messrs. Woolcock, W. Clarke, and J. Johns, collection nearly double that of last year.

At Brea, on Thursday, the meeting was addressed by the former speakers. A good influence, collection more than last year.

At Camborne, on Friday, a large congregation. The same speakers, and an excellent meeting, collection more than £1 ahead. Mr. Johns did us good service; both sermons and speeches were highly appreciated. At all the meetings held so far, the collections are above those of last year.

W. CLARKE.

MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

MR. KENNER'S VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO CANADA.

(Continued from page 52).

The rain ceasing towards evening, I went to Cargreen, hired a boat for Saltash, and being about two minutes too late I had to wait till about 11 o'clock p.m. before there was another train to Plymouth. While waiting at the Station a woman who was going to Mr. Werrie's, South Hill,

(but who for some reason after coming from Manchester had been disappointed of meeting her relative) came in somewhat excited. She had gone to the Hotel opposite the station to seek lodgings for the night, the master said, Follow me, and led her over a flight of stone steps and on through a dark

passage, when she grew timid and said, I am not going any further, and came off to the station, scarcely knowing where to go or what to do. I directed her where she might obtain respectable lodgings, and she seemed much relieved and grateful.

On looking towards the door of the Hotel I saw some half a dozen "Jack Tars," with one poor fellow lying on the floor, his head down hill. Supposing he might be dead, I drew near and found he had drank till bereft of reason, when his companions had taken him in charge. They rested him on the pavement while they indulged in liquor, and then took him on their shoulders as butchers might a lifeless beast and bore him up the hill.

The bell rings, the whistle blows, and soon all are astir to get their seats. My brother, who had written me to get him lodgings and meet him and his family at the station, I learned afterwards was in the same train, but not having received his communication I was unaware of it at the time.

Arriving at lodgings about midnight I found the family in bed, and, through God's mercy, all tolerably well.

Started early on Friday morning to see to the luggage that had been forwarded per goods train; and then proceeding to my sister's in Tavistock Place, we found Mother had arrived the day previous, and was in good spirits for the voyage. We saw to her luggage, and then attempted to arrange for going out to the steamer when she should arrive. That we found no easy task, owing to the cupidity of the watermen and porters.

Mr. Weekes instructed us to be at his office precisely at ten o'clock a.m. on Saturday. The steamer was said to be coming in at nine, but arriving at ten o'clock we perceived no sign of her near approach. Mr. Wilcocks very kindly placed his private room at our disposal, and so contributed materially to our comfort.

At about three o'clock the vessel was said to be in sight, so we bid some friends from Lostwithiel, Callington, and Launceston, farewell, and soon arrived on board.

The sea was tolerably calm, the sky clear, and the wind steady. At 4.35, the anchor was weighed, the steam set on, and we passed down the Channel, much pleased that the bustle, of which we had become tired, would cease at least for a few days. The ship bearing the name of *Thames* is a fine vessel of 1600 tons burden, performing her

second voyage. On her first voyage, she was unfortunately run into, in making her exit from the St. Lawrence River, and the scars of conflict she had not had time to erase, as our cabin bore ample testimony.

The boxes we expected to want on board, the third mate persisted, against my instructions, in consigning to the hull of the vessel, so that I had to begin by complaining—superior authority being interposed, my wishes were soon complied with.

The chief steward was a coloured gentleman, by the name of William Harris. With great courtesy, and apparent pleasure, he proceeded to show us our berths. As ours was in the vicinity of the collision, it was not so nice as that accorded to my brother and some other passengers. There was no mirror, no peg of wood, iron, or brass, on which to suspend an article; it was minus, also, of curtains to hide the beds from vulgar gaze when the door happened to fall open, which, owing to the straining of the vessel, it frequently did, contrary to the wish of those that dwelt within.

We took dinner about three quarters of an hour after getting on board, and enjoyed it much; but that was about the last enjoyment of the kind, till about a fortnight later, we entered the St. Lawrence River. There were about one hundred and fifty steerage, and eighteen cabin passengers on board. As we soon made acquaintance with that much dreaded 'sea-sickness,' we found it convenient to repair at an early hour to our sleeping berths. My brother, on entering his, was so completely unmanned, that falling to the floor, he had not the power to reach his bed, and being unperceived by the steward, lay, as he fell, the whole night. The next day, Mr. Cocks, once a clergyman, conducted service both morning and afternoon on deck. Confined to our cabin through sickness, we were not privileged to hear the discourse and so can form no estimate of its value; but the sound of voices raised in songs to Him 'who measureth the waters of the great deep in the hollow of His hand,' revived and cheered our hearts.

The wind continued ahead, and by Tuesday evening, had so increased in force, that the ship was greatly tossed to and fro; producing several minor disasters, and subsequently a wave broke upon the quarter-deck, and the water came pouring in copious streams through the sky-light into the best cabin.

Just after this, I felt a drop fall on my head, as I lay in bed; and as successive drops came down, I was reminded of one of the methods by which as I have read, the Inquisition inflicted torture upon its victims, viz., to confine the head in a certain position, while at regular intervals, drops of water fell upon it, which by continual dropping on the same place, produced the most exquisite torture. I shifted my position, and soon the dropping ceased. The vessel continued its rolling to and fro. Meanwhile the water, that had come through the sky-light, had gathered in a gutter underneath our beds, and every time the ship lurched it rushed out from underneath, to drench the carpets and wash the floor. The whistling and roaring of the wind, the dashing and splashing of troubled waters, the creaking, groaning, and straining of the ship, the gurgling rush of waters underneath our beds, led the more timid to expect the vessel would soon split asunder, and engulf her cargo in the sea's unfathomable cave. Just then, some one came hurriedly and inquired for the rockets. 'Where are they?' is the inquiry. 'I know not,' the reply. 'They ought to be with the chief-mate,' is the assertion. 'He had no lock upon his department, and so they were given over to the chief steward,' is the response. The rockets are found, and a general rush is made towards the deck. 'What are they wanted for? Is it to reply to some vessel in distress? Is it to communicate with one of the company's ships, homeward bound? Is our own vessel taking water? Are we in danger of sinking, and is the captain seeking by these rockets to attract the attention, and secure the aid of some more favoured vessel than our own?' These and other questions are quickly propounded, but the answer, for the time being, fails to be forthcoming. The mast, it is said, is blown away, which turns out to be only

the foresail blown off. No one sleeps all are thoughtful; many are anxious; the yard-arms are dipping in the water. I fix my knees against the side of my berth, hold fast with both hands and with difficulty prevent myself falling on the floor, commend myself and all to God, and like those who sailed with Paul, 'wish for the day.' Morning at length came, and found nearly all sick; but all safe. Of the three stewards, we could not well speak too highly; and if we could conscientiously write the same of the *stewardess*, we think no old woman nor young maid would have been left twenty or twenty-four hours without food. Every encouragement was afforded to people to eschew sickness, and appear at the proper times to partake of their meals.

The Captain is a gentleman from South Wales; and far from being the worst specimen of manhood from that country whose acquaintance I have made. As his authority extended over all the ship, so did his watchful vigilance reach every part of the vessel. But for his interference, steerage passengers would not have been so well supplied with bread; cabin passengers' berths would not have been kept so clean, nor the sick have fared so well as they then did. Like Christmas Evans, the great orator of his country, he had but one eye; but that eye bore some relation to the preacher's, of whom Robert Hall said: "It was such an eye as might almost have lit the Israelites through the wilderness." When the fog was most dense, and the danger most imminent, he trusted no one's eyes without the addition of his own. When passengers were indulging in draughts of wine, he hesitated not to refuse the inebriating cup, that his mind might be clear to watch the interest of his freight; nor to take his meals irregularly, or not at all when duty called him on deck. (*To be concluded next.*)

Brief Notices of Books.

Crumbs Swept Up. By T. De Witt TALMAGE, Brooklyn, U.S. Hoder and Stoughton.

WE set a higher value on our Author's *Crumbs* than on some writers' whole *Crumbs* of literary bread. The humour is, in some instances, rather broad, which we regard as a slight blemish; but the chapter on "Spoiled Children" which we extracted last

month will, we hope, be a sufficient inducement to many of our readers to get the book and judge for themselves.

The Bible Student. Vol. II. Hoder and Stoughton.

MANY of the articles are scholarly, interesting, and devout. We read

them mostly as they appeared, and a re-perusal has only caused us to think more highly of them. The volume is very neatly bound, and will be more and more prized as it becomes better known.

The Preacher's Lantern. Volume I. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS handsome volume is very much "after our own heart." It has a dash, and warmth, and sprightliness about it which the *Bible Student* had not, and is therefore sure to command a wider circle of readers, which if it bear any proportion to its merits will be a wide one indeed.

The Fallacies of the Alleged Antiquity of Man proved, and the Theory shown to be a mere Speculation. By WILLIAM COOKE, D.D. London: Hamilton and Adams.

DR. COOKE never perhaps employed his vigorous and versatile pen to greater advantage than in the preparation of this little work, which justifies in our opinion its title, and that is the highest praise we can bestow on it.

The Biblical Museum: a collection of Notes Explanatory, Homiletic, and Illustrative, on the Holy Scripture. By J. O. GRAY. Vol. ii. Elliot Stock.

OF the first volume of this admirable work we have already spoken in warm terms of commendation; it is only necessary therefore now to say that this is a worthy companion volume, and if our advice be taken, every minister and Sunday-school teacher among our readers will at once obtain a copy.

Nature's Mighty Wonders. By R. NEWTON, D.D. S. W. Partridge and Co.

WE never read a book written for children that charmed us more than this. The letter-press, the illustrations, in fact everything about it is all that can be desired. It will become we are sure a favourite book both of young and old.

The Friendly Visitor for 1871, (Partridge and Co.) is a capital book for a present, the letter-press and the illustrations are alike excellent.

Grumbling Tommy and Contented Harry, and "Buster" and "Baby Jim," from the same publishers, are we know great favourites with children, a sure test of excellence. The first parts of *The New Cyclopædia of Illustrative Anecdote*, and *The Missionary World* (Elliot Stock) give promise of being exceedingly interesting and valuable works when completed, as they are to be in twelve monthly parts. The Rev. T. H. Walker's *Exposition of some of the Prevailing Causes which Prevent the Spiritual Prosperity of Christian Churches* (Partridge) is a very timely production, which cannot be read without profit, nor can Mr. Henn's "*Voices to the Church*," a new edition of which is just published by the Primitive Methodist Book Room. *Good Temperanism, its History and Principles, with Replies to Objections*, by the Rev. GEORGE GLADSTONE (Ourtime and Co.) may be strongly recommended to all who desire to become acquainted with that remarkable movement. "*This Christian Land*," (Marven) is a striking exposure of the inconsistency between the nation's professions of Christianity and its principles and conduct; which has made us again and again sigh that the "Greek Testament" and the "English Newspaper" which the Author had before him when he wrote are in such marked contrast one to the other. We by no means approve of all the writer's sentiments, and, occasionally, we think they are not perfectly consistent, as when he says—"either England is truly a Christian land, or she never will be," and yet he says further on, though genuine Christianity be not national, there are individuals who share Christ's love for humanity, and he is not despondent, for a little leaven leavens a large lump; but we are thoroughly one with him in his intense hatred to shams and pretences of every kind, and cannot but approve of his hearty denunciation of them.

Notes for our Readers.

WE regret that, through the pressure upon our space this month, we are obliged to lay aside a rather lengthy article we had prepared on current events; but we could not let this number go forth without saying a word or two to our readers respecting them.

The Nonconformist Conference at Manchester, held after our January number was printed, was, in the large number of delegates who attended, in the enthusiasm produced, and in the resolutions that were all but unanimously adopted, all that could be desired. We may confidently predict that some way must be soon found to remedy the grievous injustice which Mr. Forster's Education Act has inflicted on Dissenters, or an agitation, more formidable than any that has been witnessed of late years, will sweep it away altogether.

From India comes the sad intelligence of the death, at the hands of an assassin, of Lord Mayo, who as Viceroy won golden opinions even from his political adversaries for the admirable and efficient way in which he discharged the duties of his high office.

Parliament was only opened on Thursday, the 8th, and several of the measures promised in the Queen's Speech, have already been read a second time.

But the event of all others which has most excited men's minds is the misunderstanding that has been made public between our Government and that of the United States in reference to that Treaty from which so many persons hoped so much. How the Joint High Commissioners could have so bungled over this business almost surpasses comprehension. Our first thought was, that if we had so good a case as our Prime Minister declares we have, the matter might be allowed to proceed, as the arbitrators must inevitably determine that America had no claim upon us for indirect losses in consequence of the depredations of the Alabama. This we know would be very humiliating to our national pride, even if the decision were in our favour, but we should not mind that, if it were not inconsistent with our national dignity. Our hope still is, that some way out of the difficulty may be speedily found, as we fear that the very principle of arbitration may suffer immensely by such a conspicuous failure as that now threatening us. Our thoughts also recur to the time when this difficulty was created, we mean the time when the sympathies of the ruling classes were so manifestly in favour of the Southern cause, to which the escape of the Alabama, rather than any defect in our laws, was probably attributable. But wrong-doing, whether of an individual or of a nation, never prospers, and never can prosper, for the penalty, sooner or later, will certainly be exacted.

A powerful reaction against the dogma of infallibility seems likely to arise in France as well as Germany, and present appearances indicate that the Pope and his advisers committed, to use a political phrase, a *blunder*, in decreeing it at the time and in the manner they did, as the consequences are likely to prove most serious to the Papal system; but Protestantism, or rather Christianity, we hope, will be the gainer.

We heartily rejoice in the decision of our beloved Queen to appoint a day of Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, because praise more than prayer, gratitude more than supplication, is the proper test to apply in order to ascertain the sincerity, the depth, and the genuineness of our religious professions. And surely if nation had ever reason to be thankful, England, considering the wonderful blessings she has so long enjoyed, is that nation.

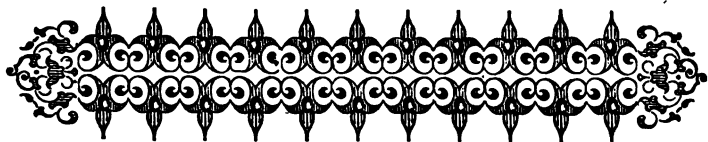
We beg to inform our friends who have felt so much annoyed by the "Waltham Convulsionists," as they have been called, unwarrantably assuming the name of "Bible Christians," that the matter has not been overlooked. It is unfortunately too well known that some of the strange doings of these people have been reported and commented on by the newspapers in such a way as to lead many persons to confound them with ourselves, and we must acknowledge that our efforts to get a satisfactory explanation in the same papers have not been very successful. Other measures are under consideration, and our readers may rest assured that no pains will be spared to set the public right on a matter that so intimately concerns the reputation of the denomination.

February 15th, 1872.





W Beer



THE
Bible Christian Magazine,
APRIL, 1872.

JESUS OF NAZARETH: AN HISTORICAL STUDY.

Who was Jesus Christ? is a question which stands prominent among the many questions which are being discussed in the present day: discussed with a freedom and an earnestness which have never been surpassed. In no age have men felt the importance of this question more than in this; never were the high interests which it involves seen with clearer vision than now. True, the question has been asked and answered again and again, but it is characteristic of our day that men will examine for themselves; they will take nothing for granted simply because Councils decree it and Churches teach it. Before this spirit of enquiry many venerable theories have fallen never to rise again; and much which our fathers believed can be believed no more. Arrest this spirit of enquiry we cannot, and it would be worse than folly to ignore it. Truth has nothing to fear, on the contrary, it has everything to gain from a searching investigation. Of such an investigation no man has any right to complain.

None of our readers, we are persuaded, will deny the importance of the question before us. What name, we ask, is so bound up with the history of the past as that of Jesus Christ? Blot out that name and all with which it stands associated, and the history of the past two thousand years will be a blank. The words he uttered with the life he lived, have, as another has put it, so impressed the world, that the history of the past eighteen centuries may be said to have taken its force from Him. No other name is such a power in our world to day: it is interwoven with all that is noble, and elevating, and pure in society. It is impossible to estimate its influence. The purest and noblest of our race daily draw their inspiration from it. There are millions upon millions, the truest, most self-sacrificing, of our fellow-men, to whom this name is "above every

name;" around it their highest hopes and holiest affections continually entwine. Destroy its influence! You might as well think to arrest the law of gravitation, or pluck the stars from their spheres. To uproot the influence of this Name you must uproot the very foundations of civilized society.

It is a fact, which we must not pass in silence, that at the time of the birth of Jesus Christ the whole Eastern World (that is civilization) was on the tiptoe of expectation,—looking for the advent of some remarkable personage; a personage the like of whom the world had never seen before; a personage in whom the desires, and hopes, and expectations, and prayers, of four thousand years should find their fitting answer. The world was in a waiting attitude—wary of the strife she looked for the Deliverer. Unable to lift herself out of the mire into which she had fallen, the world enquired after the promised One, who should be "mighty to save." During a long, long night the world had been groping her way in darkness, feeling after God; sighing for light—for some guiding hand to conduct her to her Father's bosom. The world was now listening for the coming of Him in whom her every hope should be more than met, and her every desire should be more than realized. In this general expectation of a deliverer, which reached its climax at the time of the birth of Jesus, there are some who are unable to see anything more than a *remarkable coincidence*. We, on the contrary, profess to see very much more than that; we have no hesitation in saying that we see therein the *finger of God*.

The birth of Jesus Christ was perfectly unique; thus, at the very beginning He is marked off from all other men. How very guarded the writers of the Gospels are when speaking of His birth. They are most particular in stating that He was born of a Virgin, apart from any human interposition, through the direct agency of the Holy Ghost. Such a conception had never been known before, and has never been heard of since. This uniqueness which marked Jesus Christ off from all other men in His birth can be distinctly traced through His life. The attentive reader cannot fail to observe the striking harmony there is between the birth and the life; the one is perfectly consistent with the other. Let any man take the life of Jesus and say if it is other—less mysterious—than the birth would lead him to anticipate. Would an ordinary birth have been a fitting introduction to such a life? Or would an ordinary life have been an appropriate sequel to such a birth? Had the life been less marvellous, or the birth less mysterious, would not the one have been the contradiction of the other? As they are, the consistency is most striking, and most suggestive.

In such an enquiry as the present, it is important, first of all, to know what Jesus Christ Himself had to say upon it. Did He Himself lay claim to any superiority over our race? Was He conscious of the existence in His person of any thing more than human? Did He Himself claim to be Divine? True, of itself the mere claim to Divinity does not prove its existence; but take Christ's claim in connection with His character, and the argument for His Divinity is, as we shall endeavour to prove, unanswerable.

In examining the Gospels we cannot fail to observe that Jesus

Christ invariably spoke of Himself as "The Son of Man." There is more in this appellation—an appellation, let it be remembered, which was self-chosen—than at first sight appears. Quite as much is *implied as expressed*. That it is a plain declaration of His humanity, none will deny, but is that all? For instance, is there not an intimation of the *superiority* of His humanity? "THE SON OF MAN." THE MAN: as if there were not another. The only real, genuine, perfect, man. The only embodiment of the Divine ideal the world has ever seen. Further, does not the appellation intimate the *universality of His relationship*? "The Son of MAN." The brother of all human kind, above all blood distinctions; exempt from all the peculiarities of race or country; not related to any particular age, or nation, or kindred, but belonging alike to every age, and nation, and people, and tongue.

This, however, is not all, the appellation clearly implies that He was *more than man*. What should we think of a man continually going about asserting his humanity? Would any sane man ever think of doing so? The humanity of each of us is self-evident. Our fellow-men do not need to be reminded by us that we are human; none of us find it necessary to so remind them. And Christ's humanity was evident enough; we do not read that any of His contemporaries ever called it in question. And yet, evident as was His humanity, He was continually, on all occasions, in public and in private, declaring Himself to be man. Such a self-chosen appellation necessitates one of two things, either that Jesus Christ believed Himself more than man; or, that He was—well, an idiot.

Again we often find Jesus Christ referring to His pre-existence. He represented Himself as "coming forth from God." As "coming down from Heaven." As existing before Abraham. He could not have had reference to His human nature; that had only been in existence some thirty years. Those who heard Him did not understand Him as speaking of His humanity. Regarding Him as a man and nothing more they might well say, "Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? Whom makest thou thyself?" They understood Him to imply that He was God, therefore, it was that they took up stones to stone Him.

Further; Jesus Christ claimed an affinity to God, and spoke of God in such familiar terms as would be rank blasphemy on the lips of a mere creature, however exalted. He spoke of God as *His* Father, "but He never says *Our* Father as if He shared His sonship with others, He always speaks of '*My* Father.'" To Philip's request, "Show us the Father," what was the reply? "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in Me." And when asked by another of His disciples how it was He would manifest Himself unto them and not unto the world, He replied, "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and *We* will come unto him, and make *Our* abode with him." Who is this that dares thus to associate himself with the "Everlasting God;" and speaks of making of human hearts a dwelling-place for himself? * The speaker

* See Liddon's Bampton Lectures, p: 178.

must be more than man, or he must be the very prince of blasphemers.

Once more, Jesus Christ claimed authority over human hearts, and spoke of them as belonging to Himself in virtue of an existing right. "No rival claim, however strong, no natural affection, however legitimate and sacred, may interpose between Him and the soul of His follower. 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me; if any man come to me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.' It is impossible to ignore this imperious claim on the part of Jesus to rule the whole soul of man. Other masters may demand a man's active energies, or his time, or his purse, or his thought, or some large share of his affections; but here is a claim on the whole man, on his very inmost self, on the sanctities of his deepest life. Here is a claim which sets aside and ignores the dearest ties of family and kindred, if perchance they interfere with it. Does any one who is merely man dare to advance such a claim as this? If so, is it possible that, believing him to be only a fellow creature, we can listen to the claim with respect, with patience, without earnest indignation? Do not our souls belong only and wholly to Him who made them? How then can he listen to the demand which is advanced by Jesus of Nazareth? Is it tolerable if He is only man? If He does indeed share with ourselves the great debt of creation at the hand of God; if He exists, like ourselves, from moment to moment merely upon sufferance; or rather if He is upheld in being in virtue of a continuous and gratuitous ministration of life, supplied to Him by the Author of all life; is it endurable that He should thus assume to deal with us as His own creatures, as beings who have no rights before Him, and whom He may command at will? What is the real moral justification of a claim, than which no larger could be urged by the Creator! How can Christ bid men live for Himself as for the very end of their existence? How can He rightly draw towards Himself the whole thought and love of one single human being, with this imperious urgency, if He be anything else or less than the supreme Lord of life?" * Such representations—and they were continually on the lips of Jesus Christ—are not to be explained away as mere tall talk, or mere strokes of rhetoric; those who heard them did not regard them as such, and it is evident that the speaker never intended that they should be so regarded. Nor are they to be accounted for by any difference between the eastern and western modes of speech. You cannot translate them into any modern terms which would be tolerated, for a single moment, on the lips of the most intelligent, most virtuous of our fellow-men. Nothing can be clearer than that the speaker meant to convey to the minds of His hearers, that He was more than human, that He was Divine; that He was more than man, that He was God. Granted that He was *man*, and nothing more, is it to be wondered at that many of His hearers took up stones to stone Him? What other

*Liddon's Bampton Lectures, p. 176, 177.

answer than *stones* could He expect His blasphemies to receive at their hands? Granted that He was only *man*, and is it correct to speak of Calvary as the culmination of human guilt? The world has witnessed many a fouler deed than Calvary a thousand times over. Jesus Christ was a far greater sinner than those who put Him to death, His sins against society and God were a hundred-fold more heinous than theirs!

Let us now consider Christ's Character in its bearing on His claims. Its *SINLESSNESS* at once arrests attention, no flaw was to be found in His life. "Hence the lamb and the dove are His appropriate symbols." The *Humility* of Christ is worthy of notice. Humility occupied a very prominent place in His teachings; again and again we find Him inculcating it by word and deed. Disputes sometimes arose among His disciples as to which of their number should be greatest: on one occasion He met the dispute in a manner which must have greatly surprised the disputants, He took a little child and set it in the midst of them and said, "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven." On another occasion He silenced the dispute thus—"Whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant." And to fix the lesson in their minds we find Him condescending to wash their feet. Christ never manifested that restless "desire for eminence and distinction which is so common in great men." Do we ever find Him courting popularity? On many occasions we find Him shunning it as an element in which His "naturally retiring disposition" could not feel at home. You study His life in vain to find any traces of, what men call, *ambition*. When, on one occasion, the enthusiasm of the people was such that they resolved to take Him by force and make Him their King, He withdrew from among them and sought the solitude of the mountain side. Such humility was peculiar to Christ as a moral teacher. In the lives and teachings of the great moralists who preceded Him we search for it in vain. Christ was the first to ennoble "*The Poor in Spirit*" and rank *them* among the blessed.

Further, consider the *gentleness* of Christ. Suffering was not merely characteristic of the *close* of Christ's life, it characterized the life *throughout*. Trials met Him at every turn, He was in very truth "*a man of sorrows*." His more immediate followers were continually misunderstanding Him. Their Jewish prejudices blinded their eyes to the true meaning of the lessons which He endeavoured to teach them; and they clung to their prejudices to the very last. The Jewish atmosphere, in which they had been cradled, had so *materialized* their minds as to render them all but incapable of receiving a *spiritual* truth. Thus after three years' schooling they appeared to be just as far from Him—from that spirituality to which he had been striving to bring them—as when they first heard His voice on the shores of the Galilean lake. Then there were their petty disputes, which were ever and anon disturbing the peace of the little circle; and last of all their cowardly desertion in the time of His greatest trial. But there is not the slightest trace of impatience in His conduct; neither the prejudices of His followers in their petty jealousies, nor their cowardice, disturbed the calm of His bosom, He was sublimely gentle amidst the whole.

Moreover, there were the trials which He met with at the hands of His enemies. His enemies forgot, for a time, their own quarrels, in their endeavours to crush Him. They way-laid Him at every turn; wherever He went, into whatever circle He entered, He knew that an enemy's eye was watching Him; whenever He opened His mouth to speak, He knew that an enemy's ear was listening to Him, never was persecution followed up with greater bitterness and determination, than that which Christ had to face during the whole period of His public ministry. They were constantly misrepresenting Him—what He said and what He did. Did He perform an act of mercy on the Sabbath-day, they represented Him as a Sabbath-breaker. Did He speak a word of pity and hope to a penitent soul struggling towards a higher life, they set Him forth as a friend of publicans and sinners. Did He sit down to eat, they called Him a glutton. And when He wrought a miracle, they swore that He was in league with the devil. When in time they had sufficiently educated the public sentiment, as to make it clear that they might strike the long prepared blow without any fear of a popular rising in His favour, they sent forth an armed band to take Him, as though He were the greatest villain Jewish society had seen for many a day. Nothing could be more infernal than their treatment of Him, from His seizure in the garden to the final scene on the cross. His very agonies were a feast over which they gloated with devilish *ecstasy*. Let any one read the history of the tragedy, and say what else they could have done to increase His torture. The fiends!—they exhausted the very armoury of hell! Could they have done more?

How did Christ meet these persecutions? Remember He was no stoic, He was possessed of most exquisite feelings. *Tenderness, sensibility*, were not words without meaning when applied to Christ. Never did human bosom possess so much genuine human nature as filled the bosom of Christ. But in union with this sensitiveness, this more than womanly tenderness, there was self-control—an inexpressible majesty, before which we bow with wondering admiration. There was no sudden gust of passion, no uncontrollable anger, no bitterness, no retaliation. See Him in the palace of the High Priest, or at the bar of Pilate, or in the Common Hall amid the scoffs of the soldiers, or on His way to death, He is like a lamb going to the slaughter.

We cannot allow Christ's *unselfishness* to pass unnoticed. Among the many charges brought against Him by His enemies, none ever dared to charge Him with self-seeking. No man ever had less of this world's goods than Jesus Christ. Was it *necessarily* so? Consider how popular He was with the masses of His countrymen; and such popularity would have increased a hundred-fold had He been less scrupulous; had he bowed to the national prejudices, and winked at the national sins. In a word had Jesus Christ cared more for *self-aggrandizement* and less for *truth*, He might have seen a *THRONE*, but the *CROSS*—never. There were also the immense resources of power which He carried in His bosom; power over nature, and disease, and death. Christ was not necessarily poor, in the sense that wealth was not within His reach. Had He known anything of the love of greed, how rich He might have grown. How He might have traded on

His popularity, and if *testimonials* had been in vogue, He might, doubtless, have received many a substantial one had He, as some modern testimonial hunters are careful to do, given an intimation that such would be acceptable. As to His miracles, what a lucrative business He might have carried on. But pure benevolence characterized all His miracles. His miraculous power was never used in the service of self. His whole life was spent in the service of others.

If we look for evidence of the *sinlessness* of Christ's character, there is abundance. As we have already remarked, Jesus Christ had enemies and they were most bitter and determined. For three years they watched Him closely; in public and in private they were at His heels. They carefully weighed every word which fell from His lips. Not a single act of His did they allow to pass unchallenged. They taunted Him; they hurled false charges at Him; they insinuated the vilest motives; they did all they could possibly do to goad Him to the utterance of a rash word, or the doing of a rash deed, but in vain. After being watched and baited for three years, He could boldly stand forth before them all and throw down the challenge, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?"

We have also the testimony of Pilate. Here was a man who, unless his contemporaries have done him great injustice, was a very monster of wickedness, a man who knew nothing of conscientious scruples. A cold, hard, cruel, calculating man; one who hesitated at nothing which would serve his purpose; here is this man again and again asserting the innocence of his prisoner, and publicly expressing his wish to release Him. And when, for political prestige, he consented to sacrifice Him, he did it most reluctantly, and took water, and, washing his hands before the clamouring crowd, called them to witness that He was innocent of the blood of the Just One before him. Is such testimony worth nothing?

Further, we have the testimony of Judas. Think you, if there had been any act, any flaw in Christ's public or private life which Judas could have called to mind in the hour of his remorse as an apology for his crime, he would not have done so? But there was no such relief for the traitor. It was the *immaculate purity* of the betrayed one which tormented his conscience, which stung him to the very quick, and which made life a burden too intolerable to be borne. His last words were, "I have betrayed innocent blood."

Moreover, we have the testimony of His disciples. There was an inner circle of friendship in the midst of which Jesus moved. His disciples were personally acquainted with His private as well as His public life; and during the three years they attended Him they failed to discern a single flaw either in the one or in the other. They all declared that "He did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." Such is the testimony we have concerning the sinlessness of Christ's *outer* life. But every man lives *two* lives at one and the same time. There is an *inner* life as well as an *outer* life; and while the *outer* life, may, to human observation, appear blameless, the *inner* life may be far from perfect.*

* See Robertson's Sermons, fourth series, p. 94.

The question we have now to consider is, Was Jesus Christ conscious of any moral imperfection? During the whole of his life we never find Him confessing sin; no word of penitence ever fell from His lips; we never read of his asking forgiveness at the hands of God. His whole bearing, as far as we can gather, was that of one unconscious of any moral imperfection; of one in whom evil had no place. There is not a word of His which can be regarded as intimating, in the slightest degree, that he was other than conscious of being *Divinely perfect*. Examine the lives of the most exalted of our race, and you will find nothing of this. The higher men rise in moral purity, the more profoundly conscious they are of imperfections; and the more ready they are to acknowledge them.* Paul is but the representative of millions, who, in the midst of their moral attainments, have felt themselves to be "the chief of sinners." Jesus Christ, however, claimed to be morally *perfect*.

Another feature in the character of Christ worthy of notice is its *completeness*. His was no one-sided goodness. In the character of Jesus every admirable virtue has its place. History presents to us many noble characters, characters deservedly popular; but their popularity arises from their representing *particular* virtues and graces. In the character of Christ, however, you have every virtue, every grace. The harmony, moreover, is most striking. In many characters you have the *maximum* of some virtues, and the *minimum* of others. There is nothing of this in Christ. We do not find one particular virtue rising high above the rest. There is no *excess* on the one hand, nor *falling short* on the other. The *equilibrium* was never lost. We never find his virtues degenerating into vices.† Christ's dignity never degenerates into pride; His seriousness into moroseness; His calmness into apathy; His zeal into rashness; His tenderness into sentimentality; His forbearance into weakness; His firmness into obstinacy; His courage into presumption; His ——— But why attempt the *impossible*? No human language can do this matchless character justice. We *FEEL* its greatness, but cannot *describe* it. No artist's hand is equal to the task; it is infinitely beyond the representation of chisel, or pencil, or pen.

For near two thousand years men have looked up to it as the embodiment of every virtue—as the very ideal of humanity. Those who have denied Christ's divinity have knelt with profound reverence before His character. The great American Unitarian (Channing) in his essay on the character of Christ, says—"I confess, when I can escape the deadening power of habit, and can receive the full import of such passages as the following:—'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,'—'I am come to seek and to save that which was lost,'—'He that confesseth Me before men, him will I confess before My Father in heaven,'—'Who-soever shall be ashamed of Me before men, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of the Father with the holy angels,'—'In My Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you;'—I say, when I can succeed in realizing the import of such passages, I feel myself listening to a being such

* Robertson's Sermons, 4th series, p. 99. † See the Christ of the Gospels, p. 39.

as never before and never since spoke in human language. I am awed by the consciousness of greatness which these simple words express; and when I connect this greatness with the proofs of Christ's miracles, I am compelled to exclaim with the centurion,—‘Truly this was the Son of God.’”*

Again, he says,—“I know not what can be added to heighten the wonder, reverence, and love which are due to Jesus. When I consider Him, not only as possessed with the consciousness of an unexampled and unbounded majesty, but as recognizing a kindred nature in human beings, and living and dying to raise them to a participation of His divine glories; and when I see Him under these views allying Himself to men by the tenderest ties, embracing them with a spirit of humanity which no insult, injury, or pain, could for a moment repel or overpower, I am filled with wonder as well as reverence and love. I feel that this character is not of human invention—that it was not assumed through fraud, or struck out by enthusiasm; for it is infinitely above their reach.”†

This is our question, How is Christ's character to be explained? For, be it borne in mind, *unbelievers* as well as *believers* admit that His is the only perfect character the world has ever seen. This being the case, will anything, we ask, short of *Divinity* satisfactorily explain it? Of those who deny His divinity we have a right to demand an explanation of this remarkable phenomenon. Further; admitting Christ's claims to divinity to be false,—put forth to deceive, and how are you going to explain the union of so much that is noble with so much that is base,—such moral beauty with such deception? Is it not marvellous that such deception should have been carried on for three years before the eyes of such enemies as Christ's were, without being detected? With Christ's character before me I have no hesitation in saying that it is far easier to believe Him *DIVINE* than a *DECEIVER*; and nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand will say the same. *CHRIST A DECEIVER!* Before I can believe that you must destroy that incomparable sermon of His on the mount, the ethics of which have thrown for ever into the shade all that Socrates, or Seneca, or Plato, ever wrote on virtue;—you must destroy His parables, “those wonderful compositions” which fell from His lips like pearls, over which youth and age, peasant and philosopher, sit spell-bound;—you must destroy the picture of Him in the midst of little children, taking them up in His arms and blessing them; or in the house of Simon with penitent guilt sitting at His feet “speaking out its love in tears;” or at the gate of Nain, His great heart overflowing with compassion in the presence of human grief; or at the grave of Lazarus, with tears lingering on His cheeks, speaking words so full of hope,—words which have inspired millions with the profoundest peace and holiest trust as they have stood on the margin of the grave;—words which have irradiated the tomb with the glory of Immortality;—you must blot out His Patience, His Tenderness, His Condescension, His Forbearance, His Compassion, His Miracles of Mercy, and His Love. With these before me do you ask me to believe Him a deceiver, a mere juggler, a wild enthusiast?

* Channing's Works, Cheap Edition, p. 243.

† Ibid. p. 245.

IMPOSSIBLE! A Deceiver!—No, No, NO. It is a thousand times easier to believe Him a GOD!!

W. B. LARK.

THE PRINCE'S RECOVERY.*

BRETHREN, when it was decided on Sunday evening that I should preach to you this morning, my first difficulty was to select a suitable text. This is not the first time that I have had to preach in connection with the Prince of Wales. On his wedding-day in 1863, I was asked to preach in a Wesleyan Chapel in the West of Cornwall; and knowing that such days are usually days of rejoicing, without the least thought or care about the deep sorrow and distress that sometimes speedily follow, I took for my text, "Rejoice with trembling." On this occasion I have selected Psalm cxviii. 17—19. "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore; but he hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord."

Days of national humiliation and thanksgiving are, to me, suggestive. They are not appointed except on special occasions. Local interests, however important, do not give birth to them; nor are we ever called to observe such days in connection with ordinary individuals. There must be something to awaken a nation's dread or a nation's joy to lead to their appointment. And, as far as I know, they are never appointed except by the chief Magistrate. Corporate Bodies may call for humiliation or thanksgiving; but in all such cases the observance would be restricted to the said body.

It is, I think, a hopeful circumstance when the Potentates of earth acknowledge the supremacy of heaven. To see an individual, however humble, prostrate before God is good; to see a *monarch* in that position is better; but to see a *nation, led by the monarch*, is better still. There is hope for England, there is hope for any nation, when the chief Ruler manifests a sense of dependence upon God, and of obligation to Him. And it will be a calamity for our country if ever the throne shall be occupied again by an impious Monarch. The influence of persons occupying such a position is very great. And as there is such a tendency in the lower orders to imitate the upper classes of society, there is no knowing what degeneracy would result from a dissolute court. Let us pray, my dear brethren, that the nobility, the purity, and the piety of our gracious Queen, and of the late Prince Consort, may descend from father to son as long as the British monarchy shall exist. And if it be impossible for the nobility and purity to be increased, God grant that the piety may deepen from generation to generation, and exert an increasing and ever extending influence to the last!

In the words of the text there are certain points set forth in the

* The substance of a discourse delivered in Burlington Street Chapel, Weston-Super-Mare, on Tuesday, February 27th, 1872.

case of the Psalmist, for which I think we may find a parallel in the case of the Prince. Does not the text indicate that the life of the Psalmist had been in peril, and that death had been expected. To my mind the declaration, "I shall not die, but live," warrants such a conclusion as that. And is it not a fact that for weeks the life of the Prince appeared to tremble in the balance, and that the whole nation expected the announcement of his death by every fresh telegram that arrived? May I not say that up to a certain point such was the case? Then the Psalmist expresses his confidence that he should not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord; and there came a turning-point in the case of the Prince, when fear gave place to a comfortable feeling of assurance. It sometimes happens that the afflicted one has confidence that life will be prolonged when others see no ground to hope. I have no means of knowing what were the feelings of the Prince when the whole nation was tremulous with anxiety. If there was any confidence in him, there did not appear to be any elsewhere.

But the Psalmist says, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." It is well when restored health and extended life are usefully employed. There is no more effectual way in which we can testify our gratitude to God, and our appreciation of the sympathy of our fellowmen. It is sad, very sad, when health restored and life prolonged, simply end in greater forgetfulness of God. The near approach of death often reveals the importance of life; furnishes useful lessons for the future; and causes individuals to resolve on a holier and more righteous course of life. We sincerely hope that the late affliction of the Prince will have a sanctified effect upon him, and all the royal family.

We pass on to notice the second declaration: "The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death." To chasten means to correct by affliction; to punish; to purify from errors or faults. This is what we all need, and what almost all experience at some time or other. The Lord often accomplishes by affliction what He fails to accomplish in any other way.

The chastening of the Psalmist was heavy, and so indeed was the chastening of the Prince; but in neither case was the individual given over unto death. Prayer seems to have had an influence in the case of the Psalmist (verse 5), and is there not reason to believe that prayer has had great influence in the case of the Prince. We know everything was done for him, that medical skill and affectionate nursing could do; but who shall say that efficacy was not given to the means employed in answer to prayer? Was there ever an instance before when prayer so general, so all but universal, went up to God in behalf of an individual? Not only through the length and breadth of this land, but from nations and colonies far off and near were supplications poured forth in behalf of the Prince, the Queen and all the royal family. Sympathy and supplication appeared to be universal. It is an important element in cases of affliction that the divine hand be recognized. The Psalmist says, "The Lord hath chastened me," &c. And is there not evidence that the Royal household recognized the hand of God in the affliction of the Prince? How touching was the short and simple note of the

Princess, requesting the clergyman to offer a few words of prayer in behalf of the Prince, at a time when her Royal Highness might manage to be present to join in the petition, by stealing for a few minutes from the bedside of the illustrious sufferer! Is it possible for all the touching scenes and circumstances of those weary hours, and days, and weeks, of anxious watching, and solemn suspense, to fade from the memory? Would not the conscience instantly remonstrate, and the heart reproach, if there were the least tendency to this?

We pass on to notice the request of the Psalmist:—"Open to me the gates," &c. Here the uppermost desire appears to have been to repair to the house of God to make a public acknowledgment of His goodness. It is not enough that in secret the heart can be uplifted in grateful ascriptions of praise; the Psalmist wants publicly to acknowledge God's goodness. And in a case like ours, where the intelligence has been flashed from day to day, and almost from hour to hour, to nations far and near, that a prince lay prostrate at the point of death, and that a nation's prayers were solicited on his behalf, how unseemly would it have been to have allowed his restoration to pass without a day of national thanksgiving! All honour to the Queen for having appointed this day! God be thanked that such a Sovereign sits at the head of this great nation! May the day never come when our monarchs shall fail to acknowledge God! May the day never come when the light, the liberty, and the privileges of the people of this realm shall be withdrawn! May this nation never fail of a ruler in deep sympathy with the plain and obvious teachings of the Gospel!

"Open to me the gates!" Such a desire as is indicated by this demand suggests the idea of a sense of obligation, and we are hopeful that the services of this day will not fail to exert an influence for good on the mind of the prince. The scenes, the services, especially in the great cathedral, will sure to be impressive, and surely the recollection of this day will have a chastening influence upon the prince and all the royal family throughout the future of their lives.

"Open to me the gates:—I will go into them." It shall not satisfy me that others enter in my behalf—that others congregate on this occasion. I will join them; I will mingle my praises with theirs; "I will bless the Lord." May God add His blessing to the services of this day. Amen.

M. R.

GEORGE HERBERT AND HIS POEMS.

No. 3.

To proceed with our examination of Herbert's longest poem, "The Church Porch," I observe that though the poet does not proceed upon any set plan, he manages so to arrange the thought as to lead the reader on from one truth to another in some way related to it. And with admirable skill, he brings some of the weightiest matters towards the close; having secured the attention by his illustrations, and running cautions. Here and there

he generalizes while dwelling on some particular point, and drops in, as it were, a reflection which while it supports what he has just said, can have its meaning extended in other ways. Thus, when writing of the way in which we ought to demean ourselves towards our superiors, Herbert shows that envy of their greatness does ourselves hurt, because, in reality, it widens the distance between us, and does so not by elevating them, but by lowering ourselves. And yet, on the other hand, there may be, he grants, a feeling of wholesome rivalry—which, he indeed, calls “jealousy,” yet evidently uses the word in a sense not exactly the modern one—by which we are stirred up, and urged on, to attain to something higher than we have, as yet, reached. For, though there are circumstances beyond our control which do press upon us, and limit our capacity of altering our external position, it is not so with regard to our inner nature, since, with divine help, we may there proceed, be outward things as they may, to far greater excellences than we have in the past. Then, pausing, our author adds this singular utterance,

“Correct thy passions’ spite,
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.”

Here is an obscurity, which has thus been cleared up; *spite* is not, in this place, *malice* or *malignity*, but force or vehemence; and these are called “beasts,” because many of our natural feelings or inclinations are, to an extent, common to us, and to the living creatures which surround us. Let these therefore be corrected or controlled; and even these emotions which might be deemed unworthy of a creature endowed by God with an immortal soul, may, by their being sanctified, draw us to “happy light.” Somewhat akin to this was the idea of the old writer, that the vices of a man’s life, when subdued, may be made as stairs, or stepping-stones, helping him on to better things in the days to come.

After dwelling upon our relations with our fellow-men generally, Herbert touches on our conduct towards those who occupy a special position as being our nearest friends. Wear, says he, so far as you can do so, your friend’s “eyes in your bosom;” that is, in your treatment of him strive to follow out such a course of conduct as you would pursue if he saw the thoughts of your heart, and not your actions only. And yet, adding a caution which individuals need quite as much now as in Herbert’s day, (and perhaps rather more,) the poet says, with warmth, that strong as are the claims of friendship, there are other claims which come before them. Therefore let not a father of a family endanger what is his children’s right, by becoming a surety for another. Nay more than that, if a man is single, it may still be his duty to protect himself, and he must distinguish between a friend’s real needs, and his fancied ones. We may sometimes give, and “submit to love,” our property; but still our poet holds that “none is bound to work for two,” if the friend has entangled himself in a blamable way.

Many, both young and old, are anxious to know how they may shine in conversation, or at least manage so as not to appear more dull than their neighbours. About this Herbert gives sage counsel.

“In thy discourse, if thou desire to please;
All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty;
Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease;
Courtesy grows in court; news in the city.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card
That suits him best, of whom thy speech is heard.”

The last maxim is worth much; it is too little acted upon. To suit the topic on which we talk to the taste or the need of the person we address. For when he says, “Draw the card,” he evidently means, “Make a wise selection from the subjects which you are acquainted with, and take up

those which are best fitted to each occasion. Roughly, he classes the materials under four heads; though in a sense "courtesy" may be supposed to have its influence at all times. Though there is a courtesy which stands by itself as a branch of conversation, and includes those kindly enquiries, and expressions of good wishes which are frequently required by the customs of society, and yet which ought not to be merely empty forms for all that. In towns, then as now, "news" was to be sought. But what means our poet by connecting usefulness in conversation with labour, and wit with ease? Why this seemingly, that it is by labour, by diligence in reading, and careful observation, we must obtain a mental store, out of which we can draw forth an abundance of matter which will prove of utility. Wit and humour we may suppose are comprehended here under the one term wit, and the exercise of these is largely concerned with the play of fancy or imagination, which can only have freedom when the soul enjoys a measure of tranquillity. Though we find a degree of wit common amongst persons who toil hard, and think very little, most of those who have been celebrated for their liveliness and sprightliness in conversation have enjoyed such a measure of ease that they have been able to give their imaginations license to gather in, or to evolve, a supply of those ideas which do much, if they are rightly handled, to make social talk interesting and animated. Sedate as Herbert was, he was not morose, nor did he fail to admit elsewhere that there was a "time to laugh" even for the country parson; for when he describes him "in mirth," he says, "he sometimes refresheth himself, as knowing that pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good, not only because all men shun the company of perpetual severity, but also for that instructions seasoned with pleasantness, both enter soomer, and root deeper."

But having considered *what* we shall talk about, it is not a thing of little consequence as to *how* our conversation is to be carried on, and on this point Herbert gives counsel, which if it were to be generally acted on, would do much towards the spread of kindly feeling and sympathy amongst us. Above all, he warns his reader against needless vehemence, when debateable subjects come up:—

"Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sickness and poverty?
In love I should; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither, therefore gently move."

This stanza begins and closes with the same sentiment, and the gist of it is that we must beware in conversation of getting heated about trifles. The fault is so common that scarcely any one can claim to be entirely free from it, and we do also give ourselves more uneasiness about "mistakes"—things in which it is of no great consequence whether our friends are right or wrong, than about errors which are really of importance. Men argue hotly one against the other about some speculative question, which cannot, perhaps be settled after all, while they neither speak nor think of other things of deep interest, and which concern the life. In the fifth line of the stanza just quoted, the thought is so condensed that we do not at first perceive the meaning; but paraphrased, it may run as follows: "In love I should"—do just the reverse, that is, I should regard more a man's troubles or his serious faults than those mistakes which may be merely of the head. "But anger is not love"—the fact of my vehemence about these trifles is almost a proof that I have not those feelings of affection towards him which I ought to have."

Herbert proceeds to show, in some other stanzas, that it is not only right, but politic, to secure all the regard and affection we can. It will not do to wrap ourselves up in a cloak of would-be indifference, since we

are in so many ways dependent upon our fellow-men. Nor must we, in a hasty estimate, think that any one who occupies a condition of apparent inferiority is totally devoid of those feelings which we expect to find in those holding more advantageous positions in life.

"Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a present for a mighty king.)
Much less make any one thine enemy."

And Herbert's largeness of heart is shown again when he comes to write about the giving of alms, and the duty we owe towards the necessitous. For primary principles he lays down these in a word; we must ever keep in view what we can afford to bestow, and carefully ascertain the merits or demerits of applicants for our aid. The thought we now quote is a beautiful one:—

"Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot; * both images regard."

It was only natural that this poem, the "Church Porch," should close with some references to a man's duties in relation to church attendance, and his demeanour while there. Herbert had great, perhaps on some particulars, exaggerated ideas as to the importance of church services. He regarded numbers to have some stimulating effect in devotion, and says,

"Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love;
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most; for where most pray, is heaven."

This will be questioned by some, and they will quote against the author that text in which Christ has promised His presence to "two or three," and which one hears occasionally used, in a sort of apologetic manner at prayer-meetings where the attendance is but meagre. It is true that God is thus present with a very few, and also true, that great results have followed from feeble supplications; yet it is not said that He will not grant His grace in more abundance to a larger number of earnest worshippers, and by the natural force of sympathy, they are often moved to greater earnestness. And "where most pray, is heaven"—that is, more like heaven, where thousands and millions unite in lifting up their voices in songs of adoration and praise. It was also the belief of our poet that the devotional part of public worship was of much more importance than many thought in his day, as in ours; or at least acted as if they thought so, by their neglect of punctuality, and losing in consequence some part of the service. Indeed, there are those who go so far as to assert that it is quite enough to get to church in time for the sermon. Hear Herbert about this matter:—

"Resort to sermons, but to prayers most;
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest!
Stay not for the other pin; why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds."

Evidently, from the stanzas which Herbert adds about the "preacher," and the estimation in which he was held by cold critics, even in the seventeenth century, when reverence was stronger than now, there were many who boasted themselves to be wiser than their teachers. Pathetically does he, being himself a preacher, plead with the listener, to judge, for

* This is a singular, and now rarely used phrase, meaning, "as well," "in addition."

his own sake, with Christian forbearance, and not condemn, too hastily; since "the worst speak something good," and "he that gets patience, hath not lost his pains." Above all, it must be remembered that "God sent him, whatsoe'er he be."

In closing up his poem, Herbert gives, in a brief summary, a precept or two which may be said to comprehend, or to rivet together, what had gone before. One of these remarks contains in it a fund of wisdom, applicable to the life of every individual, and it is this: "Look not on pleasures as they come, but go." From how much of sorrow, remorse, and sin might men save themselves if they would follow this advice; and glancing beyond the gratification of the moment, fix their attention on the results of pleasure which lie in reversion. For it is to be understood that he is speaking here of pleasures of an unlawful or dubious nature.

"MY SISTER HAS SAVED ME."

"I SHALL miss you so much now that mother is gone," said Ruth Ashton, with choking voice; "but you will write to us often, brother, and I am sure that we shall always hear good news from you. You surely will never be like Dick Turner. You know, when he went away from home he learned to smoke and chew, and break the Sabbath and swear, and at last to drink. But there comes the coach."

George tried to seem brave, but his face was pale, and his voice a little husky, as he exchanged farewells with his father and sister.

Ruth followed her brother to the gate, and as he stooped to give her a good-bye kiss, she put into his hands a little package, saying, as she did so, "Carry it with you always, and read it every day. It is a little Testament. I bought it with my own money, and I have written a little note and put it inside for you."

A moment more, and George was whirled away from his home. Ruth stood at the gate after the stage-coach was beyond sight and hearing, trying to force back the tears that would come, and to swallow the big lump she felt rising in her throat.

Half a year had made great changes in their household. The patient wife and mother had gone to be with Jesus. The father was so injured by an accident soon after the death of his wife, as to be unable to labour. George, the only son was a fine manly youth of sixteen, and held an honourable place in his class in the village academy; but he had been obliged to leave his studies and seek employment. At this time an offer was made him from an old friend of his father to take a place in his office as clerk. The offer was a good one; and though it would be hard to take another from the little circle, it was decided that he should accept the offer.

Ruth was two years younger than her brother. She was kind and thoughtful beyond her years, and since her mother's death the cares and labour of the household had rested upon her young shoulders; but Ruth was a Christian, and carried her cares to Jesus. She was anxious that her brother, too, should give his heart to Jesus. It was her anxiety in regard to this that had led her to purchase the little Testament presented to her brother, on the morning of his departure, and the little note was full of earnest pleading that he would give his heart to Jesus.

That note George read as he rode along that bright morning when he left home.

"Dear little sister," he said to himself, "I see why it is that you are so good and patient. It is a good thing to be a christian; but after all, I can't see that I am in any great danger of going wrong, even if I don't attend to this matter now."

As George had never been away from home before, he felt a little lonely at first in his new home; but in the thriving town he found many things to interest him.

In Mr Whipple's employ were two young men, several years older than George,—pleasant, obliging fellows; but George soon found that they were not such companions as Ruth would have chosen for him. At first it pained him to hear them take the name of God in vain, but after a little while it did not trouble him so much. George had never learned to smoke, but after a while he began to think it manly, and tried to learn. Then he began to think it was really too bad to be shut up in church all day on the Sabbath, after having so little liberty during the week; so he joined his companions in their Sunday rambles. The little Testament was still in his possession, but as the sight of it troubled him, he put it in the darkest corner of his trunk.

After spending a Saturday night with some of his companions, and joining them in a walk on Sabbath-morning, he returned to his room to find a letter on his table from Ruth. It was so full of love that George's heart was touched.

"I hope, dear brother," she said, "that you do not forget to read your Bible every day. I pray for you many times a day. I love Jesus, and am so happy in trying to serve Him, that I want you to love Him too."

George was sitting with his sister's letter in his hand when the three young men with whom he had spent the morning came into his room to tell him that they had engaged a boat, and wanted him to join them in a ride on the river.

"I do not care to go," said George. "I do not feel quite well," he added, as he felt the gaze of his companions fixed upon him.

"I understand it," said one, as he noticed the letter in George's hand. "You have a letter from home, and some of your friends have given you a lecture."

George coloured, and after a little hesitation, took his cap and joined the party.

When they reached the river's bank, the young men proceeded to prepare the boat, but George stood gazing listlessly. He knew that he was doing wrong, but he lacked the courage to turn away. At length, in removing something from his pocket, his sister's letter fell to the ground, and the sight of that stirred his better feelings. When, a moment later, the three young men jumped into the boat, and called to him to follow, he answered,

"I shall not go with you, boys. I was not taught to spend the Sabbath in this way, and I do not intend to do it any more."

They looked up with surprise, but seeing that he was in earnest, said: "Well, let's be off, then, and not waste any more time on him."

George returned to his room, and there, for the first time in many weeks, he tried to pray. As he thought of all his wanderings, he was deeply humbled, and resolved that, God helping him, he would lead a different life.

As he was preparing to go to church in the evening, word was brought him that the boat in which his young companions had ventured down the river had been upset, and that they had narrowly escaped with life.

"Why was I not with them, and perhaps drowned?" exclaimed the conscience-stricken George. "My sister has saved me," he added.

"Your sister, under God," answered the man who had brought the tidings; "and now that God has so mercifully spared you, will you not give Him your heart, and from this time make your sister's God your God?"

"I will," he answered. "God helping me, I will!"

Poetry.

"THE GOOD SHEPHERD."*

"I am the good Shepherd, I lay down my life for the Sheep."—John x., 14, 15.

THE way was rough and dark,
The wind blew bleak and cold,
And I, a foolish lamb,
Had wandered from the fold.
No shelter could I find,
No place of refuge see,
Until the Shepherd kind
In love came after me.

He heard my bleatings far
Upon the mountain way,
He knew the barren path
In which my feet would stray;
And so this Shepherd kind
Had left the other sheep,
The wanderer to find
And in His safety keep.

The pastures, sweet and green,
I, in my folly, left
For rugged rocks, of sheen
And verdure all bereft.
But soon the Shepherd's call
Came ringing soft and clear,
I heard the Saviour's voice,
And knew that He was near.

Quickly He stretched His arm,
And drew me to His side,
Where, safe from every harm,
In peace I can abide.
This Shepherd, good and true,
Who found me in distress,
Is seeking now for you,
In life's dark wilderness.

H. F. C. W.

Connexional Department.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

III.—ITS FIRST AGENTS.

"Our boast is not that we deduce our birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far our proud pretensions rise,
The sons of fathers passed into the skies."

If we scan creation throughout her vast domains, from the tiny lichen that clothes the rocks to the giant oak which stands rooted in its crevices; from a dew-drop cradled in a flower-cup to the great ocean-mother of waters; from a flickering spark to the great sun-monarch of day; from the

*May be had of Herbert Blackman, 1, Bull and Mouth Street, London, at 2s. per 100.

smallest animalcule to the leviathan of old; from a grain of sand to this vast globe; while astounded at her varied greatness in developed grandeur, there is yet one other *something* that stands out, overtops, and surpasses all besides, whether animate or inanimate, and that something is MAN. We repeat *man* not *monkey*, no! not even a monkey *improved*, as Darwin and some others would fain have us believe. The idea is monstrous! The moment we reflect on man, we see in him an august and mysterious being. To speak of him when, according to the scriptural phrase, he was "upright,"—"upright" in the ideas of his mind, the affections of his heart, the conduct of his life,—would be a pleasant theme. Not what he *was*, so much as what he *is*, and what he *may*, with or without divine grace, *yet be*, have we to do. His former glory rises almost into infinite grandeur when viewed in the light of his present position. Fallen, alas! yet his place in creation to-day is fraught with significance. True, he is confined to a circle of small circumference; but within that circle he is sovereign over all he surveys, and makes all subservient to his purpose. Feeble, too, in physical strength, yet reason comes to his help, and by her innumerable expedients, the lion of the forest, and the whale of the ocean fall before his might. He hews down the tree of the wood, he fashions the stone in the quarry, kindles and extinguishes fire, and smiles at the fury of the sea. He extracts medicine from herbs and minerals, brings up pearls from the lowest depths, draws down the electric fluid from the clouds, tunnels mountains, moulds matter into ten thousand forms, useful and ornamental, to the comfort of his being, and the glory of his genius: and all this is done by him while he holds only a broken fragment of the sceptre he once swayed. "Man," says Pascal, "is a reed, and the weakest reed in nature; but then he is a *thinking* reed." Hence the dignity of his being.

Man is not man simply because he reasons, but more so because he worships—he is *religious*. The sentiment of Deity is natural to him.

"Midway from nothing to the Deity,
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbed;
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine;
Dim miniature of greatness absolute."

Yet, sad to say, this wondrous being in his very birth is deformed,—morally born backwards, i.e., back towards right, good, God; face towards wrong, evil, hell. Hence from birth he goes astray. Still, however grovelling in thought, desire, and affection, there are times when in heart he longs for something better, purer, brighter, and more enduring than earth affords, although, perhaps, he knows not what that *something* is, nor how to find it. Waters know no rest save in their level. So is it with man. He is ever seeking happiness, but, like the child who runs the rainbow to catch, or to the hill-top climbs the moon to reach, he is doomed to disappointment. He was made for a higher sphere, but a cruel hand has stripped him of his silken wings. He still retains the wish, but has lost the power to fly. Compared with God, he is nothing, yet God holds him in great value, and uses the most astonishing means for his recovery. "Herein is love," say, "wisdom, sanctification, redemption"—a commingling of blessings to this grand end—his *Christian conversion*. "The truth as it is in Jesus" constitutes the only *direct* means of salvation. It "converteth the soul." We are "begotten by it." This truth is conveyed in double form—written and oral; the fixed text, and the living voice. The first is the standard of the second, the second the call to the first. The "word of reconciliation," and "the ministry of reconciliation" must go together—both alike divine in their appointment, work, and issue. By the "word" through man, God saves man. In all our mission-work this principle has been, and still is, recognized. The agents first sent, went forth in full expectation of saving whosoever should "hear them." They made cry and proclamation to this end; nor did they cry in vain. They struck

the chords of the human heart. They had themes to awe, and appeals to soften. Beneath the shadow of cottage-roofs, and barns, and lofts; on the road-side waste, the green sward of common-right, on hill-side slopes, and in many a glen, did they take their stand, and drew congregations, impelled by curiosity, around them, when,—with love beaming in the eye, playing in the feature, burning in the word,—they presented the grand attraction to the heart of man—the *cross of Christ*. Nor was this all, for while the child and the sage, the wealthy and the poor, gathered around them in one willing audience, the dull eye caught new fire, the vacant countenance new expression, the sorrow-stricken heart new emotion, and many a sin-stunted pigmy new life, and grew into men as they listened, some of them, for the first time, to a rich, full, experimentally, preached Christ. The preaching of Christ crucified is the grand substance of missionary instruction, and importunity. It is an infinite attraction.

But every great occasion wants its great men *i.e.*, men equal to the occasion; and a great man is a man great in capacity—capable of growth—of steady enlargement, so as to rise with the occasion. A growing man is a man of power. Some men are like capital, invested so as to yield no interest. He must be a man of great *soul* as well,—so as to be above all that is small and mean,—above all that is petty and contemptible in jealousy, prejudice, resentment. He must have a great *conscience* too, not simply an irritation or otherwise in things right or wrong, but a thing of *kingly power*—a finely regulated moral nature—bearing imperial sway over all his actions. And he must be a man of great *faith* withal—a taker hold of things unseen. Great faith and great power are one. Think of Luther, Knox, and others. They had no power until faith filled and animated their souls. Faith begets power of *being*, which exhibits itself in *doing*. “We believe, and therefore speak.” “This is our victory, even our *faith*.” But have not occasions something to do in the making of their men? For instance, look at the boy-shepherd among his sheep, and while among them he hears of his panic-stricken countrymen flying in fear before the Gath-leviathan, the giant-champion, of their Philistine-foes. At this the stripling takes fire, rises to the occasion, and equipped with sling and stone, and heart of faith, he lays the astonished monster low. *Astonished*, ay! for such a thing as that had never entered *his* head before. But the downfall of one was the upraising of the other, and next we see him a great military leader, and *next* the king of his country. So was it with Nehemiah, with Paul, with Luther, with Cromwell, with Washington, and all lawgivers, and founders, whether of empires or churches. In *our* church history we find such *occasions*, and, thank God! such *men*. Of this we have splendid examples.

Fifty-seven years ago, WILLIAM O'BRYAN, then in the midst of business as a farmer in the parish of Luxillian, county of Cornwall, receives intelligence that in the north-east of his own county, and in the north-west of Devon, there were some fourteen or fifteen parishes destitute of an evangelical ministry, and the people perishing for lack of knowledge. For sometime had he sought the Lord to “make straight his path in the desert,” anxious above everything to be useful. Other doors, an entry through which he had tried to obtain, were barred against him, in consequence of his being a married man. Was there not here an “open door?” But like a vessel in harbour with anchor down and sheet unfurled, between the *holding* below, and the *breeze* from above, he was “in a strait betwixt two”—the twofold concern—the farm-managing business at home, and the soul-saving-business abroad. The occasion was great, will WILLIAM O'BRYAN *be equal to it?* There was a slight hesitancy at first when darkness fell upon his soul, and a struggle ensued. It is natural, however, that the good man should have all that God deemed best for him. He must be disciplined. Discipline does the winter's work in our nature, and prepares us for the golden and prolific summer. There is an irresistibility in good-

ness, it is onward in its march, inspired by promises which fill the heart with the joy of assured victory. God directs its course; He stands at the junction of roads, and says, "This is the way." For this WILLIAM O'BRYAN waited—waited in prayer until faith had so taken hold of omnipotence that *itself* omnipotent became, and in its fear-overcoming strength rose above the secularities of earth, and after commending business to the care of wife and family, and all to Jehovah's mercy and kind protection, with a soul surcharged with love, like a summer-cloud with lightning fluid, he went forth, absorbed in one thing only—the *salvation of men*. In spirit he was eminently and peculiarly adapted for evangelistic work. Having power with God, he soon had favour with man. In a worldly sense he had nothing to gain, but everything to lose. There is a self-reliance that is wisdom; there is a self-reliance that is presumption. Herein was a self-reliance towards men, therefore praiseworthy. *Self-reliance!* it was a full, unreserved, *self-consecration*—the giving himself away for the good of others. The springs of his mind were so timely touched, the vigour of his understanding increased, and his judgment quickened into such unusual penetration, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit that, all his powers of hoping, loving, believing, working resolved themselves into one holy, heroic, God-like feeling—a *passion for souls*. Hence, the BIBLE CHRISTIAN CONNEXION of to-day.

Among the first-fruits of this, the first self-consecration in our Connexional enterprise, was JAMES THORNE! As an agent of the BIBLE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, in whose interest we now write, he was the first; and that not only in the capacity of Missionary, but as the advocate of its claims, the chronicler of its events, and as director in the management of its affairs. With what eloquence, with what ability, with what discretion he did these things, his life and works attest. Of his journeys, sermons, speeches, prayers, efforts, anxieties, and cares, the Society to-day is a standing memorial. He was the nobler son of a noble father. How timely was his call to the field of action. Truly great he grew with the great occasion. There was nothing erratic in his movements, nor selfish in his motives, nor despotic in his government. In his character there was a happy blending of purity, majesty, and meekness. With trees the deeper down in root the higher up in stately bearing. Proportion there must be, or a fall is inevitable. His piety was not only beautiful and fragrant as the rose, but as healthy, robust, and sturdy as the oak, as earnest and lively as the upspringing of a fountain, or the outbursting of volcanic fires, in all their free, original and native force,—and yet cheerful as the day, kindling his whole soul into sunshine, and illuminating his rugged life-path with the rich, rare glory of FIFTY-SIX YEARS' "labour in the Lord." And, in prayer unceasing, in love unabating, in work untiring, he was the "upright man," the humble Christian, the earnest minister, and the "old man eloquent" withal, to the last. Like a sere, withered leaf, some men hold on by the world. They live too long, or seemingly, die too late; for themselves, at all events. Half-dead and half-alive, the melancholy wrecks of what they once were, they out-live their usefulness. Not so with JAMES THORNE. The flower of his beautiful life will ever bloom. The results of his labours, amid scorn and hardship, to preach Christ will ever stand recorded in the history of his church, and be seen in the crown he wears in heaven so bright with a blaze of jewels—the saved through his agency.

Reward must follow goodness. His consecration was full and unreserved. All down the path along which he has vanished we gaze wistfully to-day, and with eyes full of "heart-break" recall his memory with gratitude and tears. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

It were easy to speak of WILLIAM REED, the preaching-seraph; of WILLIAM MASON, the lion-hearted; of WILLIAM BAILEY, the ready-witted; of R. P. TABB, the singing-rill; of FRANCIS MARTIN, the loving pastor;

of FRANCIS METHERELL and J. HICKS EYNON, the first true standard-bearers on foreign soil, and a host beside did space and time permit. But the crowning glory in this galaxy of stars lies in the female consecration to this cause. There were "of honourable women not a few," who rank as inglorious by the world; but their record is on high. Who can grudge to such the meed of grateful and generous applause. Indifferent alike to censure or praise, and unmoved either by opposition or persuasion, they but seldom lost the field, or fell short of victory. They were despised then, and are forgotten now; but a time is coming, thank God! when these sufferers of His shall take their place high up and above the rude and boisterous spirits which make war their trade, and carnage their delight. Herein we have an agency for which there is no substitute,—a virtue which defies comparison. "For the employment of such the time is now past; it did very well then, but these are advanced times," are the cold-hearted sayings of many a so-called worker in the vineyard of to-day. The time is gone by, and what is worse, alas! the truly heroic spirit therewith. Would to God the like spirit possessed us now!

We have great reason to be cheered, and feel ourselves assisted, in our undertaking, by the noble style, the holy excellence, of the agents who have gone before us, and under circumstances the most painful, in a spirit the most self-denying, planted the standard of the cross in the then "waste places" of the land. They are patterns to be studied and followed. They exhibit a great variety of temperament and character, but in purpose they were one. Each has his medallion, but they seem set in a common frame. They were full of might. They do not rank among the martyrs; but the difference after all is more seeming than real. They bear not the title, but that is their only inferiority. What have not, in many instances, been their sacrifices? To some of them the blow of violence would have brought exemption and release, and to them therefore, if not to the world, such would have been a blow of mercy. Release has come to many of them, and after having faithfully trod their life-path, bravely fought their life-battle, patiently endured their life-burden, they are now in possession of that life-rest which is eternal.

We have often asked ourselves, In what did their great strength consist? They were persons generally uneducated; and yet the ranks of darkness everywhere gave way, and multitudes owned the power of their simple, yet resistless words. No wonder that the world was astonished. The results were so disproportionate to the apparent cause. The Lord gave the word, and great was the company of those who published it, as well as those who received and obeyed it.

It is our belief that one secret of their success was their unrivalled earnestness. Everything they spoke and did proclaimed to all that matters about which they were sent to treat, were of infinite moment, admitting of no postponement—no, not even for a day. They dared not throw less than their whole soul into the conflict. They dared not fold their arms or take their ease while souls were perishing. Such their insight into human character—the sinner's danger and responsibility; such their soul-inflation, their sympathy with God and man, that they were wrought up to one ceaseless life-wave of restless, energetic, action. *They were bent too on success.* As warriors they had set their hearts upon victory. A service without souls being saved would be the exception. In their defence they lifted no broken shield. Victory gathered up her laurels and decreed the glory. Dark clouds were often theirs. Hard and stiff was the soil to break. In reaping oft they had to wait for the blade, but they did wait, and again and again the reaping was theirs. *They were of great courage also.* Persecutors arose, magistrates threatened—punished; the rabble stoned,—still they went on. Timidity shuts many a door of usefulness, loses many a precious opportunity; natural courage and resolution will accomplish much, how much more, courage created and upheld by faith

and prayer. Such courage was theirs. There was no flinching, no flattering—no prophesying of smooth things. They lifted up their voices and spared not. They excelled more in the proclamation of the law, than in the declaration of the glad tidings of great joy. Their preaching was massive, weighty, cutting, piercing—"sharper than a two-edged sword." While in heart they were bold, true, in arm they were not unpractised. There was no fighting with the scabbard instead of the sword. They were "bold to take up, and firm to sustain the consecrated cross." *But above all they possessed deep spirituality of soul.* And herein, it strikes us, lay the great secret of their mighty forcefulness in character, their indomitable courage, their glorious success. They were much alone with God. Did we now act more on this principle, what might be lost in elaborate composition, or critical exactness in style and argument, would be far more than compensated for in the "double portion of the Holy Spirit" we might then expect to realize. Man may wield the sword, may draw the bow, may lift the light, but it is the Holy Ghost who alone gives edge and power, and makes the light to flash upon the mind.

Such were the first agents who led off in this noble warfare fifty years ago; and but for them and another class, local agents,—such as local preachers, class-leaders, &c.,—a most honourable fraternity, a Christian brotherhood of workers, the Society would not, simply because it could not have attained to its present position. Our great want to-day is the like anointing, so as to preserve an unbroken identity with the ministerial fathers, ay, and mothers too, in our Israel. In the light and liberty of that great movement we this day partake. Ours is a noble descent. Shall we call our people about us in this the Jubilee year, and ask them—earnestly ask them, to unite with us in seeking a fresh baptism of love divine. This love-power, this life-divine in man pulses out in myriad-action. It asserts principles, and maintains allegiance to them. It denounces wrong, and thunders against it. Its scope is universal. It is a law for time, for man, and all beings. It wields an imperial sceptre. He who takes the strongest hold of his age must work by this. His connection with human interest must not be for superiority in height of place, or weight of purse, or breadth of intellect, but a moral connection—a taking hold of this new and latest reality. We can all wield this pre-eminent force. Intellect may be wedded to it. Herein is the clearest mental illumination. Great thoughts are but as crested waves on this mightier tide. The solid golden ingots, the silver bars of rarest thought molten in this crucible of love (and even thought-dust that would otherwise perish) become transmuted into polished gems that pour out their shining streams, and burn as the stars for ever and ever. This was the inspiration of that peerless nobility, that ancestry celestial and divine, whose crest was the brooding dove, whose motto was "born of God," whose parish was the world, whose princeliness was in being good, and whose chief luxury was in doing good.

"Around the throne and altar, and home's sweet sheltering tree,
Thus did of old our gallant sires; and so true hearts will we.
Our spears and swords are printed words, the mind our battle-plain,
We've won such victories before, and so we will again."

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MRS. HOBBS.

The bitter first, and then the endless sweet ;
 The hard rough way, and then the golden floor ;
 The fiery furnace, then nor sun nor heat ;
 The Cross, and then the Crown for evermore.

BAYNES.

THE date of the peaceful demise of our late sister Mrs. HOBBS stands at some distance in the past ; and it must be frankly admitted that this memoir has been much too long delayed. But it should not be forgotten that an enduring interest attaches to the memory of the "righteous," and therefore faithful records of *such* of our friends can never be unseasonable. The delay may in some respects be inexcusable, but it is often with personal character as it is with the lofty mountain, while a close proximity may be most gratifying, it is best seen and estimated somewhat in the distance. In this case it is certain that seldom has a stroke of bereavement been more keenly felt, but the lapse of time has greatly tended to deepen the sense of loss both of the family and the church. It could not be otherwise where there was the promise of so much future usefulness.

"The memory of the withered leaf"

borne away by the blast from the summer sunshine, bears with it a measure of mournful regret which does not follow when falls in its full ripeness

"The garnered autumn sheaf."

We are reminded of incompleteness in a human life cut off in its prime, the failure of hopes, the scattering of a thousand promises, and these are elements of sadness very different from those which gather round the death-bed of hoary age. When some veteran from amongst us passes away gently and slowly, we naturally say,—

"Thou thy six days' work hast done ;
 Home art thou gone and ta'en thy wages."

But it is with different thoughts we contemplate death in youth, or death in the prime of strength and hope. Midday eclipse is sad and undesirable. The calm slow sunset is sweet, even glorious. These threescore years and ten of ours at their fullest measure seem to us as if they were a few—just a few—less long than we need to do the work and learn the lesson of life. Early deaths abbreviate our little span, and under the lives of so many mere fragments, "unfinished as the half-hewn marble block, the picture scarcely sketched, the melody arrested ere its close." Who, at first sight, does not feel to desire that these apparent failures may happen no more, and that all may enjoy the "glory" of a good old age and fall like

"A shock of corn fully ripe?"

But upon calmer thought we may see this dream or sentiment is mere illusion. Were death unknown in youth, or the vigour of middle-life, all that is gravest, deepest, noblest, though saddest, in our actual Christian life would pass away. After all, the dispensations of heavenly wisdom are safest, happiest, best. A due recognition of the inspired assertion, "My times are in Thy hand," will not only secure entire submission, but evoke a spirit of cheerful gratitude to the "Father of mercies" who may permit us to suffer awhile that we may enjoy "His eternal glory by Christ Jesus."

"What thou demandest, Father, see
 We bring it, and leave the rest to Thee."

We have naturally fallen into this train of reflection from the time of life at which the subject of this sketch was gathered from the harvest of earth

to the garner of heaven. It is now our special business to trace the planting, growth, and maturity of the delicate ripe fruit of Midsummer, which is as beautiful and useful in its season as the sturdier growth of later months which requires the burning heat of the brown autumn to produce necessary perfection. The fruit as we shall see was fully ripe, and therefore the joy of harvest was not to be delayed.

Mrs. HOBBS, whose maiden name was MARY HILL HURLE, was born in one of the noisy thoroughfares of London, Rosamond St., Clerkenwell, Nov. 5th, 1823.

Her parents occupied a respectable position, and religiously were firm adherents to the Church of England. A commendable punctuality was observed by them in their regular attendance upon Divine worship, and their children at the earliest possible period were trained to accompany them to the family pew in the house of God. There was an observance and inculcation of those religious duties so common among persons who have respect for outward propriety more than for the spirit of Christianity, and the true worship of God; yet, still to the minds of the young members of the family it was doubtless impressive, restraining, and salutary. This was in some measure a preparation of the soil for the reception of the "precious seed," concurrent circumstances combined to its being sown and effectually rooted.

At an early date our first missionaries to London visited the neighbourhood of Hoxton, and by their fervent ministrations, christian simplicity, and visible success in the conversion of sinners, attracted considerable public notice. By the awakening power of the Divine Spirit some of the elder branches of the family were led to Christ. This, together with the distinct impression received in a Sunday School of which Mr. Farnden, a life-long friend, was superintendent, and the almost sudden death of her beloved father, produced a very decided effect on the heart of our young friend, and she also began to yearn after the salvation of God. About this time it was not an unfrequent thing, although so youthful, to see her at public worship, side by side with her converted relatives, conducting the service of song, a part of Divine worship in which she always took great delight. But the seed thus sown was not as soon quickened into vigorous growth as might have been anticipated. Association with interested friends and an early diversion of her attention to business pursuits will easily account for this. It was like an unfriendly winter's chill passing over the soul only newly broken, and the seed remained dormant in the cold furrows of unbelief for some length of time. There was, however, a decided distaste to follow fashion and pleasure, which to many were the first considerations; and when pressed to engage in what by some were regarded as innocent amusements, she took a firm stand and rejected them as dangerous and sinful. In this early stage of life we note an exemplary moral heroism. The delay was the rooting, not the death of the Divinely implanted principle. The plant could yet scarcely bear the light. More roots were needed to bear fruits of holiness, or to stand the storms of unfriendly elements. It is often said that "outward activity is essential to inward strength; it is after all God's law for the Christian life that the greater effects should go outward from a heaven-prepared interior, rather than inward from earthly bustle and engagement without. And in any event there is in man no substitute for roots, no dispensing with them, no growth preliminary to them. Deep experience, thoughtfulness, storing, bracing, attuning the interior, will alone fit one for the exigencies, for the higher, the enduring, the controlling performances of life, be they in bearing or doing."

With this strong religious bias her services were sought by the conductors of the Sunday school in Old Ebenezer Chapel, Old-street Road, to whose solicitations she yielded; and in this department she found both pleasure and profit. This closer approach to the people and service of

God was an important step in reproducing and deepening the convictions of earlier days. But the great problem of personal spiritual life and salvation remained unsolved, and in order to this she must come face to face with Divinity, and behold the glory which changes into glory. In the year 1844 the London Circuit was visited by a gracious revival of the work of God. It was now that the seed which had been so long germinating sprang forth into strength and beauty. This was a moment not to be forgotten, as it was the beginning of a life that would never end. It is still fresh in the memory of some of the old members of the Ebenezer Society, and the testimony of Mrs. Symes, who literally agonized for her salvation, is, that it was a fierce and protracted struggle, but a decided, triumphant, and glorious victory. The storm ended in an undisturbed calm, the night was changed to heavenly sunshine, and the mourning to songs of praise; and in the freshness of the new and heaven-born joy she continued to take deep draughts of the sweet waters of consolation. But never had sin looked so black as in the brightness of the light that now shone from Calvary's cross; never had the transgressions of youth seemed so vile as in the light of the "love that passeth knowledge," the love that had clothed her in the robes of purity and praise. O wondrous, wondrous change!—the rest and life of sins forgiven, the rest and life that God alone can give. Would that all of similar age would so yield themselves to the call and service of Christ. The time of this great change is easily marked. Between Michaelmas and Christmas in the year 1844 she began to meet in class, and shortly after, this spiritual conquest was won. This privilege so much neglected by many and positively condemned by some, evidently facilitated the enlightenment and conversion of the youthful seeker. Satan well knows the immense spiritual gain to those who seek Christian fellowship, and hence his continued and subtle attacks upon it. Enquirers after truth in our families, congregations, and schools might soon become happy possessors of salvation by seeking the society, counsel, and prayers of those who are experienced in the things of God. The opportunity is before them, and its neglect is fraught with imminent danger.

From this time her conversation or citizenship was in heaven. The genuineness of her conversion was strikingly evidenced by consistency of life and character. The controlling force was a renewed heart, and the legitimate issue a consecrated service. The vital principle within soon covered the plant with fairest leaves and blossoms of promise without. Christian work was now engaged in not as a mere matter of duty, but from the Divine affliction she had received, as a great privilege and high honour. The house of God was often found to be the gate of heaven; and obedience in the service of God the appointed pathway to richer spiritual attainments. "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord." In this way the child soon developed and reached the desirable experience of those thus described—"Ye are strong and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."

She had now reached a critical and momentous period of life, the importance of which she carefully considered. Divine guidance was earnestly sought, and she pursued the course which Providence indicated. In the year 1845 she entered into the marriage state with our long-tried friend Mr. O. Hobbs, and with unremitting fidelity fulfilled her mission as "help-meet" to the end of life. The events of the next few years could not fail to test her principles, and were in after life gratefully remembered as disciplinary and preparatory to a richer experience of the favour of God. Soon after the birth of her first child there were some alarming symptoms that her constitution would entirely give way. Finding that medical skill was baffled, she turned to God in earnest believing prayer, and while thus engaged she received a strong impression that her sickness was not unto death, and that she would be permitted to bestow her maternal watchfulness on her much-loved babe. The issue fully justified

her confidence, and was often the occasion of much thanksgiving in their accustomed daily devotions. In the new relation of wife and mother there must necessarily have been an accumulation of duty and care. But instead of finding in this a pretext for neglect of spiritual things, it was an incentive to greater earnestness in the service of God. The apostolic injunction—"not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" had a practical illustration in her daily life. But she would modestly shrink from assuming such a distinction, which rendered the fact the more conspicuous and impressive. With an increasing family, and a rapidly extending business in which she took a prominent part, she saw responsibility and privilege providentially combined, and she did not fail to seek Divine assistance for the discharge of the one and the enjoyment of the other. To her the Divine promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," was truly inexhaustible; and she well knew that to be enjoyed the water must be drawn from salvation's wells, and to be useful the sword of the Spirit must be skilfully wielded by a hand nerved with Divine power. Knowledge of this kind came only by experience painfully purchased. The Divine order seems to be, first the darkness and the storm, then the heaven-commanded calm. The elements were often troubled and conflicting, but sin, Satan, and self were subdued and conquered by the omnipotence of grace. Few could be more conscious than she was of the weaknesses, infirmities, and temptations to which humanity is heir, over which even the saints of God frequently mourn, and which clung so tenaciously to her personal character.

The maintenance of a vigorous and growing faith in Christ was doubtless, in great measure, the result of frequent fellowship with the people of God. When circumstances prevented her meeting with the people of her choice, she felt it to be a privilege to enter the nearest open door to enjoy communion with the followers of Christ. This is a sufficient explanation of those prominent and admirable traits in her Christian character. The writer distinctly remembers on an occasion of the renewal of quarterly tickets with what heartfelt, unaffected humility she spoke of her dependence upon God, and suffused in tears, she found full satisfaction in the statement, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." She prized the class-meeting, for she well knew that—

"The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

From the time she united with the church she was held in high estimation by her fellow-Christians. There was a disposition of quiet retirement, and a natural delicacy of refinement and feeling which gave attractiveness to her Christian virtues, some of which I may proceed to particularize. She had a very keen perception of right and wrong, and was sensitively studious to keep a good conscience before God. The Lord's day she regarded as the "Pearl of Days," and was conscientious in its observance as holy to the Lord. Many a mile has she walked on that sacred day even to the danger of her own health. This was done that the unhallowed and ruinous traffic in the metropolis, for business and pleasure, should have no support from her example. And this course would bear reflection to the last. Of the questions of individual responsibility and the functions of the church she had a penetrating grasp, and she cherished a strong desire for spiritual prosperity. In the purchase, renovation, and reduction of the debt, of Waterloo Road Chapel estate she took deep interest and found ample scope for her liberality. To the Connexional funds she was a regular contributor; and she showed a practical concern for the poor and afflicted members of the household of faith. On more than one occasion she voluntarily put into my hands the means of giving seasonable assistance to some whose pressing necessities had come to my knowledge; and thus while the objects of her kindness were unknown to herself, she re-

ceived the blessing of those who were ready to perish. A vast amount of good might often be done in this way, and this disposition should be cultivated by all who have the means at their disposal. In these and many other ways did she help in furthering the interests of her Divine Lord. But the one paramount consideration was the welfare of her own dear family. Her maternal affection and the family tie were very strong. Her solicitude was so deep that it assumed the shape of a huge and unsupportable burden, and her only relief was the appropriate promise—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Towards the end of life there was sometimes a tinge of melancholy arising from the thought that she had been more concerned for their social and temporal elevation than for their conversion and union with the church of Christ; but she assiduously set herself to correct what she considered a defect in her past efforts to prepare her children for the duties of life. This was the subject of special remark to me, and the depth of her regret could easily be understood by her strong emotion. It is, however, most pleasing to be able to add that in her last affliction she realized a very settled confidence that her heavenly Father would give her the desire of her heart—the conversion of all her beloved children to Christ. Both the mother's prayers and the children's vows are recorded in heaven. But when shall the former be answered, and the latter be fulfilled? It may be stated that since the affectionate mother's removal, the second daughter, in whom were centered many hopes, by a rapid consumption, has passed away, it is confidently hoped, to join her expectant relative above. Her almost last desire to her elder sister was to repeat for her meditation, the following beautiful and expressive lines:—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure."

Is not this the earnest of a family complete in heaven? May it be so! Some details will naturally be expected of Mrs. Hobbs's last affliction, which terminated a life so exemplary and useful. The symptoms at first were not of an alarming character. A cold, accompanied by neuralgia, induced as it was thought by a low state of the system, arising, perhaps, from too close an application to business, and an occasional exposure to the night air. In the month of October, 1868, the disease became more decidedly developed, but even then there was no immediate apprehension of its malignant nature. Medical aid and relaxation from business were resorted to without any permanent beneficial effect. A visit to Torquay and Yeovil resulted in disappointed hope. In the month of January, 1869, a skilful physician pronounced her malady to be internal cancer, and therefore beyond the reach of human power. Then followed a consultation between two eminent physicians, who confirmed the opinion previously given. This was on the 8th of January, 1869. Concealment of the result of this consultation was impossible; she pressed to know the worst. Her first impression was one of mingled surprise and incredulousness. But when she became aware of the fatal nature of the disease, no murmur or word of complaint escaped her lips, and the surprise—instead of producing dismay or despair, resolved itself into an intelligent, submissive trust in God—a conscious resignation to His will and pleasure. On visiting her about this time I was led to see the great advantage of being taught by the Spirit of God to meet with calmness the emergencies of life. For a short time, by the use of medical prescriptions, there was an evident lull in the disease, and sanguine hopes were entertained of her ultimate recovery. This feeling was largely shared by relatives and friends, because much

prayer had been offered in her behalf. The answer came, but it was for relief, and not restoration.

In the early part of April the disease returned with increased virulence, and continued to progress in spite of the first medical skill that could be obtained. As a last effort for the recruit of health she visited Matlock and Brighton, and the visit to the former place especially, she did not regret. In the early part of September she was almost wholly confined to her room; but on Sabbath days, occasionally, she mingled with the family, and such seasons she greatly enjoyed. On an occasion or two of this kind it was my privilege to be present, and while engaged in prayer specially for the afflicted, our mutual experience was:—

“We are banqueting here on angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.”

Nature was evidently yielding to the power of disease, but there was generally a great flow of cheerfulness, with an occasional depression of spirit. The grace received must have been abundant, for its effects were truly wonderful. Very often she would gratefully acknowledge the answers to the prayers of her relatives and the church which she received. Sometimes after a little respite in her excessive sufferings, she would meekly observe—“It seems strange that so painful a discipline is necessary, but the ways of the Lord are all in mercy.” Visits from Christian friends were highly prized, and much enjoyment was derived from such spiritual intercourse. After she was wholly confined to her bedroom, I saw her only a few times, but I found her not only trustful and tranquil, but even joyous. On a visit in the early part of her affliction, on rising from our knees, melted into a chastened joy by the over-powering love of Christ, she said—“Yes, I feel it will be all right;” and this conviction continued to the last. She also had a deep and abiding impression that her Lord would not take her until her mission was accomplished, and she was by his grace fully prepared for the change. Towards the end she was unable to converse much, but she read and meditated the more. The reading of God’s word and some other choice books was a source of great comfort and strength. The attentions of her own dear children and friends who frequently read portions of the Scriptures to her, were affectionately acknowledged. On no occasion did she falter in her trust in her heavenly Father’s care. She committed all family matters to the direction of an unerring Providence, and while she felt she could easily give up life itself for the good of her family, she calmly trusted that their appointed course would issue in their eternal good. Upon every act for her comfort and the alleviation of her suffering, she was accustomed to seek the Divine blessing; and even in the darkest moments of suffering she soon discovered some ground for thankfulness to God. A blessed preparation this for the society of the redeemed in heaven. Singing was always a favourite exercise, and now she was permitted sweetly to enjoy it. Sometimes she would break out in a clear tone, with the words—

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,” etc.

or,

“Jesus, lover of my soul,” etc.

or again,

“There is a land of pure delight,” etc.

The last time I was privileged to see her, shortly before her decease, she said in a very emphatic manner, “Oh, I cannot doubt, Why I am able even now to sing.” And appealing to her eldest daughter who was present, said, “Did I not sing that hymn, ‘Jesus, lover of my soul,’ nearly all through?”

About four months before her death she committed to paper all her wishes respecting the management of her funeral; and at a later period she thoughtfully and studiously arranged small mementoes as parting gifts, for her sorrowing husband, each of her children, and some other relatives. Not long before her departure she earnestly prayed that she might not be taken until she had been favoured with a clear token of the support and fellowship of Him who says "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." In this particular she had a gracious answer.

On Thursday, January 6th, 1870, her end seemed very near. A relative who was present said, "We can do little to help you now, dear." To which she immediately replied, "Yes, you can do a great deal for me; pray that I may have grace to bear this." Later she again said, "We shall all meet in heaven." On Friday and Saturday she lay in a state of semi-consciousness, and on Sunday at two a.m., she whispered to her eldest daughter—"Kiss me;" and taking a final leave of her relatives, she continued gradually to sink until two p.m., when she happily exchanged mortality for eternal life.

"Thou hast another chamber, dear Lord,—
The secret place of peace,
Where Thy precious ones are safely stored,
When their weary wanderings cease.

"No sighs are heard in the shadowy place,
No voices of them that weep;
They have fought the fight, and finished the race,
God giveth them rest in sleep."

A funeral sermon was preached by the writer in Waterloo-road Chapel, on Sunday, February 27th, 1870, to a large congregation. The service was impressive and profitable, and we confidently hope that the seed then sown will appear in ripe fruit in the great harvest-day of the world. Almost immediately after Mrs. Hobbs passed home to her heavenly rest many valuable communications were received by Mr. Hobbs, containing affecting references to the Christian qualities of his late beloved wife, from which it may be profitable to supply some brief extracts—viz.:

MR. JOHN HICKS says: "'Busy meddling memory' has led me to run back over many, many years to the time when your beloved wife, then young and single, attended our class-meeting in the preacher's house at Hoxton. Those seasons were very happy, refreshing, blessed ones. Since then vast numbers have ceased to follow Christ, have given up their confidence in God, have been fearfully wrecked on the sea of apostasy; but having obtained help from God your beloved wife held on, held out to the end, and is now safely landed on the shores of the 'better country.'"

MR. TABB says: "She is at rest, and is only gone before to the house of our Father and God. And what a blessing that you love and serve the same Blessed One who hath kindly taken to Himself the loved one, the blessed woman whom to know was highly to esteem. I have known your dear wife for more than thirty years, and found her always the same loving spirit, and kind-hearted friend."

MR. J. H. BART says: "The memory of her who is gone will never pass from me; her gentleness, her simplicity and affection, her Christian patience and fortitude in suffering, are excellences which shone in her in no ordinary degree."

MR. GAMMON says: "You have the consolation of knowing that your loss is her gain; she has reached the glorious end for which all human beings ought to live."

MR. GILBERT says: "Your dear partner and the mother of your children, is now safe 'beyond the river,' lodged securely in God's paradise,—'for ever with the Lord.' Heaven now will present new and powerful attrac-

tions, and your desires and longings for heavenly bliss and heavenly companionship will be intensified and deepened!"

MR. J. C. HONEY says: "I can assure you I have felt your bereavement as a personal loss. I shall never forget her many kindnesses in connection with yourself, and which made me value your friendship, as a family, as real and Christian."

MR. W. LUKE says: "We have been more than a little affected at the intelligence of the departure of dear Mrs. Hobbs, and truly feel that we have lost a friend, and that we must reckon ourselves among the bereaved. Of her present glory and felicity, we all have, thank God, the most blessed assurance."

MR. HORWILL says: "Ever since I have known your dear departed wife, I have been pleased with her sincerity, her conscientiousness, and her child-like trust in God. Her affection for God's cause was great, and I am sure it has been to her and you a joy to welcome the servants of God beneath your hospitable roof."

MRS. KINSMAN says: "How mysterious are the arrangements of an unerring Providence, that so good a wife, so excellent a mother, such a liberal, devoted Christian should be taken, from an affectionate husband, from loving sons and daughters, and from the church, who so much needed her counsel and aid. A large circle of friends will embalm her memory with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy, when they think that one so dear has been taken away from them. I feel that I have lost a valued friend, but how consolatory to know—

"That her happy spirit took
Its station near the throne."

MR. MANNING says: "To offer condolence by lightly passing over the loss of such a wife, such a mother, and such a member of society in every relation of life as your late dear partner, would be to exhibit indeed a want of the best part of our nature; but we must seek to realize that God's ways are not our ways, and His purposes are all wise purposes, and to submit to them with Christian resignation."

It remains only to add that the early removal of our departed sister is "a mystery to our reason, and a trial to our faith," but while the sorrow-stricken husband has lost an industrious, faithful, pious partner, the child-rear a devoted anxious mother, relatives a sincere sympathising friend, and the church a consistent and useful member, whose vacant niche has not yet been filled, heaven has added one more to its blood-washed, white-robed, rapturous multitude. Our loss is her gain. Amen.

L. B. V.

MRS. JANE GODEL.

LATE OF JERSEY.

It is said that on the battle-field some die in rage, and lie with clenched fists, with passion apparent in their faces. Of others, who in the conflict carried themselves with magnificent powers, that in death they lie with smiles upon their faces, as if they had died dreaming sweet dreams of home, even amid the horror of the battle around them. That is beautiful. And it may be said of all the righteous that they die not strife-marked and gnarled, but with the look of resignation in their faces indicative of the triumphant peace which their souls possess. In this manner did the subject of the following memorial finish her course on earth, and, to her, death was glad-some. The future became less and less obscure. The path before her

seemed full of Christ. On the threshold of the sacred precinct and through the whole vast domain of the future, to her, Christ was all. In Him only she rejoiced.

MRS. JANE GODEL was the daughter of Mr. Philip Picot, and was born on the island of Jersey, Sept. 20th, 1826. She was the eldest of Mr. Picot's six children, all of whom are now deceased. Her mother died when she was but five years old, so that she was not favoured, as many are, with the guardian care and the useful instruction which good mothers impart to their children. Notwithstanding, during the whole of her early life she evinced a most amiable disposition, and the sweetest temper, and it is not too much to say that all who knew her became her friends. At a comparatively early age, she married MR. PETER CHARLES GODEL, with whom she lived happily until separated from him by death. She had to mourn the loss of several children, and two dear little ones survive her. From the days of her childhood, our beloved sister had been a regular attendant at the services of the Church of England. About twelve years ago she and the family sustained a great affliction in the death of her beloved brother, when she became conscious of a great want. Her soul required a more solid peace, and a firmer foundation than she had hitherto enjoyed.

From one place to another she went in search of this blessing. In a state of anxious inquiry after salvation she entered the Bible Christian Chapel, Great Union-road, St. Helier, and heard Mr. Horwill preach on the resurrection of Lazarus. The word was in season to her soul; she became a regular worshipper there, and her conversion to Christ, through faith in His atoning merit, was blessedly accomplished. She afterwards became a member of the church, and continued till death to be one of its most steadfast pillars, and one of its most beautiful ornaments. Until prevented by family cares and much affliction, she regularly attended the class-meeting, and those who have been privileged to meet her there will long remember the clearness of her Christian testimony; and the touching and pathetic accents of her voice in prayer. The last time that Mrs. Godel attended the chapel was to hear Mr. Bourne preach on behalf of the Missionary Society, on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 17th, 1871.

My predecessors, in the pastorate of this station, have kindly contributed towards this biographical notice as follows:—

MR. HORWILL says:—"My acquaintance with our departed sister, Mrs. Godel, commenced shortly after my arrival on the island, which was in the year 1859. On the second or third Sunday of my ministry she came to our chapel, and as she had just before been called to sustain a very heavy bereavement in the death of an only and much beloved brother, the word preached was specially suited to her state, and God blessed it to her comfort and strength. Having received spiritual good herself, she not only came again, but invited several of her relatives and friends to join her, and in the course of a little time there were at least ten or twelve of them who were among our most regular worshippers.

"I think she was a sincere disciple of Christ before coming with us. By her attendance on our ministry she was instructed in the way of God more perfectly, and had a clearer and more comprehensive view of her privileges in the Gospel. She found the means of grace specially helpful to spiritual progress, and was always in her place at the house of God when circumstances permitted. Her piety was real and heartfelt, firm and decided. Her spirit was quiet, contemplative, and retiring, reminding one of the beloved Mary who sat at the Master's feet and heard His word; nevertheless she was not ashamed to confess allegiance to her Saviour, and publicly avow herself a follower of Christ. Her life was beautifully consistent, presenting a strong contrast to many who bear the Christian name. There was strict conscientiousness in all her actions. She sought to do the right toward God and man in everything.

"Her piety commended itself to her household and to all who knew her. She also abounded in good works. Her hand was open according to her ability to relieve the distressed, and help those who were in suffering and want. The blessing of them that were ready to perish came on her, and she caused the widow's heart to leap for joy. Nor was she less liberal in the support of God's cause. Her benevolence sought means of usefulness, it was like a living spring that must have an outflow: and if money was needed for the house of God, for the support of the ministry, for the cause of missions, or for the poor, she was ever ready to render help. She felt pleasure in giving, not in withholding.

"She had also a high esteem for the ministers of Christ's Gospel, as the servants of the Church for Christ's sake, and in many ways did she testify her affection for them. Their visits were always prized by her, and never did she seem happier than when she could converse with them about the things of God.

"I believe her to have been one of the most excellent of women. In an eminent degree she possessed a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price."

Mr. LABDON says:—

"During the four years I was in Jersey I always found Mrs. Godel very deeply interested in the cause of God; a lover of God's house, unassuming and quiet in her deportment, cheerful and submissive in the midst of both relative and personal affliction. She greatly valued holy conversation and prayer. She was a most devoted wife and mother, a good neighbour, and a consistent Christian. Her love to Christ was not so demonstrative as we sometimes find it, but it was not less real. I have no doubt as to her eternal safety, for some years past she had been looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. May God sustain and comfort her sorrowing husband and children."

Mr. MORSES states:—

"My acquaintance with Mrs. Godel commenced in 1867. During the four years I spent in Jersey she had a great deal of personal and domestic affliction. Her own health was very delicate, and in the last year she had hemorrhage of the lungs several times. Her children were very sickly, and were to her a source of much anxiety and care. Her husband's affliction grew upon him, and occasioned her very much concern. Her father had an attack of paralysis I think, which brought upon her additional toil and solicitude. Yet in the midst of all I do not remember having heard from her a single murmur or anything approaching to it. All these things seemed to have been regarded by her as the dispensations of a gracious Providence, perhaps, I should rather say, as the dealings of a loving Father, and so in patience she calmly submitted to the burden, and meekly bore the yoke. Having to endure so much affliction, her attendance at the sanctuary was very irregular; this caused her much regret. She often said she wished we had afternoon service, that she might have an opportunity of joining us in worship, thus testifying that her love for God's house had not waned. I frequently visited her at her home, and usually found her cheerful, and especially so, if the children or herself gave any signs of improved health. It was an easy thing to introduce religious conversation with her, and that not about things in general, but concerning personal spiritual life. She had much sympathy with the poor and suffering, and gave much to relieve their needs. She cherished a deep interest in the cause of God, and most liberally contributed to its support. She had strong confidence in Christ, and held close communion with Him. The tidings of her death occasioned me great surprise, but no concern for her. It is comforting to know that in her last moments she was able to bear testimony to the presence of the Redeemer, and to give assurance of her hope of heaven; but if no dying testimony had been given I should have had the fullest confidence that she

had attained "the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." My heart is deeply moved towards the bereaved family.

Her loss must be most keenly felt. According to our conceptions, any member of the household could have been better spared. Still we must not murmur, but wait the time when the veil shall be lifted, and the perfect light shall reveal the perfect love."

On Sunday, November 19th, 1871, our dear friend became alarmingly ill. Her medical attendant was sent for, and on his arrival, she said to him, "Doctor, do you think I am soon going to die?" He intimated that she might not be long in this world. She then wished to see her father. When he came to her bedside she said, "Pa, I'm going to die." He then said, "Can you leave us so quickly as this?" "Yes," she replied, "I'm going to heaven." He said, "Is there anything that you regret which you would like to mention to us?" She answered, "No, I am going to heaven." After this she was heard to say repeatedly, "My children, my children," and seemed to feel her last mental struggle in giving up the two dear little ones. Then her father said, "Can you give up the children?" and she cheerfully replied, "O yes! you will be kind to them." For a time she then appeared lost in sweet meditation, after which she said triumphantly, "O! my dear Jesus, come. O! my dear Jesus, don't delay;" adding, "not my will, but Thine be done." Shortly before she died, she called all the family around her, and calmly and most affectionately bade them all "*Good-bye*."

To Mr. Godel, she said, "My dear husband, you can take care of yourself. Take care of the children. Bring them up in the fear of the Lord." By this time the end was almost come, and she further said, "Not landed yet; not landed yet." A few moments more and she whispered, "Happy, happy, happy." Then it appeared to those who surrounded her that she was beholding the glorious land to which she was going, she uttered several words which they could not understand, but they seemed to be "going, going, going." Then as she was going, her countenance assumed a smiling, joyful aspect, and lo! she was gone. Her face retained that aspect until it was closed up from view. It is a blessed consideration that that countenance is not concealed for ever: "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

This child of God and true friend of mankind, "fell asleep" on Monday, Nov. 20th, 1871, aged forty-five years and two months.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 3rd, the writer endeavoured to improve this event in Great Union Road Chapel, when the tears of a large assembly showed that the dear departed one was "greatly beloved."

By her not very long, but pious and useful life, she has gained for herself, through Christ, an affectionate, grateful, and lasting memory on earth, and also a crown of glory in heaven.

W. LUKE.

NO TIME FOR PRAYER.—There are people who say or think they have no time for devotions. Not half an hour morning and evening to offer to the Lord! How much time do they give to sleep, to eating and drinking, to light reading, and idle conversation? They might most of them get half-hours for prayer without abstracting a minute from business. If not, they should abridge their business. "No man's calling is a calling away from God or Godliness." "Whatever business is left undone, duty must be done, or the man that neglects it will be undone for ever."—*E. J. Robinson.*

JAMES THORNE.

No surer indication of the great and general esteem in which JAMES THORNE was held is required, than the many funeral sermons which have been preached in honour of his memory. There has been nothing like it in the history of the Denomination. The death of Mr. O'BRYAN scarcely produced a perceptible ripple of thought and feeling beyond a comparatively small circle of personal friends, partly because of his unhappy separation from the people more than a generation before, and partly because, for many years, he had, for the most part, made his home in a distant land. Many valiant men and true have fallen in the fight, but not one who had received so large a measure of confidence and affection as James Thorne, or except in one or two instances anything approaching thereto. Of all others, WILLIAM REED came nearest to James Thorne, but while Mr. Reed was his equal in piety, and perhaps his superior in the massiveness and splendour of his intellectual powers, his shrinking timidity of disposition deprived him, in part at least, of that popularity and influence which belonged to him by right of natural endowments, spiritual attainments, and actual achievements in the Lord's vineyard.

As Mr. Thorne thus occupied a position altogether unique, it has occurred to us that the briefest possible reference to some of the sermons which have been preached on the occasion of his death may have a deep if somewhat mournful interest to most of our readers. We may, however, premise, that we have reason to know scores of sermons have been preached, of which we have received no particulars. The texts that were sure to be chosen might have been named beforehand with almost absolute certainty, and in fact were mostly thus named. We have heard of the following texts as having been chosen: "Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years, and was gathered to his people," Gen. xxv. 8, in connection with Acts xx. 24--27, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God;" (The 24th v. also by itself) "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," Num. xxiii. 10; "Moses my servant is dead," Joshua i. 2; "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen

this day in Israel?" 2 Sam. iii. 38; "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof," 2 Kings ii. 12; (also 11—13), "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men," Ps. xii. 1; "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," cxvi. 15; "A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth," Eccl. vii. 1; "The voice said, Cry, and he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever," Isa. xl. 6—8; "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever," Zech. i. 5; "Howl, fir tree; for the cedar is fallen," xi. 2; "His Lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," Matt. xxv. 23; "He was a burning and a shining light," John v. 35; "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work," ix. 4; "Then said Thomas, which is called Didymus, unto his fellow-disciples, Let us also go that we may die with Him," xi. 16; "For David, after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep," Acts xiii. 36; "An old disciple," xxi. 16; "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," 1 Cor. xv. 55—57; (the 57th verse also, by itself); "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," Phil. i. 21; "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing," 2 Tim. iv. 6—8; and Rev. xiv. 13, "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

Of these, those which may be considered perhaps as the most expressive and suitable for the occasion, namely Matt. xxv. 23; John v. 35; and Acts xiii. 36, were most generally selected, Matt. xxv. 23, being evidently the chief favourite. After a careful consideration of all the particulars respecting our dear friend that have come to hand, we see no reason to modify our former estimate of

his character and labours, and there is but little to add thereto. His mental and moral greatness, his godlikeness, his burning zeal, his unshaken fidelity, his courage, his humility, his gentleness, his faith, his purity, his affability, his considerateness, his unselfishness, his practical wisdom, his patriotism, his love of freedom, his useful and devoted labours, his power in prayer, his life-long service seem to have been dwelt on with great fulness and discrimination.

In one particular only, do we deem it requisite to add a few words. We refer now to his great power in prayer. His prayers in the family, in the business gathering, in public worship, for appropriateness, for fervour, and for comprehensiveness were truly remarkable. They impressed every person. On some occasions Mr. Thorne seemed like one inspired. We distinctly remember at the Morchard Conference how his soul was drawn out after God, and the thought that instantly arose in the mind was, Jehovah cannot now complain that "there is none that calleth upon His name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of Him." During a discussion just before, difficulties seemed to rise on every hand not simply in mountain grandeur, but in mountain awfulness, and one thought, one fear, took possession of every heart, We must be crushed, we must be overwhelmed. The difficulties did not grow less in themselves while Mr. Thorne was praying, they were even more clearly seen because more vividly described in his prayer than they had been in the discussion, but they seemed less than nothing when brought into contact with the manifested presence and power of Jehovah. The verse,

"Give me Thy strength, O God of power ;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be :
'Tis fixed ; I can do all through Thee,"

was again and again quoted, each time with increasing fervour, till all felt that failure was impossible, that the very name of God would be disgraced, His faithfulness compromised, if He permitted His servants to be defeated and overcome.

Such facts as these reveal as a sunbeam the secret of his power as a preacher. Soon after he began to preach, Mr. Banwell says, "He went to Eastcott, in the Kilkhampston Circuit, in Mr. O'Bryan's appointment, and his preaching and praying on that occasion so affected the people that many of them cried for mercy, and ten rejoiced in the salvation of God." The early promise was more than fulfilled in riper years. The same divine influence accompanied his word, and drew multitudes to the Saviour. Mr. Lockwood says, that at the opening of Ryde Chapel, on rising from his knees Mr. Thorne was seen to be deeply affected.

In an instant the feeling spread to the congregation, and before giving out the hymn nearly the whole of the people were bathed in tears, and suppressed sobs were heard in all parts of the chapel. Oh, for the mighty influence which shall, as in this case, not only charm and attract by its brightness, but also burn its way into the hearts of others.

Of his power as a speaker many examples might be given, but we must confine ourselves to one. Mr. Spencer says, that the late Rev. W. O'Neill said to a friend of his on one occasion, "Mr. Thorne is the best Temperance advocate I ever heard. He lectured once in my chapel at Witheridge for two hours. The meeting was so enthusiastic that in clapping my hands I so far forgot myself that I knocked the skin from the joints of my fingers against the seats."

Mr. Robins refers to some awful conflicts that Mr. Thorne had, in the earlier years of his ministry, on the subject of infidelity, which induced him thoroughly to examine the "foundations of the faith," and with so much satisfaction and profit, that he never had the slightest doubt afterwards.

One or two slight but pleasing incidents mentioned by Mr. Kinsman in the sermon he preached at Zion Chapel, Plymouth, we cannot refrain from quoting. "I well remember," Mr. K. says, "that at our last District meeting, at the sacramental and religious experience service, Mr. Thorne, in speaking his experience, remarked on his having attended a camp-meeting upwards of fifty years ago in the vicinity of the chapel in which we were assembled, and said, in closing, with considerable outflow of feeling, 'I hope now to make a good end of it!'" Mr. Kinsman also speaks of Mr. Thorne's calling at his house one Sunday afternoon not long before his death in his, Mr. K's., absence. On his return Mr. Thorne was reading a periodical, and directed his attention to these lines, which are therefore invested with additional interest,

"Enough, if cleansed at last from earthly stain,
My homeward steps be firm, and calm my evening sky."

Almost all the brethren speak of large congregations, marked attention, and gracious influences and impressions.

Having once begun to write, it is not easy to stop our pen. So much might be said, so much has been said, so much ought to be said, that we should deeply regret so little can be now said, if his manner of life had not been perfectly familiar to many for a long period, and therefore our readers will be able for themselves to supply any deficiency. Gentlemen outside the Denomination have expressed their surprise that much greater prominence has not been given to Mr. Thorne's character and work both by ourselves and the general public; but it is some comfort to know that his record is on high, that a memoir by his son is being prepared, and that there are thousands who will not willingly let his memory perish. The fully ripe shock of corn has been gathered into the heavenly garner, and there are the same mighty influences still at work,—the sunshine and showers of divine grace,—to ripen all others for the same glorious end on earth and the same immortal destiny in heaven.

DIED, Oct. 14th, 1871, at Shallowford, Northlew, JOHN SMALE, aged forty-five years. Previous to his conversion, he was remarkable for his morality. About the age of twenty, he experienced the divine change. The then pastor of the Northlew Circuit, (Mr. G. Batt), held special services in Beaworthy chapel, when our departed brother (with several others) found "the pearl of great price." Brother Smale joined the Bible Christians, and was an honour to his profession until death. If close attention to the various means of grace, lodging and boarding the ministers free of expense, liberally supporting the various departments of God's cause, teaching in the Sabbath school for twenty-five years, may be regarded as evidences of real religion, then John Smale was a genuine Christian, as the societies of Beaworthy, Hatherleigh, Highampton, and Northlew would most readily testify. I was well acquainted with him when in the Hatherleigh Circuit sixteen years ago, and was very glad to find him in this circuit pressing on to the skies. His affliction was short, but severe. I repeatedly visited him, and found him relying alone on the blood of Jesus for salvation. I have no doubt about his everlasting happiness. He has left a widow and son to lament their loss. May God give them grace to meet him in heaven. The writer of this short notice attempted to improve his death in Northlew (Hebron) chapel, to a very crowded congregation, on Sunday evening, Oct. 22nd, 1871, from, "To die is gain." J. B.

DIED at Highampton, Oct. 29th, 1871, JOHN CROSS, aged seventy-four years. His general demeanour was quiet, and for many years he was termed a steady churchman. In the year 1839 he was brought to the knowledge of the truth in Highampton Chapel. Highampton was then a part of the Shebbear Circuit, of which Mr. J. Pudney was the pastor, through whose efforts many gave their hearts to God. Brother Cross was heard to say, when going to the penitent's pew, "Why can't I be saved as well as others?" and,

praise God, that night he was enabled to cast his soul on the precious blood of the atonement. He was made very happy, and at once united in church-fellowship with the Bible Christians. Having obtained help of God, he continued to serve him until death. He sustained the offices of Society-steward and class-leader for many years, with great acceptance. His life was so even and so consistent, that saint and sinner said "John Cross was a good man." His illness was lingering; hence, my excellent colleague and others had many opportunities of visiting him. His death was very triumphant. It was really delightful to be with him. Among many good sayings, I quote one to his daughter, Mrs. Sanders, "Susan, you need not be afraid to tell any one that I am gone to heaven, yes," with emphasis, "I shall soon be there."

I preached a funeral sermon for him on Sunday evening, Nov. 19th, 1871, to a very crowded congregation, from Revelations xiv. 13, *May my last end be like his.* J. B.

DIED, Nov. 1871, MARY GRATTON, the eldest sister of Mr. WILLIAM MASON, aged eighty-nine years. She was a Cockbury woman, but went to Northlew to reside when twenty-three years of age. She and her husband were converted and joined society, just at the rise of the denomination. She witnessed a good confession. She was bed-ridden for a long time. Many persons visited her in her affliction. Her end was peace. Her death was improved in Northlew Chapel to a large congregation by the writer.

P.S.—The above is the eighth death since Conference in this small circuit. ALL DIED HAPPY.

J. B.

DIED at Beeralston, January 24th, 1872, ELIZABETH GILBERT, mother of the late Edward Gilbert, who for many years was a faithful member with the Bible Christians at Beeralston. Mrs. Gilbert died in peace, and is gone to be with Jesus. My prayer is, that we may meet her in

heaven, where parting will be unknown. The deceased was ninety-four years of age, and a native of Ohacewater. J. NORTHEY.

DIED on Sunday, Jan. 28th, 1872, at Greendown Farm, Northlew, Devon, Mrs. WILLIAMS, aged sixty-four years. She was converted to God forty years ago, at St. Stephens, near St. Austell, Cornwall; united in church-fellowship with the Bible Christians, and witnessed a good confession. The last fifteen years she spent at Truro, except the few months she was on a visit to her daughter's, Mrs. Trounson, at the above farm. In my visits to her, I found she delighted in conversing freely about our ministers—Mr. Hocking especially. She was, doubtless, an eminent Christian. Her love for God's people, her attachment to God's house, her strict observance of the Sabbath, and her *close* attention to closet exercises, showed unmistakably that she had the root of the matter in her. Mrs. Williams was delicate for years.

Through grace, she was enabled to glorify God in the furnace of affliction. Her end was most triumphant. I saw her the day before she died, when she was calmly reposing on the blood of atonement. After I left she got delightfully happy. It seemed as though she had her last sharp conflict with the powers of darkness that afternoon; but the victory was so complete, that she continued rapturous until the end. She put up her hands in holy triumph, and said, heaven beaming in her eyes, "Now I am got through."

Praise God for such a dying testimony! She was interred (at her own request) in our chapel-yard, at Widdon, Northlew, on Friday, Feb. 2nd., and on the Sunday following, in Northlew (Hebron) chapel, her death was improved by the writer, from—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." The congregation was very large, and a blessed influence realized.

J. B.

REVIVALS.

CALLINGTON CIRCUIT, HARROWBARROW.
—A revival of religious life implies its previous declension. In the absence of decline and retrogression Christian life would be a perpetual progress to perfection. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." An interminable spiritual growth is blessedly realizable, but rarely demonstrated by the militant church. Change and fluctuation characterize her past career, and constitute a part of her present experience. Her tides ebb and flow; her lights wax and wane, and her love to God and man glows and cools. But circumstantial changes and fluctuations are compatible with spiritual progress. The winds of circumstances are God-sent to blow up the fires of grace, love and piety. Religious perfection is reached by growth; and spiritual growth is maintained by a right use of the God-appointed, soul-invigorating, life-sustaining means of grace. And God honours the means He has appointed. The enthroned Redeemer still loves a blood-ransomed world, and lovingly responds to the prayers of saints.

Christ travailed, in death, for souls, and souls are being born to Christ. We have long mourned over our leanness in this Circuit, deplored the deadness of the churches, and wept over the prevalence of irreligion. But, thank God, there is a change for the better. Jehovah has made bare His holy arm, poured out His blessed Spirit, quickened some of the churches into action, and regenerated scores of souls. During the latter part of January and the beginning of February, revival services were held in most of our chapels. But for weeks there was much sowing and little reaping—much fishing, but no fish—much pleading, but no conversions. At *Harrowbarrow*, however, the windows of heaven were opened, on the second Sunday in February, and four persons were converted to God. From that time the revival has gone on without intermission. One, two, three, five, and ten persons of a night, and on Sunday, Feb. 18th, during a melting experience meeting from 8 o'clock to 12, and the afternoon and evening services, 20 souls were born for God and glory. The Wednesday following, the missionary meeting was held, and an extraordinary service it was. After

singing and prayer, a few extracts from the Report were read. Another prayer was offered, Mr. B. Rounsefell gave us an excellent speech, and the collection was made, and found to be nearly double that of last year. The remainder of the service was spent in singing and prayer. A mighty and melting influence pervaded the assembly. The power of Christ rested upon us, and from all parts of a crowded chapel souls crying for mercy were led to the mercy-seat, and twelve out of fifteen went to their homes justified and happy in Jesus. It was a blessed sight to see the moral and immoral, deserters and backsliders, friends and enemies, old and young, weeping, wrestling and rejoicing together. In their homes, in the mines, and elsewhere, sinners have cried for mercy, and found peace in Jesus. About 100 have professed conversion. This is a great blessing for the church at Harrowbarrow. Though some good and able members adorn her, she has been cold and apathetic, and her opponents have not been wanting in attempts to crush her. Only last autumn a new Chapel-of-ease was opened near our chapel, and one of the clergymen ventured to predict the speedy decline and ultimate extinction of non-conformity in Harrowbarrow. Time and the revival have, however, not only proved the falseness of the prophecy, but established nonconformity in Harrowbarrow more strongly than it has been for many years, brought some of the church singers to the feet of Jesus in our chapel, and allured the clergyman there also more than *once*! The magnitude of the work at Harrowbarrow has stirred most of the other churches in the Circuit; and induced them to pray for a revival too. And they have not wrestled in vain. At Albaston some have been hopefully saved. At Downgate, after a week of earnest prayer, God was pleased to pour out His Spirit on Sunday last, March 3rd, when two found Christ, and another was seeking Him; on the Monday following seven more professed faith in Jesus.*

At Callington last night, the Sunday school teachers had their annual tea, and invited the church and congregation to join them. After tea, when the business had been disposed of, some time was profitably spent in conversation on revival work, and soul-

saving. Then a prayer-meeting was resolved on for the purpose of seeking a baptism of the Holy Ghost. A blessed solemnity pervaded the meeting, and three souls sought and found the Saviour. In some other places gracious seasons are realized, and revivals hopefully expected. B. NOTT.

ST. AUSTELL.—At the Christmas Quarterly meeting I was able to remark, that for several successive Sunday nights, I had seen penitents seeking Jesus. Since then the work has prospered on a more extensive scale. At *Ebenezer*, St. Blazey Gate, special services were commenced by the church Jan. 22nd. The revival commenced the same week, and 55 have professed faith in Christ. Some are from the Wesleyan congregation, and will unite with our Wesleyan brethren.

A number of sudden deaths occurred in St. Austell about Christmas. The influence of the solemn warnings was felt. At *Zion*, more than 50 have been converted.

At *Providence* one of our singers, a man much beloved, was killed the Saturday before Christmas. The next day I preached there from "We all do fade as a leaf." Perhaps there was not a dry eye in the chapel. The death was a loud sermon. Brother Turner laboured here about one month in January, and some 57 have been brought to God. Some of the young men here, also, were from the Wesleyan congregation near, where they will join in church fellowship. Br. Turner's labours have been much blessed at this place.

About 12 have been awakened at *Tregorrick*, 20 at *Bethesda*, and 8 or 9 at *Old Pound*. At *Bethel* upwards of 100 have professed conversion.

At Tregorrick Chapel Anniversary, the pastor preached twice, on the 3rd of March. The tea meeting was held the Wednesday after, when Brother Turner was also present. Brother Jabez Dingle helped in the public meeting; in the chair we had Brother William Truscott. Although interest for 11 or 12 years was behind, by two efforts our friends have paid off the debt. "We will not forsake the house of our God." "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen." S. L. THORNE.

* The work at Downgate has greatly widened and deepened since, we are informed. [Ed.]

WEEK ST. MARY CIRCUIT.—**DEAR MR. EDITOR.**—The March magazine has been read with very great interest, and with many tears, by some of the friends in this circuit, especially that part containing such blessed news respecting the prosperity of the work of God at Penryn and elsewhere. Perhaps some of the friends in the connexion will be glad to hear that the Lord is reviving His work in this circuit. We have a blessed work in progress at *Treparatt*. The revival broke out about three weeks ago, and since that time more than forty persons have professed conversion, and the work is still going on. I admitted over thirty into society last Sunday afternoon (March 10th). Among them were men and their wives, parents and their children. A blessed sight to see so many rejoicing in God, who three weeks ago were without Christ! At *Rehoboth*, too, the work is prospering. Two professed conversion the Sunday night Brother Johns preached the missionary sermons; and since then several have been in distress, and a few have obtained peace. A revival at *Rehoboth* was very much needed, and thank God it has commenced, and is still progressing.

J. COLLES.

PORTLAND.—**DEAR BROTHER.**—I am happy to inform you, that, since I wrote you last, the Lord has been reviving his work among us. Though the good work is not so powerful and extensive as we should like to have seen it, we are truly thankful for several hopeful conversions. It is rather remarkable, that, four Sunday nights in succession, we have had three persons professedly brought to the knowledge of the truth. Others have also passed from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. To his name be all the praise!

Having just held our Missionary Anniversary at Zion, I am thankful to say the congregations were good, the collections ahead, and sinners saved. Praise the Lord! I may add, I have lately been in the Somerton Circuit on a missionary tour, and that the meetings were good, and collections in advance of last year's.

JOHN MAYNARD.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—The religious intelligence furnished in this month's magazine, will, I have no doubt, be read with great interest through the length and breadth of the

Connexion. I only wish it was in my power to furnish a similar statement respecting this mission. It is true that here things look far more hopeful in a religious point of view than they did six weeks ago. On the 23rd of January we had a social tea for the members of society, after which they were invited to speak freely their thoughts as to what could be done to improve the state of the society. Several availed themselves of the opportunity to speak, and a very gracious influence was realized. During the four following weeks revival services were held; and though we have not witnessed the conversion of persons outside the society, we have had a revival nevertheless, for at the end of the four weeks we had another tea, open for any members of the congregation as well as for the society and teachers in the Sunday School, and at the said meeting several spoke of the benefit derived from the services which had been held during the month; and one declared he would not for the sake of a thousand pounds fail of the benefit which the meetings had been to him. The result is, our friends can sing better, can pray better, and can, with cordiality and brotherly love, give to each other the right hand of fellowship: and now if the Lord would favour us with such outpourings of his Holy Spirit as should lead to meltings of heart among the unconverted we are, I trust, prepared to labour for their conversion.

M. ROBINS.

CRONDALL.—**MY DEAR BROTHER,**—Doubtless you will like to have some more particulars concerning our revival at Crondall. The meetings have been continued up to the present time. Our people have been very earnest in prayer, and although there has been some excitement we have not had any confusion. Not only have some grown persons been saved, but seven children, who are to be formed into a class—Mrs. Pattenden having been appointed leader by the unanimous vote of the members. We had a social tea at Mr. Watford's house on Thursday, and a most blessed meeting. Last evening we held a service which we intended should be a class-meeting, but so many persons came in and sat on the back forms that we gave suitable addresses and had praise and prayer. We afterwards took down the names of several persons, who were desirous to become members. On Sundays our chapel has been exceedingly well filled.

At *Hungry Hill*, we had a social tea on Wednesday last. The children of the Sunday-school had tea given them by Mrs. Clarke, from London. To the adult tea nearly fifty persons sat down. At this place we worship in a cottage, and lately some good special services have been held there.

At *Blacknest* and *Batt's Corner*, although no visible good has yet been accomplished, the congregations in those places last Sunday were the largest I have yet seen.

February 17th.

T. J. P.

About fifty persons have been lately admitted on trial for membership in the *Liskeard* circuit. Conversions are still being realized at several places in the *Michaelstow* circuit; and at *Bugle*, in the *Bodmin* circuit, about fifty persons have been added to the church; at *Chilla*, *Inwardleigh*, and another place or two in the *Northlew* Circuit there has been a blessed work of grace; and at *Penzance*, several persons have lately been brought into the liberty of God's dear children.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

PLYMOUTH. — DEAR BR. BOURNE. You, and the friends generally, of the Missionary Society, will doubtless be gratified in knowing that our recent series of Missionary Meetings has passed off very successfully. Some friends, both in the circuit and out of it, ministerial and lay, had given expression to their doubts and fears, especially in regard to Plymouth. But from what I knew of the friends generally, I had no reason to doubt of getting as good a Missionary Tea and Public Meeting as in 1871, though we all felt that that meeting was a grand success. Our anxiety, however, arose more particularly from the fact that, through removal and death, and other changes, unless our friends increased their contributions, or new subscribers were obtained, or both, our receipts must be, at least, from £8 to £9 behind in the total. We laid these facts before the elders of the church and resolved to do our best to overcome the difficulty. And I never witnessed greater unanimity on the part of a society and congregation than that manifested from beginning to end in carrying out this object. The Missionary Tea as

usual was gratuitously provided by the ladies of our congregation, viz.: Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Sellick, Mrs. Symons, Mrs. Smale, Mrs. Beer, Mrs. Menhennich and Mrs. Lee. The following is the financial statement.

By Collections	...	...	...	£9	10	6
Profits of Tea	...	...	...	9	0	6
Subscriptions	...	...	...	14	10	6
Juvenile Meeting and Cards.				6	12	3

£39 12 9

Hence, relying as we do, upon our regular collectors, we feel confident that before Midsummer we shall be the sunny side of £50 for Zion Street, Plymouth, and the right side of £100 for the circuit. At Devonport and Torpoint the collections were a little in advance, and we hope the totals will be a little in advance also.

Not only were our Missionary services a success financially, but they were rich in spiritual influence. The sermons at Plymouth and Devonport were preached by Messrs. J. Johns and T. Braund, and at Torpoint by Mr. G. W. Angwin. It was my pleasure to hear the sermons delivered at Plymouth. Mr. Braund gave us an excellent discourse in the morning, on the character and work of Christ. Text, Isa. xlii. 1-4. The sermon was distinguished by true eloquence and deep pathos. We shall not soon forget the gracious influence that accompanied the word that morning, especially in relation to the *gentleness and tenderness of Christ*. — "*A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench.*" We could but silently breathe the prayer that our dear brother might long be spared thus to preach Christ. Mr. Johns's sermon in the evening was one of great power. During the prayer-meeting which followed, two or three manifested sorrow for sin, and sought mercy of God through Jesus Christ—one of whom has united with us in church fellowship.

The Public Meeting was held at Plymouth on Monday, Feb. 19th. A. Rooker, Esq., presided with his usual efficiency. In his opening address he paid a very touching and just tribute to the worth of the late venerable and beloved Mr. James Thorne, whom he had the happiness of knowing for some 25 years, during which time he had watched with interest and pleasure the progress of the Bible Christian Missionary Society, both at home and in the colonies. His speech seemed to give a good key to the whole service.

The Report being presented, Mr. G. W. Angwin, who always speaks well, gave a most suitable address. He evidently spoke to the praise of God, and his word was with power. Messrs. S. L. Thorne and J. Johns followed, and well sustained the interest of the meeting. At the close of these addresses came the collection, which was in advance of the previous year's. A vote of thanks to the chairman, moved by Mr. Kinsman, and seconded by Mr. Taylor, and a vote of thanks to the ladies for gratuitously providing such an abundant and excellent tea, a verse or two of praise, and a short prayer, terminated one of the best Missionary Meetings we ever attended. Some thirty pounds were also promised towards Mr. Johns's Special Connexional Effort.

The meeting at Devonport, Feb. 20th, passed off well, under the presidency of our worthy friend, Mr. Yeo, who also took the chair at Torpoint the following night. I might easily lengthen this letter, Mr. Editor, but seeing you had to crowd out several interesting communications last month, if I proceed, it is more than probable this will meet with a similar fate.

We have not been without tokens of the Divine approval during the year. Peace, happily, dwells in our borders, and several precious souls, during the quarter, have presented themselves to Christ, and have made a profession of their saving faith in Him.

We are truly glad to know that Mr. Johns is working so successfully for his Special Mission, and is therewith rendering such valuable help in behalf of regular and special local efforts. It will be unquestionably essential for him to devote another year to the work in which he is now engaged,—if his health permit,—in order to realize his object and our desire. But four or five weekly special meetings, besides preaching on the Sunday, and continued month after month, are too much for any man, particularly for persons of a nervous temperament.

Mr. Johns delivered his popular lecture on "Peter Cartwright," in Haddington Road Chapel, in behalf of our new schools, to a large congregation, on Friday, March 1st, on returning from a Missionary tour in the Week St. Mary Circuit. Collection at the close, about £6, and I believe nearly

£20 were promised towards the Connexional Special Effort. This, to some, may appear to be a small amount for such a place and congregation as that of Haddington Road; but those who are best acquainted with our Chapel responsibility at that place, and the succession of special efforts we have made, and are still making, in behalf of our new schools, soon to be opened, will be disposed to say, "*Well-done!*" W. LEE.

CALLINGTON CIRCUIT.—Fifteen of the seventeen missionary meetings in this circuit have been held—five in October, five in November, and five in February, and have given general satisfaction. This is the more gratifying, as just before the October meetings were to be held, we were informed that Mr. Drew, the deputation, could not, through the dangerous illness of his colleague, be with us. A substitute could not be secured, and we had to hold them ourselves. Still worse! after the appointments were made on the plan, and just as the bills announcing the February series of meetings were going through the press, we received the sad intelligence of the sudden death of Mr. J. Thorne, who was deputed to assist us. The superintendent of the district then did his best to secure a supply, but failed. The sermons were preached by Messrs. Rounsefell, Nott, Rundle, Spry and Blight. The meeting at Beertown was presided over by our long-tried friend, Mr. Williams, at Gunnislake, by Captain Phillips, at Harrowbarrow, by Captain Thomas, at Downgate, in the absence of Captain Blight, by Mr. Rattenbury, senr., and at Callington, by N. Nicholls, Esq. The pouring rain on Sunday and some days in the week, prevented many persons from attending the service, and told unfavourably upon the collections. Still, our congregations were good, and the collections mostly ahead of those of last year; and we have good grounds for believing that this circuit will contribute to the Missionary Fund £10 more than it raised last year. Though good, we are not indebted to the collections for this advance. The Sunday-schools have done admirably, and deserve high commendation. In some places they have collected twice, three and four times as much as last year. Then, as in other parts of the denomination, persons consecrate the produce of fruit-trees, hens, geese, ducks, sheep, etc., to the missionary cause; so in this circuit there

are, besides the usual missionary cards and boxes, missionary fruit-trees, bags, classes, and workers. And how much may be accomplished by little and little! To the countless illustrations of that point another was added in connection with our last series of missionary meetings. At Beertown meeting Mrs. Roseveare sent to the platform a novel sight. Time was when she valued farthings but little, and generally gave them to the children to be devoured in "sweets." But for sometime past she had been in the habit of imprisoning in a bag all the farthings that came into her hands during the year. It caused a little merriment and some applause when the said missionary bag was opened, and the noble army of 128 copper-colour lilliputians were marched out of it into the missionary enterprise. At Gunnislake, Mrs. Harvie, who has grey hairs in the way of righteousness, and who has been knitting for the Lord through the year, handed me 5s. 6d. "for the missionaries." In Callington Sunday-school we have a missionary class. One Sunday in every month, Miss Rogers, the beloved teacher, makes her class a missionary class, gives a missionary lesson, and then deposits in a bag made for the purpose, and beautifully inscribed "Bible Christian Missionary Bag"—such moneys as may be given by her scholars. The bag this year contained £1 1s. If there is in this circuit less enthusiasm than once flamed in missionary meetings, we believe there never was among us greater love to the missionary enterprise, nor a deeper yearning for the conversion of the world, than now. The Gospel, we are sure, is the only panacea for the world's woes, and that God's method of giving it to the world is by human agency. Jehovah is working among the nations and organizations of the earth, and things seem to be converging to a wondrous climax. The events and exigencies of the present times call for earnest and manly action on the side of truth and right. Though long and furiously opposed, Christianity will be universal and triumphant. By engaging in this great struggle between Christ and Satan for the subjugation of the world, all may gather fadeless laurels for their own brows, and help to polish gems that shall flash eternally in the Redeemer's crown. Then who will go and work to-day in God's vineyard?

BENJAMIN NOTT.

WEARE CIRCUIT.—The encouraging

accounts of Missionary Meetings which have appeared in the magazine since conference, I have read with great pleasure, and doubtless there are persons who have long known the Weare circuit that will be pleased to hear how we are getting on. Our first missionary sermons were preached on Sunday, October 29th, at South Brent, Biddisham, and Bleadon, by Messrs. T. Harris, of Somerton, T. Wooldridge, and the writer. The weather was very unfavourable, and consequently the congregations were not large.

The meeting at *Biddisham* on Monday was well attended, presided over by Mr. W. Day. Influence good, and the receipts in advance.

Tuesday evening at *South Brent*. Weather again very wet. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Maggs, addresses by Messrs. Harris, Wooldridge, and myself, and true friends of the missionary cause were present, as they would not allow the collection to go behind.

Wednesday, at *Bleadon*, Mr. Wooldridge filled the chair, and gave all the time "to the two strangers." The meeting was very good, and as is generally the case under a good influence, the collection was in advance.

On Sunday, November 26th, 1871; sermons were preached at *Bleadney*, by Mr. M. Robins, of Weston, at *Webbington*, by Mr. T. Wooldridge, and at *Weare* and *Stoughton*, by the writer.

Mr. Wooldridge presided over the meeting at *Bleadney*, on the Monday, and in his humorous and original manner made some interesting and profitable remarks, and then called upon me for "my maiden speech"; and then on Brother Robins, who in his own homely, familiar, yet impressive and affecting manner set forth the nature, objects, and claims of the mission cause, and the duty of the church in relation thereto. We hope by the time our accounts are closed we shall not be behind last year.

Tuesday, at *Stoughton*. Good meeting, and the friends showed an increased interest in the mission cause.

Wednesday, at *Weare*. Excellent meeting; all felt it good to be there; and at the close we found that our friends felt in their hearts what they manifested by their presence, an interest in the cause.

Thursday, at *Webbington*, when we had a good company, an interesting season, and a pretty good collection.

On Sunday, February 19th, 1872, sermons were preached at *Draycott*,

by Mr. W. B. Lark, of Bristol, at *Westbury*, by Mr. Wooldridge, and at *Priddy*, by the writer; and considering the unfavourableness of the weather the congregations were as large as could be expected. The meetings on the three following evenings were full of spirit and interest. Mr. Lark, in his earnest, eloquent, and impressive manner advocated the missionary cause, and we believe his speeches were calculated to make a lasting impression on the minds of the people. Our collections at *Priddy* and *Westbury*, were several shillings each in advance of last year's; and though on account of some unavoidable circumstances, some of our friends at *Draycott* were not able to attend the meeting, and the collection was a little behind, we had the promise that it should be made equal to last year's, and as there has been some increased interest manifested by some of the collectors, we hope this year to be in advance of any preceding one, though the friends at *Draycott* have often done very well. Our last meeting was at *Allerton*, on Thursday, 23rd, where the sermon had been preached the Sunday week previous by Mr. Wooldridge, and though the weather was very wet, it was evident that the people had made up their minds to attend, for when we arrived at the chapel we found it comfortably full. Mr. Wooldridge presided, the writer read the Report, and Mr. J. A. Hemsworth, Wesleyan, and Mr. Lark very ably addressed the meeting. Collection in advance of last year's, and at the close of the meeting two new subscribers gave a donation of ten shillings each to the mission funds.

Thus terminated our missionary meetings for the present year, which on the whole have been very good. Our deputations have done us good service. Our receipts as far as we can judge at present are favourable, and we hope to be several pounds in advance at the close of the year.

It cheers our hearts to know that God is visiting some of our circuits, and that so many are being brought from darkness to light. In this circuit we have had the droppings of the shower. We have been putting forth special efforts, and they have not been in vain. Some have been converted at Bleadney. At the public service after our last quarterly meeting, held at *Draycott*, we had a blessed season. Believers were quickened and blest, and three or four sinners sought and found mercy. At

Priddy, between twenty and thirty have been converted, principally among the young, four or five at *Weare*, and some at *Stoughton*. Many more, we believe, are seeking after God, and we hope the work will go on. We thank God for the past, and will trust Him for the future, at the same time resolving to consecrate ourselves afresh to His service, and live and labour more fully for the salvation of souls. May He help us, Amen.

J. WILSON.

LISKEARD CIRCUIT.—Sermons in behalf of the Missionary Society were preached at *Liskeard* on Sunday, Feb. 11th, by Br. R. Down. The meeting was held on Monday, J. Elliot, Esq., with his usual ability, occupied the chair. Congregation good, considering that a great meeting of "The Christian Association" was held at the same time. The brethren S. L. Thorne, R. Down, and D. Murley addressed the meeting, and W. Hicks presented the Report. Cash a little in advance.

Pensilva sermons were preached by Messrs. R. Down, D. Murley and S. L. Thorne. On Tuesday at 3 p.m. Mr. Thorne preached a funeral sermon for his late uncle James Thorne, to a large congregation. At 6.45 a fine congregation assembled and heard most excellent speeches from the Deputation. Br. J. Lawry presided over the meeting. The accounts could not be quite closed, but they will be about 10s. in advance of last year's.

St. Cleer meeting came off on Wednesday. Sermon at 3 p.m. by S. L. Thorne, the same in character as the Tuesday's sermon at *Pensilva*. Congregation good. In the absence of Mr. Moon, through indisposition, Mr. H. Edgumbe presided over the evening meeting. Attendance very good, several came from Common Moor and Railway Terrace. For several years they have had a struggle to keep up the receipts, for *St. Cleer* of 1872 is not the *St. Cleer* of 1862; deaths, removals, and emigrations have visibly left their footsteps behind. The speeches were first-class, it was said they would have been a credit to Exeter Hall. The cash was found to be £1 5s. 4d. behind, caused by our old friend "Uncle William" being unwell, so that the £1 11s. 6d. he generally collected was missing. Mr. G. Edgumbe offered to give half, if the other half would be made up. Br. Fursman, in behalf of the congregation accepted the challenge, and in a little

time the amount was subscribed, much to the joy of many. All honour to St. Cleer in the missionary department. *Dobwalls* sermons were preached by Mr G. Edgcombe (Wesleyan) on Sunday at half-past 2 and 6 o'clock. Meeting on Thursday, speeches by Messrs. Down, Hicks, and Murley. Chair taken by Mr. H. Edgcombe. Receipts some shillings in the right direction. *Trewidland* sermons were preached by Br. Hicks, meeting on the Friday. Addresses given by Messrs. Down, Hicks, and Murley. There was a meeting in the village the same evening which made somewhat against ours, and the money was behind, but the collections were very good for the number present. The deputation S. L. Thorne and R. Down gave great satisfaction. The friends who entertained them so kindly, will please accept their thanks through me.

W. HICKS.

WEEK ST. MARY.—Sermons in behalf of the Missionary Society were preached on Sunday, February 25th, at Week St. Mary, Rehoboth, Bethel, and Eden, by Messrs. J. Johns, G. W. Angwin, and the Circuit Ministers. The weather was favourable, the congregations were large, collections good, and some souls saved. Monday, at Week St. Mary, the meeting was addressed by Messrs. Angwin, Colea, and Bassett, Mr. Prower, of Davidstow, in the chair. A good meeting, and collection 9s. ahead.

Tuesday, Eden, a crowded house. Br. Johns joined us at this place, collection £2 12s. 0d. ahead. This was the best meeting, and the largest amount ever given at Eden.

Wednesday, Bethel. The same speakers. This meeting was not so enthusiastic as the one held the previous night, but the collection went ahead.

Thursday, Rehoboth. This was the crowning meeting of the whole, in every sense. The congregation was unusually large, the speakers spoke well, and the collection went beyond our highest expectation, altogether, the moneys were something over £16, more than £2 above last year's: and our friends not only did well in their missionary receipts; but they gave Br. Johns towards his object, in cash and promises, about £27. I think Br. Johns has succeeded nobly in this Circuit. I understand that he has reached the nice sum of £130, and not

quite finished with us yet, "not unto us, but unto Thy name, O Lord, be all the praise." J. C.

REDRUTH AND CAMBORNE.—Sermons in behalf of the Society were preached at Radnor, Providence, and Penponds by Messrs. R. Westington, J. Webb, W. Clarke, and—Ludlow. Meetings were held during the week as follows:

At Radnor, on Monday, addressed by Messrs. J. S. Doidge, R. Westington, and the writer.

Providence Meeting, addressed by Messrs. J. Woolcock and R. Westington.

At Penponds, our old friend, Mr. Treloar, in the chair. The Report was read by W. Clarke, and the meeting addressed by Messrs. Woolcock and R. Westington.

Collections over those of last year, but the best of all is, that four persons were, on Sunday night, at Penponds, in deep distress about their souls, and have since obtained peace. A good work is going on in the neighbourhood, both in the chapels and church. A young lady, a clergyman's daughter, (one of the most simple-hearted and pious I have ever met with) was at the chapel the same time, and worked well. She helps conduct the meetings in the church school-room. The good she is doing will only be known in eternity. She is not particular where she goes, church morning and afternoon, where her father serves, and chapel in the evening. I wish there were more such.

W. CLARKE.

BODMIN.—The last series of Missionary Meetings for this Circuit has been held. At *Trezease*, Feb. 22nd, although the weather was very unpropitious, the attendance was good. Mr. J. Horwill, the deputation, preached in the afternoon. A Public Tea followed, some of the provisions given, which considerably increased the receipts. Then came the public meeting, Capt. G. Stevens in the chair. Messrs. J. Brown, J. Horwill, and J. Bendle addressed the meeting. The sermons were preached by Mr. J. Hopper, from Truro.

Innis meeting was held on Friday, 23rd, by Messrs. Brown and Horwill.

Bridges meeting was held on the Monday following, and speeches delivered by Messrs. Penwarden, Brown, and Bendle. Mr. D. Little, yeoman, in the chair. Mr. T. C. Penwarden preached the sermon.

Mount Pleasant meeting was held

on Tuesday, Feb. 27th. The collections in every place are above those of last year. The deputations rendered most

efficient service, and gave great satisfaction to all parties.

Brief Notices of Books.

Introductory Lectures on the Study of Christian Theology; with outlines of Lectures on the Doctrines of Christianity. By the late Rev. JOHN HANNAH, D.D. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Rev. JOHN HANNAH, D.D. By the Rev. W. B. POPE. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

THIS is a book to be read again and again, to be indeed thoroughly studied, and what is more, it not only deserves to be thus studied, but it will *allure* the reader on till the end is gained. Mr. Pope, in his beautiful introductory memoir, says concerning Dr. Hannah, and his judgment we believe to be just, that—

"On two or three central topics of divinity he spent all his strength; and in the exposition and defence of these he had no superior. The Person of Christ; the Atonement; and the circle of the things which accompany salvation, from justification by faith, to the consummation of holiness, were doctrines which from year to year he expounded with a sure precision. Some of his theological definitions are generally understood to be perfect: if that should prove to be true, it is needless to say that Dr. Hannah will by that evi-

dence have approved himself in his own line—a sharply-limited one, but of supreme importance—a high theologian."

Our advice to all those who wish to become better acquainted with the "truth as it is in Jesus," to young ministers especially, is Get this work at once, and study it for yourselves.

How to Pray, and What to Pray For. An Exposition of the Lord's Prayer and Christ's Introductory Sayings. By E. J. ROBINSON. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

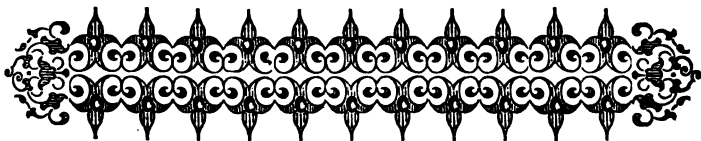
This work is pervaded by a devout and earnest spirit, and is written in a plain and easy style, the author evidently having the edification of his hearers much at heart.

Heavenly Laws for Earthly Homes: Being a Manual of the Relative Duties. By EDWARD DENNETT. London: Elliot Stock.

An unpretending little volume, but we hope it may do much to strengthen "family and household ties," which, have, it is to be feared, of late years, "become somewhat loosened."

A Word to Our Readers.

THE pressure upon our space again this month—for which, when we consider the cause, we are sincerely grateful, and hope every month we shall have increasing triumphs of grace to record—compels us to lay aside an article we had prepared on current Events; but we cannot refrain from expressing our delight at the formation of a Bible Society in Rome, at the severe defeat the Jesuits have experienced in Germany, and at the more moderate tone of the press both in England and America, in reference to the unfortunate misunderstanding between the two countries. The national thanksgiving on the 27th ultimo, the death of Mazzini, and many other events, would, under other circumstances, have received more than a passing word, but we forbear.



THE
Bible Christian Magazine,
MAY, 1872.

THE DELIGHTFUL PLACE.

"The place which is called Calvary." Luke xxiii. 33. *

To these who accredit the Bible with being a genuine, authentic, and inspired book, many places spoken of in its pages are fraught with interest and instruction: EDEN, the garden of pleasure, the abode of innocence, the residence of our first parents when they came fresh from the hands of their beneficent Creator, with bodies "perfect in symmetry, noble in aspect, compact in form, majestic in deportment," grace clothing their fair limbs as a garment, knowledge sitting upon their foreheads as a crown, humility and love beaming mildly from their eyes, and gratitude and joy playing round their lips in the sweetest smile. The thousand and one flowers which embellished creation opened their petals to the rays of the sun, and emitting fragrance, like the breath of angels, loaded the atmosphere with exhilarating odours, the feathered songsters in the shady groves, or mounting on expanded wings, into mid-air, poured forth their swelling notes of song, vocalized the atmosphere, and produced a succession of inimitable concerts. All nature was laid under contribution to minister to man's enjoyment, but he, violating the law, given as a test of his obedience, brought condemnation, shame, and death upon himself, and involved not only the first, but each succeeding generation in the fearful consequences of that one act. CANAAN, a land of rest, after the journey of the wilderness, of abundant provision, and the promised inheritance of God's peculiar people; a land holy in its designation, of heavenly type, freely bestowed, and, conditional on the people's obedience, permanently to be enjoyed, and hallowed by the footprints of incarnate

* The substance of a sermon preached by J. Kenner before the Hicks Mill Conference, July 26th, 1871, and published by request.

Deity. JERUSALEM, where the temple was situated of which God was the architect, and 184,600 men the builders, 940 millions sterling the cost, seven years the time occupied in its completion, and the whole Jewish nation the worshippers ; a building to which the Jews delighted beyond all others to repair, which God filled with the cloud symbolizing his presence, a faint representation of the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. BETHLEHEM, the birthplace of the world's Redeemer, where we view the stable, the manger, "the child born, the son given," the guiding star, the inquiring sages, the opened treasury, the costly gifts, the acts of worship, and the trembling of Herod ; where we mark the angels' descent, the warning given, the departing family, the approach of the king's army, the terrible slaughter of the innocents, and God's frustration of a demon-like machination to destroy the infant Saviour. BETHANY, the beloved retreat of the Son of God, and of all the places of which I have ever read, none have I a stronger desire to visit than that lovely village surrounded with trees, passing through which, we are permitted to gaze on the humble cot, now the happy home, and anon the scene of sorrow, and the place near which Christ gave the earnest of a complete triumph over death, as he rolled his majestic voice through the gloomy chamber of the grave, arrested the departed spirit, called it back from the invisible world, and inspired the dull lump of clay with the principle of vitality once more.

But whatever interest or attraction may be associated with Eden as the seat of innocence, with Canaan as the promised inheritance of God's peculiar people, with Jerusalem as the site of the Temple remarkable for its size, beauty, magnificence, costly decorations, figurative representations, and as the building in which God displayed his majesty to man ; with Bethlehem as the birthplace of the world's Redeemer, or Bethany as His beloved retreat, there is one place, still deeper in interest, more overpowering in sublimity, "The place which is called Calvary." The precise localities of Eden and Calvary are unknown. Our attention is not therefore arrested either by their latitude, longitude, altitude, or shape, but by certain events which there once occurred, which ever produce the deepest thoughts and emotions whenever the mind contemplates them. In speaking of "the place which is called Calvary" we regard it—

I. *As the centre of influence.* The soul is the centre of influence in the body, a parent in a family, a monarch in a nation, the sun in the solar system, *probably* heaven, or the throne of God, is the centre of influence in the physical universe, and "the place which is called Calvary" is the centre of influence in the Christian Church, and through the church it exerts a mighty influence on the world.

This influence is mediatorial, powerful, silent, abundant, increasing, and eternal. Known by God from the depths of eternity, it was to Him the source of infinite delight. As his name and nature are love, he must delight in the happiness of his creatures. This influence extended back to Abel, who died by the hands of his wicked brother, and is destined to extend on through coming ages till the last of Adam's degenerate race who casts a believing look to Calvary shall be blessed in our common Redeemer. The work

of Christ's meditation is full of holy, elevating, saving influence. There is the influence of his omniscient knowledge, his illimitable power, his infinite wisdom, his spotless integrity, his wonderful condescension, and his unspeakable mercy and grace.

There is the influence of his matchless instructions, universal atonement, all-prevalent intercession, unique and unimpeachable character, wide dominion and faithful promises. This influence is felt by the Christian in his thoughts, desires, will, affections, motives, in his justification, sanctification, and final glorification. This influence should be manifest in his temper, his conversation, and every action of his life. It should produce intense loathing to sin, profound regard for the moral character of God, zeal for the spread of his Gospel, patience in tribulation, holy boldness in prayer, and a joyful hope of heaven. Wouldest thou, reader, realize this mediatorial influence? then believe the Scripture testimony concerning Christ, meditate on "the place which is called Calvary," hear the Gospel proclaimed, search the Scriptures, join the Lord's people, come to his table, honour the work of the Spirit, pray to your Father in secret, behold the Lamb of God, and live for eternity.

The influence of this place upon a sin-cursed world is a subject worthy of the contemplation of the highest intellect. The thought of it inflamed the love of Christ into intense ardour as the final conflict approached. "But I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." "Since these sufferings must be endured, since the eternal well-being of countless millions is involved in them, how anxious am I that the time should come!" Such appears to have been the Saviour's feelings in contemplation of his death. "He for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." What was the joy set before him? Was it not the blessed influence of his death upon a fallen world? This occupied his mind as the last hour drew near, and nerved his heart for the momentous conflict. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." He was willing to be lifted even upon the cross to secure the eternal well-being of his people. Most blessed place! most wonderful person! There is no pardon, no reconciliation, no peace, no holiness, no safety for the soul only in "the place which is called Calvary." Would man enjoy the benignant smile of a loving God, have His moral image stamped upon his soul, and finish his course with joy, then he must be brought under the influence of Calvary.

The preaching of the Gospel, the circulation of the Scriptures, the distribution of tracts, the religious training of the young, the sending of missionaries to distant lands, the impressing with a high moral tone all literature and speech, are some of the means by which this influence is being rapidly spread abroad, and it is destined to be diffused notwithstanding all opposition and discouragement till all the redeemed shall be blessed in our common Redeemer. Calvary is the only way to God. Here is opened a door of hope. Here is the medium of all good to man. Here the debtor finds a surety, the captive an emancipator, the alien a Mediator, the outcast a friend, and the sinner a Saviour. Here the hungry find food, the sick

healing, the weary rest, the destitute a home, and the dead are even awakened to life, for "the place which is called Calvary" is the centre of influence.

II. *It is the groundwork of the world's hope.* The infinite perfections of God, the nature of the obedience required by the moral laws, the unquestionable corruption of human nature, the solemn meeting soon to take place between us and God, and the momentous and eternal results pending on our state and character, unite to show us the immense importance of having an immovable foundation on which to build our hopes of "eternal life." There is a life of felicity beyond the grave, pure, spiritual, and interminable. How necessary that we should be fully prepared for it! This is blessedly possible. "The place which is called Calvary" exhibits to us the solid foundation God has laid for hope, in the atonement of his Son. The Divine origination and appointment of this method of salvation, the infinite value of the sacrifice offered by Christ, the irrefragable evidence given of God the Father accepting that sacrifice, the freeness with which the blessings of salvation are offered, and the proclamation of the Gospel by Divine command, unite to encourage us to build on this foundation. Man, weary and heavy-laden, may lay his burden on this rock; or, distressed by the number, greatness, and aggravation of his offences, find relief by stepping upon this foundation; or, apprehensive that the surging billows of temptation, the unhealthy excitement of the world, the fierce lightnings of God's wrath, will compass his ruin, security on this immovable basis. From this point comes the voice of mercy sweet as the morning music after the crashing midnight thunder, saying, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else." Nations may be desolated by war, happy homes blighted by intemperance, social discord and political strife threaten to break up the framework of society, the world itself recede and disappear, but amidst it all the Christian smiles and sings—

"Fixed on this rock will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away."

III. *The place of intense suffering.* From Bethlehem to Calvary Jesus fulfilled the prophetic description, "A man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief." Arrested without just ground for suspicion,—testified against by witnesses acknowledged to be false,—scourged by a judge who can "find no fault in him,"—subjected to thorn-crowning, beard-plucking, cheek-smiting, mock-robing by those who should have been his protectors from wrong,—led through the streets of Jerusalem to make his sufferings as public as possible,—compelled to bear the cross to which he was afterwards nailed, his back flagellated with knotted wires,—together with the horrid suggestions, the fierce temptations, and infernal assaults which the dark hosts of hell crowded upon him,—give us an idea of suffering not easily over-estimated or expressed. But at "the place which is called Calvary" he became the victim for human guilt. Here "he was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." Here "it pleased

the Father to bruise him, to put him to grief." Here "he bore our sins in his own body on the tree." Here "his visage was more marred than any man's, and his form more than the sons of men." Here, as if all the sins of all men in all ages had centred in him, he was treated by infinite justice as an embodiment of all iniquity. No wonder that viewing these sufferings prospectively the bloody perspiration should ooze from the pores of his skin. No wonder that that utterance, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful," should be wrung from his lips. Here "he trod the winepress of his Father's anger alone, and of the people there was none with him." Here night prematurely spread her sable mantle o'er the earth, the hosts of hell rallied to the final conflict, the flaming sword of insulted justice gleamed on the bosom of the dark cloud, the Father forsook His only begotten Son, inexpressible agony filled the sufferer's soul. Nature by convulsive throes appeared to be giving premonitory indications of speedy dissolution, when the stricken One proved himself omnipotent to save, for he cried "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. For *whom* were these sufferings endured?

IV. *The scene of the place of centring confidence.* In consequence of man having violated the law of God, he stands condemned to eternal death. There is not an unforgiven son of Adam over whose head does not lower the dark and ever-darkening cloud of condemnation, which only awaits the signal of the Divine hand to fall on him and crush Him, and sink him into hell. "How shall man be just with God?" How is he to know that God can or will pardon him? The sceptic says from the pages of nature man can learn all that it is necessary for him to know. But nature is either mute or double-tongued respecting much that affects man's interests. It is silent on the origin of moral evil, the resurrection of the body, the immortality of the soul, and many subjects equally important. Its voice respecting God is not uniform. The heavens present aspects of beauty, but they are sometimes vocal with deafening thunder, and lit with glare of lightnings that appear ready to wrap the atmosphere in flame. The clouds array the heavens in drapery at times in such a way as to suggest the idea that angels had been taxing their ingenuity to produce forms of loveliness; at other times they are charged with "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." The mountains lift their giant heads far above the level of the earth, attracting the massive cloud, calling down the fertilizing shower, and bidding defiance to the storm; but occasionally they belch forth a tide of burning lava, which man and smiling fields of corn are helpless to resist. The earth is decked with such beautiful flowers, and floats in perfumes so delicious, that we fancy ourselves on the suburbs of Paradise; anon she reels to and fro like a drunken man, and her granite jaws unlock to swallow up vast cities with their terror-stricken inhabitants. The ocean now presents a surface unruffled as an infant's cheek unstained by sin, and anon its mountain billows rise towards the clouds and descend to overwhelm the wealth of nations and the brave sons of men in irretrievable disaster. Granted that God is behind, and in, and through all this, yet man must know something more of him before he can trust him. The arm that originated and sustains

yon distant worlds in their spheres, that hangs the earth upon nothing, and launches the thunderbolts, must be omnipotent, but what if his heart be malevolent? What if that arm be directed against the human family? Man, having nothing but manifestations of illimitable power, clothes the Divine One in the habiliment of terror, and desires a hiding-place from his wrath.

Before man can exercise confidence in God he must know something of the feeling of his heart, as well as the strength of his arm. This "the place which is called Calvary" reveals, here pardoning mercy, like an electric current, encircles the cross. Here, traced in characters of blood, we read that "God is love." This declaration calms down the upheaving of man's broken heart, inspires his bosom with celestial hope, affords him a place of shelter ere the whelming fire-billows of a second deluge sweep the globe, focalizes the scattered rays of his faith, and attracts the soul Godward, as the loadstone the needle of the mariner's compass.

V. *The place of glorious triumph and the world's redemption.* Here the Saviour waged war with death and hell. Fierce was the contest, heavy were the blows, and intense the interest. He whose subtilty and craft had failed when opposed to the unsearchable wisdom of the world's Redeemer in the wilderness, now returns to attack him when his hour of weakness had come. Death which had hitherto swayed all but an universal sceptre struggled for the mastery. But He who was the antitype of the types, the reality of the shadows, the fulfilment of the prophecies, the verification of the promises, and the one great offering to which all the sacrifices on "Jewish altar slain" directed attention, was found equal to the occasion. "The Angel of Jehovah's presence, the Angel of the Covenant" laid hold of "the dragon that old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan," vanquished and disarmed him by his incontrollable energy, bound Him to his chariot wheel, and, with a voice that thrilled all the hosts of heaven with joy, all the hosts of hell with horror, filled the inhabitants of earth with astonishment, and smote all the powers of darkness with despair, He exclaimed, "Men, 'it is finished,' Angels, 'it is finished,' Devils, 'it is finished,' My Father, 'it is finished,'" and gave up the ghost.

In His death, death appeared to gain a temporary triumph; but it was only apparent, for on the third auspicious morn Christ, despite the door, the stone, the seal, the watch, came forth crying to the celestial watchers, "lift up your heads, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the king of glory shall come in"—and looking to earth He cries, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" On Calvary He spoiled principalities and powers. Here He sealed the Covenant between the Sovereign of the universe and a rebel world with His own blood, here He became the propitiation for our sins, offered the great sacrifice for guilt, made the great atonement for the human race, harmonized the attributes of Deity, and blended them in a scheme of saving mercy as the varied colours are blended in the rainbow, satisfied the claims of justice, appeased the wrath of God, and threw open the gates of Paradise to all believers.

VI. *The place of startling prodigies.* We have already marked the trial of Jesus before Pilate, and traced His journey to Calvary; now let us gaze, for a moment, on that "dear, disfigured face" as He hangs upon the cross, but, while gazing with deep and deepening interest, how are we startled to find that just while the priests in the temple were busily preparing for offering the evening sacrifice, that veil which hides the most holy place from view, behind which the High Priest alone might enter, and He only once a year and then only as He bears blood to sprinkle the altar—as if grasped by invisible hands of super-human strength—is rent from the top to the bottom; that the graveyards are becoming alive with those who were dead; that the huge rocks are rent asunder as if the mighty framework of nature was about to dissolve at so awful a tragedy; that the earth rocks and tremble as if her pillars were about to give way; that the sun, whose beams have been bathing the earth in the radiance of noon, clothes himself in sackcloth and shrouds the scene in gloom. The infidel would have us attribute all this to natural causes, and asserts that the darkness proceeds from a natural eclipse of the sun. But natural law is nothing more than the will of God operating in a uniform manner; so that what appears to us fixed and irreversible He can overrule, suspend, or modify at pleasure. That He did evoke a voice from the trembling universe in attestation of the Divinity of His Son is quite manifest. A natural eclipse of the sun could only take place when the moon is near its changing; this was at the time of the Passover which was held at the time of full moon. A natural eclipse of the sun could only extend about one hundred and twenty miles, but this is darkness over all the land. A natural eclipse of the sun could only last in one place for a few minutes, but this is for three hours, from the sixth until the ninth, or from twelve at midday to three in the afternoon. These and other circumstances prove that God interposed to verify the predictions of His word, impress the minds of priest and people, and attest the innocence and divinity of Jesus Christ.

VII. *A Place presenting incentives to thorough consecration.* It is reported of William Wilberforce that shortly after his public identification with Christianity, an aristocratic acquaintance twitted him with his change of views, and pointing to a painting on the wall that represented the crucifixion of Christ, said that is the end of social reformers and fanatics. To which he replied, that in that picture, so far from being scared from the performance of his duty, he realized his grandest incentive to consecration. Without Christ's "good hope" we should be hopeless; without His perfected salvation full of despair and nigh unto perishing; without His "free spirit" far from the kingdom of heaven. But for His "marvellous light," we should be groping our way in melancholy darkness. Without His precious blood, we should have no sacrifice for sin. But for His springing into the jaws of death, we should still have in prospect the vengeance of eternal fire. If, then, His love has contrained and won our hearts, if His grace has exalted us to adoption, spiritual dignity and privilege, if His power has snatched us from the horrors of future punishment—"that awful judgment

which blights eternity with ruin," if His promises assure us of felicity such as no pencil can sketch, no mind conceive, and no language portray, stretching away among the fadeless and illimitable regions of the celestial Canaan, what feeling becomes us but that which the poet has thus expressed—

"My life, my blood, I here present,
That in Thy cause they may be spent."

When we consider the divinity of His nature, the wonders of His condescension, the greatness of His love, the design of His mission, the beneficent character of His miracles, the intensity of His sufferings, the cross He bore, the shame He despised, the precious blood He shed, and that the whole culminated in an ignominious death on Calvary to rescue us from the grasp of the destroyer, we can but say—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

VIII. *A place of deep devotion.* Hark! Amid the rending rocks, the parting veil, the bursting vaults, the agitated dead, the trembling earth, the groans and agonies of the cross, the sneers and jibes and ribald blasphemy of the mob, the voice of the central sufferer was distinct and clear! Draw near, and listen! You would heed the dying utterances of your friends; bow down to catch the faintest articulations from their lips; but men are not anxious to listen to that which bodes evil to them, and what can they expect to hear but imprecations for vengeance speedily to be executed on the heads of His murderers?—what but an annunciation of woes to follow in quick succession till they shall rue their madness in saying, "His blood be upon us, and upon our children?"

But contrary to reason's dictates, it is the voice of supplication and prayer,—“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” Forgive those who calumniated My name, those who perjured themselves to secure My condemnation, those whose rude behaviour enhanced My suffering in the hall of trial, cowardly Pilate, bigoted Caiaphas, unfaithful Peter, the disciples who in My season of greatest trial forsook Me and fled, he who with unfeeling stroke drove spikes through My hands and feet,—let them all have an interest in the blood that flows even for the vilest and worst.

"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by Me they live."

IX. *A Place soul-melting and divinity-confirming.* Imagine yourselves among the glorified. Amongst them is One whose spiritual birthplace was Calvary. Approach Him and ask, "Friendly Spirit, whence camest Thou hither?" If He can pause in His song of praise sufficiently long, he would, doubtless, in effect say, "More than eighteen centuries ago, I, with two others, was condemned to die on a place which is called Calvary, by the slow process of crucifixion. Of the justice of the sentence passed on myself and brother thief I was fully satisfied, and of the Central Sufferer—that He had done 'nothing amiss.' I had never been privileged with His ministrations as a Spiritual Teacher,* but I saw the daughters of Jeru-

* Persons differ in opinion on this point.—Ed.

salem weeping by the way. I heard Him speak words by which I was convinced that He could rend the veil of the future. I saw Him led as a Lamb to the slaughter. I saw the inscription on the Cross setting Him forth as the King of the Jews. From the lips of the chief priests and elders I heard that He had 'saved others.' I saw 'His visage marred more than any man's, and His form more than the sons of men.' My heart was melted within me; the Divine Spirit shed light upon my soul. Turning my eye to this strange Sufferer, faith assured me that I gazed upon the promised Messiah, the tear of penitence started to the eye, the prayer for favourable remembrance I uttered, and the welcome warm response leaped instantly from the Saviour's lips, 'To-day, shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.' From that scene of agony I came direct to this scene of blessedness;" grasping his harp he sweeps it anew, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," &c. What a soul-melting scene! How many hearts have been broken at a sight of a Saviour's dying love! What a demonstration of the power of Christ to save! What an evidence of the possibility of a present salvation! Here is a man whose life is so corrupt, whose deep degeneracy is so marked, and whose mischievous propensities are so uncontrolled, that society resolves to rid itself of a common pest. He is charged, found guilty, condemned on evidence so clear, that he admits the justice of his sentence; and now while nailed to the Cross, while life is ebbing out apace, and infernal spirits behold him hanging over the gulf of perdition, he cast a believing look to the Sufferer of Calvary. Instantly the all-powerful arm of the Son of God is stretched forth to rescue him; and by a Saviour's grace this child of hell is instantly made a fit associate for angels and glorified spirits! And

X. *A Place of absorbing interest and profound admiration.* 1. *To God the Father.* The Infinite Father could not but feel interested in the work there accomplished, and admiration of the moral grandeur there displayed, and the love and obedience there exemplified.

2. *To Angels.* Those loyal subjects of the Immortal King, who at the creation woke the universe to song—arrested Abraham when about to slay his son,—guarded the Tree of Life after man's transgression,—descended the ladder which Jacob saw,—hastened Lot out of Sodom,—intercepted the "lover of the wages of unrighteousness" in his march to curse Israel,—"desired to look into" the work of Redemption,—revealed to Mary the miraculous conception of Jesus,—declared to the shepherds His birth,—sang praises to God in prospect of his mission,—guarded his infancy,—comforted him after his Temptation,—ministered to him in Gethsemane,—hovered in legions in the air as if impatient to break forth and effect his rescue from an armed banditti,—rolled the stone from the sepulchre,—announced his resurrection and second coming,—surely could not but have been deeply interested in the scenes of Calvary,—admire the self-abnegation, unparalleled love, and unequalled fortitude and patience which Christ displayed.

3. *Glorified Saints must have shared the feeling in an eminent degree.* I know not to what Revelation viii. 1 refers to. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour;" but I can conceive of no more likely time than when Christ expired upon Calvary. In

Imagination you can see Abel and Enoch, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Moses and Samuel, and Elijah, and an innumerable company, crowding heaven's battlements with eyes fixed on Calvary. "New songs do now their lips employ." All Heaven is silent as

"When God's Almighty Son from off the walls
Of Heaven the rebel angels threw, accursed—
So still, that all creation heard their fall
Distinctly, in the lake of burning fire."

Why this silence? If the Father of the faithful vouchsafed a reply, I imagine it would be tantamount to this,—“We have an infinite interest in that scene of Calvary; we have gained our exalted station upon credit; the foundation of our Redemption has not been practically laid till now, and should the victim struggling there fall in the work for the accomplishment of which he is now engaged, we must have these abodes of blessedness as the title deed will prove to be of no value. These palms which we have waved in the balmy air of consecrated bliss in token of victory, shall drop from our hands; these crowns of glory which we thought were destined to flock with increasing lustre through the never-ending cycles of Eternity, shall fade and fall from our brows; these harps now hung upon the willows we shall never sweep again. Surely, we have an unspeakable interest in this struggle.” Just now Satan's head is bruised, the work of Atonement is completed, the Old Dispensation of types and shadows is finished, the foes of Christ are scattered, and simultaneously the celestial watchers take their harps afresh, and with greater zest than ever they sing, “Worthy is the Lamb that *was* slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.” Rev. v. 11—13.

4. *The penitent sinner is filled with admiration in contemplating the scenes of this place.* When pressed down by the load of his guilt, tumbling on the brink of despair, doubting the possibility of one so vile ever obtaining pardon, the glorious truth is whispered in his ear, “Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man.” Heb. iii. 2. The manner of expressing this truth is taken from an ancient custom of putting criminals to death. Instead of being guillotined as in France, or suspended from the gallows as in England, they had to drink a cup of poison. All men are represented by the Apostle as exposed, guilty, condemned, and having this cup of death to drink. Inflexible justice thundered, “Drink this cup and die.” Mercy beheld man's hopeless condition and moved with bowels of infinite compassion sped her way to earth, and in effect said, “There is not one ingredient in that cup but man deserves to drink. His foul offences have justly merited it, but I am willing to drink it in his stead;” so taking the cup from the hand of justice she drank it to its very dregs. On, on, she bears the empty cup and applying it to the Redeemer's side, fills it with crimson blood, and then turning to the sons of men cries, “Drink ye all of it, for this was shed for you for the remission of sins. And the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.”

1. *Sinner, thy way of safety is plain.* It is not merely in striving to live uprightly, or in attending the means of grace with punctuality and order, but in directing a believing look to Calvary. It is not

in trying to believe. The Scriptures never sanction the language, try to believe. The very word "try" suggests the idea of difficulty. Away with the soul-damning doctrine of trying to believe, trying to look, but "look," "believe," and be saved.

2. *Believer, learn thy exalted privilege.*

Christ has died that thou mayest live ; His the pain, thine the pleasure ;
His the sorrow, thine the joy ; His the ignominy and shame, thine the honour ;
His the cross, thine the crown ; His the hell, thine the heaven.

Let this be the purpose of thy soul.

In the cross of Christ I'll glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

On this rock may we all build. From this source, let us all always derive our strength, then shall we rejoice that we ever heard of "the place which is called Calvary."

J. K.

Oshawa, March 13th, 1872.

OLD TEXTS WITH NEW ILLUSTRATIONS.

LEPROSY OF HOUSE AND GARMENTS.

"When ye be come into the land of Canaan, which I give to you for a possession, and I put the plague of leprosy in a house of the land of your possession; and he that owneth the house shall come and tell the priest, saying, It seemeth to me there is as it were a plague in the house." *LEVITICUS xiv. 34, 35.*

"And if the plague be greenish or reddish in the garment, or in the skin, either in the warp or in the woof, or in anything of skin; it is a plague of leprosy, and shall be shewed unto the priest." *LEVITICUS xiii. 49.*

AN article on the "Leprosy of houses and garments" which we had prepared, we have cast aside as all but worthless, since reading Mr. Macmillan's on the same subject, in his "Ministry of Nature." We think we shall be rendering our readers a good service by reproducing the substance of what he has written, and refer our readers to his pages for further information.

Few subjects have proved more perplexing than this has to the student of Scripture. That human dwellings and garments should exhibit a similar disease to that which infects the human body, seems at first sight to be in the highest degree improbable. Sceptics, taking advantage of this improbability, have used it as an argument against the historical veracity of the Mosaic record. They have regarded it either as a mythical circumstance altogether, or as an ignorant and superstitious exaggeration of some ordinary occurrence, worthy only of ridicule or contempt. Commentators, in their endeavours to meet these objections, have been sorely driven to find some plausible explanation of the phenomenon. All sorts of conjectures have been hazarded, but these, instead of shedding light upon the subject, have only made it darker and more mysterious.

We are indebted to the recent discoveries of the microscope for the first intimation of the true nature of the leprosy of house and garments. A careful examination of the Levitical narrative in the light of modern science leaves no room to doubt that the conclusions

of Sommer, Kurtz, and other recent authors, who attribute a vegetable origin to this plague are correct. The characteristics mentioned are such as can belong only to plants. There are some species of fungi which could have produced all the effects described, and whose form and colour answer admirably to the appearances presented by the leprosy. We are therefore safe in believing that the phenomena in question were caused by fungi.

Speaking, first, more particularly of the leprosy of the house, it consisted of reddish and greenish patches. The reddish patches on the wall were in all likelihood caused by the presence of a fungus, well-known under the common name of *dry-rot*, and called by botanists *Merulius lacrymans*. It is frequent all the year round, being in this respect different from other fungi, which are usually confined to the season of decay. It does not affect one locality or object, but is universal and indiscriminate in its attacks. The situations where it occurs most frequently, however, are the inside of wainscoting, the hollow trunks of the trees, the timber of ships, and the floors and beams of buildings. The conditions favourable for its growth and development are moisture, warmth, and stagnant air, and where these exist it is almost sure to appear. If once established, dry-rot spreads with amazing rapidity, destroying the best houses in a very short time. The law regarding it in Leviticus is founded upon this property; seven days only were allowed for its development, so that its true nature might be placed beyond doubt. "Then the priest shall go out of the house to the door of the house, and shut up the house seven days: and the priest shall come again the seventh day and shall look, and behold if the plague be spread in the walls of the house," etc.

The precautions here adopted are in entire accordance with the nature and habits of fungi. By emptying the house of its furniture, shutting the doors and windows, and excluding air and light, the very conditions were provided in which the dry-rot would luxuriate and come to maturity. If the dry-rot is not fairly established in a house, it may be removed with tolerable ease by washing the walls or the wood-work with a strong solution of corrosive sublimate or chloride of zinc; should the disease, however, have become wide-spread and deep-seated, no means of dealing with the evil can be depended upon, except that of removing altogether the corrupted and contagious matter, and admitting a free circulation of air. This was exactly what the Jewish priest was commanded to do. Sometimes all remedies, even the most severe were ineffectual, and the building had to be abandoned and dismantled. The ships in the Crimea suffered more from dry-rot than from the ravages of fire or the shot and shells of the enemy; and many of the best and most solid-looking houses are rendered year after year uninhabitable by it. The wood is often deeply impregnated with its spawn before it is used; the green patches that frequently occur in the grain of the wood piled up in the timber-yards being indications of its presence. When exposed to the elements, the spawn is prevented from developing; but when the wood in which it is seen is employed in domestic buildings, and shut up in close ill-ventilated places, it speedily reveals its true nature and spreads like wild-fire.

If the ravages of this plague are so great in this country, where the climate is temperate and the houses generally dry, well-drained, and substantially built, what must they be in Eastern countries, where the dwellings are hastily constructed of almost any materials that come readily to hand—of loose stones daubed with untempered mortar—of mud and sun-burnt bricks mingled with chopped straw—and where the climate, especially during the rainy season, is very close and moist, developing every kind of cryptogamic vegetation in the utmost luxuriance.

In the Levitical narrative we read that in the walls of the affected houses there were *greenish* as well as reddish streaks. These greenish streaks were caused by a much humbler kind of fungus than the *Merulius Lachrymans*, or dry-rot, concerned in the production of the reddish streaks. Every one is familiar with the common *green mould*, or *Penicillium glaucum* of botanists. This fungus is extremely abundant everywhere, and seems to have been no less general in the ancient world, for we find traces of it pretty frequently in amber, mixed with fragments of lichens and mosses. It grows on all kinds of decaying substances, and is very protean in its appearance, assuming different forms according to the nature of the body or situation which it affects. To the naked eye it is a mere greenish downy crust spreading over a decaying service; but under the microscope it presents a singularly lovely spectacle.

The common mould-plant has wonderful powers of adapting itself to circumstances the most diverse. Though it grows most frequently in the air, it is no less at home in the water. The vinegar plant which excited so much attention in domestic circles a few years ago, was an extraordinary development in saccharine solutions of the vegetative system or spawn of the common mould. Under the microscope the peculiar gelatinous or leathery appearance of this abnormal production was found to consist of the threads of the mould closely interlaced or greatly swollen; and whenever the vinegar in which it was immersed was allowed to evaporate, and the spawn to become free from saturation, then the usual form of the mould was produced. Similar examples may be seen in the flocculent matter which forms in various effusions when they become mothery; and in warm weather every writer is familiar with the tough mass that is so often brought upon the point of the pen from the ink-holder. Yeast, too, consists of the cells of this fungus. When placed in the juice of grapes or the juice of barley these vegetable cells begin to grow and propagate, causing minute bubbles of carbonic gas to arise, and the whole substance gradually to ferment. Thus, the same fungus which grows on the decayed grape in the vineyard, or the mildewed barley in the harvest-field, converts, in the form of yeast, the juices of the grape and the barley into wine and beer. In both cases it is a process at once of decay and growth. Nature, by means of the growth of the fungus is hastening the decay of effete substances; man steps in and arrests the decay and growth at a particular point, and employs the product as a beverage.

So also it is with leaven or the fermenting matter, which, in baking bread, is put into the dough to make it lighter and more

tasteful. It consists of myriads of the cells of the common mould in an undeveloped state. If a fragment of the dough with the leaven in it be put aside in a shady place, the cells of the fungus in the leaven will vegetate, and cover the dough with a slight downy substance, which is just the plant in its complete form. The swelling of the dough, and the commotion which goes on in the leavened mass, are owing to the multiplication of the plant-cells, which takes place with astonishing rapidity. By this process of vegetation the starch and sugar of the dough are converted into other chemical products. But it is only allowed to go to a certain length, and then the principle of growth is checked by placing the dough in the oven and baking it into bread. Leaven is thus a principle of destruction and construction—of decay and of growth—of death and of life. It has two effects which are made use of as types in Scripture.

Common mould grows on every substance, whether animal or vegetable, in a state of decay. It grows even upon the human body when it is in an enfeebled or disordered condition; and many diseases of the skin are owing to its efforts to develop and spread itself. The thrush in children, the muscardine so destructive to silk-worms, the fungoid growth which so often causes the death of the common house-fly in autumn, are all different forms of the same common mould. Its germs or spores are constantly floating in the air or swimming in the water in incalculable myriads, so that it is difficult to conceive how any place can be free from their presence. Many medical men are of opinion that various zymotic diseases, if not originated, are increased by the presence of those minute cellules in the blood, and by their deleterious action in developing themselves. The injuries inflicted by fungi are indeed incalculable. But we have nevertheless a grand compensation in the benefits which they confer in accelerating, by their unparalleled rapidity of growth, the process of decay, and removing from the atmosphere into their own tissues, where they are innocuous, the putrescent effluvia of dead substances. They also economize the stock of organized material, which has been slowly and tediously gained from the earth, air, and water, by preventing it from going back through decomposition to the mineral state, and preserving it in an organic form to be at once made available for the purposes of higher animal and plant life. Mould, for these reasons, is not so much an evil in itself as an indication of evil conditions in the world, and by minimising these it renders an all-important service in the economy of nature.

Light, indispensable to the well-being of all other plants, is hostile to the growth of fungi. Perfumes are also injurious to them. It is for this reason probably, that cedar-wood occupies so prominent a place in the list of articles to be used in disinfecting the leprosy of the house.

The minute regulations for inspecting and cleansing those houses where symptoms of leprosy appeared indicate how complete was the sanitary system under which the ancient Israelites lived.

The Levitical laws regarding the leprosy of the house had also a spiritual significance. There is a mysterious connection between physical and moral evil. The proverb, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," is truer even than it is admitted to be.

Sad it is to think of the leprosy of the house being the type of the leprosy of sin which infects the earthly tabernacle of this body.

The leprosy of garments may have been caused by the same fungi as the leprosy of the house. Precisely the same appearances manifested themselves in the one case as in the other. But if the greenish streaks on the garments were caused by the common green mould, probably the reddish patches were produced by the growth of the *Sporendonema*, or *red mould*, very common on cheese; or of the *Palmella prodigiosa*. Instances of reddish patches suddenly investing linen and woollen clothes, are by no means confined to the Levitical narrative. A whole volume might be filled with similar examples. Along with other marvellous prodigies, they abound in the mediæval chronicles. But all such instances were evidently caused by unhealthy conditions of the atmosphere.

Thus we see how the minutest organism can become, in the hands of God, a mighty scourge or a transcendent benefit. Most important lessons the humblest of all plants teach us, and foremost among them is this, that the only way in which we can render the waste materials of life innoxious, is to use them and make them serve us. The leprosy of garments speaks to us too, like all the impurities of earth, of the defilement of sin. The righteousness of Christ alone is the pure linen, clean and white, without speck of decay, or stain of sin. And we are exhorted to *put on* the Lord Jesus Christ; and it is our privilege to be first clothed in the *garments of grace*, and then, if we keep ourselves unspotted from the world, in the *garments of glory*.

GEORGE HERBERT AND HIS POEMS.

No. IV.

THE order in which the poems of Herbert are almost invariably printed, is not perhaps the most favourable for the creation of a pleasing impression in the reader's mind. Certainly, to some extent, it is a natural one, for after we have passed the "Church Porch," we are not astonished to find ourselves in the "Church," while the poet discourses about the "Altar," the "Sacrifice," and subjects suggested by these. Ere long, he proceeds to the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, while "Matins," "Evensong," and special times, such as Easter and Whitsuntide, have their memorials in verse; nor are the "Monuments," "Floor," and "Windows" of the Church forgotten. Interspersed with these, which we may call, in a special sense, the "poems of the church," are several minor pieces of a devotional character, some of great beauty. Then follow the remainder, in a very promiscuous manner; which may indicate, indeed, the order in which they were composed, but has no other merit or advantage perceivable. By this plan, many of the best poems are thrown at the end, and I would almost recommend the reader, in taking up the volume, after he has finished the "Church Porch," to work upon the others in "crab fashion," going backwards through the series. A ritualist, however, would prefer following

them as they stand, skipping a part, and on reaching a certain point, he might choose to stop and proceed no farther.

The close is not inappropriate, however, to what has gone before, being made up of five pieces, respectively entitled "Death," "Doomsday," "Judgment," "Heaven," and "Love." The latter of these, however, the last poem in the series, has not the width and depth of thought we might have looked for in a finish, nor does it bear immediately upon love as felt in its full fruition in the heavenly world. It is a piece in the true Herbertian style descriptive of the reception of the saved soul by personified Love. The dialogue is quaint in its familiarity, and yet not irreverent, an instance may be given by quoting from the second stanza, (though the whole consists but of three). The soul hesitates, believing that it is unworthy to become Love's guest, and exclaims:—

"I, the unkind, ungrateful ! Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on thee."

To this Love returns an answer thus:—

"Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
'Who made the eyes but I?'"

The poem "Heaven" is not long, but singular in its structure, each line ending with a word, which is taken up as a response by "Echo," and thus an answer is given to each of the nine questions. The leading characteristics of the life of heaven are here summed up in three particulars; namely, light, joy, and leisure—this leisure not being, as we might suppose "idleness," but work or employment carried on without hurry or distress. The poem "Judgment," in a brief form, strikes out the grand idea of the final account all must render, in which the Judge will require from every man his "peculiar book;" that is, memory shall be called up to yield up all her records of the past. Appalling to all, thinks Herbert, yet as he adds, there are those men who dream that they will be able to turn over some pages in that book of which they may even be proud of. Not so he, this expedient the poet knows can avail nothing, or may even aggravate the sentence.

"I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into thy hand :
Let that be scanned,
There thou shalt find my faults are thine."

"Doomsday," the poem which precedes that just commented upon, does not, however, deal with the same subject, but refers to an event which occurs at the same momentous epoch in man's history, namely, the raising of the bodies of men from the dust of ages. It opens with this stanza :

"Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stir, and rub the eyes ;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one, whispering, 'Live you, brother.'"

This is a fair illustration of what have been styled, Herbert's fantastic conceits, and if it seems both inelegant and irreverent, we must consider the times in which he lived encouraged the use of imagery which, if often forcible in itself, has to our modern taste an impropriety when employed in connection with sacred themes. So, in the next stanza, after observing that the dust of humanity was insensible to any musical sound, until it was awaked into life by God's trumpet, he likens this to the circumstance that

"Peculiar notes and strains
Cure Tarantula's raging pains."

This comparison needs some explanation; it is based on a story which was believed for centuries, that a species of spider called by this name, and occurring in Italy, and other warm countries, by its bite produced violent convulsions and madness. And these maladies, it was also thought, were cured by a particular kind of music, which hence actually was called the "Tarantula measure." From the remainder of this poem on the resurrection it appears that the difficulty, which so perplexes some speculative moderns, arising from the fact that the separate particles of each human body are dissipated in the course of time, and scattered hither and thither, did not trouble Herbert. Philosophy showed him that it was so, yet he gloried rather in the truth, for it only served to bring out more forcibly the omnipotence of God.

"Some to the winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noisome vapours grow
To a plague and public woe."

That is, what once was man is now a constituent of other substances, in earth, water, air, nay, by a strange alteration, from human decomposition injury often arises to living men. And, therefore, the poet finishes the ory that—

"Man is out of order hurl'd
Parcell'd out to all the world.
Lord, Thy broken consort raise,
And the music shall be praise."

Through death and change, the Church is still seen to be Christ's bride. In Herbert's poem, the Wreath, we have compressed in a few lines, the material of many sermons. To God, he says, he renders praise, yet this he can only give in the form of a wreathed garland. A simile, not inapt, of the "crooked winding ways" in which man lives. "Lives," says he again, correcting himself, nay rather "dies," for life is "straight as a line," and leads up to God. Then there is need that the Christian should plead "simplicity"—that is, rectitude, or straightforwardness, and indulge the hope that he may offer hereafter instead of a wreath merely, a crown of praise. Or, to take it in the poet's own words:—

"Give me simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
Know them and practice them; then I shall give
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praise."

Amongst the jewels Herbert has left us, the piece called the "Elixir" stands out as a bright pearl, and we would gladly see it taken as an ornament by every youth and maiden in the land. In principle it rises high above all selfish and sordid motives, and encourages us to act as if we stood in the immediate presence of God—beholding Him, however, not as a stern Judge, but as a kind and constant Friend, though still a King, and therefore to be obeyed.

"Teach me my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee:

"Not rudely, as a beast
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossess,
And give it His perfection."

This verse may be thought obscure, a little consideration, however, soon brings out the meaning. "Rudely," here, is not so much "violently," as without forethought or preparation. Animals act on the impulse of the moment in most cases, they do not regard consequences, nor do they seek (with some exceptions), to perform anything they are brought to the doing of in the best manner possible. The rational man proceeds too often like the irrational brute, and the chief remedy for this is to "prepossess" everything with God. Recognizing Him in all things, and doing each piece of work to him, the Christian has the strongest inducement for making everything he takes in hand as perfect as he can. He is to "give it his perfection," that is, whatever completeness and beauty it is capable of—the "his" being the old possessive form used instead of "its;" for in no other way can we bring a clear meaning out of this line, as this "his" could not be understood to refer to God. In the fourth stanza we have a similar expression—

"All may of thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture, (for thy sake),
Will not grow bright and clean.

The modern acceptance of "tincture," as designating a particular form of medicinal preparation, is likely to mislead us here. To get the true meaning, we must bring before the mind the words "tint" or "tinge," which give us an approach to the old meaning of "tincture." The meanest as well as the loftiest things, says Herbert, done for God's sake, and in His presence, have a hue or colouring cast upon them, and they appear "bright and clean," lustrous with Divine light, and if not spotless, yet cleansed from much of earth's defilement. So that in very deed

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine."

What we now call the "motto" or "inscription" on a ring, was, in the time of Herbert known as its "posy"—a word we use

now very differently, though probably it got to be applied to a nosegay or bunch of flowers, because when one was made up for presentation in days when greater ceremony prevailed, a "posy," or motto would be entwined about the blossoms offered to some friend. A posy, in fact, seems to have been any short sentence, written on a ring, picture, book, or other object. Hence Herbert says,

"Let wits contest,
And with their words and posies windows fill;
Less than the least
Of all thy mercies, is my posy still."

This shows the humility of the poet's heart; it was his constant song, and one he delighted to dwell upon; that God's goodness to him far exceeded his expectations and that it was all unmerited.

Thus also he speaks in "Discipline," a brief poem of deep feeling, though written in a metre which is not pleasing to the ear.

"Not a word or a look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone."
"Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace,"

GOOD EFFECTED BY OPEN AIR PREACHING.

THE foundation of Methodism was laid in the open air. What a blessing was the preaching of Whitfield, Wesley, and others to thousands in Moorfields and elsewhere! In my own ministerial life I have been much encouraged by the results that have followed my preaching in the open air, and I believe that the practice, if generally adopted in the present day, would be profitable to men, and well-pleasing to God. Let me state a few pleasing incidents. About the year 1832 I was labouring in a neighbourhood which had been for a great number of years void of moral and spiritual culture; but which has since then been highly favoured with the means of grace. Once as I was addressing the people in the open air, I saw a woman, a young mother, holding in her arms her first-born. The tears that rolled down her cheeks told of a softened heart, and that the words of life were taking fast hold of her soul. About twenty years afterwards a mother who had come into the town where I then lived to see her son, who was one of my hearers, came to my house. And though I did not at first recognize her she remembered me, and out of a heart full of gratitude to God, and to the instrument who had been the means of winning her for Christ, she spoke of the blessings she had received from that out-door service so many years before. She had been the subject of great persecution for Christ's sake, but had not been moved from the hope of the gospel. She was then living under the smile of God, and had Christ in her heart, the hope of glory.

2. On another occasion, on another station, only a little later, I preached in a village, and after the close of the service as I was walking across a field to obtain lodgings at an inn, a lad followed me, offering me a shilling. Nearly twenty years afterwards I received a letter with an order for £1. This letter was from a brother minister, who wrote me to this effect:—"I have recently met with a Christian friend, who asked me if I knew you. I told him that I knew you well. He then said that under God he owed

you a debt of gratitude, as it was from a sermon he heard you preach in the open air at H—, that he was led to seek and find salvation by faith in Jesus, and that as God had blessed him very abundantly, both in temporal and spiritual things, he wished to give you a sovereign yearly as long as you live, and has sent you the enclosed as the first gift." I evidently had here found, after many days, the bread I had cast upon the water. God is ever faithful who hath promised. How well to rely on his faithfulness and love. My friend is still living, and though a member of another church, he has been a subscriber to our missionary society for many years. Others of the family, all of whom have been enlightened by the gospel since then, refer to that open air preaching service, as being the first dawn of that light. The father of the family, who had been a bigoted churchman many years, and dark as night, was saved late in life, and at the age of 80 years, with trembling limbs, laid the foundation stone of a Nonconformist chapel. In those days our friends at the place were but few, and chiefly poor. One of them was a labourer on the farm which this family cultivated. He was a good man, and his pious conversation and holy life doubtless largely contributed to these results. How well for us and our labours when our people thus help us in our all-important work, by holy living and godly conversation.

3. Two years ago last Conference I was appointed to my present station. As the congregation was small, and the church feeble, I thought that something special must be attempted. One thing to which our minds were directed was street preaching. We were led to a place near the dwelling of a man confined to his bedroom. He heard the singing and was interested, was placed near the window that he might hear the truth, and joined in the devotional part of the service. He at length sent for the preacher, who found him in a softened state of mind, earnestly desiring the salvation of God. He soon found the pearl of great price; tasted the peace and joy of faith, and then sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. The family have much love for our Zion. One of them has a seat in our chapel, and is a valuable Sunday-school teacher, though a member of another church. She had not, however, a conscious interest in Christ before the events narrated above occurred. She is now a very lively and useful Christian. Quite recently she visited an acquaintance who had been profligate, but the Lord afflicted him, and in his affliction he found peace with God. When some little time ago I called to enquire after him, his wife, with much emotion, speaking of our friend said, "I believe Mrs. B. has been the chief instrument of leading my husband to Jesus." This last incident has induced me to pen the above. Dear reader, let us win souls for Jesus, and give him all the glory.

AN OLD MAN.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

GEORGE GARDNER.

THE following brief memoir is written by the desire of several friends who esteem the character and cherish the memory of this "good and faithful servant" of Jesus Christ. His life was not *specially* eventful. Neither by social position nor mental culture was he fitted for prominent positions, nor was he known beyond a comparatively limited circle; yet his life was by no means useless. He possessed the highest qualification for service in the cause of the Master. *He was a good man*, and his goodness alone entitles him to a place in the pages of Christian biography.

GEORGE GARDNER was born at Brading, Isle of Wight, October 8th,

1830. Through circumstances needless, and undesirable, to relate he never enjoyed the inestimable privilege of a pious parental home. In infancy his lot was cast in a family where no altar was reared to the name of Jehovah, and where that name was neither loved nor feared. His guardians, though not unkind to him, were poor, and he was obliged, at a very early age, to work for his living. Unfavourable as were his surroundings, God began to move upon his young heart, and he has related that while keeping sheep on the downs how earnestly he prayed for forgiveness. His feet were turned towards the way of peace, but that way he did not find. He had no one, as he said, "to take him by the hand," or his religious life would have dated from that time. These gracious feelings soon died away. Wandering about the fields idly on Sundays with other lads did not foster heavenly desires, and the first call of the Spirit passed unheeded. Some time after this a Sunday School was opened at Morn Hill by the Independents, which he attended. The most happy relations sprung up between him and his teacher, who seems to have been of the right stamp. He drew out the confidence and love of the scholar, and God used him as the means of rekindling the lad's religious impressions. The name of that teacher, though unknown to us, is not forgotten above. From the Sunday School we find George attending public worship. Our people had preaching in the farm-house at Durton, where he became very anxious about his soul, and one day in a stable-loft he agonized in prayer until he could say—

"No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus and all in Him are mine."

Referring to this period he said, "O you can't think how happy I felt when looking at Jesus on the cross, I did love Him so." He was now about fourteen years of age. After this he became a member of our society at Newport, and continued for some time in a delightful state of mind. Sometimes he was unspeakably happy, and gave expression to his feelings in shouts of praise. It is sad to think of a blight upon so blessed an experience, a fall from such a spiritual altitude. His own words are, "I went to live at a farm-house when there were two or three other lads, and on going to bed I was ashamed to kneel down before them, I thought I would pray after I got into bed." The inevitable results of this shame and denial of Christ need hardly be mentioned, condemnation necessarily ensued, darkness came upon his soul. Having begun wrong he had greater difficulty to do right, and instead of going to God for pardon he gave up praying. The darkest period of his life followed; he became worse than before. He experienced the bitter miseries of a backslider, and for years he went on, the foremost of his companions in sin when among them, and when alone stung with remorse, lashed by conscience, the past and future filling him with alarm. What a contradiction is the life of a backslider! Opposed to memory and hope, reason and conscience, truth, God, all that is worth living for, how can there be peace! In the spring of 1853, full of wretchedness, we find George kneeling in a wood by the trunk of a tree. He tries to pray, but our Father knows best WHEN as well as WHAT to answer. And no answer seems to come. Shall he give it up? "It is better to die than to live like this," he feels, and a terrible temptation came, but after months of distress the Saviour was seen walking through the storm on the troubled waves—he spoke, and there was a great calm. The night was long, and dark, and stormy; but the dawn came, and the morning was bright and peaceful. The sun was again in the heavens, and he knew no setting afterward. It was day now, and the clouds that came were day-clouds, edged with the beauties of solar radiance. Until his death he lived a consistent Christian life.

In the year 1857, he entered into the responsibility of domestic life, and his wife being pious he found no difficulty in introducing family worship,

which was regularly observed for the thirteen years of his married life.

His active Christian duties, as Sunday school teacher and class-leader, may be best estimated by his marked and regular prayerfulness. In public prayer he had great power, and would plead as if he could not be denied; but this very power was obtained by private pleadings with God, for which he had stated seasons. A part of the "dinner hour" was regularly thus employed. Many times he had such assurance to answers of prayer that he would speak of their certain fulfilment, "which always came to pass just as he had said." Speaking of this he would say, "the Lord never did deceive me, and I can't help weeping when I think how kind, and good, and condescending He is to answer prayer as He does." He took his troubles to the Friend of sinners, and would return with the words, "It will be all right." His last illness—consumption—originated in a cold about five months before his death. He continued to read the word of God and pray at the family altar as long as he was able. When he became too ill to conduct the whole of the devotions, his wife read and he prayed, and when he became unable to do this, he took the Sacred Book upstairs and read and prayed on his knees every day. And when confined to his bed, as long as strength permitted, he sat up and performed his religious exercises. In the early part of his illness he remarked on his over-powering joy at the thought of God's goodness to him, a friend said, "I shall have no cause to fear about you when you are gone," he answered with emphasis, "no, not at all." "I have had," he continued, "such a nice time while praying. The Lord is so precious." He did not for a moment lose his sense of acceptance with God, but he had varying feelings and strong temptations. The thought of leaving his family was specially painful. About ten days before his death it was thought the final struggle had come. He had become so prostrate as to be able only to talk in a whisper, but he shouted aloud the praises of God, and said, "Come, Lord Jesus, and take me unto Thyself," then spreading his arms, he said loudly, "He comes, He comes, glory, glory be to God; O bless the Lord; Hallelujah; O burst these bonds, and set me free." Looking upon his children who had been called to him he said with much emotion, "O my dear little children!" He then bade them good bye, and gave them up into the hands of their heavenly Father praying earnestly, "Take my four dear little children, Thou hast promised to provide for them, I believe Thou wilt." Then looking to his wife he said, "I want to go." He rallied for a little and then became worse. As before, he became ecstatic at the thought of a speedy entrance to heaven. Faith gave him glimpses of the glory and he shouted, "In through the gates!" But he was not to enter yet—one more struggle with the tempter, and then complete victory. Passing lightly over the few days in which he was comforted by the thought that though he could not sing, as he wanted to do, the old hymns, yet he would sing in heaven, the end at length drew near, and once more he called his children to him, gave them his parting words—"Soon you will have no father; be good children, and come to heaven," then beginning at the oldest he kissed them tenderly, and again kissed them, beginning with the oldest as before. He spoke of the many prayers he had offered for them, and said, "Now I can die in peace." For a few hours before his death he was drowsy, but on a friend who called saying, "All is well, George," he readily replied, "Yes." When dying he tried to repeat—

"Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife;" &c.

but was unable to do so. A friend present did so, and soon after he breathed his last, Nov. 15th, 1870. He has left behind him the memorial of a good name. His simplicity, conscientiousness, consistency, and acknowledged piety, commanded general respect, and gave him a power in rebuking sin which almost invariably silenced the sinner without a retort.

Persons in whose employ he served, members of the church with which he was identified, neighbours, and all who knew him bear testimony to the excellence of his Christian character.

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past,
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!"

MR. DAVID VALLANCE

Was born at Inwardleigh Barton, Devon, late in the year 1793. As he grew to manhood he showed unmistakably, in many ways, that he was a son of fallen Adam. Take the following instance; his parents being about to remove to Venn Barton, in the parish of Beaworthy, David felt so much opposed to the change, that, rather than go with them, he absconded and enlisted for a soldier. He had not been long in the army before his parents procured his discharge by paying a large sum of money; in consequence of the war then raging. Soon after leaving the army Mr. Vallance became a soldier of Christ: being converted from the error of his ways, just at the rise of the Bible Christian Denomination. While listening to the "word of truth" as preached by our first preachers in the open air, at North Lew, (not far from his father's residence) he was deeply convinced of his awful state by nature, and of his violation of the laws of God. He cried for mercy, and, like the publican,—*"went down to his house justified."* The Holy Spirit revealed Christ to his heart, and he blessedly enjoyed the assurance of *"sins forgiven."*

At once he united himself in church-fellowship with the *then* despised "Bible Christians." His piety, zeal, and fluency of speech, soon led to his being chosen to fill the important offices of class-leader and local preacher. Br. Thomas Vanstone (*now* our oldest member at North Lew) says:—"Mr. D. Vallance was my first class-leader more than fifty years ago." As a local preacher, he was *very* acceptable; was not afraid of long journeys, nor daunted by the terrible persecution he had to endure while frequently preaching in the open air.

Itinerant preachers being urgently required in the early history of the Connexion, Mr. Vallance was induced to offer himself for the regular work. He was accepted and sent to the West of Cornwall. I and others have often heard him speak of Breage, St. Ervan, and Michaelstow circuits. Mr. Wm. Mason, *now* our oldest preacher, says:—"Br. David Vallance was a fine young man, a capital preacher, and very successful in winning souls to Christ." He had not, however, been long in the itinerancy when his only brother died, and David, *urged* by his parents to return home and fill his place on the farm, at length yielded. Mr. Mason reflects—"What a pity that such a useful young man, one likely to rise to eminence in the Connexion, should have left the greatest work on earth for a mere worldly employment, however lucrative. Well, *I know the Lord scourged him for it.*" Still something might be said in palliation. His parents were not favourable to his mode of life, but had they known the great salvation experimentally, no doubt, instead of constantly tempting their son to leave the "work," they would have encouraged him to persevere, and strengthened him by their prayers. Then glance at the other side of the question—scanty fare, poor lodgings, long journeys, and a very small stipend, very likely had something to do with the decision. We know he often used to speak of these things in after days, and relate many incidents respecting them. But we should do injustice to Mr. Vallance were we not to say he often deeply regretted leaving the ministry. Here I would remark, I have met

with several persons in similar circumstances, during the last thirty years, and most of them considered they did very wrong in leaving the itinerancy. After his return home, Mr. Vallance continued, occasionally, to preach. Mr. Jonas Squire (a veteran in our cause) relates the following circumstance in connection with his once preaching at Inwardleigh Town:—"I and Br. Vanstone went to Inwardleigh to hear Mr. Vallance preach. It was revel time. The preacher took his stand in the open air, and for a text, 'I have a message from God unto thee.' Just before he concluded, a persecutor standing on a hedge behind him, poured a vessel of water on his head, he did not feel the least disconcerted, but very calmly told his opponent, 'If he did not repent of his sins, he would cry in vain for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue: and soon after he died an awful death.'"

Mr. Vallance soon after his return home, fell from his steadfastness. For two or three years he lifted the puny arm of rebellion against God. How terrible to think of a man "putting his hand to the plough, and looking back." He had left his first love, but, blessed be God, these words followed him—"Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly and remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent." Like Peter, the Lord "looked on him," and he "wept bitterly." Like the royal psalmist, he cried, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit; then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." Poor David was again restored to God's "forfeited favour and image," and once more obtained the "pearl of great price." It was my lot to labour in the North Lew Circuit in 1842-3, when I often heard him pray, and occasionally preach. I regretted that a man of such abilities should have been shut up to the farm and to a "local sphere." He was then living at Rutleigh Farm, North Lew. About 1848 he and his large family removed to Sortridge Barton, in the parish of Whitechurch, where he remained 14 years; during most of that time he laboured as a local preacher in the Tavistock Circuit. His last change (on earth) was to West Kimber Farm, North Lew. Here again his name was inserted on the plan of his native circuit. Age and infirmities were now stealing over him, so that he preached but little for the last nine years of his life; for six years he was entirely laid aside; most of the time confined to his bed.

I visited him repeatedly during the last five months of his life, and enjoyed some very blessed seasons with him. He had a well stored mind, and was very communicative. He was excessively fond of books through life; and now the passion for information was as strong as ever. The Bible, a Commentary, the Magazines, and other books were all round him almost until the last.

Sometimes when I visited him I found him in "heaviness through manifold temptations;" at others, very happy, and shouting aloud the praises of God. My worthy colleague, Br. James, also visited him several times and was quite satisfied that he was building on the "Rock of ages." His pain at times was very great, a kind of lingering martyrdom. He departed this life in glorious triumph, November 26th, 1870, aged 77 years. His remains were interred in North Lew Churchyard, December 1st. Many persons in carriages, as well as numbers on foot, showing their respect by following the hearse.

An afflicted widow, five sons and two daughters, are left to mourn the loss of a kind husband and affectionate father. Most of them are members of the Bible Christian Society, and two of the sons local preachers.

A funeral sermon was preached by the writer, at Hebron Chapel, on Sunday evening, Dec. 11th, 1870, to a densely packed congregation, from "To die is gain." May my last end be like his. J. BARTLETT.

North Lew, Feb. 21st, 1872.

WILLIAM BATE.

WILLIAM, the son of RICHARD and ANN BATE, of Mylor, Cornwall, was from his youth up very quiet, steady, and retiring. And this soberness of disposition restrained him from those excessive frivolities into which many young persons plunge before they have got a clear insight into their pernicious tendency. William seemed constituted, so to speak, for a virtuous and pious life; and the reader will not, therefore, expect to hear of any violent development of principles, whether belonging to the old man or to the new. His life was not like the cataract, it rather resembled some gentle river, deep and silent, but in its onward flow, salutary and fertilizing. In the spiritual world, as in the material, there is great diversity. As one star in the solar system differeth from another, so one spirit differeth from another spirit. The common saying is, *there are no two faces alike*; and it is equally true that *there are no two spirits alike*. There may be many kindred elements in all, but there are also points of wide divergence. So that in the realm of souls, as elsewhere, we have unity without uniformity. This is necessary to make life interesting, and even tolerable. What a dead crushing monotony would everywhere prevail if all spirits had precisely the same modes of thoughts and of expression! This diversity is needful, too, for the progress of Christianity—"for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come to the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

William Bate stood out in bold contrast to many others—he was calm, thoughtful, contemplative, and unobtrusive, equally remote from all that was fussy and fickle. The value of such a person to the church, when influenced and guided by the Holy Spirit, cannot be over-estimated. I speak not now so much of active service, as of the force of a quiet and sober life, and of a meek and gentle spirit which is in the sight of God of great price. Such persons, retiring though they may be in their habits, and never characterized by any extraordinary actions—do nevertheless, by their constancy, their steadfastness, and their undying love for the truth as it is in Jesus, exercise a living and an all-commanding power over the hearts of men. How often is it said, "such a person is a man of few words, but there is a magic force in his life." The real eloquence of true piety is in the life. "Tell me," said an old divine, "how a man lived, and I will tell you how he died."

These principles were exemplified in the life and character of the subject of this short memoir. He was converted when he was thirty-seven years of age. Unfortunately I can gather no particulars respecting this blessed change of heart, but as to its reality there can be no doubt. No sooner did he experience this transformation of soul than he erected a family altar upon which to offer the evening and the morning sacrifice of a grateful heart to the God of his fathers and to his God. In this way his piety manifested itself. All true piety begins at home. The piety that is confined to the pulpit or the pew, that is exhibited only where it can be seen and heard by the multitude, is not of much value in the eyes of Him who seeth not as man seeth, but who looketh at the heart. The piety that is of inestimable worth sanctifieth the home, and gathers strength at the family shrine. Let no one pretend to be interested in the salvation of

others who neglects his own household, whatever credit he may claim for piety. Scripture declares that he is worse than an infidel. By all means, therefore, let us imitate Mr. Bate by offering up in our families. Spiritual sacrifices to God, even the Father, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

It was some time after Mr. Bate's conversion before he could be prevailed on to attend class-meetings, as he considered them to be unnecessary, and of but little value. And easy as he was to be entreated in other matters, for a long time he was unyielding in this: nor, indeed, could his resolution be altered until his good wife threatened that unless he did go to the class-meeting she would never hear him pray more in the family. This he felt was too much to lose, and like every wise man when he has to choose between what he considers two evils, will endeavour to choose the least, he consented to make a trial of class-meetings, and ever after regarded them as no ordinary means of grace. It is true he was prevented for some years towards the end of his life from attending the house of God, through the effects of a rheumatic fever which he had when only twelve years of age, and which settling in his left thigh, crippled that limb. This deprivation he felt to be a great loss, but as it was one over which he had no control it was endurable. Let the worst in this way come upon a man that can come, if he has only the conviction that his sufferings were not self-procured they are tolerable. The unbearable wound is that which a man brings upon himself by his own folly and sin. This will enkindle a hell in his bosom which he will carry about with him whithersoever he may go.

"Which way I fly is hell: MYSELF am hell."

Notwithstanding Mr. Bate's aversion at first to class-meetings, they were the special means of developing his religious nature, and revealing his excellences. Mr. Thomas Verran, his class-leader, knew more of him as a Christian than most of his neighbours, and he in substance says, that he rarely ever met with a person possessing higher elements of Christian character than Mr. Bate. For a deep insight into the uncreated glories of Jesus Christ—for richness and variety of Christian experience—for patience and resignation to the will of God—for love to Christ and goodwill towards men—and for steady perseverance in the ways of the Lord, he was a pattern worthy of imitation.

The removal by death of a person so estimable as Mr. Bate must be deeply felt. Indeed the loss of any one with whom we have travelled in the common road of life cannot but, in some measure, affect our hearts, but how much more so the departure of one who made them burn with celestial love while we conversed with him on the way to everlasting life. Right in his principles, regular in his practice, easy and affable in his conversation, we could not but feel attached to a person in that character, and such was Mr. Bate. His knowledge of the world made him prudent and cautious, but he was ever ready to oblige. He lived without intending to displease any body, and yet without the vain hope of pleasing every one. By trade he was a shoemaker, and had so fully established a character for honesty in his business that people felt themselves quite safe in his hands. He lived above those arts which a great soul despises, and a good one detests. There was a dignity in his aspect, a weight in his words, an openness and simplicity in his actions which won him the esteem of his neighbours, and caused them to repose a firm confidence in him. I have never heard that he was ever known to deviate wilfully from the plain high road of honesty into those crooked paths and intricate bye-ways, where for ONE who has shortened his way to riches, HUNDREDS have lost themselves. His faults and frailties were such as all men are liable to. When his health and strength permitted, he was regular in his attendance on the ordinances of the sanctuary, and when prevented by age and growing infirmities, he would often enquire respecting the progress of true piety in

the church. One thing which was thought to have accelerated his death was the loss of his wife, who was the daughter of pious parents, and blessed with an early religious education. She was converted at the early age of seventeen, and a member of the church fifty-two years. She was firmly attached to her husband, and he was lovingly bound to her. Both of them died of paralysis—she November 22nd, 1869, aged 69*; and he July 8th, 1871, aged 72. Their remains were interred in one grave in Kea grave-yard to await the resurrection of the just.

William Bate was a signal example of the fact that the greatest advantage one man has over another in this life arises from his vital connection with Jesus Christ. It is this which softens every care, and heightens every blessing. Such was the nature of his last illness that had he been spared longer he could have been of but little use either in the world or in the church. It would have seemed almost cruel to have wished to detain him here, and all that his four devoted children (one son and three daughters, and other friends) could have reasonably desired for him was, an easy passage out of this world into a better, which, we believe, was granted to him.

The departure of Mr. and Mrs. Bate powerfully reminds us of the inconsistency of human life. It is a span, and what a span! A *shadow*, but a *shadow* that declineth! A vapour, and even a transient vapour! When Br. Lockwood and myself entered this station, Mr. and Mrs. Bate were in their usual health, but now they are lying side by side in the silent tomb. How solemn the inquiry,

“Who next shall be summoned away?
My merciful God, is it I?”

W. ROWE.

JOHN LISLE.

“THE memory of the just is blessed.” Such was the declaration of one of the wisest of men. Hence, while we mourn the departure of our loved ones, it affords us great consolation to know that while here they lived for a better world, and are now “inheriting the promises.”

“What is death to him who meets it with an upright heart? A quiet haven, where his shattered bark harbours secure, till the rough storm is past.”

JOHN, the eldest and beloved son of JOHN LISLE, Bible Christian minister, was born at Faversham, Kent, April 6th, 1849. From his childhood he was naturally of a quiet, reserved, retiring disposition; but being thoughtful, studious, and persevering, he made greater proficiency in learning than many of his age. Hence, too, he early won for himself a position which he afterwards sustained with credit.

He sought and found the Saviour before he was twelve years old, while at our Connexional Institution, Shebbear. I believe he and many others will have to praise God for the spiritual good they received while at that school. From the time of his conversion until his death, a period of ten years and six months, we do not know that he ever lost his confidence in Christ, or a sweet sense of God's adopting love. Probably there were times when his spiritual state was not satisfactory to himself, and when he had to mourn over his imperfections; but he constantly maintained an unblemished reputation before the world. Hence he was much esteemed by most who knew him.

* Much of what is written above will apply to Mrs. Bate; I have, therefore, to ask her relatives to apply what of it they think applicable to her life and character, so as to prevent a repetition in a separate memoir.

As to his reserved and retiring disposition, to our imperfect view it seemed a little injudicious; but was natural to him, and probably strengthened by the character of his situation. His mingling so little with the families with whom he dwelt tendered to foster it also. In one respect, doubtless he reaped an advantage, as he said but little about the failings of others. Thus he was preserved from an evil too prevalent among professing Christians; but which he greatly abhorred.

He was very diligent and persevering in the pursuit of reading and study, probably few persons of his age have read a greater number of books—all of a solid and useful character—or acquired a greater amount of information than he did. He had no taste for the light literature which is so prevalent at the present day. His greatest earthly ambition appeared to become the possessor of the best books on every subject, possibly he went to the extreme in this particular.

When he was a little more than fifteen, John became an assistant clerk, to Messrs. Mann and Mace, solicitors, Tenterden; which office he filled seven years, with great diligence and faithfulness; with credit to himself, and with much satisfaction to his employers.

His name first appeared on the preacher's plan in the Tenterden Circuit, about five years ago. But he entered on the important work of preaching with considerable reluctance; and for some time he seemed to have regarded it to be of such an important character that he entertained thoughts of discontinuing it, and once, or more, from conscientious views and feelings, he sent in his resignation to the preachers' meeting; but which was not accepted, the meeting believing his feeling to have arisen from a powerful temptation. Hence, they gave him every encouragement to persevere in the work. After a time he seems to have been satisfied that he was moving in the order of Divine Providence.

As a public speaker he did not excel, although his sermons were generally rich in evangelical truth, and well arranged; but he used rather extensive notes, read a considerable portion of his discourses, and as he was, besides being physically weak and delicate, of a nervous temperament, he did not throw that energy into the work, nor speak with that degree of boldness as to gain the applause of his hearers, especially the uneducated. His addresses were generally delivered with more ease and freedom, and therefore gave greater satisfaction. But as he had a strong desire to do good, he often attended his appointments on the Sabbath when he was very weak and frail in body, and when it was with great difficulty that he could reach his home at night.

From a child he was of a rather delicate constitution; and for five or six years before his death a tendency to consumption manifested itself, about which time in accordance with medical advice, he took cod-liver oil, and, apparently, with considerable benefit until about a year or nine months previous to his death, when in returning from his appointment on a rough night he got very wet, and took a most severe cold, from which, as it settled on his lungs, he never afterwards recovered. He had advice not only from his regular medical adviser, but also from a celebrated physician of London, but to little or no advantage. About eighteen months prior to his death he visited us on the Scilly Islands, and staid about two months, and appeared to derive great benefit from the visit. Shortly after his return to Tenterden an abscess formed in the side of his chin, which continued to discharge until his death; but he was so persevering, that he only discontinued his work about two months, although it was with great difficulty that he got to and from the office.

A short time prior to his being confined to his bed, a friend who called to see him expressed his sorrow at finding him so ill, and apparently near death; to which he replied, "Why are you sorry, when I am going home to be with Christ?" During the time he kept his bed, which was about a month, at times his sufferings were intense, through extreme weakness,

exhausting cough, and great difficulty in breathing ; but he bore his afflictions with much patience and Christian resignation. When conversed with on the subject of death, his mind was very peaceful, and he always expressed his readiness for the change, and spoke of his trust being in Christ alone for full salvation.

A time or two he had an anxious desire to depart and be with Christ, but being reminded that his heavenly Father would take him home when fully prepared ; that possibly there might be some moral stain to be purged away ; and that God is obliged, at times, to keep his children in a state, so to speak, of quarantine for a time, before they are permitted to enter on the shores of immortal bliss, he earnestly prayed that the Lord would fully cleanse him from every stain of sin. To a friend, who once referred to the joy and pleasure he would have at that time on meeting some of his beloved relatives, who had gone home before ; he replied " Yes, but it is my Saviour !" intimating that to him He would be the chief object of attraction.

About two days before his death he had a glorious heavenly vision :—a soul-ravishing manifestation of his blessed Saviour. The friend who had been with him had left the room for a short time, and on her return, he said, " I have seen my Saviour "—pointing to a certain part of the room, he added, " There He is : can't you see Him ? can't you see Him ? Oh, how lovely He appears ; I thought He would have embraced me." Shortly afterwards another friend called, to whom he at once spoke of the glorious sight with which he had been favoured, as he did also to me, when I came into the room, his eyes sparkling, and his countenance beaming with heavenly joy and delight. Shortly after he had a very hard struggle for life, through the accumulation of phlegm in his throat ; but by the most strenuous efforts and the assistance of friends he rallied again, only to linger about forty hours longer. He earnestly entreated several of his visitors to prepare to meet him in Heaven, and obtained promises from them to do so.

About an hour before his departure, I said to him, " The struggle will soon be over, you will soon be home, my dear : " to which he softly answered, " Going home." These were the last words he was heard to speak, and then he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, without a sigh or a groan, leaving a bright testimony behind him—that he is gone to be with Christ, which to him is far better. He imperceptibly sank into his last slumber ; his transition was so mild and gradual, that it was impossible for those who stood around his dying pillow to say exactly when it took place. There was no struggle, no convulsion. With a smile on his pallid countenance, which was almost as serene and lovely as heaven itself, he closed his eyes on all terrestrial objects, and " fell asleep in Jesus," aged 22 years and 6 months.

" Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft."

" How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene ;
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene.

" Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest,
When faith endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

" Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek ;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

"A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

"Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness."—*Bathurst*.

A few weeks prior to John's death he wrote all particulars respecting the disposal of his books and other things, and the names of the persons he desired should carry him to his grave. He also expressed a wish that if I should see fit to improve his death, it should be for the benefit of the living, and that but little should be said by way of eulogizing the dead. And he suggested as suitable for the occasion, such texts as Matthew xxiv. 44; and Amos iv. 12. Funeral sermons were preached by the writer at all the places on the Circuit Plan, on the above mentioned texts, and 1 Peter i. 24, 25. The services were interesting, and I trust profitable; and at several of the places the congregations were large, especially at Bird's Isle, his usual place of worship. We mourn our loss; but we believe our loss is his infinite gain.

"The Christian sleeps in Jesus—blessed thought!
Hush, mourners! though ye could, awake him not!
Would ye recall him from the home of bliss,
'The better country,' to a land like this?

"To weep as we are weeping—all our pain,
Temptations, conflicts, to endure again?
No, brother! slumber now and take thy rest,
In the low sleeping place which Christ has bless'd,

"Till the great Easter morning light the skies,
And all His people like Him shall rise,
Bright in His radiance, with His beauty fair,
Ever His glory and His bliss to share.

"The precious hope! already from afar,
Through sorrow's night we see the morning star,
And guided by its beams, we calmly lay
Our sleeping ones to rest, to wait that day."—*H. L. L.*

J. Lisle.

DIED at Priddy, in the Weare Circuit, MARY ANN BRAY, the kind and affectionate wife of Captain James Bray, of the Waldegrave Lead Works, December 14th, 1871, aged forty-five years. Among some of her last sayings to an affectionate husband and the children present, were, "I am going safe and direct to heaven through the precious blood of Christ. All is most clear, and all's right." Thus did God render the veil somewhat transparent, and caused even the survivors exultingly to exclaim—

"O blissful scene! here severed hearts
Renew the ties most cherished, [parts,
Where nought the mourned and mourner
Where grief with life is perished;

Oh, nought do I desire so well
As here to die, and there to dwell.

Oh, happy world, oh, glorious place!
Where all who are forgiven
Shall find their Lord and lost below,
And hearts like meeting streams shall flow
Forever one in heaven."

Mrs. Bray, whose maiden name was Jose, was born at Lanner, Gwennap, Cornwall, which she left at nine years of age for Gunnislake, Oalstock, from thence for Lanehead or Blackdown, in Devonshire; in the course of time she returned to Oalstock, but in 1855 she with her husband came to Somersetshire where she continued to live until the close of life. During this time seven of her children were born,

and three were detached from earth by the busy hand of death. John Jose died when fifteen years of age while he was on his knees. In the morning of the day of his departure he was heard to pray distinctly, mentioning the family by name, before night he winged his way triumphantly to the nightless land, leaving the survivors in silent submission to say—

"Linger not, the stream is narrow;
Though its cold dark waters rise,
He who passed the flood before thee
Guides the path to yonder skies,
Hark! the sound of angels hymning,
Rolls harmonious o'er thine ear,
See the walls and golden portals,
Through the mist of death appear."

Mary Jane, their second daughter, died at nineteen years of age.

Notwithstanding numerous removals, and that attimes her location was a long distance from the refreshing streams of the sanctuary so plentifully found in her early history, Mrs. Jose held fast her confidence in God and most lovingly, amidst toil and anxious thought, cared for the wants of her interesting and thriving family. Many a time have I known her summon her offspring to accompany her through the rain a considerable distance over bad and even dangerous roads to the means of grace, taking back the preacher with them to partake of their generous hospitality. Her removal was keenly felt by the survivors who lived to look through gushing tears till

"Softly she laid her fainting head
Upon her Maker's breast;
Her Maker kissed her soul away,
And left her flesh to rest."

T. W.

DIED, January 29th, CHARLES PARFETT, who was for thirty-two years a member of the Bible Christian Society in the Crondall Circuit. He was a consistent Christian, and took an interest in our cause at Crookham. He attended the private and public means of grace regularly until prevented by affliction. His illness arose from an internal complaint which was both painful and lingering, but he bore it with resignation and could praise God and exhort those who visited

him. There is reason to believe that some were brought to God through his exhortations. The writer improved his death in Crookham chapel, which was filled in every part by those who had known the deceased, from the words "We are come.....to the spirits of just men made perfect." Heb. xii. 23. It was a most solemn service and there were many who wept, one or two of whom have since found peace.
T. J. P.

How mysterious the dispensations of Divine providence sometimes appear! God's ways are, indeed, past finding out. His dealings with the children of men are beyond human comprehension. How diversified is our path through life, sometimes smooth, at others rugged; now plain, then intricate; awhile bright, and then again cloudy and dark.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

But

"God is His own interpreter,
And He (alone) can make it plain."

How consoling the thought, "What I knew not now I shall know hereafter." Then no doubt I shall see that all my trials, afflictions, and painful bereavements were wisely ordered for my good.

I have been called again to submit to a great family affliction in the death of my dear and only remaining daughter, Lydia, who has not been well since last May. Two doctors were consulted, and other means resorted to, but all were of no avail.

She has been identified with the Christian Church for the last four or five years, and her external life was irreproachable; but during her illness she regretted much her insincerity, for a time a cloud obscured her prospects, and she felt uncomfortable and unhappy. "Oh, I knew I was not right," she said, "and others thought I was, but I was deceiving them. Do you think the Lord will forgive me?" "Yes! for if any man sin, there is an Advocate with the Father." However the cloud passed away, her

prospects brightened, and as she got nearer home she could tell the friends that it was all right. Praise the Lord.

A few days previous to her death she talked very calmly about dying, and we came to an understanding as to where the body should be deposited when the vital spark was fled. She sank rapidly the last few days. On Wednesday, February 21st, when leaving for my appointment, she said she was not feeling quite so well, and thought she should not get up. However, on returning home I found her downstairs, but looking very weary. After I had asked her a few questions, she expressed a wish to retire to her room. On Thursday she seemed disappointed when I told her that I had to go to my appointment, and I engaged to return after preaching. I sat up with her that night, and also on Friday night. On Saturday morning about seven o'clock I lay down; but about eight she sent for me, and as I entered the room she held out both hands and caught mine, saying, "Oh, I think I am going now. I think it is come at last. Don't leave me." I said, "You are not afraid, dear, are you?" She replied, "No! I am not afraid, the Lord is my Shepherd! All is right."

"Oh, I long to be there, His glory to share,
And to lean on Jesus' breast."

She then became quite calm, and dozed a little. On looking up, she said, "Oh, I thought I was at home, so calm, and so nice,—

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in."

But not because of the pain I hope." Afterwards she said, "What a disappointment, I cannot see friends so clear as I could wish. Well, never mind, it is Jesus I want to see."

Not long before she expired, she said, "Let me see. Absent from the body, and present with the Lord; is it not?" "Yes, you are going to receive a crown." "Ah," she said, "I don't deserve it." "No, you do not, but it is a gift." "Yes," she replied, "through Christ so freely given, is it not?" And then, after

a pause, she looked up, her eye strong and bright, and in a firm and cheerful tone, said, "Well! what are you going to do to-night?" I answered, "I am going to remain with you. Would you like me to?" "Yes, then Ann can go to bed," and almost immediately her breathing changed, and in a few moments she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on Saturday night, Feb. 24th, about half-past seven, in the twenty-second year of her age. I thought I was prepared for this stroke, but it has fallen heavier than I anticipated. On Thursday, Feb. 29th, I had the painful task of taking her remains to Pensilva, in the Liskeard Circuit, and depositing them by the side of her dear sisters until the resurrection morn. This assurance takes away the keen edge of the bereavement, and I have not a word of complaint to utter. Yet I do not find it an easy thing to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." All are gone, and I feel alone and homeless.

R. WESTINGTON.

DIED at Sandown, Isle of Wight, on Tuesday, April 2nd, 1872, of small-pox, Br. W. E. MOYSES, in the sixteenth year of his ministry, and the thirty-eighth of his age. Our dear brother enjoyed his usual health up to Thursday, March 21st, and had been engaged from the previous Sabbath in holding missionary meetings on the Newport and Shanklin Circuits, in company with the brethren Gilbert, Oliver, Honey, Dingle, Hender, and Michell. His speech at the meeting on Monday, at Newport, was not long, but full of gospel-truth, and delivered with his usual fervour and impressiveness. At the meeting on Tuesday, at Ventnor, he spoke more lengthily, and with greater unction and power, giving a high tone to a deeply interesting meeting. And the grateful joy of our dear brother was pleasantly evinced at the close of the meeting—that the receipts were nearly £5 in advance. At the meeting on Wednesday, at Sandown, he did not deliver any speech, but presented only a few brief extracts

from the Report. After the opening prayer at this meeting, he and his dear wife joined with the congregation in prayerfully dedicating their fourth child to Christ in the ordinance of Baptism—the service being performed by the writer. On the Thursday, Mr. Oliver and myself spent the day with our dear friend, who accompanied us to the Station, when we left for the meeting at Ryde in the evening. We did not think when we bade him “good-bye,” that we should never see his face again on earth. That evening he complained of being unwell, and kept his bed from the Friday. The Monday after, his medical attendant pronounced the disease to be small-pox, and that our friend “must consider himself a prisoner for a month.” Hopes were entertained for a few days that the case was progressing favourably, but by Saturday it became manifest that “danger to life was extreme.” Another doctor was called in, and all was done that

human skill could do; but he continued to sink, until Tuesday morning, April 2nd, when, at half-past eight o’clock, his spirit passed away from the diseased tabernacle, to the life, and beauty, and bliss of Paradise. “His state of mind,” writes Mrs. Moyses, “was peaceful and happy, and at times even exultant. He was full of trust, and kept encouraging me by saying, ‘It’s all right, ma; it’s all right.’” His mortal remains were interred on Wednesday, April 3rd., at Brading, in the burying-ground connected with the Independent Chapel. The service was performed by Bros. J. O. Honey, and J. Dingle.

W. G.

MR. PETER ROUNSEFELL, of Cransworth Springs, of St. Wenn, Cornwall, calmly fell asleep in Jesus, March 6th, 1872, aged 87 years. A short memoir may be expected.

B. ROUNSEFELL.

CONNEXIONAL COMMITTEE RESOLUTIONS.

[At the late meeting of the Committee, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be inserted in the Magazine.—ED.]

RES. X.—In recording our deep sense of the great Connexional loss sustained by the death of our highly esteemed and much beloved Brother JAMES THORNE, we desire to bear emphatic testimony to the many excellences which distinguished him as a Christian and a minister, as a counsellor and a friend. We are convinced that but few men, so long and so intimately mixed up with Connexional affairs, could have retained the hold which he did on the affections of his brethren, and have passed away at last so generally lamented and beloved. We beg to assure the bereaved family of our deep sympathy with them, and especially with the widow, who, on account of the greatly enfeebled state of her health, could hardly fail to be all but overwhelmed by this severe stroke. Our earnest and sincere prayer is, that God may graciously sustain them all, and give them that comfortable assurance of ultimate re-union with the glorified one above, which will prove the greatest solace to them in the circumstances in which they are placed, and afford them unspeakable joy in anticipating a meeting,

“Where death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.”

RES. XII.—That this committee desires to express its deep sympathy with the brethren E. Turner, R. Kelley, and W. B. Reed, who have sustained such serious loss in the removal, at so early a period, of their estimable wives; with Sister Moyses, who, in a sudden and distressing manner, has been deprived of her husband, and with other brethren who have had to submit to the removal of beloved children. Truly the Lord’s “ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts;” but while

"clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne," and what "we know not now, we shall know hereafter," and when the light of eternity shall burst upon these inscrutable dispensations of Divine providence we have no doubt, however painfully the bereaved may now be afflicted, they will then be led to exclaim—He hath done all things well! Nevertheless, the Committee cannot but regard it as a very solemn and impressive circumstance that so promising and comparatively youthful a minister as Br. Moyses should so soon and so suddenly have been removed in the midst of his usefulness. It should remind us all of the propriety of working while it is day, and of holding ourselves in readiness for any eventful providence that may transpire.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEW CHAPEL FOR BRIGHTON.

£2000 WANTED!

DEAR SIR,—By giving a small space in the Magazine, you may render great assistance to a body of trustees for a new Chapel at Brighton, and no doubt interest many of your readers in their behalf.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES HOBBS.

For many years the Bible Christian Connexion has laboured under very disadvantageous circumstances at most of our watering-places through the want of proper Chapel accommodation; at Brighton, the place most largely frequented by all classes, our accommodation has always been exceedingly bad, which circumstance has had such a depressing influence on the society, that at many of our District and Committee meetings, as well as at various Conferences, the question has been often asked—"What can we do with Brighton?" This question has at last been solved by the appointment of Mr. Jehu Martin, whose efforts to raise the cause and society there, are deserving the hearty sympathy and co-operation of all who have the ability to help, and the success of our beloved denomination at heart.

Mr. Martin's labours have not been in vain, the congregation is considerably increased, and the

success that has been realized has fully warranted, in fact demanded increased accommodation, and it is hoped that a large number of our friends will be induced to assist him in his arduous undertaking, in building a place of worship worthy of our denomination in the town so appropriately styled "The Queen of watering-places."

A site of land (freehold) in a commanding situation has been secured, in every way suitable for the erection of a commodious chapel and school-room, the estimated outlay is £2,000, the sum of nearly £1,000 has been obtained, a large proportion of which, about £700, has been collected in Brighton, by the sole effort of Mr. Martin. This success shows a large amount of local sympathy, but as a further sum of £1000 is required, I am induced to make this appeal, which I hope will meet with so hearty a response that the chapel may be opened free of debt.

Contributions, even the small donation of six postage stamps, will be thankfully received and faithfully appropriated by the Rev. Jehu Martin, Stanley House, Park Road West, Brighton, or by myself, 16, King Street, Covent Garden, London.

FINDINGS BY RAMBLER.

No. I.

"It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning." So man lives by mercy. He is the subject of "wear and tear"—consumption, *i.e.*, he is like a tree diseased at the root; or a machine in full work without oil, wearing out more by undue friction than by ordinary use,—from such a consumption we have found protection in God's mercy. Vain are all human schemes, only let "His compassions fail." Had they "failed" as we have, alas! in the keeping of our oft-repeated vows, in gratefulness of heart, and consistency of life, our consumption, not only physically, but morally, would have been prematurely realized, and solemnly verified long ago. "New every morning." There is music in the word *morning*, and equally so in the word *mercy*. "*New*," *i.e.*, sweet, fresh, beautiful, and tender, "*every morning*," so that every day shall be provided for. Do trials come daily? so does mercy. "His mercy endureth for ever." In the perpetuity of mercy is the continuity of well-being. Of this truth we are all "menu-ments;" ourselves more particularly so. All are related to the past. To reason from the past and present to the future is ours. What God *was*, and *is*, He *will* be. Grateful retrospection fosters hopeful anticipation. Boat-rowers look back to get forth. Still, the looking must not be all one way; Man cannot live by history alone. The bread kept in the cupboard of experience is often dry and mouldy. Let us change the figure. Every heart has its grave-yard, with its graves ever gaping but never filled; graves in which lie entombed many a youthful dream, ambitious speculation, daring fancy, imagined victories, anticipated whole-built, but as yet only half-built castles, together with deeds the very resurrection of which is life to pain, to sorrow strength, and death to joy. But, thank God! there are other graves, and other interments—interments of precious memory.

The Holsworthy Circuit, our home circuit, not of our natural, but spiritual nativity, singularly enough is the first to be visited by us in its entirety in our special mission, and that too without any preconceived arrangement with an eye to that end. This has led us to note a few reflections and findings.

The time of our conversion dates

back twenty-one years from Christmas last. Memorable time! happy event! Clouds, thick and black, for nearly sixteen years had been hanging over us, but now for the first time a rift was seen, and which through faith in Christ, and the aid of the Holy Spirit, widened and brightened into the clear heaven of reconciliation with God. This was the spring-tide of our career, for we were now full of new-born joy, the heart-throb of a new life begotten within us by the Holy Ghost. With the new life came a new course of action. To act well is to live well. The conversion principle is divine, not only in self-saving, meeting power, but in compassionate, loving, earnest energy in seeking the good of others. With conversion therefore comes the commission—the HIGH RIGHT ROYAL COMMISSION to do good. The church marked our sphere, in its own order, first the school, then the plan, finally the full work of the ministry. And, now, after more than fifteen years' absence, save an occasional call now and then, we have visited every place in the circuit. During the time above stated, many changes, both pleasing and solemn, have taken place.

In chapel matters our *findings* are exceedingly encouraging and hopeful. We can remember it otherwise. A turn for the better took place under the pastorate of the sainted, self-denying William Courtice, assisted by his then co-operating colleague, I. B. Vanstone. True yoke-fellows were they! J. D. Balkwill, during his prosperous superintendence of the circuit, made a move in the right direction, also in the building of a new chapel in the town of Marhamchurch. The remembrance of his even, unostentatious manner, and of his consistent and earnest work, finds grateful expressions among the friends to-day. But it was during the pastorate of our indefatigable, good-tempered, well-beloved, everywhere successful, but now about worn-out father MARTIN, that efforts in this way became circuit-wide in their bearing. Others have since entered happily into his labours, and hence the splendid new chapel and premises at ASHWATER, WHITSTONE, TAMERTON; also the renovation of Holsworthy, Clawton, Buckhorn, Providence, Simpson Moor, and Bakeson chapels, with two or three new school-rooms added; and all working well.

Then the spirit of liberality cherished

and evinced in the cause of missions by the friends cheered us much. Prior to our visiting the circuit the pastor wrote,—“Come, and we will try what we can do, but with two married ministers, and £121 per year missionary money, I am afraid our friends will do but little in the special effort towards raising £6,000.” Well, Mr. Editor, we went, and notwithstanding the above, through the practical co-operation of minister and people, we have in cash and promises the sum of £124 towards the £6,000 sought, and it is believed that they will even do more yet. Only let our old friends seek a higher-toned spirituality which, it seems to us—is their only great want,* and with such chapels, and all working well; friends increasingly kind, rich, influential, and liberal; and ministers gifted, devoted, diligent, united, and well received, we predict for them a rare full measure of prosperity in the highest and truest sense.

Many old and once familiar faces were missed by us. Some had removed and others fallen asleep. At CLAWTON death has made fearful havoc. We easily recalled to mind Mrs. Hammett and her two sons—*John and Samuel*—sweet singers, devoted Christians, earnest workers, and true friends were they; but to-day they are among the “garnered grain.” Then there was the more emotional, sometimes boisterous, but exceedingly devoted, Samuel Stanbury, with John Cory, William Martin, and many more, whose smiles, voices, and deeds still live in the core of our hearts, but *that* which used to smile and sing, and grasp, and shout, and pray, and “make our communications sweet” is *gone*—gone beyond our reach, and gaze, and grasp, but not beyond our *love*—in heart we still are one. At ASHWATER we missed one particular face—a face always calm and devout—the face of a sensible, sober, Christian man; a man of great business, of unshaken confidence in truth, and the truth made him free—free from all suspicion—for the like confidence was placed in him. At home or abroad, in the market or fair, the sanctuary, or on the farm, he was always the same—blessedly uniform. He was a globe of light, not a bull’s-eye, shining all on

one side, as with some who are all teetotalism or sabbath-schoolism, &c., &c.; but in him there was the blending of graces like colours in the rainbow—making one perfect whole. A local preacher was Mr. Gerry, and as a speaker was never brilliant, but in honest, patient, industrious, holy living he was *morally sublime*. At TAMERTON we remembered having seen a Mr. Sandercock. He, too, was a local preacher, and at the time of our leaving for the ministry was circuit steward, representative in the district meeting, and a member of Conference. He, too, has “finished” his “course,” and what is better still “finished” in “joy.” Then at WHITSTONE, too, we remembered having seen the good Mrs. Paynter, and seen and heard the much revered, and universally respected Brothers WILLIAM and JAMES DOBLE, the fragrance of whose lives and labours will remain a “sweet savour” in years to come. These have all “died in the Lord,” and now “rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.” Under such circumstances let the widows and children, the brothers, sisters, and friends take heart. The sepulchre is not a wilderness given over to the desolations of everlasting winter; it is rather a garden full of precious roots that shall yet germinate, spring up, and bloom in infinite beauty in that eternal summer that is yet to be. Our homes, our societies, our circuits are thus overshadowed by the destroyer, but it is only temporarily we are thus smitten and impoverished. “The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.” Death is but another life; the bowing of the head only as we enter the golden chamber of the King of kings.

But of all places and persons *Upcott* and the *Penhales* are the dearest to our hearts. Here we resided when converted, first prayed at the family altar, went forth to our first appointment, examined and recommended by the circuit meeting for the ministry. These may be thought little things by others, but with us they are great and vastly important; hence the place and the family are bound to our hearts by a thousand ties such as neither time nor death can ever break. On this our last visit we found Mr. John Penhale, sen., still alive, but so crippled as to be unable to move without assistance. Mrs. Penhale, his, in many respects, singular, but faithful wife withal, had passed away a few weeks before. Many strange things has she said and done,

* How encouraging to know that since this was penned, about 30 persons have been converted in Holsworthy, 10 or 12 at Simpson Moor, and some also at Derril and Providence. The missionary meeting in the circuit town has been held, and the receipts are over £30.

but underlying all there was deep compassion for the poor and afflicted, and a true regard for manliness and genuine goodness, characterized by an honesty of expression never surpassed. Of her great kindness and lasting friendship we cherish grateful recollections. Great was her anxiety for our welfare prior to and after our conversion. Living at one end of the circuit, our journeys as a local preacher would be long, often it was very late when we reached home, very tired. Often would she tell us where to find the key of the dairy on our return, and what to do. Collection days would almost invariably bring money to our side pocket or hand, for

our own personal giving, that we might have the more of our own for books, knowing as she did that our resources were very limited. Her solicitude for our welfare, though only a servant, was equal to a mother's. But she, too, is gone, and what now? Peace to her ashes!

"From the stars of heaven and the flowers
of earth,
From the pageant of power, and the voice
of mirth,
From the mists of morn on the mountain's
brow,
From childhood's song, and affection's
vow,
From all save that o'er which the soul
bear away,
Breathes but one record—*Passing away.*"

NEWPORT.

DEAR BR. BOURNE, — The intelligence from the various circuits of the prosperity of the work of God cheers our hearts. It is now about twelve months ago that we realized a revival, which enlarged both our membership and congregation; and we are happy to say that most of the converts have held on their way well, and have afforded much help in raising the different funds.

1. Towards the end of June last, we had a large circuit debt; but by a united effort it was all cleared off in August, and a surplus sufficient to meet the deficiency at Michaelmas. A lecture by Mr. J. Kenner, sermons by Mr. Jeffrey, and a little bazaar and tea, were the means used to accomplish this object. The friends were both united and hearty, several of other churches affording us cheerful aid.

2. In November we held our chapel anniversary—sermons on the Sunday by the president, and on the Monday we were assisted by Messrs. Lark and Terrett, from Bristol. The brethren served us most efficiently. About 200 took tea, and all the services were very good; the proceeds £13 12s. 6d.

3. In February, 1872, Mr. Lark gave us a lecture on "Paul at Athens," which was highly appreciated, yielding about £5 towards the trust funds. It is our purpose to raise, as soon as possible, £25 to meet the £25 offered by the committee and pay off £50 of the debt, or to get an amount sufficient to erect a gallery, which we believe would be the best course. We hope to be able to appropriate £15 or more in winding up our accounts for one of the above objects.

4. In March our Missionary Meeting

was held—sermons on the Sabbath by Mr. S. Higman, whose plain, yet forcible method of presenting the truth as it is in Jesus was greatly admired, and accompanied, as it was, by much divine influence, our people were also much profited. The public meeting was presided over by Mr. Jacobs, (Wesleyan), in a very hearty manner. Mr. Johns, as was expected, gave great satisfaction. The meeting was very good, and the collection in advance of last year's, and for the special object which Mr. Johns has in view, about £19 were promised, and I think we shall make it £20.

R. P. TABB.

SWANSEA.

Our old school-room was uncomfortably filled with our Sunday school. The friends found it necessary to provide further accommodation to meet the requirements of the population, which is increasing so rapidly in the neighbourhood of our chapel. Accordingly arrangements were made to fit up another room, about the size of the one we had before. Folding-doors to lead from the one to the other. On Sunday April 8th, the children were taught in it for the first time. It is decidedly a great improvement in the working of the school. A public tea and bazaar were held on April 4th, to meet the expenses. Over 200 persons took tea. The proceeds of the bazaar, &c., will be about equal to the expense in getting up the room. God blesses us, and we are realizing some prosperity.

S. H.

CUMBERLAND MISSION.

DEAR BR. BOURNE,—On Saturday, January 20th, we had a tea meeting at

Dalton in behalf of our proposed chapel. About 170 persons attended, and no doubt the rain prevented some from attending. However, it was very cheering to see so many friends present of our own and other denominations so interested in the good work of erecting a house for God. The public service was presided over by Mr. R. Atkinson, a deacon of the Independent church. He said since we entered the town he had been led to make inquiries about us, and that he was so highly pleased with the result, that he should try to help us in our undertaking. I did my best in presenting the report, and appealing to the congregation for donations. Several promises were made, particulars of which I will give when we report the laying of the foundation stone, which we hope soon to do. The profit of the tea was £8 7s. 4d. We were favoured with the presence and able services of the following ministers of the town:—Messrs. R. Robinson, (Independent), A. F. Fogwell, (Wesleyan), W. Munroe, (Presbyterian), and W. Shepherd, (Primitive). The choir, under the leadership of Mr. T. H. Hosking, did us good service. We were deprived of the services of our dear Br. Kelley, as his beloved wife only that morning passed away to be for ever with the Lord. On Sunday, the 21st, sermons were preached in the morning and evening by Mr. J. Livingstone, of Piel, and in the afternoon by the Independent minister. Altogether the services were quite a success.

You will no doubt be glad to hear something about Barrow. We have to work very hard to make an impression at all. Three parts of the people never, or rarely attend any place of worship; and they seem quite at ease in their wretched condition. We have distributed hundreds of tracts and circulars, visited from house to house, and yet our congregations hitherto have been small. Still, we have had some blessed seasons, friends are continually increasing, and indications of great prosperity appear. Last Sunday, Mar. 10th, Br. Kelley was unusually cheered. The attendance in the morning was much as usual. In the afternoon he attended the school, which numbers about thirty children; he then visited several families, and about five addressed the people in the street. The evening meeting was a blessed one, at the prayer-meeting several were penitent and anxious to be saved; but only one professed to find Jesus. We believe

the "better time is coming" for Barrow. The great want is a minister to reside in the place.

Ulverston is now open to us, and several persons are ready to join us; but we are afraid to undertake it with our present staff of labourers. What we want is more ministers and more of the missionary fire. We have the material to work upon, and every prospect of success. ENOCH ROGERS.

CHAPELS.

GARNER, CHAPHAM.—The debt on this chapel has ever proved a source of trouble and discomfort to its supporters. Noble efforts have been frequently made by the Trustees and friends, for its reduction, but as the ordinary expenditure has annually exceeded the ordinary receipts a large portion of the money raised by special effort has been devoted to the removal of the balance due to the Treasurer at each yearly audit, and consequently the debt has but slowly diminished. Shortly after last Conference three of the Trustees, in conjunction with the friends, pledged themselves to raise £100 as early as possible. The former, possessing a very fair share of this world's goods, found but little difficulty or inconvenience in paying down £25 each toward the desired object, but the latter, who are comprised of the respectable working classes, had to beg and toil for their proportionate part. In September a ladies' committee was formed, for the purpose of raising a Christmas Tree and Bazaar. These earnest workers having succeeded beyond the expectation of the most sanguine, were fully ready to supply the various wants of their visitors on New Year's Day. The weather was favourable, the sale encouraging, and the musical entertainment which was given in the evening gave great satisfaction to the audience. The proceeds of the day amounted to £18, leaving goods to the value of £8 still in the hands of the Committee. On January 31st, the Bazaar was re-opened, followed by a "service of sacred song," illustrative of the Pilgrim's Progress. The extracts were read by Mr. Bourne, and the music rendered by a select choir of Sunday scholars and friends, who did their part so well that many persons have since expressed a strong desire to have it repeated. The financial part of this effort was sufficiently successful as to enable the writer shortly after to

pay the Treasurer the whole amount the society engaged to raise.

We might give the names of several valued friends, who from their favoured position took a prominent part in this noble work, but this would be unfair to others who have done what they could. Suffice it then to say that all entered into the matter most willingly and harmoniously. In addition to this effort the sum of £200 has been borrowed from the loan fund, free from interest, to be re-paid in annual instalments, which leaves an actual debt of about £750 on the chapel, and two valuable cottages. Our cause in this place is not strong, but it is slowly improving. The Society is larger than it has previously been, and is thoroughly united, the receipts for the support of the ministry are in advance of past years, and the Sabbath school, which is worked by an efficient staff of teachers, numbers more than three times as many scholars as it did only two years since. Still the great question, How to reach the irreligious masses and fill our chapel? remains unanswered.

May we in the strength of the Lord of Hosts continue our labours with renewed zeal, and calmly wait the fulfilment of Isaiah's glorious prediction: "Israel shall blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit."

D. STURGES.

BODMIN.—The anniversary of the chapel was held on Good-Friday. In the afternoon Mr. W. J. Bull (Independent), preached. The following ladies presided at the public tea which followed:—Mrs. W. Dymond, Mrs. Truscott, Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Goins, Mrs. W. Spear, Mrs. J. Green, Miss Werry, and Miss Dymond. Provisions all given. At seven a public meeting was held under the presidency of Capt. S. Hooper, and addresses given by Mr. E. Parry (Wesleyan minister), Mr. W. J. Bull, Mr. J. Brown, and Mr. H. Cliff. On the Sunday following the services were resumed by Mr. D. Murley preaching three sermons, there were two penitents in the evening; proceeds £8 17s. 3d. Br. Brown has told me that he, as the treasurer, had paid off £20 of the debt since the anniversary. Our friends say that our prospects in this place were never better than now; several householders have been added to the society of late, and an harmonium purchased to make the services of God's house more attractive.

BUEEN.—On Good-Friday the foundation stone of a room, for the use of the Sabbath school, was laid by Capt. D. Cock. Mr. E. Turner preached on the occasion. A public tea followed, provisions all given. In the evening Mr. Turner delivered a lecture on "Oliver Cromwell and his Times." Capt. Cock occupied the chair. Proceeds of the day over £20.

J. BENDLE.

WEEK ST. MARY CIRCUIT.—*Dis-
worthywater.* On Good-Friday the anniversary of this chapel was celebrated. Many of the friends here thought that in consequence of the torrents of rain on the Wednesday and Thursday, our anniversary this year must be a failure. It rained nearly all the forenoon of Friday; but the friends came, in the afternoon, from different parts of the circuit. Mr. N. Harvie, of Launceston, preached a very suitable discourse, after which about 170 persons took tea. The public meeting in the evening was addressed by Messrs. Pethick, Coles, Bassett, and Harvie. Many persons could not gain admittance. The sum of £9 6s. 0d. was obtained. The provisions for the tea were given by Messrs. J. Worden, G. Bray, and the society.

J. COLES.

ST. EVAL, PADSTOW CIRCUIT.—Our friends in this place seeing the need of doing something to their chapel, held a bazaar in connection with their Sunday school anniversary to raise the money to defray the cost. Since that time the improvements have been made. The stone floor in front of the rising seats has been replaced by a new wood one, the old pulpit by a neat little platform, and backs put to the forms, adding greatly to the appearance of the place, and the comfort of the people. The re-opening services were held on Christmas-day, when two sermons were preached by Br. Strongman, from St. Columb. On the following day a public tea was provided, and the things left from the Bazaar sold. The receipts are £11 12s. 0d., nearly sufficient to meet the expense of the repairs. The Misses Hellyar, Mrs. Tremain, Miss Rundle, and Mrs. Hellyar rendered good service in getting up the bazaar, the tea, etc.; and Mr. J. Hellyar in drawing the materials for the work. May all meet in the upper sanctuary.

J. S.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

BEDMINSTER JUVENILE EFFORT.—**DEAR BROTHER BOURNE.**—It is with great pleasure I read and hear that in various parts of our beloved denomination the missionary meetings have passed off so successfully. The general and hearty co-operation Brother Johns is receiving is, to all true friends of our mission work, a source of great satisfaction and gratitude. I find, too, that our young people have in some places done well; but much more might be done by them, especially in the way of holding juvenile missionary meetings annually. It may be urged by some that it would interfere with other efforts, but certainly, in the course of twelve months, on every station time may be found to hold such meetings, which would be alike enjoyable to young and old, forming at the same time a most valuable addition to our Missionary receipts. For while we wish to train our children to liberality in giving, we also should endeavour to develop their powers of usefulness, by employing them early in the missionary work. It has been my pleasing duty to record the very successful efforts which have been made at Bedminster in years past. And it is indeed with heartfelt joy that I send the report of our best effort on behalf of the Missionary Society. I was very anxious as to the result, when I distributed the collecting cards as usual, for some who had hitherto helped us did not do so this year. Death, too, has removed others who, though young in years, were interested in the work. Samuel Shipley, whose name will be seen in the subjoined list, although only four years and a half old when he died, on being asked if he wished his money to be spent in any particular way, in his own sweet and simple way, desired that his little all should be given for the missionaries. The removal to heaven, of my own little daughter, too, when she had only collected a small sum, made me more anxious still as to the result. But her mother taking the matter up, succeeded in bringing much more than was anticipated, for many persons gave out of love to the dear departed one. Our Good-Friday meeting was an unprecedented success. Undiscerning indeed must have been the eye that could not observe the joy the scholars felt as they assembled in the afternoon to pay in the last of the money collected by them (for our rule is to receive every week what has been collected). The reciters and collectors having first taken

tea together, our friends and the public, to the number of nearly two hundred, sat down to an excellent repast, provided by our old friend Mr. Collings, and then repaired to the chapel to listen to the recitations. Each year the chapel has been filled by persons evincing great interest in the young, but on this occasion it was literally crammed, every available inch of ground being occupied, persons crowding the aisles and standing the entire time, while many were obliged to leave unable to gain admission. Mr. Lark presided, and, after singing and prayer, called upon the scholars to recite the pieces learnt for the occasion; they did their work exceedingly well, the congregation expressing their hearty approbation as they proceeded, and not one person was observed to leave until the proceedings were concluded. After the rewards had been distributed, Mr. Hinks, in proposing a vote of thanks to the collectors, feelingly expressed his sympathy with the object, and referring to those who had passed away, said they needed not our thanks now they had entered into the Master's great joy. The collection having been taken up, the announcement that the effort had realized the noble sum of £30 13s. 3d. was received with loud applause. Our earnest prayer is, that it may be succeeded by many such meetings throughout the denomination. Why should it not? The following is the list of collectors with the amounts collected.

	£	s.	d.
W. Alway	0	1	1½
A. Budd	0	2	0
A. Budd	0	1	0
M. A. Brimble	0	2	6
A. C. M. Babbage	1	10	0
E. W. G. Babbage	1	2	0
J. H. S. Babbage	1	9	0
C. Budd	0	5	4
E. Coombs	0	3	0
L. Collings	0	5	6
W. Collings	0	6	4
A. Collings... ..	0	13	0
A. J. Cooksley	0	3	6
A. E. Cooksley	0	3	4
E. Cooksley	0	12	0
H. Derrick... ..	0	2	0
H. Dent	0	5	0
E. Derrick... ..	0	2	0
H. Emery	0	5	0
C. Gregory... ..	0	2	6
C. Harriss	0	5	0
E. Harriss	0	11	0
T. Herbert	0	6	0
L. Hill	0	2	11
J. Harriss	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
F. W. Hek, don.	0	5	0
M. F. Hek, don.	0	5	0
C. Houghton	0	2	0
G. Houghton	0	1	6
J. Mitchell	0	2	0
J. Mitchell	0	4	5
A. Milsom	0	10	0
H. Radford	0	3	0
S. A. Radford	0	4	3
F. Rouse	0	0	11
A. Sanger	0	4	6
L. Salmon	0	3	0
F. Sanger	0	4	6
T. Searle	0	0	7
F. Stevens	0	8	9
W. Shipley	0	16	1
S. Shipley, dying gift ...	0	5	9½
H. Terrett	10	1	4½
E. A. Terrett	0	10	6
S. M. Terrett	0	11	6
J. Vincent	0	2	6
C. Venn	0	3	4
C. Vincent	0	3	3
A. Wicks	0	3	8
C. Winsor	0	1	3
H. Warren	0	5	0
A. Willicombe	0	0	6

£25 9 2½

By public collection 2 11 3½

By profit on tea, after giving
free tea to 36 scholars ... 2 12 9½

£30 13 3½

Bristol.**W. TERRETT.**

ST. IVES.—On Sabbath, February 18th, 1872, Br. Raymont, deputation from Helston, Capt. Bunglehole, and the writer preached missionary sermons in this circuit. The weather was very wet, causing comparatively thin congregations and small collections.

Monday, 19th.—Zennor Meeting. Good congregation, a Wesleyan in the chair. Writer read the report. Br. Best, Primitive Methodist, and Br. Raymont gave good speeches. Receipts doubled.

Tuesday, 20th.—Halse Town Meeting. Good congregation. Writer took the chair, read the report, and introduced the business. Br. Foale, Countess of Huntingdon minister, and Br. Raymont occupied the time well. Receipts in advance.

Wednesday, 21st.—Lady Downs Meeting. Good congregation. Capt. Retallick in the chair. Writer read the report, and advocated the good cause. The deputation followed with a good speech. Receipts doubled.

The deputation received a hearty vote of thanks for the services rendered. Taking the size of this circuit, the fewness of members, and the circumstances of the people into account, I have never seen nobler efforts anywhere than in this circuit, especially at St. Ives.

J. HICKS.

LOOE CIRCUIT.—Sermons were preached on Sunday, February 18th; at Trenewan by the writer; at Herodsfoot by Mr. P. R. Broad from Kingsbridge; and a service was conducted at Treacangate by Mr. R. Jane,—the brother appointed not getting there on account of the wet weather. The public meetings were held at these places the three following evenings and addressed by Messrs. R. Down and P. R. Broad. At Trenewan, Mr. Keast, a Wesleyan Local Preacher, presided; and at Treacangate Mr. Jane.

At Trenewan and Treacangate the receipts are several shillings in advance of last year's; but at Herodsfoot they are behind.

Means may however yet be used to make them equal to or in advance of last year's.

An interesting juvenile missionary meeting was held at Looe, on Thursday, February 22nd. Mr. J. Tucker presided, several of the Sabbath school children recited pieces, and Messrs. Down and Broad gave addresses.

The attendance was large, and the meeting a little enthusiastic. The financial result is about double that of last year. Believing that juvenile missionary meetings ought to be more extensively held, the writer means to use his influence in stations in which he may labour in the future to effect this object.

R. DOWN.**QUARTERLY MEETINGS.**

REDRUTH AND CAMBORNE.—One young brother, after passing a satisfactory examination, was received as an approved local preacher, and several others were received on trial. Receipts for the Quarter about a pound in excess of the disbursements, an increase of 18 members was reported, with 50 on trial. A capital lovefeast in the evening fitly closed the day's proceedings.

HICKS MILL.—Here, too, the income was greater than the expenditure, and it was announced that over

300 notes of admittance had been given to persons during the quarter; but it was prudently resolved that only 206 of that number should be returned as on trial. At the public meeting in the evening, after the statistical and financial condition of the circuit had been presented, several addresses were delivered, and the day's engagements were brought to a close in an excellent spirit.

BOURN.—Some prosperity has been realized in this circuit, so that after filling vacancies, there are over 70 persons more meeting in church-fellowship than in the previous quarter. The receipts are on the increase. Business over, a deeply interesting discussion ensued "On the prospects of the work of God." Two able addresses were delivered in the evening on "The Light of the World," and "Early Piety," by Messrs. J. Dalton and P. Williams. A later communication says that the work of the Lord is still prospering in the circuit.

WYKE ST. MARK.—One brother was unanimously received as an approved local preacher. Among other indications of prosperity, we may mention these, namely, that there are between forty and fifty persons on trial for membership, and that the receipts were considerably in advance of any previous quarter. The pastor was heartily requested to remain the fourth year. The experience of the young converts at the evening meeting was most edifying.

NEWPORT, I. O. W.—The members of this meeting were complimented on the excellent spirit which had prevailed, by the chairman of the District who presided, 15 persons were returned as on trial, with an increase of 4 approved members. In the evening Mr. Gilbert preached a good sermon to a good congregation.

POWTFOL.—This meeting was held at Cwmillery, on Good Friday, and the business was transacted in a hearty and harmonious manner. 9 persons had been admitted on trial, but from various causes the members were less than in the previous quarter. A deficiency of about £10 on the mission it is hoped will be soon fully met. Mr. Jeffrey, though heartily invited to remain a fourth year, intends to leave at the Conference. Camp-meet-

ings are to be held during the summer. 300 persons were present at the public tea held at the close of the business meeting, and Mr. Jeffrey lectured in the evening on "Fools and Rogues; or, Folly and Vice a Failure," when many were unable to get admission.

[Our brethren will understand that Reports of Lady-day Quarterly Meetings not sent in time for this issue cannot be inserted.—Ed.]

REVIVALS.

BLISSLAND, MICHAELSTOW CIRCUIT.—I have been much cheered lately by the interesting accounts in the Magazine, of the prosperity that has been realized in various parts of our beloved Denomination. I am happy to say that we have had a powerful revival in Blissland. For a long period the church had been in a very dull state, and the attendance at the public and private ordinances of God's house was indeed small. A little before Christmas a few friends consulted as to the best means of rallying the church. They resolved to pray earnestly for a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. On the first Sabbath in the new year special services were begun, which were continued for several weeks. The showers from heaven descended, the church was greatly quickened, sinners cried for mercy, and about 60 persons have been added to the church. Praise the Lord. Many of the young men are bidding fair to be useful in the church. A great change has come over the entire neighborhood, and our congregations are largely increased. A new harmonium has lately been purchased for the chapel, which was first used on Good Friday, when two sermons were preached by Mr. T. Nicholls, from Boscastle, to good congregations. The presence of Jehovah was blessedly experienced. I sincerely pray that such gracious effusions of the Holy Spirit may be realized throughout the circuit, yea, throughout the entire Connection. Amen. J. B. WILLIAMS.

[We have been informed by the Pastor since this communication came to hand, that at other places in the circuit the Lord is making bare his arm in the conversion of sinners. In several circuits besides we understand more or less prosperity has been realized, but of which we have received no particulars.—Ed.]

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE SPECIAL EFFORT.

REPORT continued.

HOLSWORTHY CIRCUIT.			Mr. A. Gifford ...	0 6 0	Mr. H. Hodge ...	0 10 0
<i>Providence.</i>			Miss S. Perkins ...	0 4 0	— B. Williams ...	0 10 0
Mr. G. Harris ...	21 0 0	Mr. Jones ...	0 4 0	— C. Howell ...	0 1 0	
Miss Harris ...	1 0 0	— Paddon ...	0 4 0	— R. Tremear, jun. ...	0 8 0	
Mr. Rowland ...	1 0 0	— J. Buckingham ...	0 4 0	— E. H. Bishop ...	1 0 0	
— Cole ...	0 5 0	— Bowden ...	0 4 0	— Jos. Nathanilles ...	1 0 0	
3 5 0		— Honey ...	0 10 0	— Geo. Nathanilles ...	1 0 0	
<i>Simpson Moor.</i>			Mrs. Honey ...	0 4 0	— Beale ...	1 0 0
Mr. J. Penhale ...	1 0 0	5 16 6		— C. Pearce ...	0 10 0	
— W. Penhale ...	1 0 0	<i>Buckhorn.</i>		— Mrs. S. A. Reynolds ...	0 10 0	
Miss H. C. Penhale ...	0 16 0	Mr. T. Watkins ...	0 10 0	— Mr. Hooking ...	0 16 0	
— Beale, Lakes ...	0 16 0	— R. Jordan ...	0 10 0	— Mr. I. Cumming ...	1 0 0	
Mr. S. Parsons ...	0 4 0	— T. Crocker ...	0 10 0	— Stephens ...	0 16 0	
Master R. Penhale ...	0 4 0	— Rickett ...	0 2 6	— James ...	0 10 0	
4 0 0		— Smale ...	0 10 0	— Mrs. Timmins ...	0 10 0	
<i>Clawton.</i>			— R. Friend ...	0 5 0	— Miss M. A. Richard ...	0 10 0
Mr. Jordan ...	0 4 0	— Mrs. M. A. Watkins ...	0 10 0	— Mr. W. Ould ...	0 10 0	
— Mason ...	0 4 0	— Crocker ...	0 10 0	— J. Stevens ...	0 10 0	
— G. Harris ...	0 4 0	— Mr. Hatch ...	1 0 0	— S. James ...	0 10 0	
— Rook ...	0 4 0	— Whitford ...	0 10 0	— G. Dawe ...	0 10 0	
— R. Daniel ...	1 0 0	— J. S. Routly ...	0 7 6	Two Friends ...	0 2 0	
— W. Colwill ...	0 10 0	— J. Harris ...	0 10 0	26 8 0		
— T. Heard ...	1 0 0	5 15 0		<i>Perranwell.</i>		
Mrs. Daniel ...	0 4 0	<i>Tatcott.</i>		Mr. James Ople ...	0 20 0	
3 10 0		Mr. Siliffant ...	1 0 0	— N. Kent ...	0 10 0	
<i>Tamerton.</i>			— J. Mitchell ...	0 8 0	— Mrs. Joel Blamey ...	1 0 0
By Collection ...	1 0 0	— O. Abbott ...	0 4 0	— M. A. Blamey ...	0 4 0	
1 0 0		— W. Siliffant ...	0 4 0	— Mr. Bate ...	1 0 0	
<i>Bakewell.</i>			— T. Horne ...	0 4 0	— Mr. & Mrs. Martin ...	2 0 0
Mr. Parsons ...	0 10 0	— Mrs. A. Abbott ...	0 4 0	— G. Clemens ...	2 0 0	
— Hosken ...	0 10 0	— Mr. J. Stidwell ...	0 10 0	— Miss Paul ...	0 4 0	
— W. Gill ...	0 10 0	— Mrs. M. J. Abbott ...	0 6 0	— Rapsey ...	0 4 0	
— H. Marshall ...	0 10 0	— Mr. R. Siliffant ...	0 10 0	— Sanders ...	0 4 0	
Mrs. T. Martin ...	0 8 0	— F. Abbott ...	0 10 0	— Mr. W. Reynolds ...	0 4 0	
— Moyse ...	0 10 0	— J. Hopper ...	1 0 0	— J. Tregrove ...	0 10 0	
Mr. W. Kinsman ...	0 4 0	— J. Peoley ...	0 10 0	— P. Collins ...	1 0 0	
3 2 0		— J. Abbott ...	1 0 0	— Richards ...	0 5 0	
<i>Marhamchurch.</i>			— W. Skinner ...	0 4 0	— Sutton ...	0 3 0
Mr. J. Marshall ...	0 8 0	6 14 0		— W. Richards ...	1 0 0	
— S. Wood ...	0 8 0	<i>Whitstone.</i>		— Mrs. C. Knucky ...	0 10 0	
— T. Box ...	0 8 0	Mr. Doble ...	0 10 0	— Mr. J. Sanders ...	0 10 0	
— G. Heale ...	0 16 0	0 10 0		— & Mrs. Coad ...	1 0 0	
— R. Brown ...	0 8 0			— Capt. Gerrans ...	1 0 0	
— W. Beger ...	0 2 0	HICKS MILL CIRCUIT.		— Mr. J. Blamey ...	1 0 0	
Mary Hooking ...	0 10 0	<i>Hicks Mill.</i>		14 18 0		
Ann Hooking ...	0 4 0	Mr. N. Verran ...	1 0 0	<i>Deliverance.</i>		
Sophia Edwards ...	0 4 0	— J. Paynter ...	1 0 0	Mr. R. Thomas ...	2 0 0	
Miss Brimacombe ...	0 2 0	— T. Verran ...	1 0 0	2 0 0		
— A. Brimacombe ...	0 2 0	— D. Martin, sen. ...	0 10 0			
Mr. J. Cotton ...	1 0 0	— D. Martin, jun. ...	0 10 0	REDRUTH AND CAMBORNE CIRCUIT.		
Miss E. A. Cotton ...	1 0 0	— Capt. James ...	0 5 0	<i>Redruth.</i>		
Mr. T. Cowling ...	0 8 0	— Mr. J. Rowse ...	1 0 0	Mr. Osborn ...	1 0 0	
— J. Hooking ...	0 4 0	— A. May ...	0 10 0	— W. Williams ...	1 0 0	
— Medland ...	1 0 0	Mary L. Spargo ...	1 0 0	— Sandy ...	1 0 0	
— Heard ...	0 10 0	— Mr. J. Tresider ...	0 5 0	— & Mrs. T. Kneebone ...	2 0 0	
— W. Gibbs ...	0 8 0	— Mr. G. Sowden ...	1 0 0	— B. Michell ...	1 0 0	
Miss M. A. Hopper ...	0 8 0	— Miss M. Verran ...	0 4 0	— Mrs. Hicks ...	1 0 0	
— E. A. Gibbs ...	0 4 0	— J. Oates ...	0 10 0	— Mr. J. Launder ...	0 10 0	
— C. Edwards ...	0 4 0	— T. Oates ...	0 10 0	— M. Michell ...	0 10 0	
Mr. Lane ...	0 5 0	— J. A. Paynter ...	0 10 0	— Miss Harry ...	1 0 0	
Misses Rodd ...	2 0 0	— J. Harvey ...	1 0 0	— Paul ...	0 10 0	
11 3 0		11 14 0		— Mr. Saxe ...	0 10 0	
<i>Derrill.</i>				— Miss Tregenza ...	1 0 0	
Mr. G. Shapton ...	0 10 0	<i>Pearry.</i>		— Mr. Goldsworthy ...	0 10 0	
Betsy A. Hosken ...	0 4 0	Mrs. Cook ...	0 16 0	— Mrs. Halls ...	0 10 0	
Mr. Sanders ...	0 2 0	— Mr. A. Reynolds ...	0 10 0	— Middleton ...	0 10 0	
Mr. J. Bobs ...	0 0 6	— J. Marshall ...	1 0 0	— Miss Halls ...	1 0 0	
J. V. S. Gilbert ...	0 4 0	— A. Friend ...	4 0 0	— Williams ...	1 0 0	
— Mr. Bray ...	0 1 0	— A. Friend ...	1 0 0	— A. Friend ...	1 0 0	
— J. Beale ...	0 10 0	— Mr. N. Andrew ...	0 10 0	— Mr. H. Bate ...	0 10 0	
— Luxton ...	0 10 0	— J. Davey ...	0 10 0	— Miss Jenkin ...	1 0 0	
— L. Bickle ...	0 2 0	— T. Mitchell ...	0 10 0	— N. Launder ...	0 4 0	
— Buckingham ...	0 2 6	Mrs. Johns ...	0 16 0	— Mr. H. T. Williams ...	1 0 0	
Mrs. Badcock ...	0 4 0	— E. Mallett ...	0 16 0	— J. S. Doidge ...	1 0 0	
— Paddon ...	0 10 0	— Miss Marks ...	0 12 0	— & Mrs. ...	2 0 0	
Mr. R. Gilbert ...	0 2 6	— Mr. R. Warrington ...	1 0 0	— E. Williams ...	0 10 0	
— J. Gifford ...	0 10 0	— Clemens ...	1 0 0			
— W. Siliffant ...	0 4 0	— T. Williams ...	0 10 0			

Mr. & Mrs. Pryor ...	2 2 0	<i>Benevolence.</i>	Mr. J. Chalker ...	2 0 0
— Behrma ...	1 0 0	Mr. F. Stevens ...	— Miller ...	0 8 0
24 16 0		— Cooking ...	Miss H. Water ...	0 4 0
<i>Camborne.</i>		Miss E. Phillips ...	Mr. E. Culleford ...	0 10 0
Mrs. A. James ...	0 4 0	Mr. Josiah Phillips ...	— H. Lavis ...	0 10 0
Miss G. James ...	0 5 0	A Friend ...	— W. Lintern ...	0 8 0
Mr. G. Bastian ...	0 4 0	Mr. E. Jeffery ...	— W. Welshman ...	0 5 0
— Pengelly ...	0 1 0	— Thos. Johns ...	— J. Wilkins ...	0 4 0
— Bailey ...	1 4 0	Mrs. E. Vivian ...	— J. Cocks ...	0 10 0
Capt. O. Richards ...	0 10 0	Mr. Gribble ...	— J. Sutton ...	0 10 0
Mr. Hockings ...	4 0 0	— Z. Johns ...	— C. Brooks ...	0 10 0
— J. Treaves ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Jaus Johns ...	— J. Wallis ...	2 0 0
— J. Marks ...	1 0 0	Mr. J. Johns ...	— J. Brabner ...	0 4 0
— J. Oliver ...	1 0 0	— W. Stevens ...	Miss Lawrence ...	0 8 0
A Lover of Missions ...	2 0 0	Mrs. M. J. Knight ...	18 9 0	
A Well-wisher ...	4 0 0	Mr. Jas. Phillips ...		
Mr. T. Edwards ...	0 8 0	— S. Johns ...	<i>EXETER CIRCUIT.</i>	
— T. Moffatt ...	0 10 0	Friends ...	<i>Crediton.</i>	
Mrs. J. Richards ...	1 0 0	Mr. Matthews ...	Mr. W. Forward ...	0 0 4
— Moyle ...	1 0 0	Miss Kent ...	Miss Penrose ...	0 4 0
Mr. A. Barbary ...	1 0 0	9 5 9	Miss Stone ...	0 4 0
— T. J. Greenaway ...	1 0 0		A Friend ...	0 2 0
Mrs. M. Smitherham ...	0 16 0	<i>KILHAMPTON CIRCUIT.</i>	Mr. Salter ...	4 0 0
— J. James ...	0 16 0	<i>Bradworthy.</i>	Miss Pain ...	0 16 0
— A. Francis ...	0 16 0	Mrs. Ashton & family ...	— Wright ...	1 0 0
— E. J. Tredrea ...	0 16 0	A Friend ...	Mr. J. Seldon ...	0 10 0
Misses ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Oke ...	— & Mrs. Hedger ...	1 0 0
Mr. E. Ivey ...	0 10 0	— Gread ...	— G. Gimblett ...	2 0 0
— & Mrs. May ...	1 0 0	2 7 6	Miss E. Crump (New-	
— Ludlow ...	1 0 0		ton St. Cyrus) ...	0 10 0
27 0 0		<i>LAUNCESTON CIRCUIT.</i>	A Friend ...	0 2 6
<i>Brea.</i>		<i>Broadwood.</i>	Mr. & Mrs. Harris ...	0 14 0
Mr. Williams ...	0 10 0	Mr. Halls ...	— Reed ...	1 10 0
Miss D. A. Gilbert ...	0 8 0	— P. Smith ...	— Ford ...	3 0 0
— O. Gilbert ...	0 4 0	— J. Metherall ...	Miss Hanns ...	0 5 0
Mr. T. Nichol ...	0 4 0	— R. Harris ...	15 17 10	
— E. Pascoe ...	0 4 0	A Friend ...	<i>Newton Abbot.</i>	
— W. Chappell ...	0 8 0	Mr. Northcott ...	Mr. Bomson ...	1 0 0
— W. H. Angove ...	0 4 0	— Braund ...	1 0 0	
— W. Smith ...	1 0 0	— Raymont ...	<i>Torquay.</i>	
Miss K. Gilbert ...	0 4 0	— Halls ...	Mr. & Mrs. Blamey ...	1 0 0
Mr. Nigus ...	0 10 0	— Lose ...	— Polmeear ...	1 0 0
Mrs. Nichols ...	0 4 0	— Lillyorap ...	Miss Pearce ...	1 0 0
Mr. J. Blight ...	1 0 0	— Helson ...	Mr. Crocker ...	1 0 0
— Trethewy ...	0 4 0	12 14 0	Friends ...	0 4 0
— W. Nichols, sen. ...	1 0 0		4 4 0	
— W. Nichols, jun. ...	1 0 0	<i>SOMERSET CIRCUIT.</i>	<i>Cumberland Mission.</i>	
— W. Saundry ...	0 10 0	<i>Kelston.</i>	Mr. R. Sobey ...	1 0 0
— S. Martin ...	1 0 0	Mr. Ware ...	— H. Sobey ...	0 10 0
8 14 0		— Travers ...	1 10 0	
<i>Lanner.</i>		— T. Eastcott ...		
A Friend ...	0 2 6	— Chalker ...	<i>MINISTERS.</i>	
Mrs. J. Williams ...	0 10 0	— J. Carey ...	Mr. J. Brown ...	1 10 0
Mr. J. Major ...	0 10 0	— J. Carey ...	— P. Bounsefell ...	2 0 0
— J. Roscrow ...	0 5 0	A Beal ...	— B. Hawkey ...	2 0 0
— Born ...	0 10 0	— Gollidgen ...	— T. Harris ...	2 0 0
Miss Jewell ...	0 10 0	Miss Ball ...	— G. W. Angwin ...	2 0 0
Mr. & Mr. ...	0 2 0	A Friend ...	— S. Allen ...	1 0 0
Mrs. H. Kneebone ...	1 0 0	Mr. Wilkins ...	— E. Turner ...	4 0 0
3 9 6		— Grant ...	16 12 0	

MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

MR. KENNER'S VOYAGE TO CANADA.

(Continued from our last 146)

To intending emigrants we commend Captain James as one whose nautical skill, watchful vigilance, and temperate habits, are likely to secure them a safe passage, so far as that depends on the competence of the person in charge of the ship.

On the following Sunday, Divine

service was conducted in the morning by Mr. Cocks. At noon a deputation from the passengers waited on me to request that we hold a service. Feeling a little better, I consented to do so; but by the time of service, my sickness had so far increased as to prevent my fulfilling my engagement. I have proved

in more instances than one, the importance of having a trusty brother, and now felt great gratification in being able to fall back upon my elder brother William, who did what I had promised to do. Selecting his text from Isaiah, LIII, 3, he delivered a discourse, (which if it were not my brother of whom I am writing,) I should characterize as truly excellent. With such a theme, and the capability of so treating it, a man might well become a missionary. The Spirit of God was graciously present, and many felt it a season of refreshing. Just as he closed his sermon, it was announced that a babe had just passed through an open door to fulfil its promise and display its beauty in the mansion of the Master. The circumstances were painful. The babe was about nine months old. About twelve months before the father had emigrated to Canada, leaving his young wife in England, till such times as he had secured for her a home in the land of his adoption. She was now following him to Canada, and with all the pride of a young mother, herself dotingly fond of her first-born babe, anticipating the pleasure of presenting her husband with her heart's treasure. But subtle consumption had fastened its hold upon the infant's vitals, and despite the mother's wishes, her days of care and nights of watchfulness, the doctor's skill, and the captain's kindness, and the sympathy of all on board, death smote it down, and blanched its cheek.

"The cup of life just to her mouth she pressed,
Found the taste bitter, and declined the rest;
Then turned her eye from off the orb of day,
And sweetly sighed her little soul away."

To mark the swelling bosom, the pale cheeks, the eyes suffused with tears, the all but blank despair which seemed to speak in that mother's look, could scarcely fail to cause the wish that Providence had spared the child, and death delayed his claim.

But viewed apart from a mother's agony, and in connection with life's toils, anxieties, and dangers, we could but sympathize with PAIOR:

"Happy the child who privileged by fate,
To shorten labour, and a lighter weight,
Received but yesterday the gift of breath,
Ordered to-morrow to return to death."

Perhaps the kind Disposer of events, who sees the end from the beginning, foresaw some blighting storm of temptation, or some withering world wind of adversity, and out of kindness to the

tender plant, transplanted it home before the frost had nipped it. I have read of a sorrowing, broken-hearted mother, standing by the side of a small open grave, in which was just laid her only babe. The words 'dust to dust' have been uttered, and the gravedigger is throwing the earth in upon the coffin, when the man of God cries "Stop!" and delivered himself thus:—"In a certain place, a farmer had a flock of sheep. Among them, was one that wandered from the fold. Many means had been devised to keep her at home, but all in vain. She broke through the fences, leaped over walls, rambled over hill and dale. She snapped her fetters, broke her yoke, and again and again left her fold. She had a lamb—one little lamb. The shepherd one day took the lamb, laid it in his bosom, and carried it back to his fold. He had not then to bid the sheep to return; she followed of her own accord." Then turning to the mother, he said: "You are the wandering sheep. This is your little lamb we are laying in the grave. The Good Shepherd hath taken it home to His heavenly fold. Return to God—return to the fold from whence you have wandered, and the lamb and its mother shall feed together in the green pastures above." How many wandering mothers have had their lambs taken by Jesus in mercy to His fold above? Have they all learnt the lesson He would teach them, and hesitate to follow the lamb?

About two hours afterwards, the baby, incased in a shell, and properly weighted, was placed upon a plank, with its end resting upon the bulwarks. Mr. Cocks read the service for the dead from the prayer-book, and by lifting the inner end of the plank, the body slid off, and dropped into the deep, where so many of the sons of Adam await the awakening echoes of the Archangel's trumpet. We do not profess to be posted up in the laws which regulate such matters on ship-board; but seeing the disease was not contagious, we thought the funeral obsequies were resorted to with indecent haste. We passed the banks of Newfoundland during the night, and Cape Race so early in the morning, that but few were privileged with seeing it. Our eyes were not gratified with a sight of land till we came to the Magdalen Islands on the left hand side as we approached the centre of the gulf. In passing the gulf we encountered a breeze as strong, and a sea as heavy, as any during the voyage; but somehow we

felt more safe, because the sky was clear, and land was comparatively near. The arrival of the pilot on board, indicated that we had passed the gulf and entered St. Lawrence River. This took place about midnight on Saturday, and when we awoke the next morning, I looked out of the port-hole on the American side, and was delighted to see land only a short distance off, studded here and there with buildings, that appeared very diminutive, the residences, as we learnt, of French settlers. Sea-sickness was now a thing of the past, and persons we only knew were in the ship by hearsay, came on to the deck, and began to speculate as to the time of landing.

After a very pleasant passage up the river, the pleasure of which was enhanced by the scenery of grain, ripe unto the harvest, brush-wood covering the cliffs like a mantle, intersected with a few maple trees, whose foliage began to assume its gayest aspect; coves studded with humble cottages—villages with tapering spires, pointing towards heaven—whales spouting water and disporting themselves in the liquid element—vessels and tug-boats, gliding down the river, and lovely islands, covered with trees, and graced with light-houses, dividing the river.

Having taken dinner at one, instead of lunch at half-past twelve o'clock, we took tea at four, hoping it would be our last meal on board. About five we arrived in Quebec; but it was not until Monday morning, Sept. 11th, being the 16th day after sailing from Plymouth; we left the vessel about eight o'clock, a.m.

From intimations we had received at home, we had reason to expect that the Canadian authorities would have in-

structions awaiting our arrival at Quebec. As none came on board, we proceeded to enquire at the two post-offices if any letter were lodged there; receiving an answer in the negative we crossed the water to Quebec, and made inquiries there—first at a subordinate, then at the chief office, but all inquiries were fruitless, and we began to wonder the cause. We then telegraphed to Bowmanville that we had arrived at Quebec, and awaited instructions. In a few minutes the response came back, "Find letter at post-office, come to Bowmanville, telegraph by what train. C. Barker." J. KENNER.

We are compelled to omit all references to Mr. Kenner's first impressions of Canada, and content ourselves by stating that as soon after the arrival of the brethren as arrangements could be made, Br. William Kenner was appointed to Hamilton to open the new mission, and Br. John to Oshawa, and in each place the brethren are labouring, we are given to understand, with much acceptance and success.

We are also glad to observe from week to week in the *Observer*, accounts of revivals, chapel openings, and other indications of prosperity; and we are especially grateful to learn that the introduction of our cause into the important towns of Toronto and Hamilton is likely to answer the expectations of all, a valuable site having been secured in Toronto, and a temporary building already erected and opened, and a suitable chapel purchased in Hamilton. May God speed these undertakings.

Brief Notices of Books.

The Devil's Masterpiece. Blackman.

THE title is a misnomer. The chief merit of the pamphlet is, that the nature of conversion is clearly explained, and its necessity strongly enforced.

Talks about Animals. By UNCLE ROBERT. The Book Society, 28, Paternoster-row.

A CAPITAL book for our young

friends, pleasant, chatty, instructive.

Rhymes worth Remembering. By S. W. P. Partridge & Co.

SURE to be a favourite with the little ones. We give a specimen, that our readers may judge for themselves.

THE BLOSSOMS.

"How fast those pretty blossoms fall
From off our favourite tree!
I thought, mama, you said they all
Would soon young apples be."

"And so, my dear, I hoped they would,
Before this morning's rain,
But ah, the wind is fierce and rude,
And all my hopes were vain.

"'Tis thus from life's fair tree, my child,
Young blossoms fall away;
With hopeful promise once they smiled,
Now wither and decay.

"And oh, how oft the vows of youth
Untimely drop and die,

And blighted buds of love and truth
Around our footsteps lie.

"If length of days perchance be ours,
Let truth our thoughts engage,
That so youth's budding beauteous flowers
May bring forth fruit in age."

It is only necessary to add, that the
book is full of exquisite illustrations.

Poetry.

WAITING FOR GOD.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning."

My thirsty soul for God
Waits with desire more strong,
Than they who through the lonely night
For glimpse of morning long!

The night is cold and drear,
The silent city sleeps,
The watchman on his round
His cheerless vigil keeps;
The clock in yonder tower
Keeps note of passing time,
He counts it every hour,
And sighs for morning prime.

But O, my soul for God,
Waits with desire more strong,
Yea more, I say, than watchman lone
Doth for the morning long!

A vessel home doth speed
Across the surging main;
And every sail is set,
And every rope doth strain;
Aloft the sailor stays,
But on his anxious sight,
Around in sea or sky,
Appears no ray of light.
Only from fish or wave
Gleams forth the phosph'rous flash!
As breaks on deck below
The billow's angry splash.
But when the morning light
Shall clear his aching eye,
He hopes his own loved land,
His destined port t'espy.

But O, my soul for God
Waits with desire more strong,
Than sailor through the weary night
Doth for the morning long!

Far in the jungle wild,
Where wander beasts of prey;
Long ere the gloaming hour
A hunter lost his way.

From beast and red man's hand,
His dangers are not few;
Now by bivouac fire,
He waits the long night thro'.

But O, my soul for God
Waits with desire more strong,
Than wand'ring hunter in the wild,
Doth for the morning long!

The morning sun shall rise
On city, sea, and plain;
Shall end the watchman's task,
And set him free again;
Shall flood with golden light
The waters of a bay,
Where since the early dawn
A ship at anchor lay;
And in a Western land,
From danger and from toil,
Shall see, returning home,
A hunter with his spoil.
So ends the longest night,
The morning breaks at last;
The watchers cheer'ly smile
At all their troubles past.

O why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt raise
To Him, who is thy Light and Life,
A full glad song of praise.

K. H.

"LET ME DEPART."

Let me depart—"depart in peace,
According to Thy word"—Thy word to me;
Let me depart—I long to see Thy face,
O Lord, I long to dwell with Thee.
Let me depart—I fear not death;
Father, it is not death if Thou be near,—
Dying! 'tis only yielding up my breath—
'Tis only passing from this cold dark sphere.
Let me depart—the shadows fall
Around my path; I'm walking in the gloom,—
The valley's dark,—I hear my Saviour call,—
I'm not afraid,—I'm only going home.
I'm only going home to dwell with Thee,
Never to be sad and desolate again;
Thou my soul's longings wait'st to satisfy,
And free me from all care, and toil, and pain.
Let me depart—my Saviour bids me come;
He waits to crown me with immortal life,—
He waits to place me on His glorious throne—
My throne, through Him, when I have won the strife.
Let me depart—my work is done;
I have not laboured as I ought, 'tis true;
Yet O accept me through Thy Son,
And take me to Thyself, then shall I know,—
Then shall I see Thee perfectly,
And through eternity shall see Thy face.
According to Thy word"—Thy word to me,
Let me depart, O Lord—"depart in peace."

A. STONE.



THE
Bible Christian Magazine,
JUNE, 1872.

JACOB'S SUCCESSFUL WRESTLING.

"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel, for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there."—GENESIS xxxii., 24—29.

THE consequences of sin are, in many instances, felt, in some degree, in the present life. The cases of Pharaoh and Gehazi are illustrative of this. God required Pharaoh to let the Israelites depart out of the land of Egypt, which he, for a time, refused to do; and consequently various plagues were sent upon the land, by which Pharaoh was, in some measure, punished. Gehazi coveted some valuable articles from Naaman, and in connection with the transaction he was guilty of falsehood to his master; and to him the leprosy of Naaman came, and he went out from Elisha's presence a leper as white as snow.

Good men, men who fear God, suffer more or less in the present life for the inconsistencies of which they are guilty in their unguarded moments, and for wrong actions more deliberately performed. There can be no wilful violation of law without the penalties being visited on the offenders. In some cases, no temporal calamities may befall persons on account of their sins, and the direct consequences may be confined to mental pain. In other cases, some visible punishment may be inflicted, or some blessing of a temporal kind withheld. Moses, because of transgression, was not allowed to enter the land of Canaan; and though he had been the leader of Israel's hosts out of Egypt, and on through the wilderness, yet he

was not allowed the honour of conducting them across the Jordan into the land that God had promised to give unto them. Jacob, no doubt, felt deeply the consequences of *his* inconsistent conduct. Instead of kindly ministering to his brother's need, by fraud and cunning, he stole his birthright from him. He became afterwards the victim of Esau's hatred, was deceived by Laban respecting Rachel, on whom his affections had been placed, having acted deceitfully *himself*, he was *himself* deceived; he had Leah given him to wife instead of Rachel whom he so much loved, and for whom he had served Laban seven years, and had to serve seven years more for her. When he left the service of Laban, and was on his way to Canaan, with his wives, his children, and his cattle, he, no doubt, felt deeply on account of his deceiving his brother, when he knew that he was coming to meet him with a band of four hundred men. Indeed, he was greatly agitated and distressed; and he prayed that he might be delivered out of Esau's hand. He took further steps to appease Esau; he sent forward much cattle to present unto him, and having adopted these precautions, he lodged that night in the company; but rose up while it was yet night, and sent his wives, his women-servants, and his eleven sons over the brook Jabbok. Then the remarkable circumstance recorded in our text occurred. In making a few remarks upon it, we notice—

I. THE PERSON WITH WHOM JACOB WRESTLED.—It is stated that “a man” wrestled with him:—some one certainly clothed with, or appearing in a human form. This “man,” however, stated that as a prince Jacob had “power with God;” and Jacob himself said that he had “seen God face to face.” In Hosea xii., 4, it is written that Jacob “had power over the angel.” Three terms are thus applied to this wrestler; and they warrant our believing him to have been the “Angel of the covenant,”—the Lord Jesus Christ,—Jacob's *Maker*, Jacob's *SAVIOUR*, Jacob's *GOD*.

II. THE POSITION IN WHICH JACOB WAS, WHEN WRESTLING.—“He was left alone;” his wives, his servants, his sons, and his cattle were gone on, and he was left alone with the God-man. How remarkable his position! The mortal alone with the Immortal, the earthly with the Heavenly, the human with the Divine, the creature with the Creator! How condescending on the part of the Creator of all! How highly favoured was Jacob! Jacob, alone with his *Maker*, earnestly prayed. A man alone with God in earnest prayer, whether it be on the top of the mountain, by the side of the brook, in the midst of the forest, on the raging sea, or in the secret chamber, is an interesting object. *Jacob, being alone with God, was in a position suitable for intimate communion and earnest pleading with Him.*

It appears that prayer, at the family altar, should be adapted considerably, though perhaps not exclusively, to the state and circumstances of those present; that in the public congregation it should be suited to the necessities of the congregation at large, and on some occasions to the state of mankind in general; but most men have “thoughts and feelings,” “sadnesses and sorrows,” which can hardly with propriety be made the subject of public prayer in

the midst of the congregation ; hence it is requisite that men should seek to be alone with God, that they may seek counsel from Him respecting the course they should take, and ask for grace suited to their peculiar states. Jacob was alone with God. He had perhaps previously felt an intense desire to be alone with his Maker that he might have wrestled with Him for a blessing in his time of need. Now, being alone with Him, he could freely unbosom all his cares and fears, and earnestly wrestle with Him to have all his need supplied. Our Divine Lord and Master has enjoined secret prayer upon His followers :—"Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret ; and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." Good men in past days have acted in harmony with this injunction. Daniel, in Babylon, when a scheme had been laid for his destruction, went into his house, and "kneeling upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." The very devoted John Fletcher, when perplexed about some matter, and being wholly at a loss to discover what God required at his hand, and the opinions of his most experienced friends affording him but little light respecting it, spread for three months successively the intricacies of his case before the Lord, entreating that He would direct the course of his conduct, by the order of His Providence, and the influence of His Spirit. He continued to pray till he received an answer, but which was delayed until the wall of his chamber, against which he was accustomed to kneel, was deeply stained with the breath he had spent in fervent supplication.* It is probable that this good man was alone with God in this his earnest and continued supplication. Public prayer would not have been so suitable for this intense struggling for personal direction as private prayer was.

"In the most dark and distressing season of the American Revolution the commander-in-chief of the armies was observed to retire each day to a grove in the vicinity of the camp. It was at the Valley Forge. A series of disasters had disheartened the army, . . . and distress and anxiety pervaded the nation. The army was in want of the comforts and almost of the indispensable necessities of life, and disaffection was spreading in the camp. Curiosity prompted an individual to follow the commander-in-chief, and to observe him. The father of his country was seen on his knees, supplicating the God of Hosts in secret prayer. With an anxious and a burdened mind ; a mind conscious of its need of heavenly support and devotion, he went and rolled these mighty burdens upon the arm of Jehovah."† Men of devout minds will seek sometimes to be alone with God, to bow in secret before Him. Our Lord Jesus Christ was disposed to seek secrecy in prayer. We are taught, in Mark i., 35, that "in the morning rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." And again, in Luke vi., 12, "that He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." His remarkable prayer when "His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground," appears to have been offered

* See Benson's Life of Fletcher.

† Barnes's Sermon on Secret Prayer.

when He was alone with God. Let us duly prize prayer in connection with the preaching of God's word, in the meetings appointed for prayer, and at the family altar; but let us at times seek to be alone with God, that we, like some who have gone before us, may hold intimate communion with Him, and earnestly wrestle with Him for blessings suitable to our necessities.

III. THE CHARACTERISTICS OR NATURE OF HIS WRESTLING.—1. *It was spiritual.* The narrative, however, is such as leads us to believe that there was a physical struggle; but the struggle principally was spiritual. "Jacob wept and made supplication." Sorrow had possessed his heart, and it burst forth in tears. Some one has said that "prayers and tears were his weapons." He had a strong desire for a blessing from the Lord, and he wrestled earnestly for it. On a former occasion when Jacob was pleading with God for deliverance from the hand of Esau, he appears to have vocally spoken to God, and his prayer is recorded by the inspired historian; but on this occasion very little is written concerning what he said in his spiritual wrestling. It might have been that his grief and sorrow were too great to admit his uttering with his lips what his heart felt. Pious persons may sometimes feel so deeply respecting the object of their petition; that "emotion suppresses their utterance, and sighs and groans take the place of orderly articulation." The pious Hannah when praying for a son, being in "bitterness of soul," and weeping sore, prayed in her heart, and her lips moved; but her voice was not heard. The thief on the cross uttered one brief petition, but it was pregnant with meaning; and no doubt he prayed with all his heart. The publican is represented as smiting upon his breast, and saying,—“God be merciful to me a sinner.” Sometimes the Holy Spirit “maketh intercession for the saints with groanings which cannot be uttered;”—causing such a depth of feeling and such an intensity of desire, as “can only find vent in ardent and unspeakable breathings.” Jacob perhaps felt in wrestling with the God-man, such an earnestness of soul as could only find expression in earnest supplication, in groans and tears. Take “courage ye whose limited vocabulary restrains your power of expression, or whose broken hearts confine your prayer to the monotony of a single cry for mercy. In your plaintive cry there is music that throws all heaven into rapture, and delights the ear of God Himself.”

“Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The kindling of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.”

2. *Jacob wrestled in faith.* He had confidence in Him with whom he wrestled. After he had left his home to go to Padan-aram, the Lord taught him in a dream, that He would bring him again into the land of Canaan, and would keep him in all places whither he went. When the Lord told him to return to the land of his fathers, after he had been serving Laban, He told him that He would be with him. Jacob had grounds for his faith,—he could plead the Divine promise. His faith in the ability of Him with whom he wrestled is implied in the statement that he made;—“I will not let thee go except thou bless me.” He wrestled believingly with the “Angel

of the covenant." *Unbelief* possibly struggled for the mastery—aimed to darken Jacob's mind, brought before him his conduct towards Esau. Esau's threatening to kill him, his coming to meet him with a band of four hundred men, and the likelihood of his falling a victim to Esau's rage; but *faith* struggled also,—it could look and possibly did to Jehovah's past mercies, His promises and His ability to deliver, till by and bye it grew strong enough to grasp the hand of the Omnipotent, to bring an influence to bear upon the heart of Esau, and to turn his rage aside. We, too, have grounds for the exercise of faith in our spiritual wrestlings. Jehovah's past mercies, His abundant promises, His mighty power, and His wondrous love, warrant the exercise of faith in prayer for spiritual blessings. "Let us read the promises of God with all the interest and avidity of a legatee searching the will of a rich benefactor, that reading them we may know them, and knowing them may plead them" "with a fervour and a faith worthy of their importance and the Divine veracity."

3. *It was importunate.* Jacob was resolved not to give up till he obtained the blessing. The wrestler with Jacob said to him;—"Let me go, for the day breaketh;" but Jacob said;—"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." No matter how much he needed rest, how numerous and weighty were his family cares, he was willing to *forego* rest, and make any sacrifice that he might continue the struggle and obtain the blessing that he so much desired. There was in him not merely a desire for the blessing, but a determination to have it; and though he was apparently discouraged in his wrestling, yet he struggled on. How long he continued in earnest prayer, we know not; it might have been some hours, and possibly his determination helped him. A determination in a good cause is a good thing. Difficulties, if they are to be overcome, will be by a determined man. It is necessary that the student should persevere in his studies if he become intellectually eminent; that the warrior on the field of blood should persevere in his dreadful task in many instances, in order to obtain the victory. Is there much accomplished in warfare, in science, in politics, or in religion without perseverance? We judge not. It is oftentimes necessary to be importunate in approaching the throne of grace, if we would prevail with God. There are doubtless good reasons why the Lord does not give blessings immediately after they are asked for. Faith may not be sufficiently strong, or the earnestness may not be sufficiently intense, or the offering may burn with sparks of human kindling, or that "a future time would bring more glory to God and a richer good to man." Like Jacob in his wrestling, like Elijah on the mount, and like the disciples in the upper-room at Jerusalem, men should importunately pray that Jehovah may grant the needful blessings.

IV. THE RESULTS OF JACOB'S WRESTLING.—1. *He met with a physical injury.* When the wrestler saw "that he prevailed not against Jacob, he touched the hollow of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled." The effect of this was apparently felt afterwards, for as Jacob "passed over Peniel, the sun rose upon him, and he halted upon his thigh." Jacob's receiving this injury is suggestive. It appears as if he wrestled in his own

strength. The wrestler saw that he prevailed not *against* him, as if there was something which *needed to be overcome*, which was *not overcome*. Jacob possibly felt when his thigh was put out of joint, that he who did it could easily have destroyed him. He, no doubt, knew before that God could destroy him; but now he possibly felt it as he never felt it before, and hence he said:—"I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." Though Jacob came off victorious in the struggle, yet he had nothing to boast of; he did not obtain the victory through his own strength, but through grace Divine. If in the present day men get blessings from the Lord, it is not because of their physical strength or mental vigour; not because they deserve the Divine favour, or have done anything to merit it, but because Christ has died for them. The thought that men can do nothing to merit the favour of God, is doubtless mortifying to the carnal mind. If a meekness for heaven could be obtained by persons largely giving of their gold and silver, many would perhaps get the blessing in that way; but as it is to be obtained exclusively through the merits of Christ, it is not eagerly sought after. Naaman, the captain of the host of the king of Syria, when commanded to do such a simple thing as wash seven times in Jordan in order to be cured of his leprosy, became angry. He was probably willing to do "some great thing" to be cured, but to go to *Jordan and wash*, was mortifying to him. To obtain the spiritual blessings which are necessary in order to men's getting to the celestial city, self-righteousness, self-conceit, pride, and haughtiness of heart must have their power broken. God is a jealous God. He will not have His glory given to another; and in His dealings with men He designs humbling *them*, and bringing glory and honour to *Himself*.

2. *His name was changed.* It appears as if the names of some of the ancients were characteristic of some peculiarity pertaining to them, or were given to them on account of some peculiar circumstance. Moses received that name because he was drawn out of the water. Abraham signifies father of a multitude, and Jacob one that supplants. Esau thought that he was rightly called Jacob, because he had supplanted him twice. The wrestler with Jacob asked him his name, and he told Him. Then He told him that his name was to be no more called Jacob, but Israel;—a name signifying "a prince with God." The reason assigned for this change of name was, that as a prince, Jacob "had power with God, and with men, and had prevailed." In looking at the results of Jacob's wrestling we can heartily subscribe to the language of the poet:—

"O wondrous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the Almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays:
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, 'Let me alone.'"

Tertullian said that "prayer conquers the unconquerable, and binds the Omnipotent." It does indeed bind the Almighty to fulfil His engagements. Weak and feeble men can prevail with God in prayer; and though not literally obtain a change of name, yet may obtain a

change of nature and a change of relationship. Through praying faith children of the devil may become children of God; heirs of hell, heirs of heaven; guilty sinners, justified believers; polluted ones, holy, and feeble children of God,

" Strong in the strength which He supplies
Through His beloved Son ; "

and getting an influence with God, they will have an influence over men who travel in the path to hell.

3. *He was blessed where he wrestled.* The one with whom Jacob prevailed was mightier than himself, and bestowed a blessing upon him. Of the blessings bestowed upon Jacob, we presume not confidently to speak, but it appears that he received the assurance that Esau's rage was, or should be, turned aside. Before Jacob left the place of his wrestling, he was blessed. Where he wept, there he could rejoice; where he struggled, there he triumphed; and being blessed by God, he went on to meet Esau, feeling no doubt as humble as a little child, and as he passed over Penuel, the sun rose upon him. It had been dark without and dark within, but as he went onward the natural sun shone without, and the Sun of righteousness shone within. Many besides Jacob have doubtless obtained blessings from God at the time when, and the place where, they have wrestled with Him. This is not surprising when we remember that it is written,—"Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." On the spot where men plead with God, there they may triumph;—the midnight gloom be succeeded by the dawning of the day, and the assurance be realized that Jehovah bears not in vain the character of a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God.

Praying persons, whether penitents praying for pardon, or justified believers for holiness, or tried ones for sustaining grace, or labourers in the Lord's vineyard for showers of blessings upon the church and the world, may gather encouragement from Jacob's successful wrestling to earnestly wrestle with God that the blessings they ask for may be received. He who blessed Jacob is able and willing to grant pardon, holiness, sustaining grace in the midst of trial, and all necessary blessings unto the church and the world. As certainly as He causes the sun to shine, the moon to wax and wane, the stars to move in their orbits, and the seasons to succeed one another; so certainly will He hear and answer earnest, importunate, and believing prayer for spiritual blessings.

Should one read these lines who does not pray, let me ask him to betake himself to prayer at once, that he may obtain necessary spiritual blessings upon earth, and finally a crown at God's right hand in heaven.

R. DOWN.

THE FIGMENT OF APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.*

THE entire "Catholic" system of Priestly functions and Sacramental efficacy depends upon the apostolical succession, which is claimed for the Ministers of "Catholic" Churches; and this succession, to be efficacious in the preservation of what is called "holy order,"

* From Dr. Kennedy's Inaugural Address as the Chairman of the Congregational Union.

must be unbroken from the first. But what if when you have joined link to link to the great chain, or traced link after link upwards, you find the very first link wanting, and find that it never existed, so that the mighty chain, which you trace through eighteen centuries, is shown to have never been in contact with those from whom it is supposed to have derived and conveyed virtue—what then? Is it not demonstrated that you have been trusting in a lie?

Now how stand the facts? The theory is, that the three orders of Bishop, Presbyter, and Deacon existed from the beginning. In great swelling words, they are declared to be of divine and apostolic authority. And to meet the necessities of the theory they must be so. The Bishop required by it is a Bishop distinct from, and superior to, a Presbyter, a Bishop whose sole hand can impart a virtue and prerogative which the hands of a hundred Presbyters cannot impart. If we cannot find such a Bishop in the days of the Apostles to connect the Apostles with a Bishop of the same order following after, we miss the first link of the chain that should convey apostolic virtue down to later times. Now such a Bishop we cannot find. There is nothing more certain historically than that Bishop and Presbyter were one and the same in the Apostolic Churches. Their identity in the Acts and in the writings of Paul does not admit of doubt or question. Even if we see in the "angels" of the Churches of Asia Minor in the last days of the last surviving Apostle, the germ of an Episcopate superior to the Presbyterate—which we do not, by any necessity of interpretation—it would not meet the requirements of the Catholic theory. It would still remain in historical evidence, that the Bishops who were ordained by the Apostles, were simple Presbyters, of whom for the most part there were more than one in every congregation, and who were successors to the Apostles in no sense except in the way of coming after them and of preaching the same Christ to the world.

We find then a gap, a gulf rather, between the Apostles and the first Bishops of the only order capable of transmitting apostolic virtue.*

And yet in the face of all this, in the face of the completest historical demonstration that there were no Bishops such as the Catholic theory requires, till long after Paul and Peter were in their graves, we are required to believe, on pain of exclusion from the Catholic Church, that such Bishops did exist, did receive virtue from Paul and Peter, and that they only are true Ministers of Christ to whom this virtue has come down through an unbroken succession of apostolically-ordained men. Let the mysterious wire which transmits the electric fluid from this side the Atlantic to the other, be disjoined from the fountain of electric power. The space may be

* Episcopalian writers admit freely that "the Episcopate, in the modern acceptation of the term, and as a distinct clerical order, does not appear in the New Testament, but was gradually introduced and extended at a later period." Professor Lightfoot, than whom there is not a more learned expositor of Scripture in the Church of England, argues that "the Episcopate was formed not out of the Apostolic order by localisation, but out of the Presbyteral by elevation." The Bishop was "developed," to use the Professor's word, not from the Apostle but from the Presbyter. "And the title, which was originally common to all the Presbyters, came at length to be appropriated to the chief among them."

very brief which separates it from that fountain, and the wire may be very complete through all the remaining space of thousands of miles,—you will essay in vain to convey your words or will to the distant land to which you would send them. Let the line of Bishops through which ordination has come to the nineteenth century be disjoined from the Apostles; it may be imposing and complete through all its remaining length, but it can bring us no apostolic virtue. And yet we must believe the contrary of all this, on pain, ay, on pain of—damnation!

We are sometimes reminded of the folly of attempting to make a pyramid stand on its apex instead of its base. But this vast Catholic pyramid has not even an apex to stand on. Sometimes we talk of building castles in or on the air. But the air is *something*, it is an entity, it has a certain amount of gravity sufficient perhaps to sustain some castles which we might imagine. But our Catholic friends build their great castle on—*nothing*. Or rather, they perform that great work which we had supposed was the most mysterious prerogative of the Godhead, they create something out of nothing! Brethren, it is not wilfulness, or the spirit of schism and rebellion, that resents such an imposition on our judgment and faith. It is our common sense and our loyalty to the Great Master.

There is another process by which the foundation of the "Catholic" theory may be sapped—a moral *reductio ad absurdum*. Our Lord was very explicit and emphatic in warning His Church against false teachers, who should come in sheep's clothing, and said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The apostle Paul required Christians to prove all things, and hold fast only that which is good. The last survivor of the "Ambassadors" who were personally appointed by Christ, said, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world." The only tests supplied by Christ and His Apostles were, personal holy character and abiding in the doctrine which they had divinely taught. Now we look down the ages which followed, and what do we find? Not forgetting for a moment the illustrious men of Christ-like character whose names are found in Church history, and the bright spots which relieve the terrible gloom of dark and miserable centuries, we find Bishops and Popes without number whose character was a scandal to humanity, whom even mediæval historians describe as "the slaves of all vices," and whose life and doings could be accounted for only on the ironical or impious supposition that "Christ was then in a deep sleep in the vessel." Wolves they were which did not even care to disguise themselves in sheep's clothing. And yet it is through such as these, to whom, if Christ is true to His word, He will say in the Great Day, "I never knew you, depart from me ye that work iniquity," that the holy virtue has descended from Apostles, which alone makes a man a true Minister of Christ. These wicked men, themselves to every good work reprobate, had power, we are to believe, to regenerate men's souls by Baptism, to bring Christ from heaven into the bread and wine of the Eucharist, and to transmit the same power to others.

But this is but a small part of our *reductio ad absurdum*. The

Christendom which enjoys the ministrations of the Anglican, Greek, and Roman Churches, has received a new spiritual life through the hands of Apostolic Priests. The adherents of the three Churches have been duly baptised, and, being baptised, are regenerate. Russia, then, is one great mass of regenerate men and women. Spain, Italy, France, are all regenerate. England is regenerate, one half of it at least, and that the half which comprehends, for the most part, the outcasts of our streets, the convicts of our gaols, the irreligious who know no Sabbath but that of the idler or the drinker; aye, the very scorners and infidels of our land. In the wide Christendom which has received a new life in Baptism, you will find thousands of scenes of which you may say, as you say of Heathendom, "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile;" and he is very vile. Where you should find those virtues and graces which are the fruits of the Spirit, you find only those vices and sins which are the fruits of the flesh, regarding which it is authoritatively said, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Now what can be the good of a new birth, a spiritual life, which leaves the man just as it found him? of a regeneration notwithstanding which his heart, his lips, his hands are characterised by the fruits of the flesh? Are we not shut up to the conclusion that it has no existence, that those who profess to impart it in Baptism are under a delusion, and that those who believe they have received it are involved in the meshes of a fatal snare?

What renders the anomaly more unaccountable on the "Catholic" theory is, that those divine fruits of which you cannot trace the faintest rudiments in masses of the apostolically-baptised, are often found in rich and beautiful profusion where no such Baptism has been received. Preachers of the divine Word who make no claim to an apostolical succession, who even repudiate the claim as a superstitious fiction, go among savages and idolaters and proclaim the love of God in Christ. The Gospel they preach becomes the power of God to the renewing of the heart, and the purifying of the life. Those very changes are wrought which were effected by the preaching of the Apostles in the first age. Men are turned from dumb idols to serve the living and true God. Tribes more degraded than any Scythian to whom inspired men ministered, arise out of their low estate and regain their lost manhood. Peoples sunk in a deeper than Corinthian vileness are washed as were the Corinthians of old, from the filth in which they wallowed. Where the works of the devil were wrought boldly and shamelessly, you will find many who have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts, and whose walk in the Spirit is attested by their longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness and temperance. Give the darkest colouring you can to evils which survive these transformations, the Churches of the primitive age were imperfect likewise. But with all the shading which truth requires, we can appeal to many isles of the Pacific, to the frozen shores of Greenland and Labrador, to Christian Churches in India and China, where, without the supposed virtue of apostolical succession, and without the alleged power of a duly-administered Baptism, great multitudes have been turned from darkness to light, and live before God and man clothed in the

beauties of holiness ; the seal of the true apostolicity of the faithful men who, without Episcopal ordination, have preached the Word and administered Christian ordinances. Our missionaries can say to their converts, "Ye are our Epistle, known and read of all men ; forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the Epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God ; not on tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart. And such trust have we through Christ to God-ward who hath made us able ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter but of the spirit." The Christianity of our Missionary Churches is the very image of the Christianity of the Missionary Churches of apostolic times ; not an imperfect and maimed Christianity that should leave them outside the pale of Christendom, an excrescence and a mystery.

A mystery indeed ! And this is the *reductio ad absurdum* by which we demonstrate the falseness of the so-called Catholic theory. That which is declared to be alone efficacious in producing a spiritual life does not produce it, and where the only efficacious means do not exist, the spiritual life springs up and prospers. Where the cause is in full operation, the effect does not follow, and the effect is produced where the cause has not operated. The most perfect "Order," and the most perfect Baptism leave men heathens ; while heathens, home and foreign, become Christians in spirit and in life without the action of any order or any Baptism ! Multitudes of Irish, of whom I will not say one unkind word, come into our English cities and are the Pariahs of our land, not because they are our hewers of wood and drawers of water, but because of their ignorance and superstition and violence, and yet they have all been regenerated, and are all within the glorious fold of the True Church. Many of their neighbours, poor as they, and toiling as they, have not been blessed with a regenerating Baptism, worship in tabernacles and meeting-houses, in Salems and Ebenezers, but are enlightened in mind and pure in life, and yet, they have neither lot nor part in the holy Catholic Church ! The homes of the one class are often like the lairs of wild beasts, and yet they are Christian ! The homes of the other are often the abodes of a Christ-like love and virtue, and yet they are not Christian !

Such is the logical consequence of the theory with which we are combating, and it is frankly accepted by many of its maintainers. But to us it is as complete a *reductio ad absurdum* as can be found in the pages of Euclid. "Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil ; that put darkness for light and light for darkness ; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter !"

One other objection to the "form of doctrine" which denies to us a place in the Catholic Church,—but in a sentence or two : I mean the terrible uncertainty in which it involves us as to our spiritual condition. "There is no minister now living," says Dr. Jacob, "who has ascertained or could ascertain, whether he is lawfully exercising the duties of his office or not ; but he must remain in doubt as to the validity of his ordination, and the position in which it has placed him." Then see what follows. We have already shown the fatal flaw in the chain of apostolical succession through the absence of the

first link, the link which should connect the succession with the persons of the Apostles. But apart from this—if no man can prove or be certain that he is connected with the first Bishops by an unbroken succession of valid ordinations, and if the efficacy of his Sacramental administrations depends on his being so connected, what is the condition of those to whom he ministers? They may possess the graces of Faith, Hope, and Charity. They may manifest the “fruit of the Spirit in all goodness and righteousness and truth.” But their goodness and graces can be only deceitful appearances, if they have not been duly engrafted into Christ and His body, the Church, by Sacraments validly administered by a validly-ordained Priest. And how shall they attain certainty as to this valid administration and this valid ordination? All the archæologists in the world cannot give it. And the trembling soul can find no solution of his terrible doubts about himself and his salvation. He can only crush them and silence them by the absolute surrender of himself to be blindly led by a Priest as blind as himself.

I do not pause to remark on the strangeness of the phenomenon, that Holy Scripture never suggests a difficulty of this order, while it gives prominence to tests of an altogether different kind, as to whether we be in the faith. On the Catholic system, the apostolic words, “Neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love,” should be cancelled. And in their place should be substituted, “Neither faith which worketh by love availeth anything, nor a new creature, but a Sacramental engrafting into Christ by duly-qualified hands.” But then—the terrible, tormenting uncertainty of honest and sensitive souls! Whether I have the faith which worketh by love I can know, but whether the hands which baptized me were duly qualified to engraft me into Christ, I can never know. And Paul commands me in vain to make my calling and election sure. The thing is impossible.

“Of an apostolic succession, which is not commanded by the Apostles, nor mentioned in the New Testament,” says Dr. Jacob, “which professes to transmit powers, never so far as we know, by the Apostles either received or given; which secures no soundness in the faith, but lends itself to error as readily as to truth; which can exclude the best as well as include the worst of ministers; and which would leave every Church in doubt about the validity of its ministrations and very existence—it is surely not too much to say that it is a fond thing vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the word of God.”

Let it be understood, then, that our ecclesiastical position is not of accident nor of tradition, nor of perverseness and wilfulness. It is founded on very deep convictions touching things of most vital moment; not such things as differentiate the theory of Episcopacy from the theory of Presbytery, or such as differentiate the theory of Presbytery from that of Independency, but such rather as differentiate the Gospel which Paul preached to the Churches of Galatia, from that other Gospel to which they were seduced by false Apostles—a gospel which made outward ritual an essential part of the truth as it is in Jesus, and necessary to salvation. With such convictions we must follow apostolic example, and contend against it earnestly.

In the interests of truth and spirituality and freedom, not of self or of a sect or party, we resist the pretensions of Anglican and Greek and Roman, and maintain that what they regard as their common inheritance is, in the words of one of themselves, "only a fiction invented and propagated in the Church to bolster up a Sacerdotal superstition."

ANGLICAN POPERY AND THE EVANGELICAL CLERGY.

PERHAPS we sometimes say hard things, and even what they consider unjust things, concerning them; but they should make some allowance for our position, not merely with reference to our objection to all Church Establishments, but in reference to the strong feeling which is awakened in us as Protestants by the present state and tendencies of the Church of England. They and we in common are the sworn enemies of Popery, and in this year of our Lord 1872, the tercentenary of that blackest of St. Bartholomews, when the blood of the Huguenots of France ran down the streets of Paris like water, we are not likely to forswear our enmity against a system which, in these last days, has put its immutable seal on the deed and principle of St. Bartholomews. They and we likewise mourn the rapid growth of essential Popery in the Church to which they belong. To them it must be bitterly painful. To us it is equally painful; but, standing where we do, we see more clearly than it is possible for them, that this home-bred Popery, which alarms us all, has obtained an immense advantage from its position within the Established Church. Had a thousand missionaries been sent from Rome to re-convert us to the doctrines from which Cranmer and Hooper, and Ridley and Latimer, turned England away, they would have come in vain. Let them build churches, and preach in our highways, and discuss in our halls, we should know how to meet them. Our national intelligence, and our national prejudices together, would contribute to our defence. The battle might be fierce, but it would be a battle between foes mutually recognised as such—foes fighting without masks, and fighting with all the earnestness of men who clearly understood the issues at stake. But English Protestantism has been taken by surprise. Her foes have arisen within her own household, and their weapon has been more like the cup of poison than the sword of steel. The new school of Anglo-Catholics have grown to what they are by degrees, and have carried large numbers with them by their position in English pulpits, and through the gradual development of their doctrines. As ministers of the Established Church they have had the ears of multitudes, who would not have listened to them for a moment if they had borne the seal of Rome, or if they had avowed themselves missionaries of that Transubstantiation for the denial of which our forefathers went to the stake; or if they had at once claimed to sit in the seat of Christ, and to exercise judgment in His name, and grant absolution of sin. But men who have put their hands to the Thirty-Nine Articles of our Protestant Establishment, have succeeded in converting an army of Englishmen to a system which is Popish in everything but the name.

Now if we feel all this strongly, and if, in addition to more general or abstract reasons for separating the Church from the State, we are moved by the consideration, that the wealth and prestige of the Establishment are now, in very large measure, perverted to further the most determined effort which these three centuries have seen to re-convert England to Rome, let our brethren bear with us. Strong feelings and strong words in dealing with such a theme, and in fulfilling the duty which such a national crisis demands, surely need no apology. At least they lean to virtue's side. Let our brethren only appreciate our position, and even if they do not accept our conclusions, they will not fail to be true to their own deepest faith in our common Christianity, and in our common standing as servants of the same Lord. I ask this in the interests of the true Catholicity which we oppose to the false Catholicity of Anglicanism and Romanism.

Nearly allied to the prejudice or superstition of which Evangelical clergymen find it so difficult to rid themselves, that Episcopal ordination has a sanctity and value which non-Episcopal ordination does not possess, is the prejudice or superstition which finds expression in a dread lest their Church should sink down into a *sect*. Now, what does this mean? Have they after all, as a religious community, virtues and prerogatives which other religious communities do not possess? What is "sect" but "section" written small? And what is a section of anything but a part? The Church of England must be either the whole, or a part, of the Church of Christ in these realms. That it is not the whole, our Evangelical brethren confess and even maintain. Then it must be a part, a section, a sect. We object as much as they to what is offensive in the use of the word. We do not submit, any more than they, to any imputation of narrowness, or meanness, or bigotry. But a sect we are, of necessity and mathematically, unless we are the whole.

To be sectarian is another thing altogether. To look on our little part as if it were the whole, to look on other parts of the one whole with jealousy or with contempt, to raise artificial and undivine barriers between one part and another—this is sectarianism. And of all communities bearing the Christian name, the most intensely sectarian is that which calls itself "Catholic," whether it bears the prefix "Roman," or the prefix "Anglican."—*Dr. Kennedy's Address.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT INTERCEDING FOR THE SAINTS.*

"We know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered: and He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, that He maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God."—ROMANS VIII. 26, 27.

THE question at once arises, "In what sense does the Comforter make intercession for us?" To this I would answer, His intercession is entirely different from that which Christ, as our great High Priest, makes for us. The Saviour's intercession is based upon His own merits; the Comforter's intercession is occasioned by our weakness. Christ's intercession is before the throne; the Spirit makes

* From the Rev. L. R. Dunn's *Mission of the Spirit*.

intercession within our hearts. Christ intercedes for us as our Advocate; the Spirit as our Helper. The Lord Jesus speaks to God for us; the Holy Spirit helps us to speak to God for ourselves. The intercession of Christ for us is unconditional; that of the Comforter is dependent upon our willingness and desire to come to God.

1. First, then, His office is to help us to pray. When man is made conscious of his sinfulness, he is at the same time made conscious of his helplessness. His first thoughts are, "I cannot pray; I do not know how to pray; how dare such a sinful worm as I am approach unto God." With these reflections, his whole soul shrinks from an interview with a holy God. Like the Publican, he stands afar off, not daring to lift up his eyes to heaven, the dwelling-place of infinite purity; but, smiting upon his agonized breast, he cries out from a distance, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

There are also many periods in the history of the child of God when, assaulted by the powers of darkness, or overwhelmed with trials, or crushed by the bereaving stroke, or sunk into the lowest depths of humiliation by a sense of his vileness and unworthiness, he feels that he cannot pray. It is then that the Comforter comes in with His Divine help. The timid, shrinking heart is now encouraged by His presence and aid, and emboldened to speak out its wants, or at least to groan out its desires.

"The word translated 'helpeth' signifies to lay hold of anything, as of a beam or burden, together with another. In ourselves we know not what to pray for, or how to pray. But the Holy Spirit of God which dwelleth in us, knowing our wants better than we, Himself pleads in our prayers, raising us to higher and holier desires than we can express in words, and which can only find utterance in sighs and aspirations. But although these yearnings are inexpressible in words, the Searcher of hearts recognizes in them what is the mind of the Spirit, because these inarticulate pleadings of the Holy Ghost, in and for His saints, are in perfect union with His own mind."*

2. The Comforter, by His Divine illumination, makes us conscious of our condition and our needs, so far, at least, as we can bear to see them. We know not our actual condition, nor the deep and alarming necessities of our being; and, probably, we could not bear to see ourselves as we are seen by the eye of infinite purity. It is natural for us to put the most favourable construction upon everything appertaining to our character and state. Nor does the true Christian always realize his privileges, and the glorious possibilities which lie before him. Hence the Holy Spirit shines in upon the darkness of the mind, creates the sense of want, inspires the soul with earnest longings, causes us to "hunger and thirst after righteousness," and thus He leads us up to God. It is in view of this that we read of Christians "praying in the Holy Ghost," and of their "praying with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."

3. Here, then, we see the source of those unutterable groanings of which the true penitent and the true Christian are often conscious. They are not natural to man. They do not arise spontaneously in the human soul. They are begotten by the Holy Ghost. They are

* The Spirit of Life, p.p. 154, 155.

the results of His mighty intercession. They occur in great crises of our history and experience. It is in the midst of them that the soul rises up to meet God, to take hold upon His Omnipotence, to test the power of the blood which cleanseeth from all sin, and to enter upon the higher walks of the Christian life. And yet, in its enlarged desires, in its piercing sense of need, the soul can find no language in which to express its struggling emotions. Prostrate in the dust at the foot of the Throne, the lips are dumb; words are lost, or fail to utter what now is so deeply felt, and naught but groans and sighs escape the breast of the burdened and troubled one. So Hannah prayed: "She spake in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard."*. The secret of all this was she was a "woman of a sorrowful spirit;" and she "poured out her soul before the Lord."

"That in those moments when the soul turns with deepest ardour to its original, it is not that which is human in man, that rises Godward, but the Divine Spirit in the human breast which seeks to meet God, the profound thinkers of every clime have been aware."†

4. In such intercession there is frequently an assurance accompanying, or immediately following it, that the prayer is heard. The experience of God's saints abundantly supports this statement. After a period of intense longing, of unutterable groanings of soul, either for themselves or for others, suddenly, but with fullest assurance, there is realized the faith that the prayer is heard, that the answer is granted. So when John Knox prayed, "Give me Scotland, or I die," he rose up from his knees assured that his prayer had prevailed with God.

But time would fail to tell of all the instances on record. Every earnest saint in all the ages has known the truth of this, although this fact in his experience may have been known only to himself and his God. The answer is in the prayer. The same Spirit which creates the desire and produces the groanings of soul, is present with the answer. The desire has come from God; it is in accordance with the will of God; the answer is sure.

My prayer hath power with God: the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive;
 Through faith I see Thee face to face:
 I see Thee face to face and live!
 In vain I have not wept and strove;
 Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

NAMES OF CHRISTIANS.—The Scriptures give four names to Christians, taken from the four cardinal graces so essential to man's salvation—*saints*, for their holiness; *believers*, for their faith; *brethren*, for their love; *disciples*, for their knowledge.

*. i. Samuel, 1. 13. † Tholuck.

THE SECRET OF GREAT USEFULNESS, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE "Life of Duncan Matheson, the Scottish Evangelist,"* is one of the most soul-stirring books it has ever been our privilege to read. A brief outline of his remarkable labours, we reluctantly postpone for the present, that we may concentrate our attention on one characteristic, the principal secret and spring of his extraordinary usefulness. REALITY is the one word which expresses the whole. "Reality is the great thing," is his own declaration; "I have always sought reality." In this day of unrealities and shams, how refreshing to meet with a *true* man, one who is perfectly sincere in all that he says and does. Such a man was Duncan Matheson. But the *spirit* of the man had its own proper, individual manifestation, which is surely necessary to the widest usefulness and acceptance. Dr. MACKAY says he always felt in his presence, "There is a man in real earnest, and his one word is 'Eternity.' He used to say to me, 'Stick by what God has blessed to your own soul. Every evangelist has a something that God has given him as a great reality, and God uses the evangelist to carry home that truth to do his own work. One, for instance, has this word, *God is love*; another is used to impress on his audience, *It is written*; a third has to preach *Oneness with Christ*; and a fourth, *Believe and live*; and so on, just as God has burned the truth into their own souls.' 'Well, Duncan,' I said, 'What is yours.' 'Ah, mine is plain, *Death, Judgment, and Eternity*; and by God's grace I mean to hold by it.' And so he did."

The truth that Duncan had to speak was burned into his soul early in life. "One evening his mother, who instead of always speaking directly to her children about salvation, wisely followed the method of reading aloud from some interesting book, had fallen upon a well-known illustration of the endlessness of eternity. Suppose a little bird comes once in a thousand years, and carries away a particle of dust from yon lofty mountain, how vast a number of years must elapse ere the huge mass has been entirely removed! And yet when those countless myriads of years have come and gone, eternity will be no nearer an end than it was at first. What, then, will be the misery of the lost in the place where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched? Such was the impression made upon the boy's mind that he could not sleep, and spent a great part of the night in weeping. The germ of truth thus lodged by a mother's hand in the heart of her son was not lost. It did not, indeed, result in his immediate conversion, but it took hold of his spirit, and by the blessing of God became a great power in his soul; for throughout his entire Christian course one thought was never absent from his view, one motive never ceased to work mightily in his heart, one argument never failed to drop from his lips with amazing power on the ears of thousands, and that was *the endlessness of eternity*. Little did that mother dream of the great work she was doing as she read the simple illustration in the hearing of her boy. Little did she imagine the vast harvest to be reaped from that seedling, and the mighty forces that were being set in motion by so gentle a touch.

"The dread of future punishment held him in check, even in his most lawless days, 'The eternity of it,' he says, 'more than anything else, awed me, and if I could have persuaded myself that after thousands of years the torments of hell should cease, I would have given full swing to my evil heart, and more madly than I was even then doing would have rushed on to eternal death.'

"The death of his sister Ann, 'a sweet, holy child, who talked of Jesus with her latest breath,' drew the furrows of conviction fresh and deep in

* Published by Morgan, Chase, and Scott.

his already well-ploughed heart; and as he stood by the grave, 'the dull muffled sound of the clods dropping upon the coffin-lid seemed to ring into his conscience this one word, Eternity.'

These convictions were subsequently deepened, but this one feature they always retained. One Sabbath morning when he was early astir, and Bible in hand, was the first at church, Mr. Bonar, the biographer of the sainted MacCheyne, in serving a table said, "This is a feast of love, the deepest love." Duncan says, "A voice seemed to ask me, 'Why are you not at it?' My heart was thrilled. I looked round, and saw no one. The question drove me from the church, and I rushed home. Even in this solemn hour I dared dally with my convictions, and went to see a friend, resolved to shun the church lest I should be tormented afresh. My heart was too full to conceal my thoughts, and I began to speak about religion. The topic being manifestly disagreeable, I left the house with feelings of wounded pride. Reaching the Oulton Hill, I looked down upon the city, with its thousands of gleaming lights, and upward to the stars, which seemed to shine most sweetly on me. I felt inwardly urged to go to church. I went with reluctance, and almost not knowing what I was doing, or whither I was going. I became desperate and passed the church door, but returned as if some invisible power moved me against my will. Again, when I was about to enter, I tore myself away. Two powers seemed to be lugging me hither and thither. Again I returned, and with a bound crossed the threshold, and mounting the gallery stairs took my seat in the passage. I felt I was a poor, miserable castaway. The sermon was nearly finished. One showed me the text: 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty.' (Ex. xxxiv., 6, 7.) Mr. A. Bonar was the preacher, and had come to the words, 'will by no means clear the guilty.' In a moment I felt the burning, piercing eye of God upon me. A mountain of wrath seemed to crush me down; and hell was opened beneath me. All round about me seemed to be on fire. Louder than the loudest thunder came the words: 'By no means clear the guilty;' and, 'Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them.' The congregation was dismissed; the people departed; but I remained fixed to the spot. Some as they passed gave me a look of pity. At last I rose and reeled home to my lodgings, realising with awful vividness God, heaven, hell, judgment, and eternity. Falling on my knees I uttered my first real prayer, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' I was now thoroughly awakened, but I was not saved.

And when by the victorious grace of Christ, death to him lost its sting, and the judgment was shorn of its terrors; when the brand had been plucked from the burning, and quenched in Jesus's blood; when the very greatness of his joy made "some even of the saints look incredulous;" he never seemed once to forget that the people all around him were hurrying unsave to eternity, that multitudes of souls of inestimable worth, redeemed by Christ, were in imminent danger of everlasting perdition. The marvel is not that Duncan Matheson felt so deeply, and prayed so earnestly, and laboured so indefatigably; but that any one who has passed from death to life should for a moment be seemingly indifferent to the eternal welfare of his fellow men.

Mr. Matheson had scarcely begun his evangelistic labours than solemn events occurred. One night he addressed a meeting on the parable of the ten virgins. "A woman, deeply impressed, went home, and spent a night of sleepless anxiety. Early in the morning she called her neighbour to go and fetch Duncan Matheson. As the messenger left the house a great crash was heard: the anxious inquirer had dropped dead. 'While they went to buy, the bridegroom came.'

"A man, in whose house Matheson held a meeting, taking offence at the

word, 'informed the evangelist that the next meeting would be the last under his roof. The young servant of Christ was deeply grieved, and prayed much for an appropriate subject of final address. One text took hold of his mind, and he could not get rid of it. Accordingly he preached on the solemn and touching words of the Lord Jesus: 'If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.' At the close the evangelist shook hands with the master of the house, and said, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' The ark of the Lord was thrust out, and the ark-bearer with it. Next day the man, when drinking with his companions in the public-house, suddenly fell dead."

When Duncan got hold of an old printing press, after he had spent his last penny in tracts, and thought now he could "make as many tracts as he could use," he at once wrote upon it,

" 'FOR GOD AND ETERNITY,'

and then, hastening to his closet, 'fell upon his knees, and asked the needed skill to work it.' "

Knowing that *conversion* was absolutely necessary in order that men might have a *joyful* eternity, he said, when on his way to the Crimea in 1854, to certain ministers who warned him against speaking to the soldiers on this subject, and who told him that he would be expelled from the camp if he did, "that he was going there for the purpose of telling the unconverted soldiers that they needed to be born again, and by the grace of God he would do it, be the consequences what they might." He could truthfully say, *This one thing I do*. What a picture is this of his daily life in the Crimea:

"As he passes through the camp he hails everybody, and is hailed in turn; for his is the peculiar gift of knowing everyone, and making himself known to all. Now you hear him talking in his broadest Doric to some countryman, and anon he is jabbering in broken French or Italian. Under cover of a cool, easy, off-hand exterior he conceals an intense desire to say some good, strong thing bearing on *eternity*; and rarely is the opportunity missed of making the home-thrust right under the fifth rib. Sometimes he is repulsed, but he knows conscience is on his side. Sometimes he is answered with a smile, and 'Ah, sir, that is all very well, but it won't do here.' This is a good opening for the missionary's heaviest shot. 'But death is here, and how are you going to meet God?' Occasionally he is met with a raking fire of profanity, and is put to grief and silence. He tries all his keys into the locked heart. Perhaps the man was once at the Sabbath school; perhaps he has a mother, the traces of whose love even sin can hardly obliterate. He finds an opening at length, and the man who met him with swearing and laughter goes away in tears. Onwards amidst the tents the missionary holds his way, a strong sower scattering good wheat upon the waters,—the folly of reason, and the wisdom of faith. Sometimes his heart faints within him; but he quickly renews his strength in fellowship with some one of his godly friends."

The distinctive feature of the "Herald of Mercy" which this devoted servant of God started after he was again fully engaged in evangelistic work on his return home, "was the awakening and conversion of sinners. It was not designed or specially adapted for the edification of saints, excepting so far as it kept before the eye of believers the worth of souls and the realities of the eternal world."

Duncan Matheson never thought of rest. "'Rest,' said he, 'no I can't. Eternity! eternity! I'll rest there; and you (Dr. Mackay) can gather the northern converts, and over my grave sing, "*Rest for the Weary*."'" "To those who in effect said 'Sermons, sermons are our business,' his reply was, 'Souls, souls are mine.' His constant cry, 'Eternity! eternity! souls are perishing!' was a cutting rebuke to mere sermon-makers and sermon-hearers."

"One summer evening the quiet little mining village of Stephenson, in Ayrshire, is startled from its centre to its circumference by a strange voice, whose loud sonorous tones waken the echoes and compel men to ask, What is this? The people rush to their doors; a hundred windows are thrown open, and the heads of eager listeners are thrust out. Even the public-house is emptied of the drunkards, who come out in stark amazement. The stranger, like Jonah in Ninevah, has come no one knows whence. He stands alone, calm, bold, and solemn, as if he had just come out of eternity. With prophet-like authority, he cried, 'Prepare to meet thy God!' As night falls, the voice waxes louder and louder, and many of those rough miners tremble. The service closes with an appeal to the great I AM, and the people somehow feel they are in the presence of God as they have never been. The preacher then takes his way along the street, and improves the awakening interest by speaking of Christ and eternity to every man, woman, and child, as they stand at their doors. Coming to the public-house, he goes up and says with great tenderness, 'Ah, men, prepare to meet your God!' Words cannot express the feeling of the villagers that night. The whole affair is so novel, so unexpected, so conscience-moving. It was as if God had suddenly come to the village, as He was then coming to many a village in the land. What was too little considered, He was come not to stay, but to pass on."

"In all his letters he seems to breathe the air of eternity. 'Oh, how near eternity seems!' is his constant exclamation. Death, judgment, heaven, and hell are realities never lost sight of; and in the forefront of every epistle, however brief, stands the name of the Master, too dear to be ever forgotten by the fond disciple,—JESUS CHRIST, Saviour of sinners."

"In the midst of the world, with its huge, overbearing materialism, its gorgeous mammon-worship, its fascinating sensuousness, its carnal intoxications, its choice delights of godless pleasure, he saw nothing but *souls*, and spoke only of *eternity*."

Surely nothing more need be said. We will only add, that in his last illness, the blessed results of his honest labour were constantly coming to light, and he was both cheered and humbled. "Oh, how good a God He is!" was his frequent exclamation. "Oh! if I were better," he often said, "*I would preach Christ more than ever. I would warn men more than ever. I would speak of eternity more than ever.*"

Brethren, let us, too, knowing the terrors of the Lord, seek to persuade men, and *work, work, WORK*, while the day of opportunity lasts, and before the night of affliction and death overtakes us.

AN OLD MAN'S GRIEF.*

CHAPTER I.

"Wearier with heart-sorrow,
Than with the weight of years."

It was Saturday night, and Christmas Eve; and along one of the principal streets of a large town the shops were bright with gas-light, and so gaily decorated with holly and Christmas presents, that children forgot the cold, to linger, with unwearied admiration, outside them; and even grown-up people, hurrying past, intent on business or pleasure, involuntarily paused to have a glance at such attractions.

But with a bend in the road, we leave the gaiety behind, and find ourselves, in front of a dreary little shop, with no sign of Christmas gladness about it. Through the open windows you may see the whole of the

* From "The Rift in the Clouds," by Miss Marsh. The concluding chapter, "An Old Man's Joy," we shall insert next month.

house; for there is neither parlour nor bedroom behind the shop. No customer is there now; and by the smouldering ashes in a rusty grate, an old man sits with his face buried in his hands—

“Who was too cold with misery
To know that he was cold :”

alone, with no consciousness of pity from God, or sympathy from man—bereaved indeed and desolate.

So passed the old man's Christmas Eve.

Sunday morning dawns, as bright a Christmas Day as heart could wish. The streets are alive with thousands of Church-goers; neighbours and friends are exchanging Christmas greetings as they pass; and happy families, too often separated, have met together for the cheeriest gathering of all the year, and are bending their steps to the different places of worship.

While all around was bright and gay, there was darkness in the oyster-shop; darkness that seemed the deeper in contrast to the sunshine and gladness outside. Behind the closed shutters, which admitted but a few rays of light through the star-patterns of holes at the top, sat the lonely old man, more dreary than ever; for he had not even the usual occupation of attending to his customers.

It was the first time for many a year that his shop had been shut on a Sunday; and he sat there, brooding over the past, recalling the time, just sixteen years ago, when his only child was born; and how when she lost her mother, she had become all the world to him. For her sake he had toiled and earned and saved, with ceaseless self-denial; he would not let her live in his own poor house, but paid what was a large sum for such means as his, to place her at a boarding school, where she could receive a good education, as he intended to have her trained to be a governess.

His week's toil was lightened by the prospect of seeing her bright little face, Sunday after Sunday; and as she told him all about her schoolfellows, of the games they played and the songs they sang together, and with sparkling eyes displayed the prizes she had gained, the dull reality of his life was for the moment forgotten, as he took these glimpses into that which seemed to him a fairyland.

But to-day all was changed. She who had seemed so full of life and health that the thought that she could die had never once crossed his mind in all his dreams of the future for her, had after a few hours' illness been taken away; and so suddenly, that before he could answer the hasty summons to her dying bed, all was over, and from other lips than her own, he received her last message. “Give my love to my dear father and tell him to shut up his shop on Sundays.”

Engrossed in these thoughts of the past, his present loneliness became so oppressive that, unable to endure it any longer, he went out and wandered listlessly into the nearest church.

He thought that no one would know or observe him; but the preacher recognised, with tender pity, in the sorrow-stricken old man, one whose sullen look had often met him, as he passed, Sunday after Sunday, by the open shop; and from his heart there went up an earnest prayer for him, whilst the mourner thought he was forgotten alike by God and man.

The next day the pastor visited him, and sought, with a gentle sympathy that few could resist, and that had soothed many in their sorrows, to draw forth his confidence; but, to his disappointment, he found the old man so entrenched behind his grief as to seem incapable of receiving any consolation; and feeling that his efforts were unavailing, but determined not to be disheartened in his hope of bringing this poor, sad soul from gloom and desolation to light and peace, he bethought him that perhaps a woman's sympathy might better draw forth the mourner's confidence and prove more soothing to his grief; and therefore asked me to visit the old man.

Waiting until it was evening, in the hope of finding him alone, and praying that the Comforter Himself might give me a message of peace for him, I went to the shop. There sat the old man with the bent head and hopeless look, as he had sat, evening after evening, since the death of his child. Through the daytime his business occupied his thoughts, but with each return of night he brooded over his comfortless sorrow, until the darkness deepened into despair.

He took no notice of my entrance; and scarcely knowing how to approach his sorrow, I ventured to say, "I have come to see you, because I have heard of your great trouble."

"Trouble!" he repeated, with a gesture of impatience. "It is so great a trouble that no one can understand about it," and he relapsed into his former silence. After a little while I took courage to reply.

"I can well believe that you feel—'Is any sorrow like unto my sorrow?' But those who have gone through any great affliction which has cut them off from their former life, so as to make them begin it over again almost as if they were other people, can understand one another; and I think I can understand you. It is the Lord Jesus Christ, who has loved you, and your little daughter."

There was another short silence, and then he looked up and said very gently, "Would you like to see her hair?"

As he spoke he rose and opened a coloured deal box which stood in the corner of the shop, in which he kept the precious relics of his lost happiness. He drew out a packet, carefully pinned up in a large sheet of white paper, and laying it in my hands said, "You open it—I can't."

There was something in the long plait of dark glossy hair within that packet which at once told of death; and I could not restrain my tears as I looked at it. He watched me narrowly, and then softly said, "God bless you! Would you like to see her picture, and her letters?"

The photograph was first shewn to me; and then he turned away to search in his box for the letters, whilst I looked at the bright little dimpled face, and noticed the hat and feather, the trim jacket, the gay parasol—all in strangest contrast with the poor old father and his miserable home; but all shewing the loving pride with which he had provided that she should be dressed as well as her young companions.

Then came the letters; first in large text hand with few words: afterwards in a child's round hand writing; and in these I could trace that she had begun to understand something of her father's self-denial for her sake. Promises were made to learn her lessons well, in order that in return she might, as soon as she was grown up, earn money enough by teaching to keep him in comfort; whilst in the last letter there were words of simple, happy trust in her Saviour, written without a thought of her approaching illness and death.

During this time the Saturday evening customers had begun to drop in, and were shewn by the oyster-man to the other side of the shop. Whilst the letters were in my hand, I was evidently, in his eyes, a sacred person; and no one was permitted to come near me.

When all had been served, he sat down again upon the chair by my side, and asked, "What do you think about it all now?"

"I am afraid to tell you, lest you should think me unfeeling."

"No, no," he quickly replied, "that I never can now. Say what you please."

"I am more sorry for you than before, now that I know all that you have lost. And yet I cannot help being glad for a father whose beloved child is safe and happy for ever. I know she is with the Saviour, who loved her and gave Himself for her; because I can plainly read in her letters to you that she loved and served Him; and He has said, 'Where I am, there shall my servant be!' Now she stands before His throne, clothed in white robes, and with a crown on her head, and now she is casting it at His feet,

and she is singing a new song, and I can tell you the words of it—'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing:—' for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth.' "

He listened intently, and then asked with amazement, "Do you see her now? Can you hear her singing?"

"Not with these eyes and ears my friend, but by faith. God has told me all about it, and it is as real to me as the things in this room, and as the people who have come in, for I believe God's word. You, too, may know all about it, from the fifth and seventh chapters of the Revelation of St. John. Will you read them to night?"

"Yes, I will; and if I could believe as strong and straight out as that, I would believe to-morrow?"

"Oh do not put it off till to-morrow! Believe to-day—believe *now*!"

"I cannot, because I have been living in doubt so long."

"That need be no hindrance God will give you faith in His blessed Son, *now*, if you ask Him; and He will forgive you the past lifetime of unbelief, as freely as all other sins."

There was a pause; and then as he seemed to wish to postpone a decision, I said very sorrowfully, "But if you were to die to-night, refusing to believe God's word about His Son, how could you hope to spend eternity in the same home with your little Mary, for she believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and He saved her, and has taken her to dwell with Him in His heavenly home."

Tears filled the old man's eyes, as he answered fervently, "Then just you ask it all for me, and I will do my best to follow your prayer."

We knelt down, and he said every word after me. He seemed to be a little comforted; and I left him with a trustful hope that a ray from the heart of infinite love, so long hidden from him by his unbelief, had at length penetrated the gloom of his sorrow.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

WILLIAM BLEWITT

Was born at Tywardreath, November 30th, 1824. Little is known of his boyhood and youth, except that he pursued with eagerness the imaginary pleasures of the world, and drank with others the polluted waters of sin. At the age of twenty-three he removed to Herodsfoot, in the Looe Circuit, where he was married. An important step this in a man's career, and we presume our departed brother gave it much, if not prayerful consideration; we are sorry to say, that up to this period he had not begun to pray. Shortly after his marriage, while working in the mine an accident happened to him, the severity of its stroke nearly proved fatal; however, by the kind Providence of God he was restored. This affliction, though sharp, was a blessed one, for the chastisement was inflicted by a kind and loving hand, and produced the greatest change that can be effected in a man, viz:—conversion. Affliction is frequently employed by our Divine Master to refine His people, and prepare them for the palace of light and glory. It is also sent or permitted by Him to rein the wayward, to cause the thought-

less to think of eternal things, to humble the proud, and stimulate the careless to prepare for death and judgment. In the case of our friend,

"Affliction stopped the prodigal's career,
And brought him to repent."

Conversion is the same, whatever may be the outward circumstances; but it is a sorrowful fact, that a very large proportion of so-called sick-bed conversions are only delusions, as the subsequent life of many painfully witnesses. When ungodly people are ill, they are usually attended by kind friends, who are anxious as to their future. When informed of their danger and bidden to prepare for eternity, they generally are roused to a sense of danger, they see a misspent life in the past, and its pleasures beyond their grasp; conscience mocked so long, begins to gather up its strength, to sting as with the poisonous fangs of a deadly serpent the guilty soul; the sick man looks forward and sees an awful hell yawning to meet him at his coming, and a fiendish host waiting to seal him as their victim. The subjects of a merely slavish fear, the true symptoms of genuine repentance, such as sorrow for having sinned against a kind and loving Father, a desire to avoid sin in the future, and a fixed determination to love, honour and obey God, are not generally seen. Wm. Blewitt's sick-bed repentance and conversion, was, we believe, as genuine as the dying thief's or Paul's, or Bunyan's. Behold the matchless power and tenderness of our sin-pardoning God! His after life was a living evidence of the change produced in his heart by the energy of the Holy Spirit. Like Paul, his inner cry was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." He soon found work as a Sunday school teacher, and loved his new employment. All converts should at once begin to work for Christ, this would give moral health and vigour, which so many professors seem to lack. Converts should be willing to take the meanest place (if there be any mean place in the service of God) and work with earnestness to glorify the name of the Lord Jesus. In the course of time William Blewitt went to Spain to work, he found his religious advantages very scanty indeed in that popish land, his fellow-workmen were not pious, so he fell into a dull, inactive condition, and nearly made shipwreck of faith. We would not put any obstacle in the way of a Christian seeking to improve his temporal condition, provided he remembered the passage, "Be not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." But, alas! man is so inclined to the world, so earnest, so sacrificing, so anxious to get gold; his education in this department has been carried on so zealously and carefully, that he seems perfect, and makes a person almost ask, Is the love of money inherent in us or not? The question arises: Is a Christian justified, for the sake of large gains, to put himself in a position where it is almost certain his spiritual health will decay, and the blast of death destroy in him the germ of eternal life? Let every man's conscience answer as in the presence of the Judge of all the earth. Our brother Blewitt returned from Spain no longer healthy and vigorous, but weak and sickly in a moral point of view. He wisely entered the school at Tywardreath, became anxious to obtain a larger measure of grace, and soon realized a fuller sense of God's presence. In time he had the honour conferred on him of being appointed superintendent of the Sunday school. He also became a local preacher, and like that noble class of workers he was useful in proclaiming the Gospel of Christ. Brother Blewitt removed from Tywardreath, where he was respected and loved, to Pensilva. As at that time we had no chapel at the latter place, he walked to Oheriton Cross and met with God's people there. Some persons profess great love for our Denomination, when they meet with us in a town or village, where we are in the ascendant in point of numbers or so-called respectability, but if they move to a place where

our chapel is small and the society poor, they forget their past avowals, join the best or largest chapel in the place, and look with contempt upon their old friends. Our departed friend was a different man, whilst he was not a sectary, he was sectional, he felt it his duty to join his own people if within reasonable distance, and was therefore esteemed as a firm, reliable member. When Br. Garland built our large and sightly chapel at Pensilva, he at once lent a helping hand, as local preacher, class-leader, Sunday school superintendent, and we need hardly say as a contributor also; did his best to make what was a rather speculative undertaking a most brilliant success, as it has long proved to be. The miner's consumption seized Bro. Blewitt, under which he gradually yet surely sank. When laid upon his sick bed he was visited by various friends, who found him resting in the arms of his much loved Saviour. He often told his family and friends, that "to die was but to fall asleep in the soft arms of God:" he described death as "the passing from one room to another." He calmly fell asleep in Jesus on the 15th Nov., 1871. His remains were deposited in Pensilva cemetery, to await the resurrection of the just, when he physically, as well as spiritually, will be made like his Master, dwell in the presence of Christ, bask in the sunlight of Jehovah's glory, and enjoy an eternal unfolding of his mental and moral nature, through the study of the character and works of the Infinite, as displayed in the material universe, but especially in that richer manifestation of the eternal mind viz, the written word and the incarnation of the Son of God.

W. HICKS.

MRS. SARAH DOIDGE.

MRS. SARAH DOIDGE, the daughter of John and James Tickle, of Bridestow, Devon, England, was born on the 14th February, 1797; of her childhood and early youth nothing is known. Her bereft husband, Br. Thomas Doidge, who has been over fifty years an acceptable Local Preacher, and is only prevented from active service now, by the infirmities of age, informs me, that the beloved partner of his joys and sorrows was led to a saving knowledge of the truth, by the early agents of the Bible Christian Church, about fifty-four years ago, in the Brentor Circuit. Like all others who embraced Christ at that period and under similar circumstances, she had opposition and persecution to endure for His sake; but she stood firm, and fainted not in the day of battle. Her attachment to the people, through whose instrumentality she was brought from darkness to light, was deep and lasting. For a short period previous to her marriage, she was living beyond the reach of the Bible Christian Church, but she did not allow a narrow sectarian feeling to prevent her from enjoying the privilege and safeguard of Christian fellowship, but united temporarily with the Wesleyan Methodists. Her deep piety, her high spiritual attainments, her moral courage, accompanied with other excellent traits of character, caused her to be favourably spoken of in rather a wide circle. Her husband hearing of her consistent piety, her cross-bearing firmness, together with her domestic qualifications, sought her acquaintance, and he says, "In a very providential way she became my wife; and over forty-six years I found her a careful and affectionate wife and mother. She was always anxious for me to fill my Sabbath appointments, let the weather be what it might; and she made it a rule to wait up for me, though at times it would be a late hour, as I had often many miles to walk after my evening appointments."

Sister Doidge was a help-meet to her devoted husband, both in temporal and spiritual things. He says, "As our family increased, she did her best

to fit out the children neatly and cleanly for the Sabbath School, though our means then were rather limited. By industry and care, in a little while we were enabled to accommodate the Itinerant Preachers in their Circuit rounds, and under our humble roof they found a hearty reception, my wife always doing her very best to accommodate them. Such was her respect for the ministers that she thought any reasonable sacrifice for their comfort was an honour; and she always felt it to be a pleasure also."

This characteristic kindness of Sister Doidge to the preachers, both local and itinerant, was as manifest in Canada as in England. It was not, as many can bear testimony, fitful, ostentatious, or hypocritical, but real, simple, and constant to her life's end. If a cup of cold water given to a disciple for Christ's sake, will not lose its reward, it is certain that Sister Doidge will find something placed to her account in the records of Him who rewards every man according to his works. "The liberal deviseth liberal things." "Them that honour me I will honour." "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "Give, and it shall be given you." God blessed and prospered Brother and Sister Doidge in their temporal affairs in England, and in 1847 they had the means of bringing their family to Canada. They settled on Rice Lake Plains, in the Cobourg Circuit. Here God greatly prospered them, and they soon found themselves comfortably settled on a hundred acres of their own land, a thing not dreamed of in their earlier days of difficulties in England.

But no changes of season or place, made any change in Mrs. D.'s mind. She remained the same in mind, heart, and life. She was ever active in the service of God. She was remarkably regular in attending all the means of grace. In this respect she was not wise above what is written; she never learnt what too many self-deceivers profess to have learnt, to live without the means of grace. She found the class and prayer-meetings both necessary and helpful. Sabbath School and Church anniversaries had her willing assistance as long as she was able to give it. Her husband writes, "As her bodily strength failed, she became more and more drawn out after God; she was renewed day by day. I noticed that she was more frequently engaged in communion with God in private prayer. In July, 1871, she was taken very ill: the doctor was called, but her sufferings continued great, and she expected to die; and to this she was perfectly resigned, saying, 'I would gladly go home to day.' But the Lord saw fit partially to restore her, and again she became able to walk out a little and attend the means of grace, but she remained very weak and at times suffered much pain; which she bore with such resignation, as to make it evident that the God of Jacob was her support. She soon grew worse again, and another doctor was consulted, who said her case was beyond human skill; a large tumour having formed on her left side. It became clear that death had marked her for his prey; but for her he had no sting. Her suffering increased to such an extent as to cause her to groan, but by the help of God she bore it with Christian fortitude. Her mind was calm, and her hope, as an anchor, cast within the veil. In a very composed state of mind, she spoke to me about her funeral. She desired, as we are near the grave yard, to be carried by hand, that the expense of the hearse might be saved and given to the cause of God." Sister Doidge had loved the cause of God in life, and she loved it in death. The writer was called to her death-bed, to receive the last token of her undying interest in our mission work. "This," she said, "is, I suppose, the last dollar I shall give to the missionary cause, appropriate it as you think best." (Brother Doidge has been a liberal contributor to the cause of God for many years, and all he did had the hearty approval of his departed wife.) As she grew very weak, I feared to converse with her on account of my deafness, but she told my daughter to tell me that "she was quite happy, that her hope was fixed above; ask him," she continued, "to pray for me that I may have an easy passage from earth to heaven." She grew weaker

till she could only whisper, and after weeks of great bodily suffering, she quietly fell asleep on Sunday, March 3rd, 1872, in the seventy-sixth year of her age. Br. D. further adds:—"My wife was well beloved, and much respected in England; and in Canada she soon won the affection of her neighbours; but I never thought they loved her so much till she was sick; then their respect and sympathy were shown in acts of kindness, which surprised me. Their visits by day, and watchings by night, and the tears they shed, were evidences of their esteem. An old neighbour who heard of her sickness, came twelve miles to see her, and would not leave till after the funeral; may God reward them all for their kindness. She was, in a particular manner, saved from the 'lust of the eye, and the pride of life.' The foolish and changing fashions of dress had no charms for her. She sought for the inward rather than the outward adorning, 'a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.' She had little faults and failings, which caused her at times to mourn before God in secret." Here Br. Doidge abruptly breaks off, and no marvel, who could expect him to dwell on the imperfections of one whom he had loved so deeply and so long, and in whom he had seen so many excellences! Sufficient has been said to show that our departed sister proved through a long life, and in a painful but triumphant death, that "the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to all that believe." May her aged husband soon overtake her in the Eden above, and may their sons and daughters follow them as they have followed Christ.

A mother in Israel true,
Through the portals of death has escaped,
Away from the body she flew
To Jerusalem's pearly gate.

Her pains were distressing indeed,
Her soul often longed to be gone;
From the body of death to be freed,
And join with the glorified throng.

At length the glad moment arrived,
When the spirit chord quickly was riven;
Afflictions her graces long tried,
But in safety she reached the blest heaven.

W. HOOPER.

DURING the last few years we have had an extensive drainage from the different societies in the west of Cornwall. A large number of our members have been obliged to remove to different parts of the country—to Yorkshire and elsewhere, who would hail with indescribable delight one of their own ministers, and do their utmost to support him if he could be sent among them. Many others have been obliged to leave their country, while others again, bright and useful, have exchanged earth for heaven.

In the month of February, 1870, Mrs. NANNY MITCHELL, of Zennor, St. Ives Circuit, passed from the

church militant to the church triumphant, in the ninety-third year of her pilgrimage. This aged saint was the wife of the late Mr. Mitchell, of Zennor, whose memoir has appeared in the Bible Christian Magazine, and who was one of the earliest fruits of the denomination. It is pleasing to know that after such a long and chequered life, sometimes walking in the sunshine, and at others under clouds; now rejoicing, and then tormented with doubts and fears; that our dear friend was found in the way of righteousness at last, bringing forth fruit in old age, ready for the garner above.

J. P.

DIED at Launceston, July 31st, 1870, ELIZABETH MIDDLETON, who was a disciple of Christ for many years. Early in life she found the joy of pardon, and became a happy partaker of saving grace. She was of a very meek turn of mind, loved and respected by all who knew her. As a friend, she was true, faithful, cordial. She was kind and affectionate to all, though intimate with but few. Her conversation was edifying, ministering grace to those who heard it. Her memory will never cease to be honoured by her bereaved family, for she ordered her house with prudence and love. Her family seemed, in a sense, to be her world; and many of her choicest hours she spent within its bosom.

At the class-meeting she expressed self-abasement, wonder, gratitude, and confidence. In her esteem Christ was "precious," her boast and glory, her hope and portion for ever.

Her affliction was long and very distressing, but the conflict is now over, and the storm past.

W. R. LUKEY.

DIED in peace, at Lady Downs, St. Ives Circuit, November 6th., 1870, in the fiftieth year of his age, WILLIAM ROWE, who was converted to God at an early age, through the instrumentality of the agents of our denomination. So thorough was the change wrought in his heart, and so great his zeal in his Master's cause, that for some years our brother walked in the light of God's countenance every day, "praying without ceasing, and in everything giving thanks." His own statement to me was that his peace flowed like a river, and his righteousness abounded like the waves of the sea. But, alas! like too many others, he yielded to the insinuations of Satan, and from the higher beautiful sunny walks of life, he descended to grope his way in the dark, following the evil imaginations of his own treacherous heart for many unhappy years, and experiencing the truthfulness of the declaration, that "there is no peace to the wicked," and that "the backslider in heart shall be filled

with his own ways." Happily, during the year 1856, whilst listening to the sound of that Gospel which is the power of God unto salvation, from the lips of one of our beloved ministers, Mr. Rowe was again very powerfully convinced of his fallen condition, and after a hard struggle, God, in great mercy, healed all his backslidings, and he was enabled to hold fast the profession of his faith without wavering, until the end. For many years our brother was a very consistent member of society, an ornament to the Church, and a real friend to the cause, having almost the sole charge of the chapel and society in the place where he lived. He often expressed his regret that the members were so negligent in attending the class meetings and other means of grace. Mr. Rowe was much respected by all who knew him, and in death much lamented, especially by his sorrowing widow and children, and the members of the church. The disease which terminated his life was the miner's decline, and although I have witnessed many happy deaths I never saw a dying saint who had such bright prospects, and was so overwhelmed with the Divine glory, as he. I improved his death in Lady Downs Chapel, to a large congregation.

J. P.

DIED happy in the Lord, at St. Ives, Cornwall, MATTHEW, the son of WILLIAM and JANE JENNINGS, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. From what I have learnt I can state that though born with the same depraved nature as others, Brother Jennings was exceedingly exemplary in many respects in his youthful days. As a child he was remarkably dutiful and affectionate to his parents, and gentle and respectful to all. Of a sober turn of mind; he was mercifully preserved from many of the ensnaring vices of youth. As an officer in the preventive service, he so conducted himself as to win the respect and esteem of all who knew him. When young our brother used to attend Lady Huntingdon's Chapel at St. Ives, where his mind was enlightened, his judg-

ment informed, and his heart so deeply impressed with eternal things, that he gave neither sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids, until he obtained a scriptural knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, and was restored to the favour and image of God. This was apparent to all who knew him in his native town, and in all the places he has been stationed during his long and faithful servitude under the Crown.

Mr. Jennings spent the last eighteen years of his active service on the Scilly Islands, where his name is still like precious ointment.

In the year 1851, our sainted brother was superannuated, when he returned to his native town, united with our people, and continued a consistent and useful member for about nineteen years. During that time he creditably filled the offices of Society Chapel Steward and Circuit Steward, being several times elected to the last office. He was highly esteemed by the ministers, for he studied to make them comfortable and happy. He was, in the truest sense, a loving husband and an affectionate father. His piety was deep, pure, and scriptural; "he walked in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost," day by day. It is almost impossible to overrate his real worth. In gravity, simplicity, gentleness, and untiring zeal in his Master's cause he had but few equals. As he lived, so he died, under the approbation of Heaven, to live for ever in a world of purity and light. To the large number of friends who attended his funeral I spoke of his consistent life, and triumphant exit to glory! On the following Sabbath I tried to improve his death in our chapel at St. Ives, to a very large, serious and attentive assembly, and we have grounds to hope that some good was the result.

J. P.

DIED very happy, in the spring-time of life, at Zennor, in the St. Ives Circuit July 29th, 1871, JOHN the son of Mr. J. and Mrs. O. HOCKING, in the twentieth year of his age. Although this lovely youth

was endued with such a gentle and loving disposition, and had the benefit of a pious ancestry, for his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, had been consistent members of our beloved denomination from its commencement, he never experienced converting grace until that gracious revival of religion which took place at Zennor about sixteen months before his death. Our young brother attended these special meetings every night for many weeks, and was very desirous to obtain the pearl of great price, but from some cause or causes he did not struggle into the glorious liberty of the sons of God until the revival was nearly ended, when he was made unspeakably happy in the God of his salvation. That anguish of mind, which resembles the ocean when tempest-tossed, entirely subsided, and his new-born soul experienced a deep calm, an angelic smile lit up his countenance, and he was enabled to go on his way rejoicing. He joined the society at Zennor, and was a consistent member until his death. He bid fair for future usefulness; indeed, he was beginning to shine brightly, though not destined to shine long here, for it pleased the Most High to allow consumption to steal upon his frame, which in a few months brought him to the grave. During his affliction I visited him several times, and always found him in a cloudless state, with a smile on his countenance, willing to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better. During my absence from the circuit, this happy and beautiful spirit quitted this world to live in a world of purity and light,

"Where no alternate night is known,
No sun's faint sickening ray;
Where glory from the eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day."

J. P.

MISS ANN HALSE, who departed this life on Friday, Jan. 8th, 1872, aged fifty-two, was converted and joined our society at or near Tinney in the Launceston Circuit, about thirty years ago, and witnessed a good confession until her death.

After a few years she removed with some of her relatives to Gunnislake. She at once found out the people of her previous choice, and identified herself with them during her four years' residence in that place. About fourteen years ago last August she came to Stonehouse, where she again immediately sought out her old friends. When East-street Chapel was opened, in 1858, she was among the first to secure two sittings in it, and ever since has been a cheerful and ready helper of the cause of Christ among us. When health and circumstances permitted, she was regular in her attendance both at the public and private means of grace; but for the past six years she has been prevented by affliction from enjoying those means, or attending to the more active duties of life. It was my happiness to visit her occasionally, and I can bear testimony to her admirable Christian cheerfulness, and holy resignation to the Divine will. It is evident she was ripening for the kingdom of heaven. For a considerable time she was confined to her bed, and if she had not received the utmost attention and care from Mrs. Vosper and family, she would not, in all probability, have continued so long. This kindness she thankfully appreciated. She was conscious up to the last. The day on which she died, she said to a friend, "*I shall not be long; I feel that my heavenly Father is taking me home.*" May we be able in our last moments thus to speak of death.

W. LEE.

ANN AUSTIN was born at Preston, near Faversham, in 1822, and died at Faversham, January 10th, 1872. She was the subject of serious impressions from a child, but she was not converted until about four years ago. A missionary meeting which she attended then, as the Spirit of God was manifestly present, was followed by a prayer-meeting. A simple question which Mr. Edgcombe asked her, "My dear sister, is Christ precious to you?" was like a nail fastened in a sure place, and a few weeks later she was able to believe and rejoice in Christ as her Saviour.

Now, instead of seeking happiness in the world as she had formerly done, she delighted in the fellowship of God's people, and highly prized the visits of her ministers. She had suffered for years from heart disease; and a little more than two years ago, in returning from her mother-in-law's funeral, the vehicle was overturned, and she was considerably injured. About six weeks before last Christmas she was taken very ill, but as she had partly recovered, she spent Christmas evening with a friend, and hoped to worship God with His people in His house the following Sunday. But on the Friday she took cold, quinsy and fever followed, and after being confined to her bed a few days, was brought to the house appointed for all living. I did not see her during her illness, but those friends who visited her tell me she was ready for the change. She had a conviction that she should not recover, and on the Sunday before she died she said she was very happy, and that the room was full of angels waiting to carry her home. She had been tempted that because she had suffered so much affliction she was not a child of God, but the Scripture, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," brought timely relief. On the Monday she told Mr. Yemm she could freely give up all, even her youngest boy, the thought of leaving him without a mother's care having caused her much anxiety in the former part of her illness. A friend who visited her on Tuesday being about to leave without prayer, she said, "Won't you pray?" To the petition, that the Lord would be with her while passing through the dark valley, she heartily responded. She affectionately besought her husband and children to meet her in heaven. And on the next day (Wednesday), about three o'clock in the afternoon she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Mr. Yemm improved her death, to a large and attentive congregation, from the words, "Prepare to meet thy God."

M. A. MERCEER.

DIED at Bratton Clovelly, in the Northlew Circuit, on Tuesday, January 16th, 1872, aged thirty-six. ANN DOWN, whose maiden name was Dymond, and who, previous to her marriage, resided at Sampford Courtenay. I have not all the information concerning her Christian pilgrimage which I desire; but it appears that in her youth she enjoyed the combined advantages of good instruction at school and pious counsel at home, which led to her conversion to God, and the formation of her Christian character. She treasured up judiciously selected portions of Holy Scripture in her heart, which she turned to daily account, leading her to cherish a very strong impression of the universal presence of God, and of His taking notice of the events of her life. Her piety was practical, and her opinions of the Christian's life were determined by a holy standard. It was not enough for her to walk as others walked; she wanted the authority of the Bible for her daily course of conduct, and she embraced every opportunity of *reading* this sacred book. To draw nigh to God was to her what the finding of a cooling spring is to a weary traveller in a burning clime. She minded her own home, and daily endeavoured to walk worthy of her Saviour in all things. During the last few years of her life she had deep waters to wade through, and fierce temptations to battle with; but she sought help from above, and in her experience the promise was fulfilled;—"As thy days, so shall thy strength be." The cause of her death was a severe attack of epilepsy. When conscious that her end was near, she said to her only child, (three having been taken to a better world before her) on Sunday morning, January 7th, "My dear, you will have no mother soon," and taught her the hymn, which commences with these lines, -

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to night,
Through the darkness, be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light."

She reminded me, on the same morning, of that promise in Jere-

miah xlix. 11. "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive;" which, though not verbally appropriate in this instance, is, notwithstanding adapted to console. She also said that the angels were come for her, and that her dear little ones could all see her. She likewise sang,—

"Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns!
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains."

Medical aid was sought in vain, her heart and flesh failed apace, and she became insensible except at intervals. In the morning that she died, she was heard to say,—" 'Tis sweet, 'tis beautiful;" and soon afterwards she fell asleep in Jesus. Had the nature of her affliction permitted her to speak of the unfailing goodness of God, and her bright prospects she would probably have more fully done so. When, however, I think of her devoted life, consistency of conduct, and meek Christian spirit, I find it easy to believe that the last battle has been successfully fought, that the pilgrim has reached the city of habitation, that the liberated spirit is now resting where evil comes not, and that another voice joins in that new song which will sweep in eternal harmony around the throne of God and the Lamb. And now, thou God of all consolation, may all who feel this bereavement, and in whose affections she lived, be supported with strength from above; help us all to seek consolation where alone it can be found,—in Thy fatherly goodness and in Thy free grace and love; and, oh, teach us ever humbly and truthfully to look to that Saviour, who has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel, and do thou raise our spirits, bowed down with sorrow by this sore bereavement, by the prospect of a joyful meeting where there is no "more death, neither sorrow, nor crying:"—

"Where the bond is never severed,
Partings, claspings, sobbings, moan,
Midnight watching, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide; all are done.

"Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child;
And dear families are gathered,
That were scattered o'er the wild.

"Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before;—
Loving on, unhilled, unhindered,
Loving once and evermore."

JOHN DOWN.

DIED at Barton, in the parish of Winsecombe, in the Weare Circuit, February 8th, 1872, FREDERICK BAKER, aged forty-nine years, having been a member of the Webbing-ton society about thirty-two years. In his youth he was cheerful, and at times the subject of keen and powerful convictions, but these, for the want of decision, were all effaced again and again, till, under the ministry of Brother J. H. Prior, a gracious and mighty revival influence quickened the somewhat cold members in many of our societies at that time in this locality, so that their united weapons became mighty in pulling down the strongholds of sin and Satan. The energy of the Holy Ghost was then felt and talked of far and wide, so that multitudes became concerned for their souls, and our Brother Frederick, among others, was persuaded to attend the meetings by his brothers, who had been made the happy partaker of saving grace. The word pierced his heart, and he at once was brought into an agony of mind, saw and felt himself undone, a vile sinner on an inclined plane, leading to ruin, cut off from all escape, and for a time he could only exclaim—

"All around is one wide water;
All above is one black sky;"

till he plunged into the crimson fountain, which swallowed up all his uncleanness. He took hold of God, who, sent from above, drew him out of many waters, delivered him from his strong enemy, and gave him the spirit of praise for the garment of heaviness. From that time till his last illness he always spoke with great confidence of his acceptance with God. In his peculiarly trying affliction he deeply deplored his unworthiness, and that he had done so little for Christ, who had done such great and marvellous things for him. Perhaps his affliction and the affliction of multitudes is to answer the purpose of a hot-

house in God's church, to force and ripen otherwise stunted fruits which have been kept in the background of cold doubt or despondency, instead of being brought out into active service. Peter says, "May the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." Our friend's consistency had, however, in the eyes of men won for him universal respect, especially among his neighbours, who kindly administered unto his wants in his last sickness, which, from the first, he believed was unto death. He spoke of his departure with confidence and delight, but afterwards, amidst much weakness under the influence of fierce temptations, his joy lessened. His mind, too, wandered at times, anxious thoughts about his wife also harassed him, which drew forth the complaint—

"I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I love so dear;
To heal their sorrow, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend."

We visited him at intervals, and in answer to prayers offered by many there was granted to him an increasing manifestation of Divine goodness, so that his was a resigned and peaceful departure. As his end was seen to be approaching, Brother Parsons, his class-leader, was sent for. While waiting his arrival he was seen anxiously gazing upward. On being asked what he saw, he was quickly heard to say, "Up to heaven, up to heaven!" which were the last words he uttered so as to be understood. He might, however, have said to himself:—

"Parting soul, the flood awaits thee,
And the billows round thee roar;
Yet look on, the crystal city
Stands on yon celestial shore:
There are crowns and thrones of glory,
There the living waters glide,
There the just, in shining raiment,
Standing by Emmanuel's side."

He recognized the class-leader on his arrival, but the power of utterance was gone, and in about two hours after his spirit fled unencumbered to the host above.

"Swift flies the spirit, perhaps she's gone
A thousand miles beyond the sun,

Or twice ten thousand more thrice told
Ere the forsaken clay is cold."

"The living know they shall die."
Lord, prepare us for our removal.
Amen. T. W.

DIED at London Heath, Newtown, Isle of Wight, in his seventy-fourth year, JAMES FORD. He was among the early fruits of our missionaries in the island, having been converted in the year 1829. Previously, he was of very steady habits, and an attendant at the means of grace. When about thirty-one years of age he was brought under very powerful convictions of sin; so great was his distress of soul that he was obliged to relinquish his daily duties, a doctor was sent for, and his friends thought he was "going out of his mind." The struggle was painful and protracted, but the victory was decisive and glorious. He immediately made an open confession of Christ by uniting in church-fellowship with our society, now worshipping in Porchfield, with which he maintained an honourable membership until his death. He was distinguished for the beautiful consistency and evenness of his life, and his habitual cheerfulness of spirit. Blessed with a happy disposition and the added joys of true piety, but few knew as he how to "rejoice evermore, and in everything" to "give thanks." When trial-clouds were about him, his well-known words "It is all right," never failed to find utterance. The sun was always shining to his faith, and he quietly waited through the darkness, confidently expecting the morning dawn. The waves did not go over him, but he rode buoyantly upon their foaming crests. The old man of over seventy years had the tenderness and simplicity of a child, and he combined the matured Christian experience of forty-three years, with the freshness and sparkle of first love. We have often seen tears of gratitude course down his face, which shone with the radiance of a supernatural joy. And every one knew that his rapturous shout in the house of God was no empty sound. The influence of his Christian cha-

raacter and his faithful warnings were widely felt, and the writer was told that he could not speak too highly of him in the funeral sermon which was preached on Sunday, April 28th. One of his last acts was to speak faithfully to one of his sons about his salvation. On March 2nd., 1872, with a body worn out with hard work, after being confined to his bed for six weeks by rheumatism, he triumphantly passed away to Jesus. To use his own expression, he went "home."

J. C. H.

DIED in the Lord, March 18th, 1872, Mr. W. RAPSEY, of Plymouth, aged sixty-six. For many years Bro. Rapsey has been identified with our society in this Circuit, as a member and local preacher. By his death we have lost a cheerful, earnest, and liberal supporter of our cause. Perhaps some one who has long known our dear brother, on seeing this notice of his death, may be disposed to write a brief memoir. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

W. LEE.

DIED at Plymouth, March 27th, 1872, in the faith of the Gospel, SAMUEL BENNETT. Br. Bennett was a firm and unwavering member of our church at Plymouth for about forty-one years. Had it been otherwise, undoubtedly he would have sought a home elsewhere, or returned to his old course of sin and folly, in those times of sore trial and extraordinary difficulty which our friends experienced many years ago. When the late William Courtice was sent here in 1841 to give the Circuit a further trial of twelve months, after which if there were not greater signs of prosperity it was to be abandoned, Br. Bennett was one, who by his prayers, labours, and contributions, helped to extricate the Circuit from its difficulties, and raise it to its present position. He was remarkable for his powerful pleading with God, one of the blessed results of his strong confidence in Him. As a Local Preacher, he gave general satis-

faction; his preaching was plain, earnest, original, and accompanied by a large measure of Divine influence. His conversational powers were considerable, and his language, though not refined and elegant, was forcible and interesting, especially on the subject of religion. When he had once taken up a position, it was difficult to dislodge him from it. For many years Br. Bennett suffered in his head, and was often under medical treatment, otherwise his constitution was good. About two or three years ago he had an attack of apoplexy, and he attended the sanctuary but very little afterwards, fearing that the excitement might bring on another and a fatal attack; not that he was afraid to meet death; but he very naturally preferred being at home in that event. During his protracted affliction he was perfectly resigned to the will of his Heavenly Father. A second attack of apoplexy deprived him of his sight, and finally confined him to his bed, but he murmured not; indeed his patience was manifest to all who saw him. His daughter, with whom he lived, has often said that she never saw anyone so patient under suffering. The loss of sight for the last

few months of his life he felt to be a great privation, especially as he loved to read God's word, from which he derived much consolation. It is true he had not lately those ecstasies which he formerly had, but he had a firm confidence in God, and although at times, through suffering and weakness, his powers of memory and understanding failed, yet when reason returned, it was

"Jesus only, Jesus only,
Can do helpless sinners good."

I frequently visited him, and had the privilege of seeing that

"The place where the good man meets his
fate,
Is privileged far beyond the common walks
of virtuous life,
Quite on the verge of heaven."

He passed away without a struggle to be with Jesus, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was interred at the Plymouth Cemetery, on Easter Sunday, and was carried to his grave by local preachers with whom he had often laboured, and taken sweet counsel, followed by many sorrowing friends and acquaintances. Bro. Lee conducted the funeral service.

R. MIDDLETON.

CORRESPONDENCE.—BRIGHTON CHAPEL.

*Stanley House, Park Road West,
Brighton, May 14, 1872.*

BRIGHTON CHAPEL.—DEAR SIR,—Some of your readers will be glad to know that the hearts of some good persons are being moved by an unseen influence to help in our new chapel enterprise here. You can take the following as a specimen of many other letters that I have received, and will thank you to allow me to say I shall be glad to receive many more of the same kind.

I am, faithfully yours,
J. MARTIN.

"DEAR MR. MARTIN,—I need hardly say how gratified I am to hear of your laudable efforts to ob-

tain for Brighton a new Bible Christian chapel, and I sincerely hope you will allow nothing to daunt you in your purpose to acquire a convenient and handsome chapel, seeing how dependent Brighton is for a population upon the continually moving and well-to-do classes of our country, who are influenced a great deal too much by exterior appearances rather than by orthodox piety and Christian worship; their movable character being in my opinion a primary reason why the weekly offering boxes should be adopted in lieu of periodical collections. * * * I must let you have £10 by the time you want it.

"I am, yours sincerely,
"SAMUEL WRIGHT."

St. Martin's Lane, London.

CHAPELS.

HIGHLANES.—Some time after the last Conference, Captain Perry, of Camborne, (though not connected with us as a people) knowing that the above chapel was much in debt, generously offered £50 towards its reduction, provided the trustees and friends raised £100 more towards that object by the end of the year 1871. A meeting was called, and arrangements were made. Collecting books were provided, and the effort was commenced in earnest. But as the year drew to a close, fears were entertained that we should not be prepared with the £100 so as to secure the £50 of our excellent friend. We then resolved to ask him to extend the time, which was readily consented to. Special services were held in several places in the Circuit; sermons were preached, lectures delivered, collections made, and donations solicited, until by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, the object was gained. The money came from far and near. Mr. Gilbert and friends, who some years ago emigrated from this place to Chili, kindly sent home £10. Mr. W. Rowe, from North America, £2. Other sums have also been received from friends in the distance. The trustees of Herland Chapel, too, kindly handed over £5 of the proceeds of their chapel. Many friends in various parts of the Circuit have manifested a deep interest in the undertaking, giving evidence that though they form separate societies they are one in effort, having one object before them—the glory of God and the salvation of men. We are especially indebted to Br. J. Woolcock, of Camborne, for the very efficient service he has rendered by giving lectures at Leeds-town and Breage, and by preaching sermons and giving a lecture at Highlanes, the whole of which were highly appreciated by attentive audiences. Also to Br. J. O. Keen, for his excellent lecture at Rosendian, and to Br. W. Rowe, for his valuable assistance in our final effort. The Rev. G. S. Daniels and Mr. Gilbert (Wesleyans) also kindly

favoured us by preaching sermons in behalf of the object. We have had an opportunity of testing the friendship of those around us, and are glad to bear our humble testimony to the kind feeling manifested, and the valuable assistance given by members of the Wesleyan and other Christian Societies.

Good Friday, March 20th., was the day appointed for the closing effort. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Br. W. Rowe, from Hicks Mill, which was listened to with deep interest by a respectable congregation. Then the tea-tables were laid and well furnished with provisions, all generously given by the friends. Persons of different denominations gathered around in larger numbers even than had been anticipated, proving their willingness to help even to the last. In the evening the chapel was well filled. Captain Perry, according to previous arrangement occupied the chair, and after making some very appropriate remarks called on Messrs. H. Hicks, J. Williams, J. Webb, and W. Rowe, to address the meeting, which was very interesting and somewhat enthusiastic. When the collection was made, our worthy secretary, Mr. G. H. Stiling, gave the financial statement, as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
By Collecting Books ...	39	4	10
„, Donations, &c. ...	44	16	6½
„, Sermons, Lectures and			
Tea ...	18	18	8
Total ...	103	0	0½

The statement was received with applause, and after a vote of thanks had been tendered to the chairman, he expressed his satisfaction that the effort had been a success.

During the winter the Holy Spirit was poured out here, and upwards of twenty persons professed conversion to God.
J. WEBB.

BIRD'S ISLE, TENTERDEN.—Chapel debts are comparatively innocent things when there is an ample revenue to meet current expenses, but when the annual receipts are inadequate to meet the working expenditure, debts are felt to be galling, oppressive, burdensome. And in such cases not only are the trustees and friends burdened, but spiritual progress is hindered, and numbers are in consequence lost to us.

As there has been an average annual

deficiency of three pounds on the above chapel for many years, the committee and conference offered £50, if £25 could be raised by a local effort, and thus reduce the debt £75.

A meeting was called, which as far as the society was concerned was an entire failure; for no person would promise to try to get or give anything. O how heartless it seemed! Ultimately a young person, a member of the congregation, offered to take a book and try. We saw there was no time to lose, and hence determined to set to work ourselves; and we feel truly thankful to a kind Providence for giving us so far favour in the eyes of the Christian public as to enable us to accomplish our object.

In winding up the affair, we had on Tuesday, April 30th, a very enjoyable tea and public meeting, when we were favoured with the services of Mr. J. Gammon. Many of the old friends were delighted to see him, and I believe some of them gave to the collection as they had not given for years. By the pastor's report it was shown that there had been collected by C. D. £20 10s., Miss Wyle £1 10s: the result of the meeting £1 15s. Total £23 15s. The pastor engaged to get the remainder, and Mr. Gammon received the £25 on behalf of the treasurer. We believe all were thankful that the debt on the chapel was reduced to £225, and some are already talking about paying off £25 more next year; may it end in the fact.

Mr. Gammon preached at South Ashford on the Sunday previous, three very earnest and practical sermons, on the next day gave a speech on early religious training, at Warehorne successful school anniversary, and on Wednesday, May 1st, we returned to South Ashford, where we held a tea and public meeting. Although it was mid-way between Easter and Whitsuntide holidays, yet Mr. G. having made a good impression on the Sabbath, our congregation and support were beyond expectation.

The speeches and influence were very good. This was also a chapel effort; for having made our calculations we found £19 needed to be raised specially in order to pay our way, and a small portion of the debt which has been called in. So thus far out of the £44 in both cases, we have raised £35. Who will help a small infant and struggling society through its difficulties?

C. DENING.

LISKEARD CIRCUIT. — *Cheesebury* Chapel was built seven years ago, but the debt had not been reduced since the opening until a fortnight since, when the pastor, in behalf of the trustees, paid off £10. An anniversary Tree is being got up by the ladies, to be ready by the next anniversary in August, when we hope to further reduce the debt.

The anniversary of *Pensilva* Chapel was held on May 12th. Sermons were preached by Br. Hicks at eleven, and by Br. Ellis, of Kilkhampton, at half-past two and six o'clock. Congregations good, especially at the evening service, when the spacious chapel was filled. On May 13th, Br. Ellis preached at three, on the "Friendship of Jesus." Tea at five. The weather was very wet and cold, consequently many were prevented from attending. Receipts for the year £59 6s. 2d. Disbursements £60 0s. 11d. At the present rate of payments the chapel will be free in nine years hence. At seven o'clock the meeting was held, J. Elliot, Esq., in the chair. Messrs. Ellis, Hicks, and Murley addressed the meeting.

The anniversary of *Liskeard* Chapel has just been held, Br. Angwin helping us on the occasion. Miss Body collected for the chapel £11 11s., and Miss Littlejohns £1 10s. 6d. After meeting all expenses I expect we shall reduce the heavy debt £8. Mr. Watts, (Wesleyan), took the chair at the evening meeting on the Monday. Addresses were given by Messrs. Angwin, Brown and Edgecumbe, (Free Churches), and the circuit ministers. The ladies as usual gave the trays for the tea.

A tea meeting was held at *Common Moor* on May 7th. Sermon at three by Mr. Brown, (Free Church Minister). Meeting at seven o'clock, Mr. Libby in the chair. Speeches by Messrs. Brown, Hicks, Harris, and Cliff. Trays given. The sermons on the Sunday by Mr. Hicks. The gross profits were about £6, which will be applied to the building fund for enlarging the above chapel, which enlargement will be at once commenced, the contract having been agreed upon.

The new chapel at *St. Neot* is completed excepting the removal of "the old dairy," which will soon be demolished, and the wall pointed. The cost will be about £80. We have raised up to this time about £45, a bazaar will be held on June 17th, when we hope at least to get £20 or £25. We purpose not to make our returns this year, but

next year we hope to fill up that part of the chapel schedule with the word *free* where the usual debt is inserted. Our society last Midsummer numbered thirteen, mostly very aged people, now we have fifty, without reckoning a few which are not included in the returns to make good any deficiency. Our sittings are all let, and several more inquired for; should the demand continue for a-year, we shall erect an end gallery. Br. S. L. Thorne did us good service at the opening.

W. HICKS.

HAMILTON, CANADA.—We have no doubt but that all interested in the city missions, will be pleased to hear that our shifting from hall to hall, and from room to room, is now a "thing of the past." The church we have purchased of the Rev. Mr. Stinson, M.A., editor of the *Church Herald*, stands on the corner of Wilson and Emerald streets. It was built in the year 1857, and opened by Rev. Dr. Blackman, a minister of liberal principles, and well beloved. He had a full congregation, and a flourishing Sabbath school; and in 1870 it was found necessary to erect a more commodious place of worship. The land on which the church stands, was purchased fifteen years ago for 800 dollars, and the erection cost 4,000 dollars; now the land and the church have been purchased for the small sum of 1,150 dollars, a little more than the cost of the land. The church is a frame building, rough casted. It measures within 70 ft. by 75, 21 ft. high, with an end gallery, accommodating nearly 500 people. Having undergone considerable repairs, according to previous announcement, the church was re-opened for Divine service on Good Friday. Br. C. Barker expatiated in the morning, in the most interesting and instructive manner, on Acts xiii. 37-39. At six p.m., a public tea was served in the church; about 300 persons sat down. At the public meeting the Mayor, D. B. Chisholm, Esq., took the chair. He congratulated the Bible Christians on their recent purchase, expressed his confidence in their success amidst a growing and rapidly increasing population, and said he regarded the church as a centre of religious influence, more powerful than a police force. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Reade (Primitive Methodist), T. Pullar (Congregationalist), and C. Barker. The church was full, the addresses listened to with attention, and received with applause. At the close a

subscription list was opened for the purpose of paying off one half of the purchase money by the first anniversary. Mr. Blewett, a friend to the Bible Christian cause, headed the list by a promise of 50 dollars. Over 260 dollars were promised by the friends then present. If we can get our church free, this mission will soon be self-supporting. Will our wealthy friends aid us? On the following Sunday, sermons were preached morning and evening by Mr. W. S. Pascoe, and in the afternoon by Mr. R. Cade. The weather was so inclement, that but few people could get to any of the churches in the city. But, though the weather was rough and the congregation small, we had the presence of Him who said: "Lo! I am with you alway." On the whole, we feel to thank God and take courage. The church is lighted by three chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, and some eight or ten side lamps, which have a very nice appearance. Great praise is due to the few friends who have laboured hard and given liberally that the finishing stroke might be given, and the debt kept down as much as possible. A number of sittings have been already let, and next Sabbath we intend organizing a Sabbath school, about which you shall (D.V.) hear another day.—*Observer*, April 10th.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

FALMOUTH.—DEAR MR. EDITOR.—On Sunday, April 28th., sermons were preached at Hicks Mill, Falmouth, and Penryn, by the brethren, T. Braund, W. Clarke, and S. Pollard, and on the three following days the annual missionary meetings were held. The congregations were large at each place, and the receipts some pounds in advance of last year's. Br. Braund preached an admirable sermon at Hicks Mill the Tuesday afternoon, and so pleased and edified were the people with it, that they requested him, at the evening's meeting, to be good enough to prepare it for publication in the Bible Christian Magazine. The services were rich in Divine influence, and, I believe, gave great satisfaction.

I now take the opportunity of thanking those brethren who so readily consented to deliver lectures in behalf of our own new School-room at Falmouth, and also to those friends who have so nobly exerted themselves in raising funds to meet the expense. The School-room is 45ft. by 20, and cost £176 13s. 4d., and in less than two years the

entire amount has been raised, so that the School-room is entirely free of debt. To God be all the praise.

W. ROWE.

DEVONPORT CIRCUIT.

NEW SCHOOL-ROOMS AT HADDINGTON-ROAD.—The Conference of 1871 (in consideration of the great debt upon the Chapel in this place, and the urgent necessity for much larger school-rooms) kindly promised the trustees £100, on the condition that they raised another towards the alterations; the teachers and trustees therefore set to work heartily to collect funds to erect the rooms, which were completed for £324 11s. 4d., and opened on Easter Sunday and Monday, 1872. A large number were present at the opening services, and great liberality was manifested by the friends, as the following statement will show:—

Cost of Rooms	£324 11 4	
RECEIPTS.		
	£	s. d.
By Collectors' Books ...	41	16 1
„ Making and Selling useful articles by friends & children	21	2 4
„ Children's Efforts...	19	5 3
„ Two Sacred Concerts	14	2 6
„ Lecture by Mr. Johns	5	17 5
„ Sunday-school Union Grant	10	0 0
„ Donations and Open- ing Services ...	41	15 6
„ Connexional Grant	100	0 0
Total	£253	19 1
Debt remaining on School	£70	12 3

As upwards of £100 have been raised also during the year, to meet the annual disbursements, all the friends believe the result of this effort to be highly encouraging.

It may also be stated that the friends, by their energy and untiring zeal, have, in the last eight years, in addition to meeting the large and regular disbursement of about £100 yearly, raised £500 towards the reduction of the debt. The sermons in connection with the opening of the School-rooms, were preached by Messrs. Taylor, Angwin, and Lee, and the meeting on Monday evening was addressed by Messrs. Lee, Stephens, Angwin, Taylor, Gay, and Dinnick. A. Hubbard, Esq., of Plymouth, occupied the chair.

Our friends, I think, are determined not to relax their efforts until the sum

still due to the treasurer is raised and paid.

We have at this place a sphere of usefulness of more than ordinary attraction. We pray for the disposition to work it wisely and well. The above has been mainly supplied by the trustee secretary.

G. W. ANGIN.

JERSEY.

DEAR BR. BOUWME.—The monthly book parcel is probably anticipated at no place with more eager expectation than it is here. We look for it as for a budget of “good news from home;” and happily, for many months past, we have, on that score, experienced no disappointment. I cannot easily find words to express our joy and thankfulness on receiving the cheering intelligence which has been regularly conveyed through the Magazine. Not only do we rejoice to hear of the extraordinary revivals which have taken place, but the indications of prosperity in smaller measure as described in some of your briefest paragraphs, are noted by us with grateful satisfaction. From a consciousness of the duty of *giving* as well as *receiving*, these few words respecting the work of God on this island, are put together and placed at your disposal.

A few striking instances of converting power have, through Divine mercy, been witnessed among us during the past nine months. Several weeks of special prayer for the salvation of the people resulted in the quickening of some from death to life. No great or sudden work of grace has been realized; but we have seen encouraging additions to the church; a goodly number having been blessed through the means employed, have made the religion of Christ the object of deliberate choice. A class at Great Union Road, which had not met for some time, and for which a Bible-class had been substituted, has been resuscitated; and a new class, chiefly consisting of young converts, has been formed at the Royal Crescent. Our chapel and school anniversaries have all been successful. The missionary meetings were also good in character and results; the services of the deputation (our excellent Editor), being highly appreciated, as they have always been when he has visited this island. Our congregations, as for many years past, continue large. The seat rents from the two chapels in St. Helier amount to about £70 per quarter. The

annual tea meeting at St. Lawrence Valley on Good-Friday was attended by about five hundred persons, and the number would have been far greater had the weather been propitious. The small amount of debt on the chapel was on that day discharged, leaving a few pounds balance in the hands of the Treasurer. In the early part of the year a good work began at Gorey, the fruit of which remains. But that village has since assumed a very sombre aspect on account of the great prevalence of small-pox there. Much affliction has fallen upon some of our best friends, and a few have died. Two excellent women, members of the society, departed this life in glorious hope at the same time within ten minutes. Several brethren, fishermen, of Gorey, are gone with their families to spend the summer months on the coast of France. They are located at St. Vaast, where they have hired a room in which to conduct religious worship for the benefit of themselves and a few English people. They are permitted to use the room for this purpose on condition that they admit no French people to their services. Being supplied with books from our Great Union Road Sabbath-school they have collected a goodly number of children for instruction on the Sabbath. And during the past week or two they have witnessed three conversions at their prayer-meetings. When shall we send missionaries to France?

At the last Michaelmas Quarterly Meeting the increased expense of living was taken into consideration, and it was unanimously resolved that the ministers' stipends should be augmented. Since then there has been an increase of receipts at the quarter board commensurate with the rise of salary; which fact may be taken as an encouragement to those friends who are disposed to remunerate their preachers on a liberal scale.

May God increasingly prosper the whole Connexion!

I remain, Dear Br. Bourne,
Yours affectionately,

W. LUKK.

MR. JOHNS AND THE PORTSMOUTH DISTRICT.

DEAR BR. BOURNE.—Arrangements were made for Br. Johns to be at Portsmouth, April 21st, and following days. Br. Johns conducted the morning service at Stamford-street Chapel, and the evening service at Grosvenor-street, on

the Lord's Day; the services were well attended, and favoured with rich spiritual influences. In the afternoon we held our Juvenile Missionary service at Grosvenor-street, when Mr. Johns delivered a telling and useful address. More than £5 was realized by this meeting. Mr. Johns made so favourable an impression on our friends on the Sabbath that on Monday and Tuesday great solicitude was manifested by the people to attend the lectures announced. For the first time we decided on giving away all the tickets for the lectures, and to trust to a collection rather than to a charge for admission. The plan succeeded well; as in each case we had the chapel full, and a liberal collection. Br. Johns had a capital opportunity too to plead with a goodly number of sympathizing friends on behalf of his mission. Mr. Johns gave us his lecture on "Peter Cartwright," the Monday evening, at Grosvenor-street, and completely enchanted his audience for about an hour-and-half. Rev. E. S. Banham, Wesleyan minister, spoke in high terms of the merits of the lecture, and the lecturer; and Mr. Johns succeeded in getting promises and cash towards the object for which he this year specially labours, amounting to upwards of £62. On Tuesday evening our good Br. lectured at Stamford Street; subject, "Queen Mary and her times." The chair was taken by the Rev. J. Lawton, Wesleyan Superintendent of the Portsmouth District, who evinced a truly catholic spirit, and warmly eulogised the lecturer. Br. Johns succeeded in obtaining cash and promises this evening amounting to about £23; so that upwards of £85 have been promised towards the object of his mission on this small station, where the friends have so much to do in order to meet their own local expenditure. On the Wednesday Br. Johns visited the friends on the Liphook Mission, and lectured at Stanford Hill to a chapel full of people, realizing about £20 for his special fund.

On Thursday our friend went to Shanklin, and lectured in the Congregational Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. The friends on this circuit having a heavy circuit debt, had arranged for a tea to precede the lecture; and as nearly 70 trays had been given by the friends, and a goodly number of persons attended the tea and lecture, Br. Johns' visit and labours were very beneficial in a double sense, as more than £24 were realized towards the circuit debt, and Br. Johns obtained

promises amounting to about £34. The service in the evening was a deeply interesting and highly profitable one, the Rev. Mr. Craig, minister of the Chapel, ably presided.

The following Sunday Mr. Johns was at Newport, and conducted two services there. Meetings were held the following week at Newport, Gunville, and Rookley in the Newport Circuit, and at Newbridge, in the Yarmouth Circuit. The three services in the Newport Circuit have produced the sum of £105,* and the meeting at Newbridge about £18 towards his mission.

* Several additional subscriptions have been since received. The Rev. J. Bainton, Congregational minister, presided at Newport, and the *Hampshire Independent* says, Mr. Johns "gave an exceedingly interesting sketch of the life and times of Queen Mary, and displayed great ability and eloquence in the treatment of the subject."—*Ed.*

Thus in the eight meetings held by Br. Johns in this district promises and cash to the amount of £234 have been obtained—an average of £33 per meeting. We are anticipating with great interest another visit from Br. Johns in June, when, we doubt not, the sum will be largely increased as the result of his earnest and intelligent labours, and forceful and eloquent appeals. Our good brother appears to be well fitted for the special work assigned him by the last Conference, and is evidently not sparing himself; thus far Jehovah has mercifully sustained him in his abundant toils; and he deserves, as I trust he is securing, the hearty and sincere sympathies and prayers of his brethren, and the friends of the cause of Christ among us.

W. G.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE SPECIAL EFFORT.

REPORT continued.

REDRUTH AND CAMBORNE		DEVONPORT CIRCUIT.		Mr. White	
CIRCUIT.		Zion Street, Plymouth.		7 5 0	
Zion.		A Rooker, Esq.		King Street, Devonport.	
Mr. & Mrs. Manuell .	2 0 0	Mr. Oliver	2 0 0	Mr. Sowden	2 0 0
Miss S. J. Rowe	1 0 0	— Bay	1 0 0	— R. Burn	0 10 0
— G. Saundry	0 2 0	— J. Trick	0 10 0	— Blake	2 0 0
Mr. E. Whitford	0 12 0	Miss Hole	0 10 0	Mrs. Jane	1 0 0
— W. Francis	0 18 0	Mrs. Wakeham	0 10 0	— Riddles	1 0 0
Miss M. Trevelthan	0 8 0	Miss A. Gerry	0 5 0	— Popplestone	1 0 0
Mrs. Carne	1 0 0	— Jory	1 0 0	— Avis	0 5 0
— M. A. Jory	0 4 0	Mrs. Mitchell	0 10 0	— Elliott	0 10 0
Miss E. J. Northey	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. Stone	1 0 0	— Sandcock	0 10 0
Mrs. M. Teague	0 4 0	Mr. J. Beer	0 10 0	Mr. Roberts	0 5 0
— M. Bray	0 10 0	— Blight	0 10 0	— Fuge	1 0 0
Mr. & Mrs. Northey .	1 0 0	Miss Hendy	0 10 0	— Clark	0 10 0
Mr. W. Ham	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Sanders	2 0 0	— Piper	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Carvis	0 4 0	Mrs. Parsons	1 0 0	Miss Bradford	0 10 0
Mr. J. Dyer	0 8 0	Mr. and Mrs. Crocker	2 0 0	— Sowden	0 10 0
Mrs. West	0 2 0	Mr. and Mrs. Curson	2 0 0	— Gough	0 10 0
Mr. A. Northey	1 0 0	Miss Stone	0 10 0	Mr. Tregellis	0 1 0
Mrs. Thomas	0 10 0	— Uglov	0 5 0		13 11 0
— Hancock	0 15 0	Mr. L. W. Tucker	4 0 0	Haddington Road.	
— Moyle	0 5 0	Mr. & Mrs. Truscott	0 1 0	Mr. S. Gay	1 0 0
	12 8 0	Baby Truscott	0 4 0	Mr. G. Strong	0 1 0
Providence.		Mrs. Swiggs	1 0 0	Mr. A. Low	1 0 0
Mrs. Nicholls	0 10 0	Mr. Westlake	0 10 0	Miss Fuge	0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Sara	1 0 0	Mrs. Carlyon	0 10 0	Mr. & Mrs. Wills	0 10 0
Mrs. Knight	0 10 0	Miss Crocker	0 10 0	Mr. Tregellis	1 0 0
Mr. E. Adams	0 10 0	Mrs. Roach	1 0 0	Miss Popplestone	1 0 0
— Thomas	0 10 0	Mr. Jordan	0 10 0	Mr. Dinnick	1 0 0
— Kent	0 10 0	— Barnes	0 5 0	A. Friend	0 5 0
— B. Terrill	1 0 0	Master J. Brown	1 0 0	Mr. Sanders	4 0 0
Miss Scoble	0 18 0	Miss Brown	1 0 0	— Millet	0 8 0
— Trevelthan	0 18 0	— E. Brown	1 0 0	— Jenkin	1 0 0
Mrs. F. Farnall	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Sunale	1 0 0	Miss Andrews	0 10 0
— Oates	0 10 0	Mr. W. Johns	0 15 0	Mr. O. Jolliffe	4 0 0
— Henwood	0 8 0	Master W. Johns	0 5 0	— J. Harper	2 0 0
— Faull	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. Hill	1 0 0	— J. Harris	1 0 0
Mr. M. Moyle	1 0 0	Small Sums	0 3 0	— Luce	0 10 0
	9 10 0		82 3 0	— N. Durant	1 4 0
		Stonehouse (first list).		Miss Jessie Davis	0 4 0
		Mr. and Mrs. Yeo	6 0 0	Mr. Rich	1 0 0
		— R. Philips	0 5 0	Mrs. Abbott	1 0 0

Mr. Andrews	1	0	0
— Babb	0	5	0
24 7 0			
Elburton.			
Mrs. Hall	0	5	0
0 5 0			

WEEK ST. MARY CHURCH.

Altarans.

By Collection, Wealey-			
an Chapel	1	1	0
Teetotal Donation ..	0	10	0
1 11 0			
Bennicott.			

Mr. Davey	0	5	0
— J. Colwell	0	8	0
— J. Rundle	0	8	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. J. Parsons	0	2	0
— Gubbin	0	5	0
Miss S. Werren	0	4	0
— M. A. Werren	0	4	0
Mr. E. Werren	1	0	0
— T. Lyle	0	4	0
— J. Lyle	0	4	0
— T. Rowe	1	0	0
— S. Parnall	0	2	6
— T. Peary	1	5	0
— W. Peary	1	0	0
Miss M. G. Peary	0	7	6
— E. J. Peary	0	7	6
7 7 6			

Masworthy. (Second list).

Mr. J. Sleeman	0	16	0
— J. Turner	1	0	0
Miss G. Colwill	0	5	0
Mr. J. Ellicott	0	10	0
— W. Bickle	0	16	0
— C. Bray	0	4	0
— W. Baker	1	0	0
Small sums	0	3	0
4 14 0			

Tresparrett. (Second list).

Mr. W. Tinney	0	10	0
— Wickett	1	0	0
— W. Burden	0	6	0
— J. Baker	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Pauling	0	4	0
Mr. W. Martin	0	8	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. J. Routley	0	10	0
— E. Marshall	0	10	0
— F. Wadge	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Sandercock ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Baker, jun. ...	0	10	0
— E. Cory	0	10	0
— J. Stevens	0	10	0
By Collection	1	2	9
7 8 3			

Bethel (second list).

Miss Burnard	1	0	0
Mr. S. Uglov	0	10	0
— E. Drakes	0	10	0
— G. Burnard	1	0	0
— Hancock	0	4	0
Mrs. M. Uglov	0	6	0
Mr. D. Ferrett	0	10	0
4 0 0			

Bakoboth.

Mr. W. Grigg	4	0	0
— N. Matthews	2	0	0
— S. Matthews	2	0	0
— S. Cory	0	10	0
— E. Kitto	0	10	0
— Dawe	2	0	0
Mrs. Frain	0	10	0
Mr. W. Duke	0	10	0
— Chapman	2	0	0
— J. Gimblett	0	4	0
Mrs. Kitto	0	10	0
Miss Ebbott	0	10	0
— Ebbott	0	10	0
— Woodley	0	8	0
Mr. D. Gilbert	0	10	0

Mr. T. H. Veale	0	4	0
— T. Badcock	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Jolliffe	0	4	0
Mr. R. Gimblett	1	0	0
— James Parsons	0	10	0
Miss M. Gimblett	1	0	0
Mr. S. Johns	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Benning	1	0	0
— S. Johns	1	0	0
Mr. W. Johns	1	0	0
— Dawe, jun.	0	10	0
By Collection	2	0	0
26 0 0			
Eden.			

Mrs. Uglov	1	0	0
— Baker	1	0	0
— Colwell	0	4	0
Mr. S. Uglov	0	10	0
— J. Cory	0	16	0
— W. Evans	0	8	0
— T. Hooper	1	0	0
— Southwood	1	0	0
A Friend	0	4	0
Mr. J. Southwood	0	4	0
Miss G. Woodley	0	4	0
— M. Southwood	0	4	0
Mr. J. Dawe	0	10	0
— N. Hooper	0	2	0
— J. Paynter	0	4	0
Miss E. Bone	0	4	0
— L. Pauling	0	4	0
— J. Ferrett	0	4	0
Mr. W. Davy	0	4	0
Mrs. E. Sandercock ..	0	4	0
— F. Jolliffe	0	4	0
Mr. J. Tippet	0	12	0
By Collection	2	0	0
11 6 0			

BAISTOL CHURCH.

Gladstone Street.

Miss G. Reed	1	0	0
Mr. C. Southcott	1	0	0
— Roberts	0	10	0
— Luscombe	2	0	0
— Marsh	1	0	0
— Chamberlain	1	0	0
— T. W. Keetch	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Rundle	2	0	0
Mr. J. Welshman	1	0	0
— E. Moxley	2	0	0
Mrs. Moxley	1	0	0
Miss Furze	2	0	0
Mr. J. Hinks, jun. ...	2	0	0
— Stedeford	0	10	0
18 0 0			

Bedminster. (First list).

Mr. W. Terrett	5	0	0
— W. S. Hek	2	0	0
7 0 0			

FOREST OF DEAN.

Bream.

Mr. H. Hoare	2	0	0
— W. Jenkins	0	8	0
— O. Jenkins	0	12	0
— Paul Duffield	0	2	0
Miss E. Evans	0	10	0
Mr. B. Asher	0	4	0
Mrs. E. Rosser	0	4	0
Miss Richards	0	2	0
Mr. R. Apply	0	4	0
— J. Hancock	0	4	0
— S. Johnson	0	8	0
— D. Williams	0	10	0
Miss M. Beach	0	12	0
Mr. C. Hale	0	10	0
Miss M. Voice	0	10	0
Mr. Paine	2	0	0
— R. Johnson	0	10	0
— S. Voice	1	0	0
— W. Lewis	0	4	0
— S. Mason	0	10	0
— E. Kear	0	10	0

Mr. E. Smith	0	10	0
— S. Hyde	1	0	0
— H. W. Beach	0	10	0
— E. Johnson	0	10	0
Mr. & Mrs. Smith	2	0	0
Mr. C. Thomas	0	10	0
Mrs. Price	0	10	0
— Boding	0	8	0
— Beach	0	8	0
Miss Lawrence	1	0	0
— E. Nelvus	1	0	0
— R. Jenkins	0	10	0
— W. Jenkins	0	10	0
— G. Taylor	0	12	0
21 12 0			

Euclidean.

Mr. M. Heal	0	4	0
— T. Marfell	0	10	0
Miss A. Marfell	0	2	6
— M. Yemm	0	4	0
Master A. Marfell	0	4	0
Miss C. Marfell	0	4	0
Mrs. E. Marfell	0	4	0
Mr. T. Jones	0	10	0
— R. Read	1	0	0
— R. Milesgagg	1	0	0
— G. Mason	1	0	0
— B. Marfell	0	10	0
— G. Webb	1	0	0
— T. Evans	2	0	0
— J. Wilce	2	0	0
— M. Matthews	1	0	0
— J. O. Lewis	2	0	0
— J. Thompson	1	0	0
Mrs. Brain	1	0	0
— Burrows	0	4	0
— Jenkins	0	10	0
— G. Matthews	0	10	0
— S. Hodges	0	10	0
— A. Cole	2	0	0
— J. Matthews	2	0	0
21 6 6			

Drybrook.

Mr. S. Harris	0	10	0
— W. Trigg	2	0	0
— B. Trigg	1	0	0
— W. Blewett	1	0	0
— T. Matthews	0	10	0
— J. Griffiths	1	0	0
Miss A. Griffiths	0	10	0
Mr. E. Matthews	0	10	0
— J. Meek	1	0	0
— H. Callow	0	4	0
— W. Cowmeadow	1	0	0
— C. Cowmeadow	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Cowmeadow			
and Family	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cowmeadow	1	0	0
— Jas. Cowmeadow ..	1	0	0
— S. Burgess	1	0	0
— W. Waldern	1	0	0
— E. Trigg	0	2	6
— and Mrs. Sleeman ..	0	10	0
— Webb	0	10	0
— Pritchard	1	0	0
— A. Marfell	2	0	0
— H. Dowton	8	0	0
— T. Sterry	0	10	0
— and Mrs. Jones	2	0	0
One who desires to			
“lay up treasure			
in Heaven”	0	10	0
An old Friend	1	0	0
Miss Benny	0	10	0
31 16 6			

ABERAVON CHURCH.

Aberavon.

Mr. T. Branch	0	10	0
— W. Sing, sen. ...	0	5	0
— E. McLean	8	8	0
Capt. & Mrs. A. Bate			
2 2 0			
R. T. Daniel, Esq. ...	0	10	6
Mr. Tucker	0	10	0

Mr. H. J. Stokes	0 10 0	Mr. H. Woolviatt	2 0 0	Mr. Roberts	0 4 0
— W. Whitelaw	2 0 0	— W. Gear, junr. ..	1 0 0	Mrs. Knight	0 10 0
— J. Harris	1 0 0	— Bushell	0 10 0	— Watkins	0 10 0
— C. Short	0 12 0	— German	0 10 0	Miss H. Williams ..	0 10 0
Capt. and Mrs. Johns ..	1 0 0	— C. Bennett	0 16 0	12 10 0	
— and Mrs. T. Ace ..	2 0 0	— W. Rowe	1 0 0	<i>Whitelys.</i> (First list).	
— and Mrs. Davies ..	1 0 0	Captain Vincent	0 10 0	Mr. J. Roberts	0 5 0
— and Mrs. Deeble ..	1 0 0	Mr. G. Bond	1 0 0	— T. Manley	0 5 0
— and Mrs. T. Bate ..	1 0 0	— O. Huntley	0 10 0	Mrs. M. Harris	0 4 0
— and Mrs. J. Ace ..	1 0 0	— J. Snell	2 0 0	Mr. P. Harris	0 10 0
Mr. Grigg	1 0 0	— S. Snell	1 0 0	— J. Roberts	0 4 0
Mrs. Glover	0 4 0	Miss P. Snell	1 0 0	— T. Church	1 0 0
Mr. Snell	1 10 0	— S. Snell	1 0 0	Mrs. Morgan	0 4 0
— Phillips	0 5 0	Mr. J. Bragg	0 5 0	2 12 0	
Miss Pooley	0 2 6	— Goss	1 0 0	<i>Mitchellroy.</i>	
Mr. W. Sing, jun. ...	0 10 0	— R. German	1 0 0	Mr. J. Lewis	1 0 0
Mrs. Rees	1 0 0	— & Mrs. Webber ..	2 0 0	1 0 0	
— D. Harris	1 0 0	Miss M. J. Snell	0 10 0	<i>Chapstow.</i> (First list).	
28 19 0		25 9 0		Mr. E. Malpas	0 10 0
<i>Neath.</i>				— W. Malpas	0 10 0
Miss Ackland	1 0 0	<i>Newport (Mon.)</i>		— Medmore	1 0 0
Mrs. James	1 0 0	Mrs. J. Davis	0 16 0	2 0 0	
Mr. Windsor	0 5 0	A Friend	0 5 0	<i>Caldicott.</i>	
— J. Thomas	0 8 0	Mrs. Pritchard	0 4 0	Mrs. M. Robins	0 8 0
— Griffin	0 10 0	Mr. Davis	1 0 0	Mr. J. Davis	1 0 0
Miss E. Lang	0 8 0	Mrs. Moore	0 6 0	— W. Richards	0 10 0
Mrs. Gorbett	0 8 0	Mr. Edmonds	0 10 0	— John	1 0 0
— Batten	0 3 6	— Jury	2 0 0	Mrs. Braiton	0 5 0
Mr. J. Mills	0 2 6	— J. Henley	0 8 0	Mr. J. Evans	0 5 0
Mrs. Trick	1 0 0	— J. White	2 0 0	— J. Luff	0 10 0
Mr. W. Edwards	0 10 0	Mrs. Bartlett	2 0 0	— A. Ward	1 0 0
— German	1 0 0	Mr. W. Miller	0 16 0	— G. Rogers	1 0 0
Mrs. L. Bearn	0 10 0	Mrs. A. Miller	0 16 0	Mrs. E. Ward	0 10 0
Mr. H. Lang	0 16 0	Miss A. Shepherd ..	0 10 0	— C. Rogers	0 16 0
— J. Morcombe	0 10 0	Mrs. A. Littlejohns ..	0 10 0	— H. Rogers	0 16 0
— Cornish	0 5 0	Mr. James White	1 0 0	— J. Rogers	0 16 0
— Lane	0 10 0	— H. Lewis	0 16 0	— M. Harris	0 8 0
Mrs. Chaple	0 10 0	— Woodcock	0 16 0	Mr. Sutton	1 0 0
— M. White	0 10 0	Mr. Nottingham	0 10 0	10 4 0	
— Shaplin	0 16 0	Miss M. A. Lewis ..	0 10 0	<i>LONDON CIRCUIT.</i>	
Mr. Hatherleigh	0 4 0	Mrs. H. Cobblecluck ..	0 10 0	<i>Jubilee.</i> (Second list).	
— J. Hearn	0 4 0	Mr. W. Griffiths	0 8 0	A Friend, for the Chapel	0 10 0
— Downing	0 6 0	— J. N'kevil	1 0 0	Mr. T. G. Vanstone, do.	0 10 0
Mrs. J. Hearn	1 0 0	— C. H. N'kevil	0 10 0	A Friend, do	0 2 6
Mr. Orik	1 0 0	Mrs. Moase	0 2 6	Mr. Churchill, do	1 0 0
— Callard	0 10 0	18 3 6		— A. Mountcastle, do	1 0 0
— Jenkin	1 0 0	<i>PONTYPOOL CIRCUIT.</i>		— F. J. Martin, do.	12 4 0
— Roberts	0 10 0	<i>Blaenavon.</i>		— Abrahams, do	8 0 0
Mrs. Wilson	0 2 6	Mr. W. Price	1 0 0	— Eastcott, do	4 0 0
— Hunkin	0 10 0	— J. Purchase	1 0 0	— A. E. Witty, do ..	4 0 0
Mr. & Mrs. Bennetts ..	0 12 0	— J. Brain	1 0 0	— Stringfellow, do ..	8 0 0
Mrs. Allen	1 0 0	— J. Workman	0 10 0	— Lythaby, do	12 12 0
Miss C. Allen	1 0 0	— E. Paine	1 0 0	Mrs. Hocken, do	1 0 0
Mr. R. Allen	1 0 0	— Wilson	0 10 0	— Hocken, do	1 0 0
20 0 6		— Cloak	1 0 0	— Lee, do	0 9 6
<i>OWN ADO.</i>		— G. Taylor	0 10 0	Mr. Dowsett	1 0 0
Mr. Littlejohns	0 16 0	— W. Paine	1 0 0	Mrs. Stringfellow ..	1 0 0
— E. Hill	0 4 0	— Waite	0 8 0	Miss Laura Hocken, do	0 10 0
— B. Cockwell	1 0 0	— Cunnop	0 10 0	56 18 0	
— G. Baulch	1 0 0	— L. Cunnop	1 0 0	<i>Olapham.</i>	
— W. Jeffery	1 0 0	Mrs. Williams	0 4 0	Mr. Young	2 0 0
— J. Bond	0 10 0	Mr. L. Thomas	0 10 0	Miss Hobbs	0 16 0
— G. Ford	0 2 0	10 2 0		Mr. Hubbard	0 16 0
— R. Adams	0 5 0	<i>Aberystwyth.</i>		— W. Hingstone ..	0 8 0
Mrs. Chinnock	0 8 0	Mr. J. Cooper	1 0 0	— Tooke	0 10 0
Mr. W. Ford	0 10 0			— Hobbs	1 0 0
— S. Leathern	1 0 0	<i>CHEPSTOW CIRCUIT.</i>		5 10 0	
— J. J. Jeffrey	1 0 0	<i>Abbey.</i>		<i>Waterloo Road.</i>	
— C. Ford	1 0 0	Mr. J. Odger	0 10 0	(Second list).	
— & Mrs. E. Jeffrey ..	1 0 0	— W. Pritchard	0 4 0	Mr. C. Hobbs	4 0 0
— & Mrs. Ashton	0 10 0	Mrs. C. Daniel	0 4 0	— Thomas	0 10 0
— & Mrs. Hobbs	0 10 0	Mr. J. Wheeler	0 2 0	A Friend	0 10 0
10 15 0		— D. Davis	1 0 0	Mr. E. Reed	1 0 0
<i>SWANSEA.</i>		— W. Cole	1 0 0	6 0 0	
Mr. J. Bawden	0 8 0	Mrs. Miles	0 4 0	<i>WOOLWICH AND FOREST HILL.</i>	
— J. Lloyd	0 10 0	Mr. T. Higby	1 0 0	<i>Eltham.</i>	
A Friend	1 0 0	— W. Morgan	1 0 0	Mr. Purvis	1 0 0
Miss S. Linthorn	1 0 0	— W. Hopkins	0 4 0	— Hart	1 0 0
Mrs. Bowen	1 0 0	— R. Phillips	2 0 0	— Banks	1 0 0
— Thomas	0 10 0	— W. Phillips	0 4 0	— Owen	1 0 0
Mr. M. Gear, sen. ...	1 0 0	— J. Harris	1 0 0	— J. Weller	1 0 0
— J. Perrin	0 10 0	Miss Williams	2 0 0	— C. Barber	1 0 0
— W. Pye	2 0 0	Mr. Williams	0 4 0	— Robson	0 8 0
				— Douthwaite	1 0 0

A Friend..... 0 1 0
Mr. Donthorne..... 1 0 0
Mrs. F. Carr..... 0 10 0
Miss Purvis..... 1 0 0
Mrs. Hart..... 1 0 0
10 19 0

FOREST HILL.

(First list.)

Mr. Pearson..... 2 0 0
— Dyer..... 1 0 0
3 0 0

WOOLWICH.

(Second list.)

Mr. W. Wood..... 1 0 0
1 0 0

BIDEFORD AND TORRINGTON

Bideford.

(Second list.)

Mrs. Daniel..... 1 0 0
Mr. Mill..... 1 0 0
Miss T. Williams..... 1 0 0
— B. H. Hockridge..... 0 10 0
Mr. E. Ellis..... 0 10 0
— Palmer..... 1 0 0
— Hambly..... 0 5 0
Mrs. Western..... 0 10 0
Mr. H. Hamblin..... 0 10 0
— James Saunders..... 0 2 6
— Clemens..... 1 0 0
— Ashplant..... 0 10 0
— J. Shook..... 0 10 0
Mrs. Brend..... 0 1 0
8 8 6

Torrington.

Mr & Mrs. Vaughan..... 10 0 0
Mr. H. Friendship..... 1 0 0
— J. Shaddock..... 0 8 0
— M. Sandford..... 1 0 0
— B. Miller..... 0 4 0
— Jewell..... 1 0 0
— Stapleton..... 1 0 0
— Ashplant..... 2 0 0
16 12 0

SHEBBEAR CIRCUIT.

Shebbear.

Mrs. E. Quance..... 0 5 0
Mr. S. Pett..... 1 0 0
— Hurd..... 1 0 0
Mrs. E. Warrington..... 0 4 0
Mr. P. Millman..... 0 10 0
— R. Kellaway..... 1 0 0
— John Vanstone..... 1 0 0
— James Vanstone..... 1 0 0
— H. Reddaway..... 1 0 0
— L. Ellis..... 0 12 0
— G. Spearman..... 0 10 0
— R. Pett..... 0 4 0
— James Hill..... 0 10 0
Miss G. Bates..... 0 4 0
Mr. R. Squire..... 0 4 0
— W. Calloway..... 0 4 0
— L. Cobbedick..... 0 4 0
9 11 0

Bradford.

Mr. J. Trick..... 1 0 0
Miss Weaver..... 0 2 0
Mr. Wiffin..... 2 0 0
— L. Perkins..... 0 10 0
— J. Michell..... 0 10 0
A Friend..... 0 5 0
Mr. R. Sluggett..... 1 0 0
Miss M. Gilbert..... 0 4 0
— H. Crocker..... 0 4 0
— S. Dawe..... 0 4 0
— O. Jollow..... 0 4 0
Mr. W. Hurd..... 0 10 0
— J. Daniel..... 1 0 0
— J. Ward..... 0 10 0
Mrs. M. A. Phillips..... 0 10 0
Mr. R. Down..... 0 10 0

Mr. John Perkins..... 0 10 0
— James Ward..... 0 10 0
— S. Sleep..... 0 10 0
— S. Ward..... 0 10 0
— T. Bate..... 0 10 0
— Wendell..... 0 10 0
— W. Gilbert..... 0 10 0
— B. Stade..... 0 10 0
— P. Howell..... 0 10 0
— W. Daniel..... 0 10 0
— W. Ward..... 0 10 0
— R. Gilbert..... 0 10 0
— S. Silifant..... 0 10 0
Mrs. Ward..... 0 4 0
Mr. W. Silifant..... 0 10 0
— J. Cole..... 0 10 0
— J. Ward..... 0 5 0
17 2 0

Putford.

Mr. J. Blight..... 0 10 0
— W. J. Skinner..... 0 10 0
— H. Honey..... 0 5 0
— J. Blight..... 0 10 0
— Braund..... 0 10 0
— Andrew..... 0 10 0
Mrs. E. Wood..... 0 10 0
Mr. H. Blight..... 1 0 0
Mr. Jenn..... 0 10 0
Miss B. Honey..... 0 5 0
5 0 0

Bulkworthy (First list.)

Mrs. A. Damerall..... 0 5 0
Mr. Cleverdon..... 0 10 0
0 15 0

Siloam.

Miss Tucker (for London Chapel)..... 1 0 0
Mr. Vanstone..... 0 10 0
— W. Johns..... 0 0 6
— J. Vanstone..... 0 4 0
— G. Whitlock..... 0 10 0
— W. Bate..... 0 4 0
Miss J. Hutchings..... 0 4 0
Mr. Adams..... 0 4 0
2 15 6

PORTSMOUTH CIRCUIT.

Grosvenor St.

Mr. Henry Ash..... 8 8 0
— J. Ash..... 8 8 0
— B. Cooley..... 4 4 0
Sergeant Major Dyer..... 4 4 0
Mr. R. W. Kemp..... 6 10 0
Capt. Moores..... 4 4 0
Mr. W. S. Ash, sen... 2 0 0
Captain Meades..... 2 0 0
Mr. C. White..... 0 10 0
— Malaird..... 1 0 0
— F. Ash..... 1 0 0
Miss Dawe..... 1 0 0
— Thomas..... 1 0 0
— A. Hunt..... 1 0 0
Mr. Hatchard..... 0 16 0
— Levit..... 0 12 0
— Bate..... 0 10 0
— Gardiner..... 1 0 0
— Clarke..... 0 10 0
— Absalom..... 0 10 0
— J. Ash..... 0 10 0
— Spickernell..... 0 5 0
— Cork..... 0 8 0
Mrs. Adams..... 0 2 0
Miss Dean..... 0 4 0
Mr. F. Dymond..... 2 2 0
Miss Holmes..... 1 0 0
Mr. J. Dore..... 0 10 0
— T. Morey..... 2 0 0
— Wills, jun..... 2 0 0
A Friend..... 0 12 0
By Collection..... 1 10 6
60 10 0

Stamford Street.

Captain Mounsefield..... 1 0 0
Mr. White..... 4 0 0

Mr & Mrs Harper..... 1 0 0
Mr. Burton..... 0 10 0
Mr. Magor..... 1 0 0
Mrs. Morgan..... 0 2 0
Mr. J. D. Moxey..... 0 8 0
Mrs. Edwards..... 0 10 0
Mr. W. Sennett..... 1 0 0
— W. Mares..... 1 0 0
— Craddock, sen... 4 0 0
— Craddock, jun... 1 0 0
— H. Taylor..... 2 0 0
Mrs. Vokes..... 1 4 0
Mr. Plater..... 0 10 0
— Hornden..... 0 10 0
— Hart..... 0 10 0
— H. Martin..... 0 5 0
By Collection..... 1 8 6
21 17 6

LIFHOOK CIRCUIT.

Stanford Hill.

Mr. E. Carpenter..... 0 10 0
— J. Budd..... 0 4 0
Doctor Wood..... 1 0 0
A. Warren, Esq..... 4 4 0
Mr. Courtois..... 1 0 0
— C. Boxal..... 0 10 0
Miss Chalcraft..... 5 5 0
G. R. Warren, Esq... 4 4 0
Mr. Gumbrell (Lip-hook)..... 1 0 0
— J. Baker, do..... 1 0 0
18 17 0

SHANKLIN CIRCUIT.

Shanklin.

Mr. G. Jolliffe..... 1 0 0
— G. Phillips..... 1 0 0
Mrs. A. Matthews..... 0 16 0
— M. C. Kingswell..... 1 0 0
Mrs. Hawkins..... 0 16 0
Mr. J. Matthews..... 1 0 0
Mrs. N. Woodford..... 0 10 0
— Cox..... 0 10 0
— Jones..... 0 10 0
— Day..... 0 10 0
Mr. Hooper..... 0 4 0
— King..... 1 0 0
— Attrill..... 1 0 0
— Barnell..... 4 0 0
— G. W. Brown..... 1 0 0
— Wells..... 1 0 0
15 16 0

NEWPORT CIRCUIT (L. O. W.)

Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy..... 4 0 0
Miss Hardy..... 0 12 0
— Rose..... 0 8 0
— E. Willstead..... 0 2 6
Mrs. F. Morey..... 2 0 0
Mr. F. Morey..... 5 0 0
Miss Mew..... 1 0 0
Mr. Russel..... 4 0 0
— E. Morgan..... 4 0 0
Miss Allen..... 0 10 0
Mrs. Burnet..... 0 2 0
— Rose..... 0 2 0
Miss Salter..... 0 2 6
Mrs. Wendays..... 0 8 0
Mr. C. Lewis..... 1 0 0
Miss Bull..... 0 8 0
Mrs. A. Salter..... 0 2 0
— Trent..... 0 8 0
Mr. Bullen..... 8 0 0
Mrs. Grist..... 0 4 0
Mr. Payne..... 0 2 6
A Friend..... 0 2 6
Ditto..... 0 1 0
Mrs. Kitt..... 1 10 0
Mr. Wadham..... 0 10 0
— M. Peach..... 2 0 0
Mrs. Peach..... 2 0 0
Mr. C. Wendes..... 1 0 0

Mrs. Gardiner	0 4 0	Miss Ann Early	1 0 0	Mr. Warne.....	0 5 0
— Limington	0 10 0	Mr. G. Warder	1 0 0	— Hill	0 10 0
Mr. C. Dunford	0 10 0	— H. Barton	1 0 0	— J. Dale	1 10 0
— J. Salter	0 10 0	— J. Gale	0 10 0	— L. Barton	0 10 0
— W. Ash	10 0 0	— P. Scott	0 5 0	— Alfred Sanders	4 0 0
— Fleming	0 5 0	— C. Ash	0 5 0	Mrs. Ann Parsons	0 2 0
— F. Ash	10 0 0	— Phillips	0 1 0	— Havlett	0 2 0
— E. Morey	2 0 0	— Brittain	0 8 0	Mr. G. Barton	1 0 0
— R. Croucher	0 10 0	— W. Bigne	1 0 0		9 4 0
Miss King	0 10 0	— C. Tosdevin	1 0 0	Yarmouth (First list)	
Mr. King	2 0 0	— G. Barton	1 0 0	A Friend	1 0 0
— H. Flinton	1 0 0	A Friend	1 0 0	Mr. L. Rice	1 0 0
— W. Snellgrove	0 10 0			— T. Doe	2 0 0
— W. Wells	0 2 8	27 1 0			4 0 0
— Brown	0 10 0	Rookley.		Brizton (First list)	
By Collection	2 11 8	Mr. W. Denness	4 0 0	Mr. J. Jackson	0 15 0
71 8 2		Mrs. W. Denness	4 0 0	— T. Snow	1 0 0
Gunnville.		Miss Denness	2 0 0	— Newberry, (Brooke)	1 0 0
Mr. Bennett	0 10 0	Mrs. Denness, sen	2 0 0		2 15 0
Mrs. Bennett	0 10 0	Miss A. Denness	0 10 0	MINISTERS.	
Miss M. Bennett	0 5 0	— M. J. Denness	0 2 0	(Third list)	
— M. Barnett	0 5 0	Mrs. Orchard	0 2 0	Mr. J. Kemeys	1 10 0
Mr. G. Healy	0 16 0	— G. Reynolds	0 1 0	— J. Snell	1 0 0
— R. Chessel	0 16 0	Mr. W. Whitewood	1 0 0	— W. Gilbert	2 0 0
— G. Stevens	0 16 0	— G. Jackson	0 10 0	— S. Shortridge	3 0 0
— C. Jolliffe	0 16 0	— W. Orchard	0 10 0	— W. J. Hocking	2 2 0
— S. Healy	0 1 0	— Phillips	0 10 0	— W. Lee	1 0 0
Mrs. Healy	0 1 0	— C. Salter	0 4 0	— J. O. Honey	2 0 0
Mr. J. Jones	0 10 0			— R. Grose	2 0 0
— W. Ash	1 0 0	15 9 0		— S. Higman	2 2 0
Master W. Rice	0 5 0	Mr. M. Morgan (Little-	1 0 0	— W. B. Reed	2 2 0
Miss J. Ash	0 5 0	town)	0 10 0	— John Dingle, 1st	4 0 0
Mrs. Rann	0 2 8	Miss Alford, ditto	0 10 0	— Smith	1 0 0
Mr. Rann	0 2 8	Mr. Spencer (East	1 0 0	— J. Jeffrey	2 2 0
Mrs. Morgan	2 0 0	Cowes)	0 5 0	— J. Taylor	1 0 0
Mrs. Rice	6 0 0	Miss R. Taylor, ditto	0 5 0	— W. Oates	1 0 0
— Flux	1 0 0	Mr. L. Allbrook (Porch-	0 16 0	— J. Botheras	2 0 0
Mrs. Flux	1 0 0	field)		— Jabez Honey	1 0 0
Mr. W. Ash, jun	0 5 0	8 11 0		— J. H. Michell	2 0 0
Miss F. Ash	0 1 0	YARMOUTH CIRCUIT		— A. Verran	1 0 0
Mr. H. Barton, jun	0 5 0	Newbridge		— J. Stevens	1 0 0
Miss Emma Gale	1 0 0	Mr. J. Bateer	1 0 0		34 18 0
		Mrs. Warne	0 5 0		

Brief Notices of Books.

The Man of All Work. A Memoir of the Life and Labours of the Rev. James Maughan, with Selections from his Sermons and Lectures. By WILLIAM COOKE, D.D., Author of "Christian Theology," etc. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a deeply interesting and instructive Memoir. Dr. Cooke's testimony that he "never knew a man more devoted to his work" than his friend, Mr. Maughan, is the highest encomium that could be bestowed on any man, and readers of the Memoir will, we think, agree that in this instance it is fairly deserved; and those among them who, like ourselves, had only a slight acquaintance with Mr. Maughan, will, we are sure, be led to form a higher estimate of Mr. Maughan's character and attain-

ments than they had done previously. The last, the closing scene was indeed one very touching and beautiful; and many passages of true eloquence and power might be selected from the "Sermons and Lectures." Let our readers judge from one specimen, extracted from the sermon on the "Resurrection of the Dead."

"Of the true nature of that which is spiritual, we have neither observation nor analogy to guide us. We can only suppose that the spiritual body is that which will become so refined, and so ennobled, and so adapted to the spirit, as to raise it to a richer competency and a more glorious elevation. Of the competency of matter to etherealize we have many illustrations. Light is but the vibration of the molecules of matter. Music is but the impulsion of invisible atmospheric waves. The perfumes of herbs and flowers are but

impalpable particles of matter, which are diffused in the atmosphere around us. The sensation of heat is occasioned by the simple disturbance of the material particles, of which the heated object is composed. Even on earth, then, material things are capable of appearing to us in forms that are impalpable and immaterial."

On its own merits, we can heartily recommend this volume, and if we wanted an additional reason, it is supplied by the fact, that "any friend promoting its circulation will thereby promote the welfare of the widow and her family."

The Mission of the Spirit; or, the Office and Work of the Comforter in Human Redemption. By the Rev. LEWIS R. DUNN, Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, U. S. Edited by the Rev. JOSEPH BUSH, Wesleyan Conference Office.

A SMALL and unpretending, but a devout and able treatise on a most important subject. Its prayerful perusal cannot fail to deepen the conviction, that "what is now wanted is a universal Pentecost, not only that all the babbling millions of earth may hear of 'the wonderful works of God' in their 'own tongue wherein they were born,' but that they may be pricked to the heart by the arrows of the convincing Spirit, and be saved by His power;" yea more, it would intensify the desire that that great, pressing want may be speedily supplied by Him with whom is the residue of the Spirit. We have made an extract on another page.

Authentic Report of the Discussion held in Rome on the Evenings of February 9th and 10th, 1872, between Catholic Priests and Evangelical Ministers, concerning the coming of St. Peter to Rome. Translated by WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M., Author of "Italy in Transition," etc. Wesleyan Conference Office.

MR. ARTHUR says in his Preface, "Had Mr. Disraeli, when writing 'Lothair,' laid a scene in Rome, not four years after the battle of Mentana, in which the hall of a

pontifical academy, brilliantly lighted by Catholic hands, was crowded with an audience divided into two parts: Roman Catholics on the right, admitted by yellow tickets; non-Romanists on the left, admitted by red; to hear a debate between Priests and Protestants on the question whether St. Peter ever was in Rome;—had he set over the discussion four Presidents; on the one side a Roman Prince with an Advocate of fame and title, on the other, two Pastors, the one of Hebrew extraction, the other an English Methodist residing in Italy;—had he introduced as Disputants a distinguished Canon, with two erudite Roman ecclesiastics, and opposed to these the famous ex-Monk Gavazzi, with a Pastor of the old Waldensian Church, and a converted Franciscan,—a Methodist;—further, had he represented the debate as able and fervent, yet proceeding with temper and ending with shaking of hands, would not the critics have said that, of all the improbable things in the book, that was the most extravagant? Yet, at seven o'clock on the evening of February 9th, 1872, that scene opened, not to dissolve until after eleven, and then only to re-open on the evening following. And the public already knows, through the correspondence of 'The Times,' 'The Daily News,' and other papers, that the conditions just named were fulfilled." Surely this is sufficient to sharpen the desire of our readers to know all they can know about a discussion which may be pronounced sufficiently remarkable as to be regarded as one of the "signs of the times."

Was Jesus of Nazareth the Messiah, (Stevenson) is the report of a discussion in Birmingham, in which the unquestionable ability of Mr. Robert Roberts is seen to great advantage. In *No Sect in Heaven, and other Poems*, (Provost & Co.) several very popular short Poems, such as the one which gives the title to the Volume and "The Starless Crown," are collected in a small handsome volume, very

suitable for a present. *The Methodist Memorial* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.) is a reprint of acknowledged merit, and on a re-perusal of these "Sketches of the early Methodist Preachers" we have been much impressed by their stern simplicity and faithfulness. *City Road Chapel, London, and its Associations, Historical, Biographical, and Memorial*, Parts 1 to 4 (Stevenson), is full of

curious and interesting information now obtainable for the first time by the general reader. *The First Principles of Religion briefly demonstrated* (Hodder and Stoughton) "treats of the foundations of religious truth, of the basis of a system of universal religion, and regards religion in this, its theoretical aspect, as the Science of Duty."

The Gleaner.

A DAY OF VISITATION FOR ITALY.
—We believe in a Christian philosophy of history. We believe in one great Divine event towards which the whole creation moves. We believe that all the vicissitudes of earthly dynasties and kingdoms under the mighty hand of God are made subservient to the bringing in of that kingdom which is not of this world; and in this faith, when we think of what God has been doing in His Providence for Italy, we cannot but come to the conclusion that God is doing all this not merely in order to confer upon Italy national unity, or political independence, or civil freedom, but rather that this national unity and political independence and civil freedom are all means to an end beyond, to which God is calling Italy, and that end is the presentation of Italy to His Son the Lord Christ. This is our faith, and surely we have every reason to come to this conclusion on account of the faith that we have in the Divine philosophy of history. I know full well that Italy may fail to know her day of visitation, and just as the individual soul, in some golden hour of opportunity, when God's angels are clearing its way to some height of glorious service, may refuse to hear the voice that is calling it, and turn aside to dishonour and perdition, so a nation may spurn at the most glorious opportunities, and may refuse to lay hold of the bright possibilities of national exaltation. Thus it was with Israel, when God came to Israel in the

person of His Son, and not mockingly but sincerely offered to save the world through Israel: and thus Italy may refuse to know her day of visitation, may spurn alike at God's chastenings and at God's blessings; may forget the lessons of her past centuries of suffering and of anguish, and may refuse to see the stretched-out arm that has wrought her release. All this Italy may do, and because Italy may do this, awful is the anxiety and importance of the hour. She may rise so high—she may sink so low. Only think of it! Twenty-five millions of human beings, born of earth's best blood, dowered with nature's noblest gifts, planted in creation's fairest Eden, the race of Oato, and Cæsar, and Dandolo, Raphael, and Columbus, God Himself calling them with a voice so clear, and clearing away the obstacles from their path; calling them to, who can say what heights of glorious service! When we think of all this, who does not feel the awful solemnity and importance of the hour! Heaven so eager to win: aye, for this is also true, hell so loth to lose! For if God is calling upwards, mighty are the malignant influences that are lowering and are dragging down—the gross corruption and ignorance and superstition of the masses, the time-serving policy of the men in power, the domestic corruption which, commencing in the highest places, goes filtering down through all the orders of society; in religion the pride of past glories, the ready sus-

ceptibility to mere surface emotion, the love of pomp and show and pageantry, the readiness to do religion by proxy through the priest—all these things are so many grappling holds for Popery. And then, too, as the reaction from Popery, the horrid material scoffing scepticism which prevails amongst the educated classes, to which all religion is but sham, and all piety cant, and ministry priestcraft, and the Gospel itself a lying legend—these are the malignant influences which are contending with the Almighty for His splendid prize. (Cheers.) Oh, dear friends, if over the spot where the individual sinner is hesitating to offer the prayer of penitence eager angels are hovering; surely if our eyes could be opened like those of the prophet's servants we should see that vault of heaven which over the fair land for which I am speaking arches its deepest blue, all astir with the flashing wings of glorified spirits as they ascend and descend upon that scene where the destinies of a nation, and such a nation, hang vibrating in the dread scales of the Eternal Providence—a day of visitation for Italy—but also a solemn call—a day of awful responsibility for the Christian Church.—*Mr. Piggott, at the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Meeting.*

ENTHUSIASM.—We want a renewed enthusiasm. Let me say, I don't mean fanaticism. If I look in a dictionary I see a fanatic is a man filled with mad notions. We don't want mad notions; let the Church possess her soul in all patience; let no bewilderment fall upon her; let her mind be sound and rational, for assuredly the Church of Christ in our time needs all the sound sense at her command. The enthusiasm I speak of does not mean mere revivalism. We want a revival; but spasmodic, organised, tabulated revivals will not bring about what we want. They may galvanise a society, a church, a village, a town, a neighbourhood into the similitude of spiritual life, but when the agency is withdrawn, the excitement has

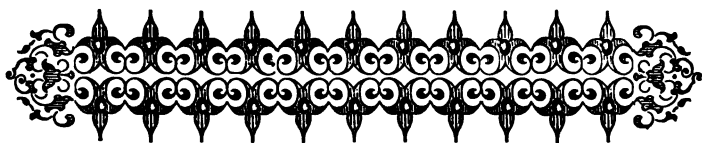
subsided, alas for revivalism—many of the effects disappear. It is not fanaticism I mean. We all believe in the enthusiasm I speak of; it is inspiration by a superhuman power. Well, inspiration by a superhuman power, we all, I suppose, believe in that. It was in the prophets, in the apostles, in our Saviour, in the fathers of our religion in England, in my fathers among the mountains of Wales. It whispered its Welsh hymns over my cradle, it thrilled through my own country, and filled it with poetry. It is the breath of heaven upon the human spirit, it is the breathing of God into the mind of man. Inspiration—the coming of God, breathing into man's nostrils the breath of life, and man becoming a living soul. (Cheers.) I don't know whether you are fond of looking at fires burning. You have fire in three stages. There is the poverty-stricken fire, a few sparks half-hidden in ashes; that is the lukewarm state. The second fire is a red, glaring, mad fire; that is fanaticism. In the third place, a calm, steady, philosophic white heat, melting the hardest material into flowing streams; that is Divine enthusiasm. (Cheers.) We want in the hearts of Christ's church not a fierce, irregular gleam—and oh! Saviour of the world, we don't want to freeze in cold indifference—but a steady, white heat in the hearts of Christ's people, such as was in Thy heart, oh, Christ, and in you, glorious company of the apostles! That is the enthusiasm of which I speak. Good and great effects would follow from this enthusiasm. In the first place, necessary supplies of gold and silver for the Master. I shall speak of the genius of secretaries by-and-by; I hold that there is no way of getting a Divine supply without this Divine enthusiasm. Farmers in the country, with great and subtle genius, open channels to carry the rain-water into places which would otherwise be parched; sometimes in a straight line, sometimes in a circle, and sometimes in a regular zig-zag way. They cut them with great genius. (Cheers.) Nature seems hard-hearted—she does not

respond. The farmer cuts a channel, and seems to invite nature; and then another, and he seems to tempt nature; and nature looks down as though saying, "Oh, yes, my little sir, I see what you are doing, I know all about you." The clouds are fringed with silver, and permeated with gold from the sun, and the thirsty fields look up persuasively, but look up in vain. You go to bed one night disappointed because of the niggardliness on the part of mother nature, and in the morning you note the change. In the interval some good company of genii have passed through the atmosphere, and flapped their wonderful wings, and the whole temperature of the air is changed. The clouds melt, the rain falls in torrents, the water-channels are full, the fields drink their fill, nature awakes and puts on all her beauties, and the harvest is produced. How? The *enthusiasm* of the atmosphere. (Laughter and cheers.) Our secretaries are men of great power for opening the channels with wondrous dexterity. With deep and subtle genius they make out their zig-zags and their straight lines. Now it is a bewitching little circular, and then a beseeching little pamphlet; by-and-by a speech by some eloquent man, or a sermon by some great preacher, and they make the most beautiful channels for the stream of benevolence to flow. But sometimes there is dry weather in the Church. (Laughter.) There are plenty of money clouds, but they are high in the region of distant speculation, and the appeals meet with a small response. Just as I have seen in the midst of a drought, nature sends down a tender, dew-like, delicate shower, as much as to say, "You see what I could do if I liked." (Laughter.) There are collections, but they abound with those light delicate little things, those bewitching little fourpenny bits. (Laughter.) But change the atmosphere in the Church, fill her with the life of God, breathe into her the spirit of the Saviour of the world, let the good genii of the unseen flap their wings in the cold atmosphere of English

Christianity, enough of gold shall be forthcoming to meet every need. I would acknowledge with great gratitude to God the gifts presented to His cause. I saw a statement made at a missionary meeting that the collections and gifts in this country for all missionary purposes, amount to little less than £800,000, a large sum considered in itself, but not a large sum when compared with the wealth of England, with her revenue of seventy millions a year. Our ships are on every sea, and our merchants are princes; our land is covered with palaces. God has blessed us abundantly. Considering our great wealth, I don't think that £800,000 is by any means a large amount. I wish I could make England hear me. I would speak to her in the name of God Almighty, and call on her to take a fair proportion of her wondrous wealth, and come up and place on the beautiful altar of God the best sacrifice she ever made.—*Rev. T. Jones, at the Colonial Missionary Society Meeting.*

FAITH IN GOD.—To me I confess it seems a very considerable thing just to believe in God;—difficult indeed to avoid honestly, but not easy to accomplish worthily, and impossible to compass perfectly; a thing not lightly to be professed, but rather humbly to be sought; not to be found at the end of any syllogism, but, in the inmost fountains of purity and affection; not the sudden gift of intellect, but to be learned by a loving and brave life. It is, indeed, the greatest thing allowed to mankind, the germ of every lesser greatness.—*James Martineau.*

THE RECEPTIVE FACULTY.—There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup, and takes it in, while the other closes itself, and the drop runs off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew; and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.



THE
Bible Christian Magazine,
JULY, 1872.

INFIDELITY, ILLUSTRATED BY PERSONAL
EXPERIENCES.*

The term Infidelity is one of comprehensive import. It denotes unbelief in its manifold forms and shadings—that unbelief which is like a mountain with many peaks, or a vast range of mountains. Think of the Alpine range, with its Mont Blanc towering above all the other snow-capped elevations. *Atheism* is the Mont Blanc of the dark Infidel Range. From the heights thereof shout sullen voices, “No God—no Author, Sustainer, and Ruler of Nature—no Providence—no Spirit of any kind, divine, angelic, or human—no substance in the universe but matter—no after-life with rewards and punishments—no Heaven for the good, no Hell for the bad.”

There is the mountain of *Pantheism*, from whose heights voices proclaim, “No personal God, distinct from Nature. God is Nature, and Nature is God.” Thus while Atheism robs us of God, Pantheism gives us a God as good as no God.

Another for want of a better name we will call the *Blasphemy Mountain*. “God is,” those on it cry, “but is not good. He is a terrible Being—blundering and despotic—to be feared and hated, never to be loved.”

Next comes the mountain of *Deism*. What say the voices? “A God—God, wise and benevolent, as well as powerful—God speaking in Nature and Providence, in them alone—no special Revelation—the Bible not of God—no such volume needed—Jesus an Impostor—His apostles all deceivers or deceived.”

One other we note—*Socinianism*. “No God Incarnate,” the voices say—“Messiah but a man—His death a martyr’s, nothing more—no atonement for sin—no expiation needed.”

* The substance of a Lecture.

What we want is to have all those harsh voices of negation hushed, and the banners of the Cross of Christ, the world's Divine Redeemer, planted on all those dark heights, that around them as they wave in the flashing light and fragrant breezes of mercy, the joy-ringing voices of millions may sing, like the rolling forth of a flood of melody,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," etc.

Time would fail us to take you over all those mountain-ranges, but we will lead you on as far as we can without unduly taxing your patience. Our aim will be to help any who may be troubled with doubts, strengthen the confidence of all, and help them to live in closer communion with the Infinite.

We begin with *Atheism*, of which few comparatively are victims. May be none in this audience are. He who speaks to you is not. A vital part of his creed is, "*I believe in God the Father Almighty.*" We have been trying of late to look down to the foundations of our faith in the Great Supreme. Certain documents in our possession have been repeatedly laid open, one called *memory*, the other *consciousness*, in which we have been scribbling from our earliest times. So far as we can understand certain early entries, a little obscured by lapse of time, the grand doctrine mentioned was first taken on trust—taken on the word of a believing mother, who, in the spring-time of our being, said, "*There is a God.*" We were conscious of no opposition to it, having been exactly constituted for receiving it the moment it was distinctly enunciated. There was, so to speak, a niche for the great image in the living temple. It entered, took its place, at least to some extent, keeping it amid all changes and conflicts till to-day. The all-important idea was not subjected to a rigid examination; there was no thought of it, even as there was no ability for it. The mental sieve had not sufficiently formed itself for sifting things, as wheat, nor the logical crucible for testing them as by fire, but such processes came subsequently, and with memorable issues.

Did not you receive your first ideas of God by the instructions of parents, teachers, friends? you did, and this is how the true God or false gods come to be known the wide world over.

This is the place to speak of the transmitted, the biblical, the logical, and the experimental idea of God,

The transmitted idea—that handed through successive ages from sire to son. We may boldly say that all nations have it, there being not a single exception worthy of being adduced—that is, not what may appear to be an exception which should be urged as such, it not having been sufficiently examined by competent and unprejudiced persons for want of suitable opportunities. Even if an exception could be fairly established, what are exceptions to general rules? The idea we speak of has come down from the remotest times of the race. No age can be indicated when it was not extant. Its transmission has been unbroken as a river. While for long ages it was preserved, as is generally believed, in its primitive form, it came at length to be sadly mutilated. As if a mountain, losing its grand unity, were to become molehills innumerable, so did the sublime

idea of the one true and living God become lost in gods many and lords many. In other words, primitive Theism gave place to Polytheism, which, with its superstitious usages and blighting power, prevails to day in all lands where there have been no corrections by some new system diffusive of moral splendour. Now we hold firmly that this transmitted yet distorted idea of God bespeaks an ancient revelation as a fact, and another as a necessity.

The Biblical idea. The condition and value of what is handed down from lapsed ages depend on the ground thereof. In heathen lands it rests on the authority of damaging traditions, while in Bible lands it is supported by the authority of God's own Book. She who taught us there was such a being and sought to impress our little minds with His great perfections, appealed to the Bible. That was her incomparable text-book. God be praised for the dear old family Bible, which, while giving no formal proofs, is itself an argument for His Being ! While we declare it to be God's Book, not man's, we appeal for the truth of what we say to piles of proofs, some of definite weight and value, others growing daily in force and worth. Now everything which goes to prove that God gave the Bible to men, combines in demonstrating His Being also, inasmuch as *the gift argues the Giver*. The Bible shows the achievements of God. All nature is His work. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." *The work argues the Worker*. As the production long ago of all things from nothing was His work, so Providence is His continuous work, affording continuous proof of His Being and perfections.

Different kinds of predictions are scattered throughout this Book, relating to individuals, cities, lands, nationalities, empires, systems, political and ecclesiastical, which have received striking fulfilments in due time and order. The accomplishments of those prophecies prove that the men who uttered them were inspired ; and *inspiration proves the Being of God*. Every actualized prediction cries as with a voice of thunder, "There is a God."

Miracles are recorded, well-attested, and therefore credible. The evidence of them is multiplied and of the highest order. It has been well said that "*a true miracle is the voice of God*." In the Old Testament are recorded many of those well-authenticated events, each of them in effect proclaiming the Divine existence. In the New Testament we read of others wrought by Christ and His Apostles ; those by them done avowedly in the name of their great Master ; those by Him, in His own name. If a miracle is what can be done only by the power of the Supreme Being, then all those miracles are proofs that such a Being exists.

Let us look at those miracles further. There were *sick-curing* miracles. Every one so cured might have stood forth as a witness to the Being of God. There were *leper-cleansing* miracles. Without medicine, by a word or touch, Christ removed from many the dread malady of leprosy. The ten once cured might have said with special emphasis, "*There is a God*." There were *sight-restoring* miracles. When Christ cured blind Bartimeus, and he that was born blind, with many others, that was His emphatic practical testimony to the Divine existence ; and those so cured might have echoed that

testimony. Might have! doubtless they did. There were *hunger-appeasing* miracles. More than once did Jesus with a few loaves and fishes satisfy the cravings of hungry thousands. Breaking them into fragments, either in His own hands, or somewhere between them and the lips of the hungry, they grew; and when all had eaten as much as they could there was more left than when they began. While in the beginning one might have pocketed the whole, at the end there was enough to fill a dozen baskets. No merely human power, only the energy of God, could do a thing so wonderful. Those Almighty and beneficent workings must have convinced all concerned that there was an Almighty and beneficent God. There were *dead-quickenings* miracles. God only can raise the dead to life. Lazarus therefore, and all who were delivered from the dominion of death, were special monuments to the being of God. Many more miracles were wrought by Christ than are recorded, every one declaring and proving the being of God. By the whole array of those stupendous deeds He demonstrated that He Himself was either God with man or man with God. As regards the Divine existence the evidence is the same whether we regard Him as merely human, or both human and Divine. All His great works unmistakably and impressively bespoke Divinity, inspiring in the minds of those favoured with witnessing them, at least in all cases where there was the absence of prejudice, the deep conviction that He was Himself that Divinity enshrined, or in league therewith. This is the great lesson of Nicodemus's confession—"Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." If in our presence now were all the thousands whom Christ cured of their different maladies, and all the thousands He miraculously fed, together with the tens of thousands who were impartial spectators at those times when His wondrous power was wielded, they would be able to bear a noble testimony to the Divinity of His mission; and the whole force of their combined testimony in favour of that would be a moral demonstration of the existence of Him who appointed it.

Are we told that the rulers of the land denied the Divinity of that mission? True, but *they admitted the reality of His miracles*, while they showed the strength of their prejudice, and the bitterness of their malice, by ascribing them to the power of Satan, and killing Him. In grand contrast to this, however, His disciples, rising up to the height of true heroism, confronted those wicked, people-intimidating priests, boldly affirming that Christianity was Divine, assuring them and the world that He whom they murdered was living again; and almost to a man they laid down their lives in confirmation of the testimony which it was their highest ambition to give to the greatest possible number of fellow-beings.

We trust you all see by this time that we are much more indebted to the Bible for our knowledge of God, even for our first idea of Him, than is generally thought. In dealing with the subject the usual method is that of showing that existing things and the Bible prove the being of God. Reversing this order we say, the Bible and existing things prove the being of God. So far as our knowledge of Him is concerned, the inspired volume has the precedence. We

did not first know Him from His works, but from them that knew Him before us. All the world over it is received in the same way—either as a traditional or revealed idea—traditional in heathen lands, revealed in others. None are discoverers; we can only be verifiers.

Is not some one present accustomed to affirm boldly *that we do not want the Bible; that we can know the being and character of God from Nature alone?* Listen then; we have a few suggestions to offer. First, you cannot prove what you say—cannot make a successful appeal to facts. So far as known, the facts of all time, and all lands, instead of combining, shaping themselves into a rocky basis, broad and firm, for your theorizings, come on like a flood to sweep away your sand-supported structures. Again, if Nature can give the first idea of God, let her do it in pagan lands, converting polytheists into theists, effectually teaching them to cast away their monstrous idols, and render the homage of their hearts to the one true God, the living, ever-living Jehovah. In vain do you boast of having light sufficient for guidance, independent of the Bible. Have you a knowledge of the divine existence and unity? It is not the mere light of Nature—not a priceless boon presented by aught of the things around or above you, nor what you have struck out of your own superior brain; you have stolen it from the book you so ungratefully disregard, or scornfully notice. You do not like to be thus charged with theft; we modify the accusation,—you have borrowed it without due acknowledgments. We give you credit, however, for sense enough to discern that this is but another and more polite way of telling you that, after all, *you did steal it.* What is true of you applies also to Mohammedans. If their false prophet had not found it written in the Bible that “the Lord our God is one Lord,” they would not now be able to find this great truth in the Koran. Take away from the world our Book of books, withdraw also the light it has shed forth as incorporated in other books, and as lodged in the minds of the people who all their life-time have been, more or less, under its illuminating and moralizing influences; then will the nations that boast of a march of intellect march back to their old heathenism, and, like the Greeks and Romans of boasted refinement, bow down to gods many and self-manufactured.

We appeal again to facts. Whatever your idolized nature may be adapted to accomplish, and whatever the powers you have been endowed with, it is a fact we defy you to disprove that before our minds were sufficiently developed for reasoning into its possession the grand idea under notice it was given to us by parents, teachers, friends, who were indebted for it to their predecessors as we to them. As in modern, so in ancient times, right back to the beginning, when He who created man made Himself known to him, not for his own sake merely, but for the life-long and everlasting benefit of all his progeny. Original light being at length perverted, the great truth was made to flash forth again in written revelations, and it behoves us thankfully to accept the Book which possesses the authority and glory of inspiration.

Facts once more. Lands which were formerly idolatrous are not so now. Hideous images once bowed down to have been cast out of

sight, nay, utterly destroyed. We were much gratified some time since on reading of one who was wishful to procure from a certain island of the southern sea a few specimens of objects to which religious homage had recently been paid, that he might deposit them in a museum, to be scanned by the curious as relics of the past. To accomplish his purpose he embarked for that sea-girt isle. In vain was the voyage as regards the end contemplated. The man-made gods had disappeared—had been cast to the devouring flames, or the restless waves. The islands had come to know the Great Being from whom all things sprang, and influenced thereby arose in practical indignation against the reputed gods who had so long robbed the true God of His glory. But how came they thus to know and act? The outward change resulted from the inward; the inward from what? New ideas cleared the island of false deities; to whom for those revolutionizing conceptions were they under permanent obligations? Did nature disabuse their minds, leading them into the way of reforming and ennobling principles? Not so. Did some devoted disciple of Tom Paine go forth with the “Age of Reason,” labouring among the deluded and degraded with success so signal? Not so. *It was the Bible that did it*—the Bible as read, expounded, and enforced by the comfort-sacrificing missionary—the Bible—that so-called antiquated book which a few men who try to make a noise in the world, intoxicated with small draughts of science, rather delirious with infidelity, threaten to kick beyond the limits of civilization. Let them do it if they can. In the mean time, blessed be God for the Holy Bible.

We hasten to say that after the idea of the one true God has been received, going to Nature with it, we may verify it abundantly. We are come now to the *logical idea of God*. A distinguished logician puts it in something like the following form:—“That which exhibits marks of design must be the work of an intelligent being; the universe exhibits marks of design; therefore the universe is the work of an intelligent being.”

Every effect must have a cause, and one adequate to the production of the effect, whatever it may be. A cause not adequate is virtually no cause. We are surrounded with effects of such a character as bespeak a cause with all possible perfections.

There is the most perfect harmony between the Bible and all Nature—that Nature of which Pollok sings in strains so lofty,—

———“whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir, the sound of many waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven’s unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
Lost now between the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.”

Standing on one of Nature’s platforms, shouting, “*There is a God,*” and listening with the ear of reason, you hear the rivers and

the rocks below echoing, "*A God.*" Among the surrounding hills and mountain fastnesses, roll the reverberations, "*A God.*" Passing up into the heavens, the sun with all his beams, as if the tongues of so many seraphs, repeats, "*A God—a God.*"

We often think of those two stars called the "pointers," because they direct the eye right up to the bright north star. The Bible and Nature are Sacred Pointers, directing man to God—the Polar Star of the soul. "*A God,*" cries the Bible: "*A God,*" all Nature cries. "*A God powerful, wise, and good,*" exclaims the Bible: "*A God powerful, wise, and good,*" responds all Nature. Listen again to one of the poets, whose words are no more beautiful than true:

"These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all their lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms,
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast."

Listen now to a higher authority,—that of an inspired bard,—one favoured with special Divine in-breathings:—

"The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handy works.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language
Where their voice is not heard."—Psalm xix. 1—3.

After allowing our minds to sweep through Nature, we feel that we too would sing, and the burden of our song should be,

"Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through Thy works abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the Builder—God."

We come now to the *Experimental idea of God*. The good man is conscious of communion with the Unseen, and often sensibly receives blessings from Him, which they know nothing of who never pray. To illustrate this we will suppose a case:—A friend gives me a cheque for five pounds. It is a promise of that sum, and I begin to regard myself as worth that more than previously. Yonder, I am told, is a banking establishment, where, presenting it in proper time and order, I may get it cashed; also, that there is this peculiarity about it, the banker never allowing himself to be seen, does business behind a thin partition, through an aperture, receiving applications

and returning answers. I go, present my cheque according to rule, get it cashed, return, and tell my friends how I have succeeded. One, turning strangely sceptical, asks,

"Did you see the banker?"

"No."

"Did you hear or handle him?"

"No."

"How do you know he was there then?"

"He cashed my note."

"You only fancy he did it."

"But here is the cash."

"It is a delusion, there is no banker there."

"But I am certain there is, for on presenting my cheque the sum promised came out by the way the cheque entered. As sure as that was cashed there is a business-transacting banker."

"Say what you please, there is no banker; you do not know that there is, having neither seen, heard, nor handled him. I perceive with regret that either your imagination is greatly heated, or, worse still, your brain is sadly softened."

"Entertain what opinion of me you choose, pity or despise, as may seem good to you, but one thing I am sure of, that on presenting my cheque according to rule, it was faithfully cashed, which fact argues to my mind with irresistible force the reality and kind agency of the banker. And let me tell you further, that the friend who gave me my cheque authorises me to say there is one for you, if you will accept it, taking which to the bank in the way prescribed you will be able to verify my statement. If you do not believe me put the matter to the test of your own experience."

We have the reality of this in answers to prayer. God's promises are like notes of divers kinds, and of inestimable value, to be taken to "the throne of grace," representing, if we may so speak, the banking establishment of heaven. Over it is written in characters of beauteous light, "Ask, and it shall be given you: seek, and ye shall find: knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Let me give you a fragment of my own experience. When a lad I felt "guilty before God," needing pardon, rest, salvation. I went to the place spoken of with some such cheques as these:—"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I saw not, heard not, handled not the Being I addressed, pleading their fulfilment, but there was given me what I wanted for my soul. I have gone to the same place a thousand times since for blessings needed, and have obtained them. As the cashing of the cheque proves the being of the banker, so answers to prayer prove the existence of God. Am I told there is no Divine Banker? My experience tells me there is. Does some one say my experience is delusive, being made up of fancies conceived in times of great excitement? My reply is, that at the beginning of those new life-

incidents there are things which I know to be facts, as certainly as I know any facts of my history. I am sure that before that period I was afraid of death; that after it the fear of dying left me; and instead, I had a prevailing "desire to depart and be with Christ;" and that this inward change was followed by a change of life, which has lasted over thirty years. These are not such matters as belong to the domain of fanaticism, but to the department of stubborn facts, and sound moral principles. These and all similar occurrences afford to all unprejudiced minds convincing proofs of the being and kind regards of Deity. It is vain to say there is no real weight and worth in all this; we fear neither confutation, nor even contradiction, when we declare that *no assertions can upset facts*. There is, however, a more excellent way of settling this:—let such as differ from us try for themselves, taking some cheque of mercy to the bank of heaven, pleading it, as we did, with persistent expectation. This evidence is vastly multiplied, millions having done what we speak of, and given evidence accordingly. Others are doing it to-day, in this place, and in other places. May such witnesses increase till not a man shall anywhere be found denying the God that made him.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, *some boldly avow Atheism*, in regard to whom there are two or three things which we must fearlessly deny. Their claim to be wise above others, nay, exclusively wise, is not supported by the spirit they breathe, nor the works they perform. Granting their claim for a moment, the grand problem presenting itself for solution is, how came they to be occupants of that high position from which they look down with pride or pity on all others? Surely they must have been endowed with special strength of understanding, and power of penetration! In addition to brain of rare fulness and beauty of development, they must have had extraordinary means for cultivating those great souls so mysteriously connected with the organ or medium of thought—opportunities which others, alas! have been denied, or having them have failed hitherto practically to recognize. Supposing the conclusion they have arrived at to be just, one uninitiated in the art and mystery of Atheism would naturally be led to suppose that the distinguished few habitually wore instead of the common-place expression of others, all sage indications of countenance, that marvellous index of the mind—looks and gestures significant of their superior wisdom; that in propounding and endeavouring to propagate their principles there would be nothing big and blustering, but such calmness of spirit, precision of statements, chains of unanswerable arguments, and indomitable perseverance in the logical assailing of positions to be stormed, as would make it be felt and confessed that their announcements were convictions sacred and life-regulating; that when pressed strongly by some antagonist they would not in a cowardly spirit fly from point to point, but stand their ground, and fight right manfully, like heroes of old in other wars; that none of them were busy striplings, who had not lived long enough, nor had sufficient leisure for profoundly investigating subjects so transcendently important, but were all more or less advanced in years, the brows and locks of the majority prematurely wrinkled and silvered; that not one among them was possessed of inveterate prejudices, and

swayed by vile passions, but famed for freedom from all that tends to warp the judgment, full of love to truth, and under its triumphant dominion; that none of their fraternity were heartless, destitute of the finer feelings, rejoicing in their dark uncongenial creed, for such it is in truth, but accustomed to indulge in sighs and tears, men of sorrows and acquainted with grief, often deeply regretting what they believe, sadly wailing because their spirits and those of others have no immortal Sire, and that Fatherless are the untold worlds with their teeming populations. It is affecting to think how few encounters with abettors of Atheism would raise a tempest which would sweep away as chaff from a threshing-floor all such preconceived and friendly opinions.

Their alleged discovery, that there is no God, is false. Even if there were no Great Supreme, it could not be proved. Indeed, if there were no God, there would not be any to suspect it even, since if there were no Fountain of being, there could be no tide of being; if no First Being, no second, no third, much less the number, whatever it may be, of "the fools" who say in their heart, "There is no God."

We were thinking of Pearson's idea of the enormous difficulty appertaining to proving a negative. "Evidence may be adduced at once to show that such a thing is, or that such a thing has been done, while the negation of this may demand a surprising amount of research and experience. An individual, for example, cast upon what seemed to be a desert island, might affirm that it was, or lately had been, inhabited, and in proof of this he would need only to point to the human footprint on the sand. One such mark would be sufficient of itself to make good the affirmation. But were the companion of his misfortune to contend that the island was uninhabited, and that no traces of a human being having ever been there could be found, it is very obvious that the proof of this negative assertion would be attended with much greater difficulty. In the one case a single footmark fresh upon the soil would be proof sufficient. In the other case, it would be necessary to explore the whole region, to examine carefully every cavern and locality, before the negative proposition could be substantiated. The one clear print of a man's foot would prove that man was, or had been, in the island, but it would be requisite to see that no human footprint was visible throughout its entire length and breadth, that no vestige of a human inhabitant could be discovered, before an individual would be entitled to say, that no man was or ever had been there. And the difficulty of making good the negative would increase with the enlargement of the country, and the number and size of the localities to be gone over. The same principle holds good with regard to extent of time as to extent of space." †

In applying this the excellent writer remarks, "In order to substantiate the affirmative proposition, that there is a God, nothing more might be necessary than to point to some of the footprints of the Creator which are visible in the heavens and the earth. If there be a God, only a small amount of knowledge and experience would

† Infidelity: Its Aspects, Causes, and Agencies. People's Edition. p. 12.

be requisite to prove it. The evidence might lie, as we say it does lie, in a flower of the field, in a leaf of the forest, in a single hand, or in a single eye. But the negative proposition could be substantiated within no such compass. Even were there no indications of the Creator in that wondrous microcosm, the human eye, or in the waving leaf, or in the blooming flower, still it were an illegitimate inference and a manifestation of high presumption to conclude that there is no God."†

Lingering here, to see yet further the absurdity and impious daring of Atheism, a man comes, we will suppose, claiming to have found that there is no Divine Being. Where has this extraordinary pretender been? Not from one end of Cornwall to the other, may be, send him to the Land's-end; proofs of the Being denied may be contained in the fine cubes of granite there, and in the Atlantic waves which break in foam and thunder against them. If none can be found in his native county, some may be in the one adjoining. He must go from one division to another of old England, till he shall have explored it from end to end, from side to side, before we shall allow him to say there is no God; and after that, the wide world over. Should he fail to discover some trace of Divinity from the circumference to the centre of our globe, we would bid him be silent, and send him further. We would have him mount the next great comet that shall come along, ride on it as a steed of fire around the sun, go out one way through the solar system, and come back the other, and in case of finding no traces of the kind indicated we would insist on his going direct to the sun for careful explorations, external and internal; stepping then from the central orb to Mercury; thence to Venus; then back to mother earth again, to search it a second time with improved powers of investigation. May be even he would succeed this time, if not let him visit fiery Mars, refulgent Jupiter, and so planet after planet of the whole solar system, not forgetting satellites and comets. If after the most diligent explorations extending from the sun to Neptune he should still be unencumbered with gathered proofs he would deserve to be gagged without ceremony if he attempted to deny that there were such evidences to be gleaned in regions beyond. For though he might justly claim to be an extraordinary traveller, he would not have gone far comparatively in the great kingdom of Nature—only over a few small tracts of one of its mighty provinces. Let him doubt if he must, but not deny. Are there not millions of solar systems, constituting the great astral system of which the one he has been running through forms but an insignificant part? And are there not hosts of such systems? As the telescope improves in space-sweeping power is it not seen to teem yet further with what are sublimely described as "Island universes?" Beyond the last patch of cloud-like nebula that has been resolved, are there not other nebulae at present irresolvable? Let him explore all those star-thronged tracts of immensity, or stand abashed at the thought of proclaiming again that there is no God.

We are reminded here of a passage which once powerfully im-

† Ibid. Page 13.

pressed us in reading Foster's original essay "On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself." Says the profound thinker, "The wonder then turns on the great process, by which a man can grow to the immense intelligence which can know that there is no God. What ages and what lights are requisite for THIS attainment! This intelligence involves the very attributes of divinity, while a God is denied. For unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment present in every place of the universe, he cannot know but there may be in some place manifestations of a Deity, by which even *he* would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, the one that he does not know may be God. If he is not himself the chief agent in the universe, and does not know what is so, that which is so may be God. If he is not in absolute possession of all the propositions that constitute universal truth, the one which he wants may be, that there is a God. If he cannot with certainty assign the cause of all that he perceives to exist, that cause may be a God. If he does not know every thing that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things may have been done by a God. Thus, unless he knows all things, that is, precludes all other divine existence by being Deity himself, he cannot know that the being whose existence he rejects does not exist."*

Our impression is that as a rule the denial of God is mere bravado, or the love of singularity. We think we have satisfactory proof of this in what happens when professed Atheists are suddenly brought face to face with danger. For example: A man in my native town, accustomed to go up and down the river in a boat with passengers, belonged to the class indicated. One time, when a storm raged, and he was afraid he with others on board would go to the bottom, he cried to God to have mercy upon him. Some years since, when on the Isle of Wight, we were informed of another God-denying man, who, as a ship-carpenter, was one day working by the side of a vessel out in deep water. Through the slipping of a knot, or the breaking of a rope, the scaffolding gave way, and down went the Atheist, standing a good chance to be drowned. What then? Why all his Atheism was washed out of him in a second, and he, too, cried to God for mercy. Well for him there was some one there to have mercy on him. He was saved from a watery grave, but was severely and deservedly taunted for his inconsistency. What was the depth of that disbelief which could thus in a moment be tossed to the winds? It was no deep-down thing. Its roots, if it had any, had not struck far into the depths of their souls. They were like a man we know, who once, in allusion to days of daring wickedness, said, "*I tried to be an infidel, but could not be.*"

There is often an inability with infidels to state clearly the grounds of their professed disbelief, and defend their principles like men who have embraced them from real conviction. In avowing Atheism they do but little more than say what others have said. Mostly they display but little logical power; they dogmatize instead of arguing, seeking more to confound than to convince. We are thinking

of a man we once met with in one of the Cinque Ports—the town of Rye, in Sussex. There had been a heavy gale of wind, resulting in much sea-side havoc. Inside Dungeness, a bold headland running out to the left of a magnificent bay, a vessel was driven ashore, and left high and dry on the shingle. The day after we went to a part of the old sloping town from which the wreck could be seen. Others were there for the same purpose. It was a fine opportunity for speaking a word of things divine. Calling attention to the storm which had so lately raged, and describing it as terrific, endorsing utterances fell from the lips of some who listened, which prepared the way for the declaration that there were other and more terrific storms to come. We carried on their attention to that awful period when we expect

“Our God in grandeur and the world on fire.”

Then it was that we found there was an Atheist in the company. A man with a gruff look stepped up, and asked, “*Where does your God live? What is the number of his house?*” The answer was given as if by inspiration,—“**NUMBER I. THE UNIVERSE IS HIS GREAT HOUSE—HE FILLS IMMENSITY.**” Vexed with himself, or the preacher, or both, he left instantly, and we had it all to ourselves. Bless God for assisting in time of need!

Many have been *tempted* to doubt the being of God. Alas for such as during the prevalency of conflicts lose their love for truth! We have lately been struck by an utterance of an unbeliever, who is reported to have said that if truth were a little bird, and in his hand, he would crush its life out. Where was its love of truth? Extinct, if it ever had a being, and nothing could save him from moral wreck. Let the love of truth be held and sacredly cherished, then will everything swing right at last. The tempests of temptations will end, and gloom give place to glowing light.

It is possible that even now some one present is sorely assailed by the enemy touching this the foundation of all religion. We deeply sympathize with such, knowing well the pangs they feel. Not only is the human mind so constituted that, let the great idea be fairly stated, it will readily assent to and cordially embrace it, provided there be no special moral force in antagonism, but so tenaciously will the mind cling to that idea, that it will be difficult if not impossible to tear it away. Anything approaching to a successful attempt throws all within into the most painful confusion, while all without which seemed fair, and wielded ravishing influences, are robbed of their beauty and power to gladden. Over all the great universe is thrown a vast murky pall, the soul herself, alarmed and terror-stricken, enveloped therewith. But let the great idea, half-wrenched away, or more, be given back complete; rather let the confidence which previously existed in regard to it be restored; then will all things stand forth once more in their glorious harmonies, and the spirit which was anxious and agonized be at rest again. Why is the mind of man thus constituted?—why, if there is no God?—why, but for that there is a God, that mind adapted expressly for the contemplation, worship, and service of such a Being, He to it the grand centre of repose and source of bliss?

The description above is not fanciful; it accords with realities, as we know by personal experiences. Converted while young in years, Christian theology became our chief study. We read arguments for the being of God, and marked how the theories of Atheists were exploded by advocates of sacred truth. Nothing seemed more perfectly preposterous than the Atheistic sentiment, "No God." A season came of unanticipated conflicts. Time was when the bare idea of a Christian being tempted to doubt if there was a great first cause was startling; it proved itself to be so once when we saw it as a fact interwoven in a Christian biography, affecting us something the same as if an impossibility had transpired; yet did we live long enough to be not simply startled, but tortured thereby.

A singular incident occurred. With a reading companion, we were one day in the market-place, where was a book-stall, belonging to a travelling book-seller. Volumes of many kinds were exposed for sale, a few of which we hastily inspected. One more than the rest engaged our attention, its title, "*Mirabeau's system of the universe.*" Proceeding to examine it as some others, we were requested to desist unless we intended to buy, which led my friend to say, "*It is no use buying a pig in the sack.*" We had looked at it enough to notice at the tops of the pages, "The Being of God"—"Immortality of the soul," &c. Hastily forming a high opinion of it, we asked the price and were informed, four shillings. Dissatisfied with the cost of a small-sized book we left, yet did we remember that the type too was small, and that therefore there was a great deal in it, too much in fact. We went back, my friend bought the book, and we returned to his home. We read the title page again, then the preface, then each other's countenances, and were driven to the mortifying conclusion that after all the pig had been bought "in the sack." Instead of the Being of God argued, it was denied; the Soul's Immortality the same. What we supposed was a first-class theological work, fitted to help us in our efforts for higher attainments, was in fact the production of a great French Atheist, designed to play destruction with the whole system of divine truth. "I'll read it, if you will let me," said I, the younger, and probably with too much self-confidence. Large portions were read, not all, and it was observed to abound in bold assertions rather than strong arguments. Nothing seemed insuperable, yet were gloom-creating doubts inspired. We have never been able fully to understand this without recognizing the doctrine of satanic influence. With the Frenchman it was Nature this, Nature that, all Nature, nothing but Nature. While it was only what he said,—what he did not, could not *prove*, questionings after a time commenced, something of this kind,—"And is there no God then? Came all things into existence by chance, or in any other way, save by the agency of a Being infinite in all perfections? Is there no great Supreme to sustain me by His bounties, and gladden me by His smile? Hitherto have I been deluded, and now am I but waking from a pleasant dream to stern and stinging realities? No, there is! there is a God!.....Is there in very deed such a Being? Why then this gloom which gathers around me? and why so strangely flutters my sad heart? Why do I not now feel the full

force of familiar arguments for the existence of Deity? If Nature has a living and glorious Author, why can I not in, through, and by her behold Him in gladness and adoration? O this dreadful eclipse! which makes all Nature suffer, or me alone, which?"

Only to one person, "a mother in Israel," did we in those times divulge these secret feelings of our heart. "*Don't look at it child,*" said she, in deep concern, "*Don't look at it;*" and she appealed to proofs which failed to still the raging tempests. She said the best things she, or any one, could say, but it was no use saying, "*Don't look at it;*" I was obliged to do it, conscious that old Mirabeau and Satan had hold of me, intending to "sift me as wheat," and leave nought but chaff behind. I strove hard to shake them off, but could not.

Well do we remember the darkness of one moonlight night—the darkness within, which flung shadows upon what was fair and bright without. O that solitary ramble, in the fields and by the water-side! Deep, broad, majestic was the river, on the banks of which we roamed, and whose wavelets gleamed in the radiance of night's full-orbed, unclouded queen. It was one of the Psalmist's nocturnal times, and may be some expounder of revealed truth not far off was gathering illustrations of that noble passage, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" It was one of Addison's nights, on which he would have sung with deep feeling,

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine."

But we were deaf and blind too that night. We saw indeed earth's beautiful satellite, marching grandly up the blue steeps, scattering the sunbeams she had borrowed and softened among the dome-decking stars, and on sea and land, yet so obscured was our inner vision that we saw no foot-prints of Deity, and so closed up the spirit's ear that we caught nothing of Nature's sublime song of the divine existence. Inaudible to the soul as to the body were all her whisperings, and even her thunderings, of His being and perfections. We strove to hear, but could not; all we could catch was the melancholy dirge of the Atheist, lying demons, who themselves "believe and tremble," helping to swell the dread chorus,

"Nature here, Nature there,
Naught but Nature anywhere."

Notwithstanding, we continued to pray, rather strove to do so, soliciting very speedily a merciful deliverance. It was but a sorry kind of praying sometimes, as witness the "ifs" now and then employed regarding the existence of Him we invoked. The heart prayed better, however; the whole soul groaned within to be freed from the direful gloom, the oppressing incubus, the something so terribly uncongenial and afflictive.

At length, after many days of conflicts, came the day of victory. Breathing in a dusty atmosphere superinduced intense thirst. Nearly two hundred yards off, in a valley, at the foot of a green slope, was as good a spring of water as existed from the days of Adam, warm on winter's frosty morn, and cool at the hot noon of summer. Thither, as often before, we repaired for the thirst-slaking draught. As we stood beside that spring, before stooping to drink its precious waters, it was as if some one whispered, "*What does Nature know?*" With that came a wondrous rush of thoughts—thoughts of self as so constituted that thirst must come, of water as adapted to quench that thirst; of intelligence as presupposed by such adaptation; of benevolence as displayed in the fact and amplitude of the provision made; then of nature as unconscious of those necessities, profoundly ignorant of those supplies. I know not how best to speak of this. If it was logic, it was not that merely, but "logic set on fire." Reason I know was in exercise, yet did it seem too rapid and overwhelming to be that alone. It was as when we have seen a meteor of first order bursting in the heavens. It was like, rather it was, *a flood of light*. Whence that question? Was it a whisper from some seraph? or from Deity direct? No matter, but in an instant its work was done. Once more was Nature seen as but an effect of the great First Cause—a stupendous whole created by Jehovah, continued for His glory, and marshalled on principles of benevolence. When suddenly broke that long-enduring storm, and fled its palpable gloom, then was earth a fatherless sphere, sun and planets an authorless system, and all the systems combined a godless universe no longer. It was Nature here, and Divinity here; Nature yonder, and Divinity yonder; Nature and Divinity connected, not confounded; Divinity distinct, personal, in all, ruling all, yet unlike all. The old incontrovertible doctrine of cause and effect was again seen in its grand climaxes. With the being and glory of God came back the charms of Nature, yet not Nature, but her Lord was worshipped.

Twenty and more years have elapsed since that great deliverance, and the power thereof is felt to day. There have been no misgivings, but a steady and full belief in the Divine Existence. There has been more than that confidence, even love to Him, and ravishment by His smile, through the blood of His Son. Pleasant to me as long ago is the stanza,

" Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
To rural gods, or prostrate fall,
Did I not see, did I not feel,
THAT ONE GREAT SPIRIT GOVERNS ALL."

Time would fail us to tell of other and almost contemporaneous conflicts touching the Divine Authority of the Bible, the reality of personal religion, &c. But we bless God for them all. None of

those waves visited us with their shakings and tossings, but they left us in a higher position, with increased mental and moral power. It was well they came, and when they did. By the mercy of the God of truth they prepared us subsequently to live and labour for years among infidels of every stage. In conclusion, we confess with gratitude, "*This is the finger of God.*"

S. POLLARD.

DR. JOHN CAMPBELL AND HIS WORK.

SCOTLAND has produced many great men in several spheres of life, of which she may well be proud, for it is the land of Wallace and Bruce, of Knox and Erskine, of Blair and Chalmers, of Thomas Campbell and Robert Burns, with others well known to fame. That country once gave a king to England. The lower classes are more intelligent because better educated than the like classes in our own land. We once met with a young Scotchman in humble life, but who fully appreciated his country's national poet Burns. We prevailed upon him to read to us some of the poems of his countryman and he rendered them so efficiently in the Scotch accent, that we appreciated their beauty more than we had ever done before. Few Englishmen of the same station in life would be able to read as effectively any English poet; though we hope that as education has now become a compulsory matter, the next generation will be wiser and better. Many eminent ministers who have risen to great distinction in our own land have been Scotchmen, of whom the late Dr. John Campbell is a distinguished example.

The Rev. J. Campbell was born in Kirriehrae, in the vicinity of Dundee, October 5th, 1795. He was the son of Alexander Campbell, surgeon. His education commenced very early, for he could read the New Testament fluently at the age of three years. His father dying soon after the birth of his son, he was left to the care of an affectionate mother, who spared no pains to promote his mental culture. From a child he loved books, and had also a taste for mechanical pursuits, spending his time between school hours in making water-mills, bagpipes, fiddles, fifes, flutes, and such like things. He did not care for play, and made but few friendships amongst his little associates. He was first sent to the school of an intelligent dame, then to the seminary of a man, who was rough in manner, but of a kind heart, and an excellent teacher. He then went to the parish school, in which he was under the tuition of a minister of the Church of Scotland. In no instance was he subjected to corporal punishment, which was then too common in Scotland. The clerical master often took him to his house, an honour conferred upon no other pupil. His mental powers, however, had not yet developed themselves. His reading was limited. He afterwards obtained a complete edition of Burns, made it his pocket companion, and got nearly the whole by heart. He ever after acknowledged his obligation to the great poet as to his skill in composition, for although many of the poems are in the Scottish dialect, yet they had on his mind all the effect of pure English. His lengthened course of school training over, and his boyish love of mechanical pursuits still continuing, he was taught by a near relation, with whom John was a great favourite, to become an artificer in brass, iron, and agricultural implements. Though not regularly apprenticed, but simply an amateur under the counsel and guidance of his relative, in two or three years he became more expert than many young men who had fulfilled the full term of years. He then visited other parts to improve himself in his trade. His reading now became more extensive, and among other

works he read the voyages of Dampier, which gave him a passion for a sea-fearing life. Accordingly, without the knowledge of his friends, he went to Sunderland and became bound to a ship-owner, and went several voyages. But the sea did not answer his expectations, the romance disappeared, and he had to endure perils and hardships. He therefore left without the consent or knowledge of the captain, or, in plain terms, ran away, leaving his precious books behind, and without any money in his pocket. Providentially he found a shilling in the bottom of the boat in which he made his escape, and with this he proceeded on his way with a light heart. As he was passing through Fakenham, about breakfast-time, he had an illustration of human kindness which he never forgot. "As he was making along the principal street a lady looking from her window saw him as he passed with his bundle in hand, and called out, 'Young man, have you had any breakfast?' The reply was 'No, ma'am.' 'Come this way and you shall have some.' In he went with a grateful heart. A conversation soon commenced. She said she had a brother out upon his travels, and very possibly he was without a breakfast that morning." As he proceeded on his way he had great difficulty in finding lodgings, and one night he had to sleep in a shed with his bundle for a pillow. He at last crossed the Tweed, and soon found himself in the circle of his friends, who rejoiced at his return. Before we pass from this part of young Campbell's life, we will narrate a circumstance which may amuse some, and which will be approved by the admirers of "Muscular Christianity." One day when working in the shop, his master came in and found fault with some work he had finished, saying it was either badly or wrongly done. John asserted it was done properly. The master reiterating his charge, John's ire was aroused, and, snatching up a piece of hot iron, he chased his master round the shop and out at the door, threatening he would run him through with it. The other workmen expressed great delight and admiration, for they had never seen their master vanquished before.

John, though moral and studious in his habits, had not passed through that great change which was to alter the current of his life, and make him a new creature. He said of himself that at the age of eighteen he was as ignorant of true religion as a child on the breast, and had scarcely a thought of sacred things. "The divine volume I never valued or read, and until this time never, I believe, bowed my knee to God, and had been only a few times in any place of worship." But the time came when a change took place. This was somewhat sudden in its operation. He was advised to go and hear a young minister who was preaching in Dundee, that he might obtain relief from his misery, and was dissolved into tears as the sermon proceeded. He felt himself under an influence altogether new and indescribable which he had no wish to resist. "His hard heart was there removed, and a heart of flesh imparted." For some time he lost sight of himself and his personal interest in the Saviour, and sat in silent wonder at the stupendous work of redemption. Afterwards, on turning his attention to himself, he felt secure in Christ Jesus his Lord, for he alone was the foundation of his hope, the end of the law for righteousness, and his Advocate with the Father. He then further revealed his literary tastes, and, renouncing the business prospects open before him, betook himself to study with a view to enter the Christian ministry. He had acquired the elements of Latin and Greek at the parish school, but there was work to be done before he could become eligible for the Latin and Greek classes of the University. He therefore placed himself under private tuition, mastered Ruddiman's Latin grammar in three weeks, and afterwards proceeded to the University of St. Andrews, in October, 1817, obtained an exhibition honour for his acquirements in Latin, and easily prepared his daily lessons, leaving himself time for general reading, which he pursued with the greatest avidity. From

infancy he had delighted in discussion and haranguing, for when only five years of age, seeing a troop of soldiers proceeding along the highway, the boy ascended the stump of a tree and began to make a speech, loud and vehement, to the men of the red coat, to their great amusement, upon which, one of the soldiers stepped aside, and laughing in the face of the child, gave him a piece of a roll, saying, "Go on, little fellow, you will be a preacher some day." The child was father to the man, for he manifested the same propensity at the University. He entered its forum, and occupied a conspicuous place among the disputants during the whole time of his residence. His personal application to study was great, and he made great improvement under the University lectures. He finished his course of study at Glasgow University, where he had the benefit of attending the ministry of the far-famed Dr. Chalmers. The life of Wesley and the works of Fletcher falling into his hands were read with great interest, which considerably modified his Calvinistic sentiments, and he joined the Wesleys, and became a local preacher with that body for above a twelvemonth, while pursuing his college studies, and was ever ready to acknowledge his obligations to them as a pastor throughout his future life. His views, however, not being exactly in accordance with that people, and further because he was called upon to answer for the misdemeanour of preaching to a large concourse of people on the village green, he left them. He then preached both in and out of doors several times every Sunday. He now united himself with the Congregationalists, and preached in his turn at a large school-room in the village of St. Patrick, two miles from Glasgow. His services were much appreciated by the villagers, who met him in a body at the bridge every Sunday morning; the room was crowded, many being outside looking in at the windows; and so acceptable were his labours that upon his removal to a distant part he was presented by them with a gold seal as a token of their love. His first pastorate was at Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire. When he first went, there was no Congregational church, and only a few poor weavers of Independent principles. Dr. Wardlaw was applied to for a preacher for that town and sent Mr. Campbell. The music-hall was taken at a rent of one guinea per week, although there was not a shilling to support a cause there. Mr. O. found that he would soon be left to pay the rent of the hall, pay the carpenter for the forms, and support himself. He therefore preached out of doors, although it was a very unusual thing in that place, and with great success, for the hall became too small for the congregation, so that the services were transferred to the Masonic-hall, and when the weather permitted, to a larger place still—the town green. He also preached at Ayr in the open air, and by that means filled the Independent chapel of that town. When the evenings became shorter he preached on Kilmarnock Green by moonlight. A church was afterwards organized, and a chapel, and manse, or minister's house, were built, Mr. O. taking all the responsibility. He travelled in various places to collect money for this object with more or less success, eventually visiting London, and became acquainted with the Rev. Matthew Wilks, pastor of the Tabernacle, Moorfields, and Tottenham Court Road Chapel.

Mr. Wilks was the successor of the celebrated Whitfield. He was a peculiar man, very taciturn, but gained in the affections of his people so that at last no minister was so beloved as he. Mr. Campbell was a man after his own heart, and he set his mind on him as his successor in the pastorate of the Tabernacle, and the second successor of George Whitfield, the field preacher. It was with a struggle that Mr. O. gave up his people at Kilmarnock, but he did so and became a London minister. Mark the providence of God in this matter. The first Sunday Mr. O. engaged to preach at Tottenham Court Road Chapel in the evening, he went in the morning to the Tabernacle, thinking he should hear Mr. Wilks, then in his eighty-third year. That venerable minister hearing that Mr. O. was in the

chapel, after he had opened the service by reading and prayer, sent him a message that as he was very poorly he would be obliged if he would preach. He consented and stepped into the vestry. Mr. Wilks descended from the pulpit, and coming into the vestry took off his gown and bands, clothed Mr. Campbell with them without uttering a single word. This was the last appearance of Mr. Wilks in the Tabernacle pulpit, he transferred his office to Mr. Campbell as his successor, then retired, and soon after died in peace.

Previously to this Mr. Campbell had married Miss Oritchton of Irvine, who was a suitable helpmeet to him in every respect.

For years Mr. Campbell continued the active and hard working pastor of two large and influential churches. He was not, however, without trouble. Who is? He found that after Mr. Wilks' death, the churches needed reorganization and reform. The alterations in discipline and modes of worship did not please some who were for having all things as they were in the days of Whitfield. The changes he instituted were important, such as the abolition of the church liturgy, originating prayer-meetings, monthly meetings for missionary intelligence, the forming of day and Sunday schools, and a home missionary society. The ire of some was aroused, and a pastoral letter of Mr. O's when on a visit to Edinburgh, in which he disapproved of certain gentlemen, who in his absence had formed themselves into a set of trustees with a new trust deed, was construed into a resignation. When he returned they endeavoured to keep him out of the pulpit by force! They were, however, declared in the wrong in a court of law, had to pay expenses, so that Mr. Campbell triumphed. But during this process of litigation he neglected no pastoral duty, and was successful in making Tottenham Court Road Chapel an effective church, instead of a mere preaching station which it had been until that time. He had trouble in his family, for his little son John died with scarlet fever, another son was afterwards drowned at sea, and his beloved wife dropped down dead in his study. Thus do all of God's people pass through the furnace that they may be purified.

In 1839 or 40 he obtained the honorary degree of D.D. from St. Andrews' University. Although such titles can never make a bad preacher a good one, nor confer one iota more honour upon the man whom God has endowed with great gifts, and who has been favoured with education for their development, yet every man is fairly entitled to the laurels which he has won by the cultivation of the abilities with which God has blessed him. The doctor was a bold fearless preacher. He sought to honour his Master, and to save souls. His powers of appeal were very great, and he came down with an irresistible force on his hearers, especially the young, in whom he took a deep interest. We have heard one of his members say, who was capable of judging, and who could compare the doctor with others, inasmuch as there was not a popular preacher in London that he did not make a point of hearing, that he was the best expositor of the Scriptures he had ever heard. He worked himself and set his members to work for the Master, for he would have no drones in the hive, and no hypocrites in the household. He himself preached four times per week, taking all the baptismal, sacramental and burial services, conferences with inquirers, and admissions to the church, thus performing all the duties of the pastorate with a fulness never known before. During a period of fourteen years he never took holiday, so that the funds of the church were never put to one farthing expense for pulpit supplies.

As a champion for truth and a corrector of abuses the doctor was prominent in his day. The Bible then, as now, could only be printed by a few printers authorised by the Government. But at that time high prices were charged for the work far beyond what the cost would have been if it had been put up to public competition. The reason given for the monopoly was, that if no one were authorized to print it to the exclusion of others

there would be no guarantee for correctness. But this was shown to be a fallacy by the doctor in his celebrated speech at Liverpool, (a masterpiece of eloquence); for there was no penalty attached to incorrectness—in one edition printed by the Oxford press there were twelve thousand errors!—and the printing of the Bible might safely be left to public competition, which would not only ensure the fewest possible errors, but the lowest possible price. The result of the agitation of which Dr. Adam Thompson and Dr. Campbell were at the head was, while the Bible printing patents were renewed, Bibles and Testaments were greatly reduced in price; and it is owing to the labours of those men that we now can get a Bible for sixpence, and a New Testament for twopence.

The doctor was not only a preacher and a pastor, but an author and editor likewise. He not only compiled a hymn-book for the congregation, and another for the Sunday schools, besides catechisms, but he wrote a work on Christian missions, taking for his theme "THE MARTYR OF ERROMANGA," or, John Williams. This is a work of great intellectual power, in the form of letters, dedicated to eminent men, from most of whom he received courteous replies, upon a presentation copy of the work being sent them. Another work of his was "Six Letters on the Spiritual Condition of London and our Large Towns;" also a work on "Popery," and a "Commentary on the Sacred Scriptures," valuable to Sunday-school teachers. We have not space to enumerate all his works. Suffice it to say, that the whole collected would amount to more than twenty volumes. He had a due sense of the value of the press in its relation to journalism, and was for twenty-one years editor of "The Christian Witness," and "The Penny Magazine." Those periodicals had an enormous circulation, for it was before the era of the "Leisure Hour," or the "Sunday Magazine." A paper called "The British Banner" was started, and no man was found so suitable as the doctor for editor. This office was thrust upon him, for if he had not consented the project would have been given up. Soon after this, his voice failing him, he was obliged to give up his regular pulpit duties. He was afterwards editor of the "British Standard." There can be no doubt that these newspapers had a vast power for good. They were religious in their character, and though not always moderate in their tone, they were always on the side of Orthodoxy, Protestantism, and Freedom. The pen and the press wield a power for which nothing else can ever be substituted.

"The pen and the press blest alliance combined
To soften the heart and enlighten the mind,
The pen to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,
The press sends them forth to the ends of the earth,
In battle for truth they are mighty indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant must snap like a reed,
They were sent to exalt us, to teach us, to bless,
Those invincible brothers, the pen and the press."

As a controversialist the doctor was stern and uncompromising. To say he ought to have been milder is but to say he ought to have been a man of another order, but "every man in his own order," for thus the work of God is done. An adverse critic of the doctor wrote among other things, "He is not a man of learning, for learning softens the manners." Have there then never been learned men destitute of such softness? Did not that writer know anything about John Knox or Martin Luther? The fact is, the doctor was a man whom everyone could not understand. "Mice do not understand lions." He was engaged in the Rivulet controversy, which made a great stir some years ago. The Rivulet is a volume of poems or hymns written by an Independent minister for the use of his congregation. He was a poet and a genius, but the doctor, with many others at the time, came to the conclusion that there was not sufficient devotion in the book, and that it savoured of German neology. In his

articles on Wesleyan Methodism he denounced not men, but the system, and whether he was right or wrong, the church polity of any denomination is a fair subject for criticism. He was, however, in general a very favourable critic of the works of authors, and read carefully every book he reviewed. He was an expert short-hand writer, and usually wrote his articles first in short-hand, so that he wrote almost as quickly as the thoughts came. But at other times he would dictate to an amanuensis, whom he kept fully employed. He was noted for punctuality in the fulfilment of his duties, for early rising, and for system. "He was always in his place at Bolt Court in good time, and never left it on any account whatever so long as there was work to be done." "A wonderful photograph was Dr. Campbell in what he called his 'day,' in Bolt Court! Seated in his editorial chair, clad in his Tartan office coat, encircled with heaps of books, and papers, and letters, running his fingers through his rugged locks, and shaking his bushy head, as he conversed or dictated, wielding a power in that one place, the influence of which was being felt throughout the civilized world, and everywhere wielding it for good—a sight to see was such a man, and one but rarely witnessed." In Bolt Court he laboured as editor for more than twenty-two years, and it was in this same Court that Dr. Johnson had lived, of whom Dr. Campbell was a great admirer, and perhaps as far as his style is concerned, an imitator.

He was an excellent letter writer, (a talent of no mean order) and frequently corresponded with members of his church when he had not time to visit them. He was a most affectionate father and husband. A friend of his was walking with him in Finsbury Square, when his two little girls came running up to him, having come from school. His benevolent countenance was instantly lighted up with pleasure as he asked them if they had been good at school. He then made some observations on the blessings children are to us, and that it would be a dull world without them. As a pastor he was greatly beloved, and had great influence with the members of his church, who much valued his teaching, and he was to them an authority. To the calumnies which he, in common with all public men had to bear, they turned a deaf ear, and had a settled conviction of his uprightness and honesty.

When he retired from the editorship of "The Christian Witness" he was presented with a testimonial of £500, and when he resigned the pastorate of the Tabernacle he was presented with £3000, and at the meeting on the occasion the Earl of Shaftesbury presided.

After this he married Mrs. Fontaine, who had been a friend of his for many years, with whom he hoped to live for some years, for though he could face death without dismay he was by no means tired of life. But the great Disposer of events ordered it otherwise. He had not enjoyed his well earned retirement into private life long—a little less than one year and three months—when he was called to the rest above. His illness was not at first considered dangerous, but alarming symptoms appearing professional aid was called in. He was unspeakably happy, and felt Christ to be unutterably precious to him. When Mrs. Campbell asked him, "Do you think, my love, you will recover?" he said, "I hope so for your sake, I do hope my heavenly Father will spare me to be with you a little longer, but His will be done, not mine. If I go upstairs first" (he always spoke of dying as going upstairs) "I will come and meet you." He desired that she should read to him the fourteenth chapter of John, and then requested her to repeat such hymns as "Rock of ages," "O for an overcoming faith," "Jesus, lover of my soul." On Sunday, when apparently in sound sleep, he was heard to say, "Speak, speak, Lord! for Thy servant heareth!" In the evening of the day he desired his wife to read the twenty-second chapter of the Book of Revelation, but her feelings prevented her from proceeding far, he exhorted her to repress her grief and inquired whether she had ever read his commentary on that portion of the Holy Word. She

replied in the negative; when in broken accents he said, "The tree of life is a precious emblem of Christ Himself. I shall soon see Him now. I have tried to serve Him here; but how imperfectly to what I am now about to do. His servants shall serve Him." He took a most affecting leave of Mrs. Campbell, and died in the faith of the Redeemer, March 28th, 1867. We call it dying, but such a passing away is like the birth into a new and most glorious life which shall never end.

The Rev. Dr. Ferguson—one of his biographers, and one of the most intimate friends of the deceased, delivered his FUNERAL ORATION. He was interred in Abney Park Cemetery. His funeral sermon was preached in the Tabernacle, by the Rev Dr. Brown—another of his biographers—from the text, "For he was a faithful man." Nehemiah vii. 2.

The writer remembers the portly form of the doctor as he used to walk in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle, with his high collar almost up to his ears, evidently meditating as he was walking, and sometimes with his arm around the neck of one of his little sons. He also has a vivid recollection of him in his own Tabernacle as chairman of some important public meeting, with his little boy by his side. When it came to five minutes to nine, there was one speaker more to whom he allowed but three minutes, that the meeting might close at nine precisely, an hour which he strictly adhered to as the time when any service, however interesting, should close.

The Tabernacle is now a building of the past, for it has been pulled down. It was a remarkable building, of a square form, the roof supported internally by great pillars, and having a dome and lantern. In front there was a spacious yard in which we have attended open air services, held by the town missionaries, who had a portable pulpit, forms being placed for the public. But the glories of the house in which Whitfield used to deliver his sermons of thunder have passed away, and another and smaller chapel has been erected, called Whitfield Chapel, on a portion of the yard formerly belonging to the great building.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord—their works do follow them," and the works of such a man as was the doctor cannot be lost. As a stone when thrown in a lake produces circles which widen until they reach the shore, so his works and words shall have a powerful influence as long as the world shall stand. He began and carried on movements which worthy successors are proceeding with, so that there will ever be champions of the cause of truth and righteousness.

Cron dall.

AN OLD MAN'S JOY.

CHAPTER II.

"Come and rejoice with me!

I was so sick at heart,
Have met with one who knows my case,
And knows the healing art.

"I knew not of His love,
And He had loved so long,
With love so faithful and so deep,
So tender and so strong.

"And now I know it all,
Have heard and know His voice,
And hear it still, from day to-day;
Can I enough rejoice?"

FROM the time of the visit with which the last chapter closed the old man became a regular attendant at church, and there were other favourable signs of a new life begun within him; but we could not feel quite satisfied, and after we had been away for a few weeks, the faithful pastor observed with anxiety, on his return, a lessening of interest in our old friend's manner of listening and responding to any appeal on the subject. One day he returned, after a conversation with the shell-fishmonger, saying, "I fear he is setting up a new idol in his heart. It is gold! I suppose the old habit of saving in every way, to make money for his child, is asserting itself again, although the motive which ennobled it, is gone."

After praying together about our poor old friend, it occurred to us that one who had not sorrowed and sympathized with him as we had, might be able to warn him more urgently against the dangers of indecision and half-heartedness.

At that time there was a great stir in the place. One of those laymen who have consecrated heart and life, together with the minor but ensnaring gifts of position and fortune, to the work of proclaiming the good news of the Gospel amongst their fellow-countrymen of all ranks, and whose efforts have been owned of God by His signal blessing following their labours, had just come amongst us. To him we told the old man's story, and saw, with thankfulness, that he laid it to heart, while he promised that there should be no delay in his mission of faithful love.

Meeting him again the next morning as I was on my way to the oyster-shop, I enquired "How did you find our poor old friend?"

"Oh, very tender," was the reply. "I am sure he is not far from the kingdom of God."

I then went on to the oyster-shop, and asked its owner to go that evening to hear an address which his new friend was to give in the Town-Hall; he readily promised, and kept his word. The speaker noticed his attentive face, and sought him out again the next day. He found him in his shop, weeping bitterly.

"I wish I had not gone to hear you," he said. "You have made me miserable. You said God would not have a divided heart; and mine has been divided between Him and money-making, for I found that kept off the thoughts of my trouble. So it is of no use my trying to love Him. I shall never see my little girl again, nor her Saviour, now;"—and the tears flowed still faster.

"But do you not know," replied his friend, deeply moved by the sight of his distress, "that God's mercy is free and full and instant forgiveness to all who ask it for the sake of His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. He is waiting, at this moment, to give it to you. Have you any quiet room, where we two could pray together for it?"

"No," he answered; "I have but these two little shops; but if *you* do not object to being seen through the window, my Lord, I am sure I have no cause to mind it." So they knelt there side by side.

God's time of mercy had now arrived. Weeping endured for a night, but joy came in the morning. When the day's business was ended, and the shop was shut, the poor old man sat again alone in the darkness—this time not sorrowing for the dead child, but for his own soul, which he feared was still dead in sin, and might be cast away. But as he prayed and wept, his soul became a temple for the Lord of life and glory. One, who had stood outside so long, knocking at the door of that dreary heart, found it open now, and entered—a welcome guest—to kindle His own fire of love there, and to make it bright with the light of His countenance.

"The night was dark, the door was shut,
But sweet thoughts of the blessed name
Of Him who died on Calvary,
Swept thro' my heart, and then there came

Deep prayers that in His mercy, He
Would cast His white robe over me.

* * * * *

"Then, as I prayed, I was aware
That some great light was risen on me;
And looking upwards in my prayer,
I saw the door was opened wide,
And One was standing by my side
It thrilled my heart to see."

The summer came—the town was thronged with visitors, crowds were passing to and fro, one Sunday evening, along the gay esplanade; many hundreds of them were excursionists, who had no thought of entering any place of worship. At first sight it might have seemed to the congregations returning from the evening services, amidst the jest, the laugh—and, alas, too often the oath—to be heard amongst those crowds, that "no man cared for their souls." But where the throng was the densest, and the mirth the loudest, a little band of earnest Christians had gathered on the shore, with the welfare of this multitude at their heart; and across the broad esplanade, above the jest and the laughter, and mingling with the rippling of the waves on the beach, arose the attracting sound of the song of praise to Him who was despised and rejected of men—

"My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!"

Some of the crowd paused to listen but for a moment, and some turned away to sneer and to scoff; but notwithstanding this, group by group was added to the circle surrounding the singers, so that by the time the hymn was ended, there were several hundreds of attentive listeners. The fashionable loungers, weary with their round of pleasures, who thought they had come upon a company of ranters, and were preparing to turn away in disgust, were taken by surprise, when, from the midst of the singers, there stepped forth, with his Bible in his hand, a young man who, they could see at a glance, had not only been one of themselves, but a foremost leader in their ranks.

There was a deep silence all around, while, in earnest tones, he besought the presence and the blessing of God. The prayer ended, he opened his Bible, and as he read the verse, "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord," it was impossible to look in his face and not to feel that those words were his own true and full experience.

Amongst the listeners, leaning on the railing of the steps which led from the parade to the beach, stood our friend, the oyster-shopman. The deep crape on his hat, and the forlorn look about his figure, attracted the pitying notice of a formalist in the crowd, and he watched attentively the careworn face, where trouble and sorrow had "made long their furrows." But as he drew nearer, he remarked with surprise that the joy in the speaker's countenance was reflected in the old man's eyes. Strange as was the contrast in all beside, it was evident that there was a brotherhood between their souls, that both alike could sing the song of the redeemed, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

The evening deepened into night, and still the crowd lingered on the beach, but the listeners shewed no sign of weariness, and when at length they slowly dispersed, their quiet manner told that the solemn impression of those heart-stirring words remained on their minds. For much of the fruit of such broadcast sowing of "the seed of the kingdom," the sower must wait till "the time of the harvest." But the formalist, who was one

whose soul the speaker had previously sought, at once blessed God for that night. Referring to this, the next day, he said, "Your words, when you spoke to me alone, shook my false peace; and when I heard you on the beach, they set me longing for salvation; but the thing which did more for me than all the rest, was the expression of that old oyster-shopman's face. I thought that if there was something which had succeeded in making *him* happy, after all his trouble, it must be worth having indeed."

"What good news!" rejoined our friend. "I will go at once, to make acquaintance and divide the spoil with him."

A few minutes later he reached the oyster-shop, and entering through the open door, he saw its owner asleep, with his head on the counter, overcome by the heat of a June afternoon. Touching him gently on the shoulder, he awoke him by saying, "So, my friend, I hear you were preaching on the beach last night."

The old man shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and seemed to fancy at first that he was dreaming still; but scanning his new visitor attentively, he slowly answered, "No; but I seem to see somebody who was."

The explanation was soon given; and "he that sowed and he that reaped rejoiced together."

A short extract from one of the old man's letters to his pastor, written more than a year after the beginning of their friendship, will best show how the work of grace was deepening in his heart. It was sent with a little picture of children watching a rainbow.

"My Dear and Revd. Sir,—

"I know that you will excuse my simple letter, although affectionate and sincere. I take this opportunity of returning my hearty thanks to you and to your dear wife, and especially to that dear lady who first came to me, for your spiritual instruction to me, for the benefit of my soul, which will never die.

"I have thought of your solemn and beautiful sermon last Sunday a great many times this week. 'I must work the works of Him whilst it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.' 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;' 'for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' 'This God is our God for ever and ever, He will be our guide even unto death.' 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' 'He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be my son.'

"Oh what could our heavenly Father promise more to win a poor troubled sinner like myself? I thank God for all His blessings to me through His dear Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who died for a poor guilty sinner like me. Since I knew He had pardoned me, it has made me feel a bigger sinner than I ever felt before.

"I have sent you a small present for your dear beloved little child. It is what I prize very much. It was my dear child's, which she had given her when she was at school. I should very much like your dear child to have it if you will accept so small a present.

"I must conclude my letter with my own dear child's words. 'I earnestly pray that when the messenger of death shall await you, it may be to hasten you to that world where trials and troubles cease; and may we always feel and say "Thy will be done." May the Lord reward you for all your kindnesses to me.'"

"So even the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs
 Could he but take them right, and in their ways
 Happy is he whose heart
 Hath found the art
 To turn his double pains to double praise."

THOUGHTS FOR ALL READERS.*

BLUNTNESS.

THERE has been a canonization of bluntness. There are men and women who boast that they can tell you all they know and hear about you, especially if it be unpleasant. Some have mistaken rough behaviour for frankness, when the two qualities do not belong to the same family. You have no right with your eccentricities to crash in upon the sensitiveness of others. There is no virtue in walking with hoofs over fine carpets. The most jagged rock is covered with blossoming moss. The storm that comes jarring down in thunder, strews rainbow colours upon the sky, and silvery drops on orchard and meadow.

FASHION DETERIORATES THE INTELLECT.

This endless study of proprieties and etiquette, patterns, and styles, is bedwarfing to the intellect. I never knew a man or a woman of extreme fashion that knew much. How belittling the study of the cut of a coat, or the tie of a cravat, or the wrinkle in a shoe, or the colour of a ribbon! How they are worried if something gets untied, or hangs awry, or is not nicely adjusted. With a mind capable of measuring the height and depth of great subjects: able to unravel mysteries; to walk through the universe; to soar up into the infinity of God's attributes,—hovering perpetually over a new style of mantilla! I have known men, reckless as to their character, and regardless of interests momentous and eternal, exasperated by the shape of a vest-button!

THE VICIOUS POOR.

So much the more to be pitied. The Christian poor—God helps them! Through their night, there twinkles the round merry star of hope, and through the cracked window-pane of their hovel they see the crystals of heaven. But the vicious are the more to be pitied. They have no hope. They are in hell now. They have put out their last light. People excuse themselves from charity by saying they do not deserve to be helped. If I have ten prayers for the innocent, I shall have twenty for the guilty. If a ship be dashed upon the rocks, the fisherman, in his hut on the beach, will wrap the warmest flannels around those who are the most chilled and battered. The vicious poor have suffered two awful wrecks, the wreck of the body, and the wreck of the soul; a wreck for time, and a wreck for eternity.

LOTTERIES.

It is estimated that one-fourth of the business in London is done dishonestly. Whatever you expect to get from your neighbour without offering an equivalent in money or time or skill, is either the produce of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies come into the same category. Fairs for the founding of hospitals, schools, and churches, conducted on the raffling system, come under the same denomination. Do not, therefore, associate gambling necessarily with any instrument, or game, or time, or place, or think the principle depends upon whether you play for a glass of wine, or one hundred shares in *Camden and Amboy*. Whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo and keno, cards, or bagatelle, the very *idea* of the thing is dishonest; for it professes to bestow upon you a good for which you *give no equivalent*.

The church of God has not seemed willing to allow the world to have all the advantage of these games of chance. A church fair opens, and towards the close it is found that some of the more valuable articles are unsaleable.

* From the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's new work, "The Abominations of Modern Society," which disfigured as it is, by exaggeration and grotesqueness in some parts, abounds in striking passages that cannot fail to arrest the attention and improve the understanding and heart.

Forthwith the conductors of the enterprise conclude that they will *raffle* for some of the valuable articles, and, under pretence of anxiety to make their minister a present, or please some popular member of the church, fascinating persons are despatched through the room, pencil in hand, to "solicit" shares; or perhaps each draws for his own advantage, and scores of people go home with their trophies; thinking that all is right, for Christian ladies did the embroidery, and Christian men did the raffing, and the proceeds went towards a new communion set. But you may depend on it that, as far as morality is concerned, you might as well have won by the crack of the billiard ball or the turn of the dice-box.

Do you wonder that churches, built, lighted, or upholstered by such processes as that, come to great financial and spiritual decrepitude? The Devil says: "*I helped build that house of worship, and I have as much right there as you have;*" and for once the devil is right.

We do not read that they had a lottery for building the church at Corinth or Antioch, or for getting up a gold-headed cane, or for an embroidered surplice for Saint Paul. All this *I* style ecclesiastical gambling. More than one man who is destroyed can say that his first step on the wrong road was when he won something at a church fair.

DRUNKENNESS.

Does it not jingle the burglar's key? Does it not whet the assassin's knife? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch? Has it not sent the physician reeling into the sick-room; and the minister, with his tongue thick, into the pulpit? Did not an exquisite poet, from the very height of reputation, fall, a gibbering sot, into the gutter, on his way to be married to one of the fairest daughters of New England, and at the very hour when the bride was decking herself for the altar; and did he not die of delirium tremens, almost unattended, in a New York hotel? Tamerlane asked for one hundred and sixty thousand skulls, with which to build a pyramid to his own honour. He got the skulls and built the pyramid. But if the bones of all those who have fallen as a prey to dissipation could be piled up, it would make a monster pyramid. Talk not of Waterloo and Austerlitz, for they were not fields of blood compared with this great Golgotha.

NEVER READ A BAD BOOK.

By the time you get through the first chapter you will see the drift. If you find the marks of the hoofs of the devil in the pictures, or in the style, or in the plot, away with it. You may tear your coat, or break a vase, and repair them again, but the point where the rip or fracture took place will always be evident. It takes less than an hour to do your heart a damage which no time can entirely repair. Look carefully over your child's library; see what book it is he reads after he has gone to bed, with the gas turned upon the pillow. Do not always take it for granted that a book is good because it is a Sunday-school book. As far as possible know *who* wrote it, *who* illustrated it, *who* published it, *who* sold it.

LIES: WHITE AND BLACK.

There are ten thousand ways of telling a lie. A man's entire life may be a falsehood, while with his lips he may not once directly falsify. There are those who state what is positively untrue, but afterwards say "may be," softly. These departures from the truth are called "white lies;" but there is really no such thing as a white lie. The whitest lie that was ever told was as black as perdition. No inventory of public crimes will be sufficient that omits this gigantic abomination. There are men high in Church and State, actually-useful, self-denying and honest in many things, who, upon certain subjects, and in certain spheres, are not at all to be depended upon for veracity. Indeed, there are multitudes of men who

have their notions of truthfulness so thoroughly perverted, that they do not know when they *are* lying. With many it is a cultivated sin; with some it seems a natural infirmity. I have known people who seemed to have been born liars. The falsehoods of their lives extended from cradle to grave. Prevarications, misrepresentation, and dishonesty of speech appeared in their first utterances and was as natural to them as any of their infantile diseases, and was a sort of moral croup or spiritual scarlatina. But many have been placed in circumstances where this tendency has day by day, and hour by hour, been called to larger development. They have gone from attainment to attainment, and from class to class, until they have become regularly graduated liars.

THE TRUTHFULNESS OF NATURE.

There is something in the perpetual presence of natural objects to make a man pure. The trees never issue "false stock." Wheat fields are always honest. Rye and oats never move out in the night, not paying for the place they have occupied. Corn shocks never make false assignments. Mountain brooks are always "current." The gold in the grain is never counterfeit. The sunrise never flaunts in false colours. The dew sports only genuine diamonds.

A SCENE OF ENGLISH RURAL METHODISM.

THE scene of one of the prettiest Sabbath sights our eyes ever viewed in England, lay between two villages. Situated amongst fields, and perhaps a mile distant from the nearest habitation, we found, in the brightness of a summer morning, a capacious old place of worship, built of red brick. Attached were an outhouse and yard, where vehicles and horses could remain during the day's religious services. The persons belonging to the particular denomination of the church, whose property this place of worship was, were dwelling very widely scattered around, and gathered from Sabbath to Sabbath from distances of six and even of eight miles towards the sea, to worship here. We found some three hundred people of all ages assembled. The service was very simple—plenty of good hearty singing. The pulpit was mostly occupied by labouring men and a few farmers and artisans. We well remember one man, who was a farm-labourer. After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, we can clearly picture him striding along in his shirt-sleeves, his coat thrown over his arm, and his staff in his hand. His Sabbath voluntary work was frequently twenty miles in walking, and the conducting of three different services in three different places. Then we should remember that his secular toil began at six o'clock, or with day-light next morning. But he worked no harder on the Sabbath than some forty other men in this portion of East Angles, who so occupied their day of rest. This man could just manage to read a chapter; that was the extent of his clerical ability. But what sermons he preached! So forcible, so clear, so to the point, so full of Christ, so lucidly explanatory of the way of salvation! How plainly was all this the gift of God! In their own quaint way of speaking, the poor peasantry would say, 'Sirs of mine, what a talent Joe Mayhew fares to have!' He generally arranged his sermons whilst he was in the barn threshing. What nerves God can give! how strong can He string them! What muscles bossed like iron! Sermons made in barns, to the loud music of the flail, and preached with a Sabbath walk of twenty miles, have done a very great work in England, reader. He was indeed usefully employed was this man of God, so threshing at once for man's body and for man's soul. His was indeed life in earnest.

The morning service ended, the soul refreshed, now came a right pleasant social scene. A large boiler was lit in the outhouse to which we have

alluded, and the families present handed up their little packets of tea, and tea was made for all. Cups and saucers for the same, and spoons, were found in those baskets which all brought, and the dinners were there also. The assembly consisted principally of farm-labourers, their wives and children, with here and there an old grandfather or grandmother. There were plenty of forms to sit on; and after grace had been sung, all appeared to fall to with a hearty relish. Four pounds of meat, of any or every description, would not probably have been found in the baskets of all present. Meal bread, and pieces of flat cheese, formed most of the provisions, and this fare was wrapped in clean napkins, with the bleach of the sootless, sweet atmosphere upon them.

What a picture of neatness, did these poor people present! Half the cotton fabric coats of the men were patched! but what neat patches. Was there not more evidence of neatness here than could be found in many more pretentious assemblies? Is not the carefully executed patch, an evidence of neatness which no whole or new garment *can* present? We do not, of course, mean that the wearer may not be as neat in the habit as one of the carefully patched garment; but certainly the same *evidence* of neatness is not there.

And when the early afternoon service had ended, it was a sight worth beholding to see those hundreds separate. There was such a clear, truthful ring in their "Fare-ye-well, neighbours," these neighbours probably living miles apart; and the "See ye next Sunday, neighbour, all's well;" and the leave-taking of the little ones, after their fashion, and of sweethearts after their fashion—all so full of health and so full of heart, and mostly saved souls. Worlds could not have bought such a scene. And then the shadows waxed smaller, until hedge, or hollow, or distance had shut out all, and one stood alone. Peace to those of them who live on earth! That scene is a record of more than five-and-twenty years ago. Many who were there, we doubt not, live now amid the "many mansions" of a brighter world.—*The Widow of East Angle*, by the Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MRS. WARDER, MRS. GRIFFIN, MRS. ASH, MRS. PHILLIPS,
MR. J. CALLAWAY, AND G. WEEKES.

THESE friends, with the exception of the last, passed to their reward, while I was the pastor of the Shanklin Circuit. I am sorry that I did not furnish obituaries at the time of their decease. Two reasons might be assigned for such apparent neglect. First, my acquaintance with some of these friends was very limited; secondly, time passes with very great rapidity when one is fully occupied. I should like, however, to rescue the names of these departed ones from Connexional oblivion; and perpetuate a brief record of their Christian excellence. I shall be mainly indebted for the facts I communicate to the kindness of others. Mrs. Warder, Mrs. Griffin, and Mr. Calloway I knew well. Mrs. Ash I visited only during her affliction; Mrs. Phillips I did not know at all; Br. Weekes passed away just as I entered the circuit.

Mrs. WARDER, profoundly respected by all who knew her, passed to her reward Feb. 21st, 1871. She was a native of Porchfield, Isle of Wight, was truly converted when young, united with our people, and met in class for some time at Gunville. She and her sister met in the same society. Gunville was three or four miles from Porchfield, but though the distance was so great, and the road which led to it very bad, these young women in their attendance manifested striking perseverance. The badness of the road, though it unfitted them for entering at once the house of God when

their journey was accomplished, did not deter them or prove anything like an insuperable obstruction to them. With Christian satisfaction and pleasure, after having walked a very muddy road, would they do their best to remove the difficulty which had been created; and then hasten to mingle with delight and profit in the class-meeting, which they so highly appreciated. Our dear departed friend was in the itinerant ministry among us for some time. She travelled in the county of Kent, and also in the Metropolis. Her youthful appearance and earnest manner won for her on the Tenterden Station considerable esteem. She attracted large congregations, and her labours were very useful. A dear old friend, one of our oldest local preachers now living in the Shanklin Circuit, was while in a state of religious indifference powerfully wrought upon, while listening to her at that time; and, through her instrumentality, was brought again to Christ. Once she had the privilege of preaching in a Unitarian chapel, the minister being one of her hearers. Full liberty was given her to proceed in her accustomed way. Her text was, "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv. 12. Eternity may show us that much good was done by that service. Preaching Christ from purity of motive, in dependence on the Divine blessing, whether the agent be male or female, or the pulpit occupied be in a Bible Christian or Unitarian chapel, must be productive of decided good. Our dear sister, on account of her health, was compelled to leave the itinerancy. She returned to the Isle of Wight and lived at Rookley with Mr. and Mrs. Denness, senior, until her marriage. Mrs. Denness, who is now a widow, and her son, who is known to many of us, speak of her in the highest terms. They recall her living with them, though many years since, with peculiar satisfaction and pleasure. She often assisted Mr. Denness in leading the class, and was regular and punctual in fulfilling her appointments as local preacher. Her domestic position in the family, partaking of the nature of companionship with the mistress of the household, was appreciated by every member of the social circle. Her marriage was the occasion of her removal to Wroxall. Here she and her husband were of great value to our beloved denomination. The chapel we worshipped in for many years was the property of Mr. Warder. We have now a new chapel, but the Sabbath school is still held in the old sanctuary. I have no doubt our present encouraging society at Wroxall is greatly owing to the labours and zeal of Mr. and Mrs. Warder. Mr. Warder passed away many years before his excellent and devoted wife. For memoir of Mr. Warder see Bible Christian Magazine for August, 1851.

Mr. Nobbs, a son-in-law of Mrs. Warder, in writing of her, says "that she was mighty in prayer, that she possessed a wrestling spirit: would plead the promises of God with unwavering faith; and that her help was invaluable in protracted meetings. Her exhortations were short and to the point: they were delivered with much earnestness and pathos, and sinners while hearing them often wept, the aged as well as the young; and many obtained God's sweet forgiving love, and were constrained to praise Him aloud in the services she attended. As a class-leader she was greatly beloved, and was deeply interested in every member of her class. The absentees she would visit, expostulate with and encourage them; and many whom Satan had hindered, she succeeded in persuading to mingle again with their class-mates, and to give themselves afresh to God. In the class-meeting she discharged her duty faithfully, giving counsel or administering reproof as circumstances required. An intimation often uttered by her in the commencement of the service to the effect, that if each would look to the Lord none would be disappointed, generally produced a very happy result. The place often became the Gate of Heaven, so that it was with reluctance the members would separate when the service reached its close.

"As a preacher our dear friend was well received, she greatly felt the importance of the work she had undertaken, and endeavoured to discharge her duty as one who would have to render her account to God. Her discourses were plain but practical; they were delivered with much earnestness, oftentimes with tears. As the Bible was her principal book, the aid of the Holy Spirit was greatly solicited while making her preparation for the pulpit. Many by her preaching have discovered their need of salvation, been led to the cross, and made abundantly happy.

"As a mother she greatly loved her children, and prayed for them as long as she was able. She passed away, however, without seeing her prayers answered in their conversion. Long was she accustomed to gather her children around the family altar and plead for them, as only praying mothers are able to do. The answer has been long delayed. O Lord, how long! when will these children receive the mantle of their sainted mother, and follow her as she followed Christ. Like the Shunammite she made provision for the servants of God in her own house. Many who were entertained by her passed to their reward before her; others still live, and gratefully remember her hospitality and kindness. Other doors have since been opened, and the servants of God now obtain a hearty welcome in many places. This result is occasioned principally by the influence which she exerted. As a sick visitor, our excellent friend was able to gain access where many others could not; she possessed abilities in that department which only few can acquire. Her visits were not long and tedious, but short, and to the point; and many whom she visited, like the dying thief, felt that they were remembered by Christ, and that the gates of heaven would be opened to them.

"No more will the dying hang upon her lips, and exclaim while listening to her, 'He is my Saviour.' Those lips are now sealed by death, and her tongue is silent in the tomb.

"Her health for the last twenty years was remarkably good, and until last May she had the appearance of one who would live to a great age. The first symptoms that appeared of the breaking up of her constitution, excited, as she had been so healthy, no alarm. Her illness commenced with rheumatism, and until a few weeks before her decease, we continued to cherish the hope that she would yet be spared to us for many years. During her affliction she was calm and peaceful, and when asked if the religion she enjoyed in health was equal to what she needed in affliction, her answer was, 'In Christ I have peace, I have joy, my heavenly Father is so kind, so good, bless His name!' Again, when asked if she had more religion than was necessary to take her through the river of death, she said 'No, just enough.' A fortnight before her death Satan powerfully assailed her: the conflict was very severe. But when reminded that as she had been waging war against him for many years, it was no marvel that he should attack her in her weak state, she breathed a prayer to Him who holds the powers of hell in chains, and victory was delightfully given her. In a moment joy beamed in her countenance, and her lips were employed in praise. From that time until her dissolution she enjoyed uninterrupted peace."

I may add, that our dear departed friend was a class-leader for the space of thirty years: that in the circuit she was universally respected. Her removal is a loss to the society at Wroxall, and to the entire circuit. But we sorrow not as those without hope. Our loss is her gain. She has left us who form a part of the church militant: she has joined those who went before, and with them now mingles in the church triumphant.

Mrs. GRIFFIN died at Whitwell, Sept. 24th, 1868. She had been a member of our denomination for the long period of thirty years. Her final illness was only for the short space of two months. She had attained the age of 65 years, when she passed to her eternal reward. Our dear

friend used to worship with us at Whitwell, before we had a chapel there. The preaching in that neighbourhood for some years was held in a barn. No person was ever more ready and delighted to entertain the servants of God than Mrs. Griffin. Preachers, local and itinerant, were always welcome at her house. She greatly enjoyed the social means of grace; the prayer-meeting was often to her a source of very great delight. I remember now with peculiar pleasure, the interesting and delightful manner in which she was accustomed to refer to the great personal benefit she often derived from attendance at the week-night prayer-meeting. What increased power we should gain to our societies if our members generally would manifest greater interest in our weekly prayer-meetings.

"Men like Moses most we want,
To bless the church by prayer."

Another admirable trait which I remember with great pleasure was her constant readiness for religious conversation. This was always to her truly congenial. How pleasant and profitable to mingle with those who excel in this particular. There is a striking difference among professing Christians in this respect. Some are always ready to engage in religious conversation: others manifest no particular desire for such a profitable exercise.

Friend after friend departs. One and another who love and support our denomination pass away; but our God ever liveth, and the cause of Christ will ever continue. We have lost the sympathy and support this excellent Christian was delighted to evince; but our loss is her gain. The peaceful and triumphant death she experienced must have been an entrance to celestial and eternal blessedness.

Mrs. ASH died Feb. 21st, 1869. Her conversion occurred in March, 1859, in a somewhat striking manner. It happened while she was visiting one of her parents. She was constrained to tell Mrs. Phillips, the friend whom she was visiting, that she was under conviction of sin. They went together that evening to the house of prayer, where our departed sister earnestly sought the Saviour. Salvation was obtained not in the chapel, but while returning, in the street of Brading, she was enabled fully to believe, and there (in the estimation of many, a most unlikely place) her soul was set at liberty. The joy produced by the change she then experienced was unspeakably great. Her earnest exhortation to her devoted friend was, "Sing, O do sing."

What pleasure, it might be asked, is equal to the pleasure felt by the new-born convert? No other pleasure deserves for a moment to be placed in comparison with it.

"To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a happiness is this."

Our dear friend became a devoted Christian, she lived by faith on the Son of God. When depressed by the trials of life, she sought communion with the Saviour, and often did she prove His presence to be the source of unspeakable comfort. In her illness, which continued for four or five months, she was patient and resigned. At times her happiness was very great, as her nurse often heard her praising God. In her removal we have lost another devoted member, one who was diligent in attending the social means of grace. The religion which she cultivated in health, consoled her in affliction, and supported her in death.

Mrs. PHILLIPS died at St. Helens, March 1st, 1869, aged fifty-two. She was a member with us for twenty years. Her husband and Mrs. Ash's father were brothers. She was brought to God in connection with a very interesting revival which took place at St. Helens, when our respected

brother W. Dennis travelled in the Shanklin Circuit. She manifested much diligence in attending the special services, though her sister Priscilla became converted first. After Priscilla's conversion in the chapel, a prayer-meeting was held at home. Our departed sister's conversion took place in bed, she threw open the window, and spoke to her sister who was near, who returned, and the sisters sung together,

"The opening heavens around me shine," etc.

Her health was feeble for many years; she lived near the Wesleyan Chapel, which she attended Sunday afternoons, coming to our own chapel Sunday evenings. The illness which terminated in her death lasted about twelve months. Her state of mind was delightful, her love to God's Word was great. She often obtained delight and profit from Psalms xxiii. and xci., which her son, at her particular wish, read to her. The reading of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons also did her much good. The last time one of her most devoted visitors saw her she said, "Ellen, I have given up all; come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly." Mrs. Phillips was a much respected neighbour, a consistent member, and an excellent Christian. She sleeps in Jesus.

Our dear friend, MR. J. CALLAWAY, passed away in the prime of life. He was thirty-eight years of age, and had been a member with us fifteen or sixteen years. His conversion was due, instrumentally, to the labours of our dear and honoured old friend, Mr. H. Hayden. Mr. Callaway, and his brother-in-law, who still survives him, were both powerfully affected by a sermon our honoured old friend once preached at St. Helens. Local preachers greatly assist in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Methodist sections of the Redeemer's visible church especially are much indebted to the labours of such a useful and truly valuable Christian agency. An aged local preacher, who has spent forty years and upwards in publishing the glad tidings of salvation, and the results of whose labours are tangible in the existence of devoted Christians, whose conversion was brought about by his instrumentality, is always to me an object of very great regard. Such an one is the honoured old friend whose name in this brief notice I have ventured to introduce. In the removal of Mr. Callaway, we were again reminded of the mysterious operations of Providence. Our dear brother was ill only about a fortnight. He was, when taken from us, a very useful member of our church, and had been for some time a chapel steward. He was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Often by dint of persevering effort would he be present during part, if not the whole, of the week-evening service, when many situated like himself, would with apparent consistency absent themselves. He managed by extra diligence in the discharge of his business engagements to hear a part, if not the whole, of every sermon I preached at St. Helens during the time of my ministry in the circuit, that he was alive. How greatly our week-night services would be improved if all our members only cultivated the same diligence. A fortnight before our friend's decease one or two friends with myself, were kindly entertained at his house. Little did I then imagine that I should see him no more. A cold led to a complicated form of affliction, which quickly terminated in death. Before his departure he told his sorrowing wife that all was well. Our loss we doubt not is his gain. We miss him in the church: he is missed in the family: the loss occasioned by his removal was very great. The event to his family was crushing; his unexpected departure was a source of profound regret to the society at St. Helens, and to all his Christian friends. It seemed at the time that we could ill afford to lose him, but Christianity taught us to bow to Him who is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind."

The last friend whose name my list comprises, viz., GEORGE WEEKS, belonged to our people more than thirty years. He first met in class at Sandown; so great was his appreciation of the social means of grace, that he was accustomed to meet in all the classes. His attachment to all religious services was very great. He used to spend much time in the old chapel, and his spiritual-mindedness was remarkable. Religious conversation was his delight, and his prayers, though simple, were very fervent. He was about seventy when he died—a good old age. The recollection that revivals had long been to him a source of delight, must have occasioned him much comfort, when on the verge of eternity. Our dear friend was a widower for some considerable time. He went from Sandown to Marstone to live, with a pious son; and it was in the house of this relation that he breathed his last. His religious friends remember with pleasure his regularity, punctuality, consistency. He won general respect, and his great delight was to contemplate the atonement.

The most useful and the most retiring have to die. Every day some of God's people pass from earth to heaven. The longest life, the most beautiful life, the most useful life is hastening to its close. What delightful friendships will be renewed, and what perfection of bliss will be enjoyed when we meet in heaven!

W. J. HOCKING.

MARY MARGARET DAVIS.

From time to time we see illustrations of the inspired declarations that "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance," and that "the memory of the just is blessed." From time to time there appear in the Church some who are "burning and shining lights"—whose upright, consistent lives force even the enemies of truth to admire and say, "An Israelite indeed!" Would to God such characters were multiplied a thousand-fold! They are the best evidences which can be produced of the divinity of Christianity—living epistles, "known and read of all men." Among these may be reckoned the subject of this memoir. Again and again has the question been asked, "Why has not something been written about Miss Davis?" In compliance with many requests the following brief sketch has been penned.

MARY MARGARET DAVIS was born at St. Mary's, Scilly, July 16th, 1834. All her life she was the victim of disease. She herself says, "In the spring-time of my youth I was condemned to pain and sorrow." She often thought that death was near. It was not, however, till she had reached the age of thirty, that she was delivered from the bondage of sin and the fear of death. During the ministry of Mr. J. STORIEL she was led to see herself a sinner in the sight of God, and to lay hold upon the hope set before her in the Gospel. From that period till her death she was an earnest, consistent Christian, striving to do "what she could" to further the interests of the Church. She took a special interest in the young, and her words of earnest warning and encouragement will be remembered with thankfulness by many in another world. Miss DAVIS, though a very great sufferer, was an indefatigable worker. In the Sabbath School, in the Band of Hope Meetings, and in the public services of the sanctuary, she took a prominent part. When all beside seemed discouraged she had a word of cheer, and when doubt took hold upon every other heart her faith in God continued strong and unwavering. And, to use her own words,—

"Thus working, hoping, trusting day by day,
I wait the final summons of my Lord;

When I triumphantly shall soar away,
To realize the promised reward."

Nor had she long to wait. The insidious disease from which she suffered was slowly but surely undermining her constitution. Soon and suddenly was she summoned to enter her heavenly habitation. But she was prepared for the sudden departure. Calm in the consciousness of having done life's work she could face death and the future without dread.

The closing scene of Miss Davis's life was one never to be forgotten. The previous evening she sent for her brother and two or three friends belonging to the society, to whom she said she was "almost home;" but no one besides thought that the end was so near. Much depressed, she requested her brother to sing—

"Just as I am, without one plea," &c.

While this was being sung the clouds broke, the shadows fled, the sunshine of peace broke upon her soul, and she could rejoice in God her Saviour. She then asked some one to read John xiv and Romans viii. After that a friend prayed. Then her brother sang that beautiful hymn—

"Jesus, Lover of my soul," &c.

There was nothing like transporting joy in her last moments; but a calm, confident, fearless meeting of death, an undaunted, heroic fortitude, a firm, unwavering trust in the promises of Christ. Calmly, cheerfully even, she asked the doctor how much longer she could live. Then she talked to her brother, the doctor, and all present, after which she leant back in her chair, and at half-past two o'clock in the morning of the 19th November, 1870, passed away to her eternal rest.

"The angel of the covenant
Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.
They set, as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven."

Thus departed Mary Margaret Davis from this world of pain and sorrow to that of rest and joy which is prepared for all God's people. We have lost a friend, and the Church one of its brightest and most useful members; but we know that our loss is her gain. Purified in the fire, she has been found meet for the heavenly inheritance. She knows now that her Heavenly Father led her by the right way. May we be led in the same way! May our life be as bright as hers, our departure as peaceful, and our eternity as glorious!

A. STONE.

MR. JOHN FURSEY.

MR. FURSEY was born March 23rd, 1817, in the parish of Milton Damarel, Devon. From a very early age he heard the Gospel preached by the Bible Christians; and when about seventeen he was brought savingly to Christ. He was then residing with Mr. John Beer, a devoted man of God, at Haytown, in the same county. He united with our society at that place, and lived in the enjoyment of the peace and love of God. About the year 1845 he left Devon, and came to Newport, Monmouthshire.

Here he married, and also succeeded in establishing himself in business. By the good hand of the Lord he was enabled to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold on eternal life. He took an active part in introducing the Bible Christian cause into this town and neighbourhood, and to the end of his life supported with great cheerfulness and liberality the Lord's cause. He loved all that loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity, but he manifested in every way strong attachment to the people of his choice. About six years ago he had a most severe attack of bronchitis, and though partially restored, he never fully recovered his wonted health. During the time (mere than two years) that I have been acquainted with him, he was very feeble in health, and a great sufferer, but he did not repine. My visits to him were usually seasons of refreshing. Often in the winter he had been brought low, and on several occasions it was expected he would pass away to the better land. But he often regained a degree of health and vigour surprising to his friends. But in the fall of last year he got more feeble, and by slow degrees was brought to the house appointed for all living. His mind was calm, and he had the fullest confidence that, through Christ, he should pass from a suffering world to one of life and health. To his sister he once said that he had no fear of death. He was deeply sensible of many imperfections, and at one time feelingly regretted that he had not used a stricter discipline over his children. For them he felt deep and solemn concern, and we trust that a departed parent's many fervent prayers and strong desires for their salvation will yet have their due effect on them. The prudent forethought of Mr. Fursey in making provision for his widow and family is highly to be commended. While he often felt extreme pain and feebleness, and all his graces were sorely tried, and he longed to be free and at home with the Lord, he was not unmindful of those whom he left behind. Our dear friend died October 13th, 1871. The writer improved his death in the chapel where, when in life and health, he had waited upon God, renewed his strength, and had gone forth with new vigour to fight life's battle. He died at the age of fifty-four, having been a member of the church about thirty-seven years, actively engaged during that time in doing the will of his Master till he was required patiently to suffer for Him. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

"Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the longing heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wings the breeze,
And every joy that dies,
Tell us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties."

R. P. T.

MRS. EDMUND TURNER.

"'Tis vain my soul, 'tis impious all,
The human lot to mourn,
That life so soon must fleet away,
And dust to dust return.
Alas from death the terrors fly,
When once 'tis understood;
'Tis nature's call, 'tis God's decree,
And is and must be good."

Death is to all a solemn monitor. He not only robs us of our dearest earthly friends, but reminds us also that shortly we must die. "Death,"

says Burns, "is the destroyer of infants, the assassin of youth, and the murderer of the aged; the devourer of talent and genius, influence and worth." It is the debt of all, the dread of all, and the end of all existence here. All creation withers at its touch, and shrinks from its grasp. The breaking of the heart-strings, the receding of the earth, the lamentation of friends, and the wonders of the eternal future opening to the vision; all conspire to make death awful. "And yet the saints rejoice." How exceedingly awful must death be to him who has no hope to cheer, no hand to lead, and no Christ to save in that last dread moment of earthly existence. Of such Blair is far from exaggerating their terror when he breaks out in the following exclamation;—

"How shocking must thy summons be, O death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come?
In that dread moment how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help:
But shrieks in vain."

At death the light of the wicked is put out in obscurity. But how delightfully different the situation of those whose joy brightens most when the shades of the dark and solemn night of death begin to close around them; when nature's greatest curse is turned into the greatest blessing, and man's greatest dread into purest joy. Such are filled not only with peace, but with joy in believing. Of all such Young says:

"His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep; mix tears of grief and joy!
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
Christians adore, and infidels believe!"

For such "to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Happy is that people that is in such a case, "for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." In attempting to write a sketch of the life and death of my dear departed wife, the sentiment expressed by her dear father in answer to an inquiry which I ventured to make, shall be my guiding principle, viz., "the benefit of the living," and the glory of God.

ELIZABETH UPOTT PUGH TURNER, the second daughter of WILLIAM and ELIZABETH BURSTON, was born at Kingsbrompton, Somerset, March 22nd., 1847. When only three years of age she had the misfortune to lose her mother. This loss was in course of time mitigated by the care and devotedness of her step-mother, who, in unison with her dear husband, felt an interest in the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of the little ones entrusted to her care. Temporal matters were truly secondary objects. The religion of that united head was not airy, vain, hypocritical, or pretentious, but substantial and attractive. Deep down in the heart lay the grace which produced the "fruit of the Spirit, which is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." In that home daily the Word of Life was read, and earnest prayer presented to God at the family altar. The business of the house was not allowed to interfere with this essential duty. In the family, religion did not glare with sudden and occasional streaks of light, but continually shone as a sacred halo. There was no attempt to shine, but the light from heaven shone all around. What youthful mind but must be early influenced and biased for good with such surroundings. Religion was not forced upon the minds of the youthful members of that family against their feelings, but was cherished, loved, and valued by them, because it produced those fruits of holy living in their parents. Truly "example speaketh louder

than precept." Superciliousness and sternness were not required to govern, but love ruled throughout. With surroundings like these Bessie lived, for several years, a life the most moral and prayerful, and although she had not fully received the "witness of the Spirit," her heart's desire was "Oh! that I could find Him whom my soul longeth to find." At the Sunday school Anniversary of Dulverton, in September, 1867, she was invited to preside at the harmonium, and as the cause was young, she gladly consented. On the Sunday Br. J. Hopper conducted the services, and on Monday I attended to assist in the evening public service. Her dear uncle and I left the room to return home, when hearing the voice of prayer, we went back to the room and found Bessie, with two others, on her knees, weeping for mercy. Her chains fell off, the darkness was dispersed, the fear was gone; Christ had whispered peace. She returned to her home, and with a joyful heart spoke of the treasure she had found. Full of holy joy, she wrote to her dear sisters and some other relatives and acquaintances, that she had found the "pearl of great price." Time rolled on, and temptations, doubts and darkness nearly overwhelmed her, she became almost hopeless; but still weeping and clinging to the Cross, she, apparently, with the feeblest grasp maintained her hold, proving that He who loved her would "not break a bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax." Although the clouds of darkness existed, and waves of despondency rolled over her, still she hung on, and after a few months there was a pleasing change: the storms abate, the sea becomes calm, the clouds disperse, and she lifts her head of triumph above them all; the light now more fully shines, and the heart again rejoices. During those painful months of doubts and fears she spent all her spare hours alone in weeping and wrestling with God, who heard her and delivered her out of all her fears. At the Conference of 1870 we were united in marriage by Mr. W. J. Hocking, at Tiverton, and though she trembled at the responsibility, and feared she might not be equal to perform the duties of a minister's wife, those who knew the most of her in that capacity, know how much in it she excelled. That humble thought of inefficiency was the germ probably of holy effort.

We were appointed to labour in the St. Austell Circuit, our residence being at St. Blazey Gate, where, among the many kind friends, she soon became endeared to all who knew her. In the first letter of her dear father to her after she had left her home for this sphere of labour, I find the following:—

"And now, dearest Bessie, you have entered into new relationships. I feel as I never felt before with reference to you. I humbly hope the Great Head of the Church will abundantly bless you, and make you a blessing. I have felt much drawn out in prayer for you in secret, and I hope and trust that He who inspires and answers prayer will be graciously pleased to answer in your behalf. By grace assisting me I trust I shall never cease while I have breath to pray for my dear ones in the flesh; that God would not only make them His and keep them His, but also make them a blessing in the world, and then we shall be all happy and useful together. We shall think of you to-morrow when we go to our little Sabbath-school, and expect you will think of us when we go to the House of the Lord, where we have laboured and worshipped together for many years, and let us remember each other where remembrance is most dear, at the Throne of Grace daily, that our souls may prosper and be in health as our bodies are."

On entering the station she at once devoted herself to her old employ of teaching in the Sabbath-school. She also delighted in visiting the aged, the afflicted, and the poor, and as she cheered those who were cast down by a word of comfort, a song of praise, and prayer, her visits were both pleasurable and profitable. I cannot express my feelings of delight when she would speak to me of one and another poor or afflicted, whom she had

visited in my absence in the Circuit, urging me to endeavour to visit them, informing me how glad they would be to see me. She delighted in the prayer and class-meetings, in the study of the Sacred Scriptures and family worship. In my absence from home she never neglected to conduct family worship by reading a portion of the Sacred Word, and commending herself, her dear husband, relatives and friends, with those under the roof, to the protection and care of God. Prayer was her element, and religious exercises her delight. Her great aim was to cultivate and exemplify the habitual virtues of scriptural holiness. She has embalmed herself in the hearts of her friends and acquaintances by her unassuming simplicity of manners, her meekness of disposition, and by her deep interest in the welfare of souls. An old neighbour speaking of her after our marriage, said, "I am sorry Miss Bessie is gone, for she had a kind word and a smile for everyone." She assumed nothing. Ostentation had no abiding place within her bosom. If she had a failure it might have been her diffidence; but like the tranquil river which gently pursues its course, and silently scatters its blessings until it is lost in the ocean, did she pursue her heaven-born course until she entered into rest.

"O let me die her death! all Nature cries.
Then live her life."

Her stay was short. The opening flower was cut down apparently ere its fuller beauties were developed, to bloom in the garden above. Her fettered spirit has broken death's icy chain, and finds its home in heaven.

"The soul of man was made to walk the skies,
Delightful outlet of her prison here!
There, disencumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;
There freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers,
And, undeluded, grasp at something great."

On the 30th May, 1871, she gave birth to a son, and for a few days all was hopeful; our hopes were however soon blighted, and for some weeks her case assumed a serious aspect, but she began to improve, hope was again in the ascendant, and all were gladdened. What hopes and joys sprang up within! What gratitude to the God of all mercies was presented! My darkness was being turned again into day, my sorrow into joy. But oh! how short-lived. In the early part of August she visited her home for the change of air, and in a few weeks appeared to be perfectly recovered, anxious to see her darling babe. On the 9th October I went to Kingsbrompton to fetch her, and seeing the great improvement in her health, my crushed spirits were animated even to ecstasy, as I anticipated, that our home so long the abode of anxiety, sadness, and fear, should be again one of comfort and delight. On Saturday, the 14th, we returned together, my dear wife intending in a few days to resume the charge of her babe, but the change of air being too great, she again succumbed to affliction. At once the doctor was sent for, who knew not what form the affliction would assume, but on Thursday it was apparent to him that it was diphtheria, and in a few hours she became almost speechless. Nevertheless, at times the joy of her heart would burst out in ejaculations of praise. Standing by her side, she informed me in broken accents, that she would come to welcome me home to the mansions on high when God saw fit to call me hence; also, that she wished her parents and sisters to meet her there, and one night she continued to call "Pollie, Pollie." To the nurse she said, "You will take care of the dear babe, won't you?" Several times, when unable to repeat the words, she sang some sweet

* Her sister, Mrs. Kelly, who in less than three months after also departed this life.

tune; on one such occasion, I said to her, "My dear, you will soon be with the redeemed ones casting your crown at His feet," &c. Pointing to the corner of the bed, she said, "There it is." She spoke of the large company she saw, and called us to listen to the beautiful music she heard. A few hours before her death she sang, as best she could, the tune sung to the words—

"Here all must more or less have pain,
And feel affliction's smart;
But friends in God shall meet again,
Where friends no more shall part,"

which was her last attempt to sing on earth. As Mrs. Burston and I watched by her, about three or four o'clock, a.m., she said, and these were her last words, "Almost home." During the night she oftentimes waved her right hand, and precisely at six, a.m. on Tuesday, October 24th, she sweetly resigned her fleeting breath, and fell asleep in Christ, leaving her husband and many dear relatives and friends to mourn their loss. But we sorrow not as those without hope.

"We looked, she was dead,
Her spirit had fled,
Painless and pure as her own desire.
The soul undrest
From its mortal vest
Had stepped in its car of heavenly fire;
And proved how bright
Are the worlds of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight."

On Friday, October 27th, her remains were borne by seven local preachers and one society steward, to the Wesleyan Chapel, standing on the site of the celebrated "Leek-seed Chapel," which was draped in mourning for the occasion, our Wesleyan friends manifesting every kindness and sympathy. Br. S. L. Thorne impressively read the service, after which he gave a suitable address. The Wesleyan choir sang most affectingly "Pope's Ode," after which her corpse was laid in its dusty bed in the yard adjoining. On the following Thursday, Br. Thorne improved her death at Ebenezer to a large congregation, from the words—"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John xiv. 2.

Br. Lillington has written the following concerning the dear departed one:—

"MY DEAR BR. TURNER,—I knew your late departed wife from her childhood; and when travelling on the Station from whence she came, I spent many hours at the hospitable house of her excellent father. As religion was the first principle there, and Christian consistency was constantly exemplified, the practice of religion was thus made easy and pleasant.

"The children were carefully trained for every department in which they were likely to act in the future. No wonder with such examples before them—surrounded by such a holy atmosphere, that one of them gave her young heart to the Saviour before she was eight years of age, and that the others were soon guided into the same track.

"One prominent feature in the character of dear Bessie was the sweetness of her disposition; by nature she was endowed with the most amiable qualities, and these blended with the graces of true religion, and the strong common sense of her womanly nature, seemed in every way to qualify her for any position Providence might assign her.

"Assure yourself that I deeply sympathize with you and her dear family under your present loss.

"Her removal is mysterious to us, but it must be right, because the Master ordered it, and His only explanation to us is, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter!'"

Br. W. J. HOOKING also writes the following :—

"MY DEAR BR. TURNER,—Having known your dear wife for a great number of years, I can readily testify to her natural amiableness, and to her beautiful piety. The influences long exerted upon her before her conversion, were of the most salutary kind. 'Tis an unspeakable privilege to be placed amid the surroundings that your wife and her sisters were long permitted to realize. The incentives to piety which existed, even before religious decision was manifested, were powerful and attractive.

"The example of pious parents, the regular and devout performance of family worship, the frequent visits of God's ministering servants, and the high tone of social intercourse which obtained in the family of which your wife was a member, must all have contributed to the purest and richest moral impressions. Clear views and sacred feelings I think sometimes exist, before the profession of religion is assumed. Many of our dear young friends are everything we could wish them to be, except being decided Christians. And when the decision we long desire is reached, we find another source of gratification.

"I remember with peculiar pleasure the spontaneous utterance of your dear departed one 'that since she saw me last she had given her heart to the Saviour.' That utterance was made on one occasion, when I was visiting Kingsbrompton some time previous to your marriage. 'Tis a striking evidence of genuineness, when the change produced by the Holy Spirit is mentioned with freedom and without ostentation. Such an evidence was afforded on the occasion to which I have adverted. A sanctified amiable disposition must be an element of great religious power. And when that power is exerted amid certain associations, great usefulness may reasonably be expected. How mysterious therefore to us at present is the event which terminated that power your beloved wife was able to exert, and put an end to that usefulness which all who knew her were delighted to witness. The early death of your beloved one and the death of her excellent sister Mrs. Kelly, are to me events painful in their character. I can only place them among the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, and wait for further light. That two such devoted sisters, who gave promise of great usefulness, should be taken away so soon after their marriage, is to all of us who lament their loss, a most unexpected and mysterious event. They now both sleep in Jesus; they both mingle in the church triumphant. My acquaintance with the departed one, whose removal you so greatly mourn, extended over a lengthened period. I recollect with pleasure her amiableness when she was very young, and I also reflect with grateful emotion upon her sanctified demeanour, when she became a decided Christian. God has taken her, we must not sorrow 'even as others which have no hope.' 'What we know not now we shall hereafter.'"

A chaste tomb, built of granite, Portland-stone and marble, with a suitable epitaph, marks the place of her sepulture.

Amid doubts and fears she began her race. Through life she held on

"With a trembling hand,

But would not let Him go."

And she found His grace sufficient to sustain, to comfort, and to save. With triumph she challenged death and bid adieu to earth.

"Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land
Fearless when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm: she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease,
(Her faith can govern death,) she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.

As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
 The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies ;
 Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
 She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
 The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright."
 And she's safe at home.

Reader, art thou prayerless and careless, neglecting thy soul's salvation ! Death, with his icy hand and tenacious grasp, will soon seize thee. As others are called away, so must thou be. "Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Ask yourself the question,

"Where shall I find my destined place ?
 Shall I my everlasting days,
 With fiends or angels spend ?"

Art thou a child of pious parents, and hallowed influences "almost a Christian," decide, decide now, for thy eternal destiny hinges on this.

Art thou a believer ? "Oling to the Mighty One" in life, through temptations, clouds and storms, and He will save thee in death. May the sorrowing writer, and the reader rejoice together with the dear departed one at last in heaven. Amen.

E. TURNER.

MR. N. GRILLS.

NICHOLAS GRILLS was born in the parish of Parkham, in 1808. There was no Sabbath-school there at that time, and the only place of worship was the Established Church, to which he occasionally went. The chief delight of his youthful life was singing songs and dancing, in which exercises he would, at times, be engaged all the night.

When about twenty-one years of age, he, with several of his companions, attended the Bible Christian Chapel at Putford Bridge. The word was with power. He resolved at once to give up sin and betake himself to prayer. While living at Woolfardisworthy, a revival was realized at Biteford. He went to witness the proceedings, but said as he was going, "Whatever others do, I shall not cry for mercy." He was the subject of strong feelings, and tried to restrain them by putting his handkerchief into his mouth. But before he left the meeting he cried aloud for mercy, and through faith was made a "new creature in Christ Jesus."

From this time to his death he gave the most satisfactory evidence of what the grace of God had done in changing his nature, and of what grace could do in supporting him under very heavy trials. His example is a valuable legacy left to his surviving friends.

Christian service is varied, and if some of Christ's servants occupy a less prominent position in the church than others, their service may not be the less *real* nevertheless. Christian usefulness does not depend upon the mere possession of large gifts, but the *right use of what we possess*. The most useful is the most honourable life.

Without his consent the name of Br. Grills was put on the local preachers' plan, and his services appreciated by those to whom he ministered, but believing it was not his work to preach, in a few months, at his own request, his name was left off the plan. Still his life was distinguished by considerable usefulness.

As a class leader he was useful. While carrying on his trade as a shoemaker, at Clovelly, he led a class for years at Bux Cross, three miles from his home; also a class at Woolfardisworthy.

In the social, prayer, and revival meetings, he was peculiarly useful.

His regularity and attention were most exemplary. He was scarcely ever absent unless prevented by circumstances over which he had no control. The too general neglect of these meetings was a source of much grief to our dear friend. O that our people may feel more than ever impressed with the truth, that the prosperity of our churches, under God, greatly depends upon the number of these meetings carried on with humility, liveliness, and devotion. "Prayer is the Christian's *vital* breath." How can we live without breath? It is a bad sign when *prayerlessness* prevails in the church! We asked a local preacher once, how it was he never attended the week-night prayer-meeting? He replied, "I attend the preaching service, and that is enough for me." We told him, if he could attend but to one week-night service, that we would much rather he would attend the prayer-meeting. The other services might be put aside when inconvenient, but the prayer-meetings should not be for anything.

Br. Grills was useful in the Sunday School for twenty-three years, filling various offices during that time. How many of our members spend their Sabbaths in comparative idleness, when they might render valuable service in the Sunday School. Many of our societies would be in a much more flourishing condition if the schools received the attention they might. He was useful in connection with the temperance cause. He was connected with it for thirty years, and took a lively interest in its prosperity.

He was a member of our denomination forty-two years, and was deeply interested in the prosperity of every department of the work. He was one of those who stood so nobly by the society at Olovelly during its painful persecution from certain quarters. He was strongly attached to the ministers, many of whom can give pleasing testimony to the value and sweetness of his friendship.

As a follower of Christ he was not ashamed of his Christian profession under any circumstances. Some years ago he took a load of fish to Barnstable market. A farmer wished to purchase some of them, but cavilled about the price. He began to sing "I mean to go," &c. "Where do you mean to go?" said the farmer. He replied, singing, "I mean to go where *Jesus* is, and *you* may go there too." This produced a good effect upon the farmer's mind, who not only bought the fish in the price given, but commended the *man* to others, and afterwards said he never bought cheaper or better fish in his life.

Christian cheerfulness was a prominent trait in his moral character. True religion is cheerful. It is a "new song," "joy in the Holy Ghost." In some it is injured, in the estimation of the young and the worldly-minded, by being presented in a cold, severe, distant, unapproachable moroseness. But in him it appeared as an animating, attractive, cheerful thing, something to be desired. In singing he always took delight, but with his change of heart, came also change of song. His language was,

"New songs do now my lips employ,
And dances my glad heart for joy."

It is said that John Calvin was the first to make hymns for the people, and that he terrified the Pope and alarmed the devil, by setting the people to sing the praises of God. Singing has been a great element in the success of Methodism. Br. Grills, by his singing, greatly contributed to the cheerfulness of the meetings he attended.

Then he was a man of peace. "The fruit of the Spirit is peace." As far as possible he followed peace with all men. The peace of the church was never disturbed by his indulging in any captious or fault-finding spirit. His conduct in the family, the church, and the world, furnish a striking proof of this.

The goodness of too many resembles the morning cloud and the early dew, which soon pass away. Like the meteor which blazes and startles for a short time, and then disappears. But his was more like the sun,

steadfast, uniform, constant; "shining more and more unto the perfect day." How blessed the church, and how blessed the world, if all Christ's professed followers were as zealous for the glory of God, the fame of Christ, and the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom, as was he!

Mr. R. Eddy, an old and worthy friend at Olovelly, says concerning our dear brother Grills, "He came into Olovelly to reside in 1829. He was then a believer in Jesus, and engaged in the prayer meetings. He lived here many years, was a consistent member of our church, and much respected by the members and friends in general. He was a great revivalist, and enjoyed much of the Holy Spirit's influence, and was ever ready to help forward every good cause. He was a staunch teetotaler for upwards of thirty years. He is now where he will be a teetotaler for ever." "The Lamb in the midst of the throne shall lead him unto living fountains of waters."

But like Jacob, Job, and others, he had dark and trying times. About twenty-five years ago he suffered much from Lumbago; a strong salivation injured his sight, which gradually left him. About ten years ago he entered the infirmary at Barnstable, but the medical attendants gave him no encouragement; in a short time he was totally blind. This was a very painful dispensation to him and his friends. The idea of never looking upon his affectionate wife and friends again in time, nor of prosecuting his business more, caused him to spend many an hour in tears. Still his confidence in the goodness and mercy of God remained unshaken. The language of his heart was—

"Though billows after billows roll
To overwhelm my sinking soul,
Firm as a rock my soul shall stand,
Upheld by God's Almighty hand.

"In life His presence is my aid,
In death 'twill guide me thro' the shade;
Chase all my rising fears away,
And turn my darkness into day."

By the assistance of a teacher of the blind, he was enabled to read the Gospels, which was a great comfort to him.

For the past twelve months he suffered much from convulsive action of the heart, which finally proved fatal. For some months previous to his death it was with great difficulty, even with the assistance of friends, that he could get to the house of God, where his soul delighted to be. The Sunday before his death he attended the communion service which was a "time of refreshing." On the Monday he suffered much from the spasmodic state of the heart, but rallied, and continued through the week. The Saturday his fellowship with God was sweet. He talked with God as with a friend. Mrs. Grills, in another room, hearing him talking as if some one was with him, asked who was there. He replied, "Let me alone, it is all right." That day they talked much of the separation that would soon take place between them. Many times since his loss of sight had they prayed that he might be taken first. While she was weeping he said, "Grieve not, I shall go first. You can get on without me. I am going home," etc.

In the evening he had another attack. A friend read to him until eleven o'clock. He slept well until five the next morning, when he awoke and said, "It is coming on again." He walked the room, saying—

"My Jesus to know and to feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below."

Between six and seven the doctor was sent for again. He intimated that his end was near. To another friend, the departing one said, "John, pray, I am nearly gone;" and on Sunday morning, October 15th, 1871, he

left earth for heaven, in the sixty-third year of his age. He is now in that place where there is no night, nor shadow, nor dimness; but where, in the full light of his Saviour's presence, he sees things that mortal eye hath never seen. It is we, with our dim mortal sight who are blind and dark now in comparison with him. His body was buried in Barnstaple cemetery, and his funeral sermon was preached in our chapel to a crowded congregation.

R. SPENCER.

DIED at Canworthywater, Week St. Mary Circuit, Dec 4th., 1871, JOHN BLUETT, in the eighty-second year of his age. I have not been able to ascertain the exact time of his conversion, but it is supposed that he has been a member of society between forty and fifty years. He was only confined to his bed a few weeks before his death, and during that time it was a privilege to visit him. All who came to see him could not but exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." His end was peace. According to his wish he was buried in Bethel Chapel-yard. His death was improved in Canworthy Chapel, when one soul cried for mercy and has since found peace.

J. COLES.

SUSANNA JANE, daughter of JOHN and ANN HOYLE, of Bideford, Devon, was, previous to her conversion, a stranger to the writer. She was converted during the time Mr. R. Edgcombe was in the Circuit, when many besides our departed sister were brought from darkness to light. When Susanna was made a partaker of saving grace, she felt it her duty to unite with the people of God, and met in the class of which the writer is the leader. Her attendance was very regular, and her Christian experience clear. Although not exempt from trials and temptations, she always proved the truth of the promises, "As thy days so shall thy strength be;" and "My grace is sufficient for thee." The language of her heart constantly was, O God, my heart is fixed; my heart is fixed. At times she was cast down, but she never doubted her acceptance. Her pilgrimage here was short compared with some; she was one of the many who have lately fallen

victims to small-pox, but the Lord was very merciful in not permitting her to suffer long. She was attacked by the disease December 2nd., and died on the 9th. She was very calm and patient in her affliction, did not dread death, and many times said she was going home; it was all right. Almost her last words were, "Tell my dear sisters I am going home, and to meet me in heaven." She was much lamented by her class-mates. May we all meet her on the other side of Jordan is my prayer.

WILLIAM HEARD.

DIED at Canworthywater, in the Week St. Mary Circuit, of cancer, in her sixty-seventh year, AGNES LUXON, the widow of Roger Luxon, so well known and so highly respected in this Circuit, who died in the Lord about fourteen years ago. Mrs. Luxon was left with a family of five children, two of whom have since died in the faith. She was a part of the first-fruits of the labours of the Bible Christian preachers in the Week St. Mary Circuit. She was a member of society nearly fifty years, during that time giving unmistakable evidence of genuine piety and devotedness to God. She did not, like many, begin in the spirit and end in the flesh; she not only commenced well, but continued well. Her house was a home for the preachers at the time when homes and friends were much fewer in the circuit than they now are. She was very regular in her attendance at the house of God. Her class-leader had never to complain of her, as she was always at the meeting, unless prevented by sickness. I hope all who read this account will copy her example in this respect. Her example, too, is no less worthy of imitation in

reference to her closet duties. For years she made a practice of praying in private not less than seven times a day. She was confined to her bed about a fortnight. I saw her several times during her illness, and always found her resting on Jesus, and enjoying that peace which passeth understanding. In her last hours she could scarcely articulate, but she lifted up her hand in token of victory. She fell asleep in Jesus, January 31st., 1872. Her mortal remains were carried to Bethel Chapel, attended by a large number of friends from different parts of the Circuit. A blessed influence was

felt during the performance of the burial service. She now lies in the chapel-yard by the side of her husband and children, in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life. Her death was improved by the writer at Canworthywater, on Sunday morning, February 11th., from Rev. xiv. 13. The chapel was densely crowded, and many tears were shed. The meeting from beginning to end was one of the most blessed we ever experienced. Praise God for such refreshing seasons. May the seed sown produce abundant fruit.

J. COLES.

Poetry.

THE STRAIT GATE.

I SLUMBERED and dreamed, and behold ! a gate,
At whose shining portals a thousand wait ;
Yea, countless hosts to that gate repair,
But few there be who find entrance there.

One there was who travelled along,
Until she stood in that wearied throng :
If I might tell, from her childish mien,
Few were the summers the maid had seen.

She, as she stood in that crowded place,
Earnestly peered in each sullen face,
Whispering, " Oh ! let me pass, I pray ;
I seek the gate of the narrow way."

" What ! you, Little Faith ? " they scornfully said,
" Scarce have you stept from your cradle-bed ! "
" True," she replied, as she passed them by,
" Yet there are angels as young as I."

Said one, " The Warder, who keeps the gate,
Cares not that thousands before it wait :
Hears not our angry voices, nor heeds
When often we reckon our righteous deeds.

" Say, then, how will *you* admittance gain,
When *we* have waited so long in vain ? "
" Nay," she replied, " If I kneel and pray,
He'll open the gate of the narrow way."

Short was the prayer ; from her heart it sped ;
Lo ! the Warder hath turned His head.
Smiling, He looks on her infant brow ;
See how the hinges are moving now !

Vainly they told how rough was the track ;
Many a one would have held her back ;
But the Warder's voice was loud and clear :
" Forbid not the children to enter here ! "

She passed through the gate ; she did not stay
And wistfully gaze up the narrow way,
And *wish* she could tread it ; she longed to depart,
And thanked the Warder with grateful heart.

"Come back!" cried the World, "come back! for thee
Pleasure, and beauty, and wealth shall be;
Joy in thy heart, and gold in thy hand:
All that I have is at thy command!"

"World!" she replied, "your pleasures die;
Your riches take wing, and away they fly;
Soon is the beauty of youth decayed;
Heavenly treasures can never fade."

"Come back!" cried the Flesh, "nor endure in vain
Thirst, and hunger, and cold, and pain;
You cannot tread where the Master trod:
You are a mortal, and He was a God!"

With humble voice she was heard to speak:

"The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak;
Christ is my strength, in Him I trust;
He will remember I am but dust!"

"Come back!" cried the Devil; "why enter there?
Is not the broad way passing fair?
It leads to heaven; 'tis smooth and gay,
Thousands are smiling along the way!"

"Satan, I know thee!" she replies;
"Get thee behind me, father of lies!
Thou who art longing to sift me as wheat,
Soon shall be trampled under my feet!"

"Come back!" cried they all: "beware of the storm:
How loud the thunder, how frail thy form!"

"The tempest," she said, "will pass me by:
I'm under the Rock that is higher than I."

"Return to the world!" again they repeat,
"Thorns have entered thy weary feet!"
The sunlight of joy beamed on her brow,
As she said, "But I'm near the Physician now!"

"Sit by the wayside, and rest awhile!"
"Nay," she returned, with a radiant smile:
"E'en as I journey He gives me rest,
The peace of God is within my breast."

"Return, ere too late!" they cry; "for, hark!
The vesper bell, the night will be dark!"
"Yes," she said; but when daylight is o'er,
I shall be e'en at my Father's door."

So onward she travels, until at last
The sorrow, the care, and the pain are past.
How fair the city! the saints how bright!
Her eyes are dazzled with heaven's light.

Who sitteth upon the great White Throne?
Who claimeth the empire for His own?
From whose shining lips doth the mandate go—
Of eternal life, of eternal woe?

One angel the maid in white arrays:
One gives her a harp to sound His praise;
She covers her face with her seraph-wings;
Her Friend, the Warder, is King of Kings!

Yes, He hath closed—He hath left the gate:
They pray to Him now, but they pray too late,
The World, and the Flesh, and the Devil groan
In vain for a glimpse of the great White Throne!

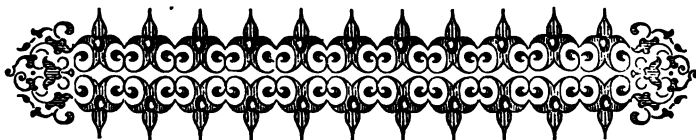
But Faith eternity's reign shall spend
In joys of heaven which never end;
She thinks no more in the perfect day,
How straight was the gate, how narrow the way.

—From *No Sect in Heaven, and other Poems*.



Thos. Tregaskis

OF ST ISSPY, CORNWALL



THE

Bible Christian Magazine,

AUGUST, 1872.

MEMOIR OF MR. THOMAS TREGASKIS.

Among the many excellences of Christianity are its powers of adaptation and utilization. While sent for it is suited to all, unrefined or polished, eccentric or regular, ardent or sober,—a lesson this amply illustrated by a large proportion of our biographical literature. Many an unwritten memoir affords similar life-picturings, among them that of MR. THOMAS TREGASKIS.

In regard to power of economizing, Christianity is like Nature, utilizing all things. Nothing is overlooked; everything is, or manifestly is meant to be, pressed into service for helping and hastening final realizations. So broad in its principles and purposes is "the Gospel of Christ," that it can find work for all who accept it; employ all Nature and Providence; has a plan for, and makes a demand on everything, that it may be, directly or indirectly, used for the progressive actualization of merciful and magnificent intentions. It rebukes nothing but sin, says to none of the race, "*I do not want you.*"

The history of the Christian Church shows us things and agents of all kinds in action, or made subservient to the spread of Divine truth, the widening of the Messiah's dominion. To see this we need not go back to apostolic days, and come down the stream with some distinguished ecclesiastical historian; the history of our own section in its two-fold departments—the *written* and the *unwritten*, sets this in a strong and beautiful light. Classify the Bible Christian workmen according to their positions in the great intellectual scale, and in one of the classes, more resplendent than many in moral worth, will be the renowned Miller, whose name we have given.

YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD.

He was born in the parish of Kew, Cornwall, September 17th, 1785, of parents in good circumstances, able as he grew to give him

AUGUST, 1872.

what then was thought a tolerably good education. There were not such facilities at that time as now for intellectual pursuits. It was one of young Tregaskis' greatest mercies, that when he was fifteen years of age certain Methodist preachers visited those parts. So blessed of God were their evangelical labours that a revival ensued, in which his father, mother, a brother, and a sister were led to accept by faith in Jesus the salvation of the Gospel. His parents, brought under the saving power of Divine grace, had at once a deeply-felt regard for the moral as well as mental culture of their son. O the influence of a mother's example, prayers, and entreaties! Through her endeavours, so various, loving, and persistent, he was "almost persuaded to be a Christian." Alas that "altogether" was not required to express the result! The well-defined line dividing the carnal from the spiritual he at that time failed to cross. Through voluntary resistance to "the Spirit of life" regeneration was deferred. He became a persecutor rather than a supporter of the great cause espoused by those dear to him. What can they expect who trifle with early convictions of sin, but that wickedness and woe will promptly follow?

In the winter of 1801 the clergyman of the parish kept something like an evening school. Being at the time away from his own school our young friend accepted an invitation from him to come under his tuition for the special purpose of advancing in his acquaintance with arithmetic. "I improved in that," he says, "but entirely lost my feeble desires for religion. After we had done the sums for the night we went to play cards, which proved very injurious to me." He went on "from one sin to another till 1807." What then? Going, as he records, "from bad to worse" till that date, was his progress in iniquity arrested? It was the reverse. Steeper became the moral incline, and his descent more rapid. Like the prodigal son, he grew thoroughly weary of parental restraint. In his subsequent confession is the following sentence:—"I thought I would not be controlled by my parents any longer; I would have full scope for my wickedness." Swayed by so ruinous a motive, he fled, as many other young men have done, to the great world of waters. He shipped on board the packet "Queen Charlotte," bound for the West Indies. His parents not consenting, he was necessitated to get friends to equip him for those altered scenes and pursuits. He took certain goods with him in this instance, thinking to dispose of them to advantage at the end of the voyage. Let us watch him awhile. It is the month of May, the most beautiful of the year, and he sails away from his native land in good spirits, rejoicing in the thought that trouble is ended and pleasure begun. On goes the ship, cutting the deep grandly, as if making haste to undeceive the mistaken youth. Trouble ended and pleasure begun! O foolish young man! thou beginnest now to find that it is pleasure ended and trouble begun. Severe sea-sickness takes hold of thee, is that a pleasure? The strict discipline of the ship, is that sweetly congenial to thy strong will? The goods taken with thee, examining them and finding them *bad*, does that carry up thy enjoyments to a climax? Will you be able soon to forget the sighs of disappointment you heave as the waves of trouble roll over your head? On

you go, reaching after the lapse of three weeks the Barbadoes, shipping there the trouble-drowning liquor. *You* drink, and *your* troubles are drowned; but conscience, clever at keeping alive things with stings, sees to it that the drowning is not effectual—only a peculiar case of suspended animation. Alcohol gone from the brain, TROUBLE rises to the surface, and sternly confronts thee, doggedly refusing to leave thee alone with PLEASURE, whose sole companionship thou covetest. Passing through the West Indian Islands, much of the beautiful and sublime burst on your senses, all failing however to inspire the stingless joys you seek.

Homeward bound now. September comes, and the good ship anchors safely in Falmouth harbour. Having crossed and re-crossed the line, at least his circumstantial education is advanced; with strange stories of “tarring and feathering,” among others, he will be able to interest his young acquaintances.

Away to the parental residence. No contentment there. Off to sea again, bound this time for New York. There he seems to find the one desire of his heart—Pleasure. It is not the reality, only the shadow thereof, yet has it substance enough to sting his guilty soul into agony. Let him speak for himself:—“While in that city, if ever there was pleasure upon earth I believe I had my share of it. But the ‘pleasures of sin’ are only ‘for a season.’ On my passage home what did I feel! Reflections on my bad conduct, and the pains of my body formed almost a hell upon earth. Bless God that He did not see fit to cut me off in that state! If He had, hell must have been my portion. O what a merciful God have we! But for all this I was so very hardened that I did not, I believe, think once of my future state. We arrived at Falmouth in December, 1808. I went to my father’s house, ill as I was, continued ill at least three months without the least thought of my end, singing songs, and practising any wickedness that came into my mind.” One lesson which these facts illustrate is, “that the way of transgressors is hard;” another, that so depraved is the moral nature that, despite clear perceptions of consequences, the wrong path is pursued. Verily “the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.”

Health restored, he resolved on going to sea again, and secured a berth on board the “Lady Polson.” Two days before the time for sailing he went home to say “farewell” to parents and friends. He was delighted as formerly to think he had everything his own way. In the good Providence of God, however, things took a different turn, for which he subsequently gave Him hearty praise. TREGASKIS the elder had just completed the purchase of certain premises—a mill and some adjoining fields in the parish of Gwennap. The mill is known as “Hicks Mill,” and the locality is famous in Bible Christian history. The father offered to let the son work that mill if he would remain at home. Both his parents were anxious if possible to keep him from the seas, fearing that if he went forth again he would still further launch out in sin, sail more widely on the stormy sea of iniquity to be engulfed at last in endless woe. Later in life he asked, “What can I render to God for such parents?” He regarded it as a very great mercy for children to have fathers

and mothers whose affection prompts them to plead with God for their eternal good. At first he knew not what to do with so tempting an offer, seeing the ship was under sailing orders. By the next morning his mind was made up. In company with his father he returned to Falmouth, went on board, talked over the matter with the captain, obtained a promise of freedom from all obligation if an able seaman could be found to take his place, put off for the shore, fell in with a man he had sailed with before, who was looking for a berth, engaged him, gave him a small bounty, put him on board, obtained the discharge promised, came on shore again, settled his affairs there and started for home.

"March 25th, 1807, I entered on the new premises, having one of my sisters to keep my house. At first I seemed to be steady, but soon betook myself to drinking, which was my besetting sin, grew very careless about the business, and found it a bad country for credit." No wonder! "I soon lost all the money my father put in the business, and he declined partnership with me, knowing that if he continued it I should ruin myself and him also. I was in a wide field, to do as I could, and money all gone. I began to regret that I ever hearkened to my father's advice in leaving the seas, and was tempted many times to go away and leave it all behind. Bless God that I did not!" Two things helped to detain him. He found out that the ship in which he intended to sail, after making a voyage or two, was never heard of more. This intelligence was like a spur to him, he determined to try on. Besides, he hoped that ultimately the place and business would be all his own. Spurred thus on both sides, he tugged at what he was engaged in as a good member of the Right Honourable Try Company.

Glaancing over the past he says, "All this while I was living without God, and without hope in the world, seldom going to a means of grace, unless I went to church, and then more for the sake of what I could see than to worship God, *and to go to the public house afterwards.*"

Here we must linger awhile to show yet further what an enemy the drink was to him. How many times we have heard him in Temperance meetings speak of strange freaks of intemperance! He told us once that the worst time of his ever getting drunk was when he did it on cider. He was never so ill from that cause before nor after. At one meeting an old sea-companion was present when he told of things they had both been engaged in through the drink, taking of course the precaution to withhold names. The unknown foolishly arose, and with murmurings left the place, thereby betraying the secret, and raising on him the laugh of a large audience.

There is a story he was particularly fond of telling, which relates to what happened when he was connected with what he used to call the "KILLIGREW RANGERS," properly the yeomanry cavalry. A word or two about them. In those times there were great fears of a threatened French invasion. So was the love of country roused from one end of the land to the other, that a large number of volunteer corps were formed. Loyal Cornwall was not behind in its intentions and preparations to meet the foe, should he

come. Young men full of British pluck, on foot and on fiery steed, waited his arrival with a firm resolve to conquer or die. Our friend THOMAS rode proudly, with a great sword dangling by his side. He was a fine young fellow, having just the sinewy arm for wielding that weapon of war. To become skilful in its use he and his companions met annually at different places. We may add that in those days he acquired considerable skill in boxing.

Why he called himself and brethren the "Killigrew Rangers" we have not been able very accurately to ascertain. This we have gathered, that centuries back there was a great Killigrew family at Falmouth. A MR. JOHN KILLIGREW was the first Governor of Pendennis Castle, built in the reign of HENRY VIII., on the summit of the peninsula which forms the western side of that magnificent harbour. The land over which the fortifications spread belonged originally to the above gentleman, as also did the whole manor land, embracing the entire parish. It seems to have been acquired by the family as far back as the fourteenth century by marriage with the heiress of Arwenack; and as an heiress brought it, so, ultimately, an heiress handed it to another family. Sir JOHN KILLIGREW, son of the above, succeeded him as governor of the castle, and is celebrated as the founder of Falmouth. The name of the family once belonged to the manor. Now the yeomanry cavalry, to which young TREGASKIS belonged, was probably called the "Killigrew Rangers" through having their head quarters in the Killigrew manor, or in honour to the name as belonging to an ancient family.

The story alluded to was something like this:—One day, returning from exercise, his horse turned aside to drink out of a muddy pool. The rider, happening to be full of liquor, went over the head of the thirsty animal, and fell into the water. So helpless had alcohol rendered him, that he was unable to rise. The horse, without waiting for further orders, advanced when his thirst was quenched, and left his master behind to manage as best he could. His plight was a very sad one truly. He was accustomed to say that in that muddy pool he found "*meat, drink, washing, and lodgings.*" Well for him that it was summer time, and the water shallow. A short nap did not improve matters much. When he awoke his brain was like the water—rather muddy. It is a decided mistake to suppose that beer, gin, rum, brandy or whisky makes a man bright. When our friend began to stir he scarcely had sense enough to know who it was in such a mess. To himself he put the question, "*Who am I?*" It might be interesting even to Tichborne to know the singular method he adopted to prove his identity. "*If I am Thomas Tregaskis I have two one-pound notes in my pocket.*" (Such paper money was in use at that time.) Thrusting in his hand he found the notes, and then concluded he was, without doubt, the party named. Some one might have robbed him, and it is curious to conjecture what inference would have been drawn in that case. Some time since we passed a public-house, and noticed that it had the sign of the *Cross-Keys*—not a bad emblem of the two-fold work done in such places—unlocking purses to get out the money, and brains to steal away the senses.

Those drinking habits were expensive. On one occasion he and

another spent £24 between them. No wonder that business affairs suffered.

We were pleased to hear one day from a man of years that back when the triumphs of sin were multiplied, there was much of what was praiseworthy in our friend. When sober he was a good-tempered, straight-forward man of the world.

In two instances he deviated from the line of honesty, once rather, as the reader will probably say when informed that the first was through being mis-instructed by some one when first entering into business. It was soon rectified on being discovered. The other instance does not admit of any extenuation, and we give it because of its connection with the drink. In those times a woman here and there might sometimes be seen moving about with *bladders of liquor* in a basket, as if going to or returning from market. It was called "truck brandy," and those who sold it were known as "truckers," or smugglers. This contraband business was carried on cautiously, to escape detection by the exciseman. We have been told by a woman of one who called at her house, inquiring, "*Anything or nothing to-day?*" Such was the indefinite style adopted, definite enough however for customers. One day a woman of the class called at the mill, propounded the above question, and received a different response. There was a desire for some of the "trucker's" brandy. Corn had been brought to be ground for some one. The pulverizing process had been gone through, and the flour *tolled*, according to lawful use. "*Toll it again, master,*" said a workman, "*and let us have some of the brandy.*" It was done. Subsequently this was confessed, and compensated for. He spoke of it once in a public meeting, when, turning to three or four in the same business present, he said, "*And you, millers, go and do likewise.*"

We must look at him now as he advances into a new phase of life, taking with him the serious disadvantage of his old unreformed character. Touching this he shall speak for himself:—

"At last I thought I had better marry, thinking things might improve with me, but could not find anyone to my liking, excepting one I kept company with when I was a sailor. My father was bitterly opposed to her. He thought her too young, and being brought up in a town fancied she would not be a suitable wife for me. So he threatened to turn me out of the premises if I married her; but I soon got married to the one I loved best, amidst all opposition, determined if I could not stay there I would go to sea again. We were married January 1st, 1810." Who does not feel to say, "Well done, TREGASKIS!"

What were the moral and mercantile results of taking to the hymeneal altar one around whom his affections entwined? Did the anticipated improvement of things take place? or did they so work as to make him vainly wish he had done anything rather than thwart the wishes of his opposing father? "After I was married," he writes, "I began, by the persuasions of my wife, to be more steady." The displeasure of his angry sire was softened; the threat was not executed. Occasionally he went to see them; "but," writes the son, "owing to my unfortunate propensity for drink, he could not be induced to trust to my business habits. I had up-hill

work to succeed, and many a bitter disappointment." He describes himself as being from 1811 to 1814 "pretty steady, but," "but" what? Two little statements, in each a volume of meaning—"‘without God in the world,’ thought of little but business." Before it was *god alcohol*; now, *god business*, or both; and the true God is as if he ceased to be.

THE GREAT REVOLUTION.

To make things improve grandly and permanently there was wanted a moral revolution. So great a change is the one we mean, that there is an exuberance of phraseology and figures employed to express its nature, fruits, and importance. It is to have all sin forgiven, be adopted into the divine family, born again, created anew, turned from darkness to light, raised from death to life, etc., etc. Beginning within, it extends to the whole life. There is a new experience—a consciousness of new qualities, the subject of which is effectually taught to "deny himself of all ungodliness and this world's lusts, live soberly and righteously in this present evil world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." As to the importance of this altered moral condition, the Bible is most clear and emphatic in its affirmations, one of which is, "Ye must be born again."

First the wife of Mr. Tregaskis was converted. He describes it as her being "*brought to know the Lord*." O blessed knowledge of Him when He is distinctly perceived as a Being most just, yet most merciful; indignant at sin, yet pitiful to the sinner; saving the law and the law-breaker too; writing up for the transgressor's inspection the long black list of his offences, then, with the blood-saturated sponge of love blotting them all out; disclosing Himself as an offended Sovereign, determined to preserve moral order for the universal good, also as the Friend and Father of the supplicating, trustful penitent. O blessed knowledge of God when with heart as well as lip the song of reconciliation is sung for the first time—

"My God is reconciled," &c.

Though when she could thus sing he could not, he felt in a measure the salutary influence of the change, showing it by going to the preaching almost every Sunday. Now and then he resolved to be better, failing always notwithstanding for want of going to God about it. While she went on tolerably well in her heavenly course, he continued for upwards of six years in what he describes as "a sinning and repenting state." Because he lived "without prayer" it was the old life still, not the new in any degree. While still at times more or less under the influence of the liquor traffic, things in a business point of view went on pretty much to his satisfaction, and that of those with whom he had to do. He did not fail when in a better state of mind to ascribe this to the Divine blessing. The Lord was good to him, while as yet he had made no real advances towards a hearty submission to Him as his most wise and beneficent Sovereign. Indeed he expresses it as his opinion that a sad process was going on, threatening to cut him off entirely from all the benign influences of the scheme of mercy.

"I fear that at that time I was beginning to grow hardened in

sin, even while I was attending God's house from week to week. I found it required a more arousing sermon to make me feel the burden of my own sinfulness then, than seven years before. But I bless God that He did not leave off striving with me. Jesus was pleading for me, 'Let him alone this year also,' &c.

At length his wife fell from her steadfastness; so he writes, assigning no reason for it. Had he decided for God he might have helped her on in the way, and have been himself helped. O that, touching this the most momentous of all matters, husbands and wives would pull one way!

While he was thus in his old carnal condition, and she in a back-slidden state, "it pleased God," as he states it, "to send some other of His servants to work in His vineyard." All that has come out of the Bible Christian organization—the many thousand souls that have been saved, form a moral demonstration that its agents were raised up, and commissioned to preach the Gospel, by God Himself. There can be no more satisfactory proof of this than the fact of the word going with power, bringing the rebellious to repentance, and leading them to Calvary for salvation.

Among others who came as representatives of the newly-formed body were certain females, some of whom were remarkably successful in winning souls. Cavi! about this all who please, but facts are stubborn things, and they who seek to upset them, as also they who shut their eyes to them, are fool-hardy. Listen to our friend while speaking of himself and partner: "By the instrumentality of Miss SUSAN BAULCH, in September of the year 1820, both my wife and myself were brought to God. I began to pray in earnest, and the Lord by the means of His handmaid broke up the fallow-ground of my heart, and sowed there the precious seed. After praying and wrestling for the space of ten days, God mercifully spoke peace and pardon to my soul. My chains fell off, my heart was free; I rose went forth and followed Christ. I never thought that such a joy could spring up in my heart by believing in 'Christ and him crucified.' O what a blessed Redeemer we have!"

(To be continued.)

THE NAME OF CHRIST EVER FRESH AND FRAGRANT.

By J. H. BATT.

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth." SONG OF SOLOMON i. 3.

THE whole verse reads thus:—"Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee."

To the believer there is infinite *freshness* in Christ. In whatever he may lose his interest, he does not outlive his interest in Christ. Whatever objects may lose their attractiveness for him, the cross never ceases to attract his eye and fascinate his gaze. The music of the name of Jesus is ever fresh and inspiring to his ear. Like the *lovely spring-time*, is Christ to the believer. Its annual return is

everywhere welcome and gladsome. There have been unnumbered vernal seasons; yet every one of them has been as fresh as the first. We greet the present spring as heartily and gratefully as any earlier one that our eyes have seen: the returning sunshine and warmth are fresh and welcome to us; the health-laden, balmy breezes quicken the pulse of life; the bright verdant foliage of hedge-row and field is refreshing to the eye; the endless hues of lovely flowers greet us everywhere, their fragrance we all delight to drink in; the birds throbbing with life and song;—all this is fresh and welcome to us as though it were the first spring we had ever seen. It comes to us again all full of loveliness, and life-giving and joy-giving power. So is Christ to His saints. He is the Rose of Sharon; and He emits His fragrance with spring-like freshness; His unfading loveliness feasts their sight. He is the Lily of the Valley, pure and spotless. All that the sunshine, fragrance, animation, and bounding joy of *spring* are to our senses, Christ is *all the year round* to the believer's faith. There is eternal freshness and fragrance in Him, unfading loveliness and beauty.

Or, to recur to the text, "Thy name is as ointment poured forth,"—pleasant and fresh as the fragrance of perfumes newly poured out. Oriental perfumes in ointments and spices were costly and exceedingly exhilarating. They were carefully secured in boxes or vases; and on festive occasions, or the visit of a highly esteemed friend they were opened, and the emitted fragrance filled the apartments where the guests were assembled. Sometimes these scented oils were poured on the feet, and even the head of the distinguished visitor. To thus greet a friend was expressive of the greatest honour and respect. Hence, in one instance, we read that when Christ was a guest at the house of Simon at Bethany, Mary, knowing no way more expressive by which to testify her regard for the Master, took a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus; "and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment." She broke the seal of the alabaster box in which the precious ointment was closely secured; and immediately it emitted a grateful aroma. Now, bottled up and hermetically sealed these choice oriental spices and perfumes emitted no fragrance. It was when the seal was broken, and the oil poured out, that the pleasant odours were perceived. "*Thy name*," says the believer, in the rich drapery of oriental figure, "*is as ointment POURED FORTH*,"—fresh, exhilarating, pleasant, precious. Just what a newly broken box of ointment would be to the weary traveller newly arrived under the welcome shade of an Eastern Divan after a fatiguing journey, and exposure to the scorching sun and dry, hot air, refreshing and exhilarating, Christ is to the believer. He is not as an alabaster box of ointment unopened, unbroken; no; but like ointment poured: his fragrance is emitted; the believer has discovered the preciousness of Jesus; and he inhales with keen relish the aroma and sweetness of His name.

May our text at this hour be as an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and as we seek to break the seal, may this house be "filled with the odour of the ointment."

"*Thy name is as ointment poured forth.*" CHRIST IS THE ANOINTED

of God. The two names by which He is most commonly known both in the Old Testament and the New denote this. "Christ," His New Testament title, is another word for "anointed." "Messiah," His Old Testament title, is another word for "anointed."

I. *We will speak of Him; first, in His office,—and then of Him in His CHARACTER—as the Lord's anointed.* In the second Psalm, which is eminently prophetic of Christ, the "kings of the earth, and the rulers" are represented as "taking counsel together against the Lord and against His Anointed," literally, and as the margin gives it, *Messiah*. In John i. 41 Andrew is spoken of as finding his own brother Simon, and, in the first flush of joy at a newly discovered Saviour, saying unto him, "We have found the *Messias*, which is, *being interpreted, the Christ*,"—the Messiah of Old Testament announcement and prophecy; the Christ present and at hand in the New Testament. The Messiah was the Jesus anticipated of the Old Testament; Christ, the Jesus arrived of the New. Both titles refer to his mission and office as the anointed of God. As, then, under the Old Testament Church Christ was, and as in the New Testament Church He continually is set forth as pre-eminently the Lord's Anointed in the titles used to designate Him, the meaning and purport of the anointing he received must ever be a matter of first importance to us, and should at all times be clearly defined before our minds.

In the Jewish Church anointing was the initiatory rite by which men were set apart to the divinely-appointed office of priest, king, or prophet, and was an emblem of the gift of the Holy Spirit in order to the complete and efficient discharge of the duties of the office assigned them. By Divine command, Aaron and his sons were anointed with oil, and thereby consecrated to minister to God in the *priest's* office. Samuel anointed Saul king of Israel; and in this way he was set apart to his *regal* office. In like manner did the same prophet afterwards anoint David king; he "took the horn of oil and anointed him; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward." Zadok, the priest, in a similar way, anointed Solomon king. Now what do we find in common in these cases in which the rite was administered to men whose names have come down to us? Simply this, that the ceremony betokened the conferring of a specific office on the individual anointed, and the separating of him to its duties. If a prophet, he was to do a prophet's work. If a priest, he was to fulfil the functions of a priest. If a king, then was he to execute judgment and rule in righteousness. The ceremony of anointing with oil in the Jewish Church denoted *consecration to a given specific work*.

As we have intimated, Jesus is commonly spoken of, both in the Old and New Testaments, as the Lord's anointed, as the Messiah, as the Christ. In these names there is an allusion to a Jewish rite; and what the Jews intended to denote by the ceremony will let us into the meaning of what the Scriptures teach when they speak of Jesus as the anointed of God. With them, we have seen it meant separation to a particular work: we conclude therefore, that, *as the Lord's anointed, Christ was set apart and consecrated to some given office, or offices*. What were these? He was a *Prophet*. Isaiah put

these words into His mouth, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because *the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek,*" &c.; and when, in the synagogue of Nazareth, He, on one occasion read this prophecy of Himself, He said, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." He was the greatest of the prophets, the prophet of whom all other prophets bore witness. He was, likewise, set apart by anointing *as King*. In Psalm ii., David, speaking in the spirit of prophecy of the conferring of the kingly office by the Divine hand on Christ, represents the Father as saying, "I have set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." The word here rendered "set" is literally "anointed," "I have *anointed* my king," &c., which is the reading of the margin, where generally the more literal rendering of the text is given. As David and Solomon were anointed kings of Israel, so was Christ, by Divine appointment, set to rule His spiritual kingdom,—in love and mercy to govern His saints. He, too, is our great *High Priest*, our New Testament Aaron. He is the antitype of the high priest of the Jewish Church; His work and mission are the substance of which the functions of the priesthood of the old Testament were the shadow.

The shadow reveals the outline form of the substance; the shadow and the substance are near together; by looking at the one we are led on to the other. Aaron and his son had clearly prescribed duties to perform which were typical of the work to which Christ was appointed. What were those duties? They are briefly summed up in the opening words of Hebrews v., "For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, *that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins.*" The duties of the high priest consisted in offering gifts and sacrifices for sins. In like manner was Christ our great High Priest, ordained of God to offer sacrifice for sin. *This was pre-eminently the work of His priesthood.*

This work He in the fulness of time *accomplished*. "Consider the High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus, who was *faithful* to Him that appointed Him." He was appointed to offer sacrifice for sin, and He did offer sacrifice for sin. He was appointed to make atonement for sin, and He did make atonement for sin. The sacrifice was *Himself*. "He through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God." "He hath appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." "Christ was once offered to bear the sin of many." The blood of the victim was His own precious blood. Calvary was the altar of burnt offering; and there was He offered up to take away our sin. Thence did the savour of His sacrifice ascend to heaven on our behalf.

"Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience ease,
Or wash away the stain;
But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they."

Herein consists the savour of Christ's name. He is not merely a

sacrifice *appointed*; but a sacrifice already *offered*; and not only offered but freely *accepted*. His name is to us, therefore, not as the fragrance of precious ointment not as yet *perceived*, not as yet *discovered*; no; his name is as ointment *poured forth*, both to *God* and to *us*. "Christ hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us, for an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour." And "a bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me." The box of ointment of spikenard, very costly, has been broken; and it emits its fragrance to the refreshment of penitent sinners, to the joy of believing saints. The atmosphere is impregnated with it. *Heaven* and *earth*—all places but *hell*;—the temple above, and the church on earth are filled with the odour of the ointment. "He hath *POURED* out his soul unto death; he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."

When the woman who, at the time Christ sat at meat in the house of Simon the leper in Bethany, having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious, broke the box, and poured its contents on the Saviour's head, *she performed unconsciously a typical act*. Christ said, "She hath wrought a good work on me." "She hath come beforehand to anoint my body to the burying." As the alabaster box was broken, so in a little time was His body; and as the breaking of the box emitted the fragrance of its precious contents, so the breaking of Christ's body, as a sacrificial victim on Calvary for us, caused all manner of pleasant spices to flow out. And the believer, looking at the bleeding Paschal Lamb, says in the pictorial language of David in Ps. xlv., "All thy garments," O Thou crucified Christ, "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia." The shed blood of Jesus is as ointment of spikenard, very precious, poured forth. The cross, the grave; Calvary, the garden in which was the new sepulchre where they laid Him, are fragrant as a bed of roses to the believer; they are a garden of spices to His beloved. All places where He has gone are "perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant." Calvary is *still* redolent of spices; there was our sin put away;

"His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace."

The atmosphere of the grave, too, is *still* laden with the fragrance of His presence; there was death robbed of its sting;

"There the dear head of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume;"

a perfume that has come down all through the ages of the church, and remains to-day. So that when we look down into the grave, as we think of the day when we must lay our own heads there, or when about to place our beloved ones there, it is no longer a dark sepulchre exhaling the pestiferous fumes of the charnel-house; but as a garden of spices, brightened by the light of the cross, cheered by a Divine presence. "THOU ART WITH ME."

All praise to Thee, O Thou Son of God, who hast brought light out of darkness. Even as in the beginning, all things were created by Thy *word*, so by THY DEED Thou dost "make all things *new*."

The *grave* that would have been the highway to hell is the gateway of heaven. "Where *sin* abounded grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." The oil of consecration ran down to the skirts of Thy garments; and Thou didst finish the work which Thy Father gave Thee to do. Therefore shall Thy saints "be glad and rejoice in Thee; they will remember Thy love more than wine." "Unto you which believe He is precious."

This name is the dearest of all names to the believer. The name of the Anointed One of God is above every name. Like the anointing oil, *there is none like it*. It was expressly enjoined (Exodus xxx. 32) that no one was to compound any oil like the holy anointing oil. Whosoever should venture to imitate it should be cut off from his people. It was to be prepared from all manner of choice and costly spices and perfumes "after the art of the apothecary;" such ointment was to be a holy anointing oil, to be used for no other purpose, and not in any case to be imitated. There was to be none like it. So there is none like Jesus. We know no high priest but Jesus; He is the High Priest of our profession. We know of no sacrifice and atonement but His. He is our only propitiation, the sole mediator between God and man. There is no name that has the music in it that His name has, no place "half so dear, dear as the cross." "There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved." Good reason, then, why He should be precious to His saints. Is the only remedy that meets our case in hours of extreme sickness and pain, invaluable in our eyes? The only Physician who seems to understand our case and to be able to afford relief, a choice being to us? Even so shall Christ, who alone can save us,—so that if He deliver us not we perish,—be "the chief among ten thousand" to us. His name shall ever be as ointment of spices to his beloved, since,

"With Thy dear NAME are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven,"—

JUSTIFICATION, SANCTIFICATION, ETERNAL LIFE.

II. *Let us look at Christ, briefly, in His CHARACTER as the Lord's Anointed.*

1. He is the *manifestation of God*. Christ came to reveal the Father; and what the Lord Jehovah who dwelleth in light inaccessible is, we discover in Christ; so much so, so clearly, that "he that hath seen Christ hath seen the Father." Whoever becomes acquainted with the character of Christ, learns at the same time what is the character of the Father. The one is seen in the other. "I and my Father are one." The love, the compassion, the tenderness, and sympathy of Jesus are not only personal graces that adorn his character; but they are an index to God's mind and character. They are the reflection of the Father turned on us. "He is the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of his person."

2. Consequently, *He is pure and holy*. "Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest iniquity; therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." "Such an high priest

became us, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." Unlike Aaron and his sons, who had to offer sacrifice not only for the people, but for themselves, they needing an atonement equally with others, "He needeth not daily, as those high priests to offer up sacrifice first for his own sins." "We were redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without spot or blemish." In His heart was no guile, on his tongue no falsehood. He was pure as the sweet flowers of spring, spotless as a sunbeam. He breathed love; and stood alone on this earth, The Holy One. Like sun-rays that travel all through the vast expanse of the heavens to this earth, bringing light, and warmth, and life, and joy, and are refracted in a thousand forms, but tainted never; so is God with us on earth: "God is light; and in Him is no darkness at all."

"Therefore" say the following words of the verse, "*do the pure love thee.*" Like clings to like. Sun-rays blend. The beams of light radiating from the face of the orb of day commingle and smile on each other. So does the light of God, and his light in his saints. He first of all darts on them from heaven the beams of his infinite grace; and their opacity becomes luminous. Their soul is flooded with his love and brightness. The vampire, and owl, and the unclean birds of the dark, dark cavern, are scared away by the light of God; and the pure, gentle dove of the Holy Spirit's presence—and the dove loves the light and the sunshine—comes in and dwells there for ever. There is henceforth a gladsome interchange between God "who is light," and the saints who have become "light in the Lord,"—a reciprocity of affection; "we love Him because He first loved us." Our quickened heart beats right against the heart of God; "truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." Has light fellowship with itself? Even so have the saints communion with God. Called into His marvellous light, they delight to come to the light "that their deeds may be manifest, that they are wrought in God." "Therefore do the pure love Thee."

And the converse of this is true, therefore do the *impure hate thee*. "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved." "They love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil." *So that Christ's character becomes a touchstone of men's character.* We cannot think that any man who hates Christ can have any moral excellence in him. It argues, not against Christ, but against *themselves*, when men are found heaping contempt, and ridicule, and blasphemy upon His pure name. The touchstone condemns them. Even apart from considerations of the work of grace, the character and life of Christ are a test of morality. If a man have any moral loveliness, to say nothing of Divine grace, it seems to us, he cannot but admire and love the purity of Christian character, and the radiance of his spotless life. In this lower sense are the words true, "Therefore do the pure love thee."

O, believer, you are espoused to Christ. Be true to your betrothal. Cherish an undivided heart toward him, a growing attachment to him. Live in communion with him so close and true that his words and presence shall be ever welcome to you, his name ever fresh and precious to you. And after awhile will he come for his bride;

and receive you into that house above, the home he is fitting up for you, where alone will those be taken who are pure and holy. "These are they that have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them." Being transformed into his image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord, you shall become like him, and be received where he is. When *there*, you will say, "This is *home*;" when fully like him, "This is *heaven*;" when serving him day and night in his temple, "This is *fulness of joy*."

"O heaven of heavens, how true thy life must be!
O home of God, how excellent thy light."

Are there any of you to whom this box of precious ointment has not yet been broken, who have not perceived the fragrance of Christ's name, who have to confess that he is nothing more to you than a historical figure, standing far back like a statue in the niche of memory, cold and lifeless? If he be not more than this to you, what wonder that you cannot understand why His name sounds as sweet music to His saints, and the savour of His sacrifice is their delight! If He is to become to you, what He is to his disciples, a perpetual source of joy, and strength, and hope, He must be more than a historical Christ, a figure of the past; He must be a living, present, ever near Saviour. The alabaster box of precious spikenard is at hand, but unbroken it emits no perfume. Christ not believed in, not sought, not trusted by you as a living, present, sufficient Saviour, is that alabaster box of ointment *hermetically sealed*. Believe in Him, and the seal is broken, the fragrance perceived, the secret explained; He becomes *precious* to you. May the hand of Divine grace by the agency of the Spirit of Faith, whose it is to "apply the blood, and give us eyes to see," break the seal of this box of ointment of spikenard, very costly, to you to-day; and may Christ's "name be as precious ointment poured forth" on your head, on your hands, your feet, your heart for evermore. Amen.

GEORGE HERBERT AND HIS POEMS.

No. V.

THAT "Queen of flowers," as she is rightly called, the rose, has furnished a theme to many poets, and it is not passed over by Herbert. Other sacred poets have delighted to see in this flower a symbol of the Rose of Sharon, but we find that Herbert, in this instance, does not dwell, or indeed introduce that idea, much as he loved and revered his Redeemer, and ever-present Friend. It must be admitted that some verses of his poem, the "Rose," have an obscurity about them, yet to take a little trouble to discover their meaning repays the reader, as in other cases of a similar kind. Thus it begins:—

"Press me not to take more pleasure
In this world of sugared lies,

And to use a larger measure
 Than my strict, yet welcome size.
 First, there is no pleasure here :
 Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
 Blushing woes, that look as clear,
 As if they could beauty spare."

How are we to interpret the third and fourth lines? The poet, addressing an imaginary friend, declares that no persuasion shall induce him to go beyond the limit he had set himself in the matter of this world's enjoyments. Taught by wisdom from above, he holds to this limit, which he here calls his "size," taking his illustration from a drinking vessel. This limit is "strict," and yet not painful to Herbert, it is rather "welcome" to him, nor will he be persuaded to "use a larger measure." And one of the most powerful reasons for his caution is found in the fact which is quite incontrovertible, that so many of the pleasures are deceptive or delusive. Yet it may be that Herbert, looking at these things in the falseness and hollowness they so frequently display, gave too dark a tinge to the whole in his contemplation of them. We are not called to asceticism; but it is incumbent upon us, in the enjoyment of the pleasures of Time, to renounce those which we cannot use in the hope that God will bless us in the partaking of them. And true enough is it as Herbert shews that the rose is a type of "worldly joys"—at least of those which occasion remorse and repentance. The rose is beautiful, says he, but medicinal; less deemed the latter though in these modern days, though frequently administered in Herbert's time.

" So this flower doth judge and sentence
 Worldly joys to be a scourge :
 For they all produce repentance,
 And repentance is a purge."

Herbert had much pleasure in playing upon words, and the practice was common in that day, not only amongst writers in prose and verse, but in the pulpit, where many conceits and fanciful illustrations which modern hearers would smile at, were reverently listened to by the grave and thoughtful men of the seventeenth century. *Sun* and *son*, though spelt with a different vowel, have the same sound when pronounced, and on this fact Herbert comments in his poem, "The Son," and in it he speaks as a true Briton would, with warm admiration of his native tongue, as well as of the men who use it, and the land upon which they dwell, while giving due commendation to foreign languages.

" Let foreign nations of their language boast,
 What fine variety each tongue affords :
 I like our language, as our men and coast ;
 Who cannot dress* it well, want wit not words.
 How neatly do we give one only name
 To parents' issue, and the sun's bright star."

In the last line (as it were by accident) Herbert foreshows a scientific conclusion arrived at in the nineteenth century; for though

* i.e. employ.

he only calls the sun a star in a general sense as being one of the celestial host, astronomers report that our solar orb is but one of many nebulous stars of varying size and lustre. Herbert closes this poem of only fourteen lines with these words ;

" Our Lord's humility
We turn upon him in a sense most true ;
For what Christ once in humbleness began,
We Him in glory call, The Son of Man."

And the Christian, with earnest, expectant gaze, watches for those streaks in the sky which, ere long, will indicate that this Sun, which has so long shone unrecognized upon many of the nations of the earth, is to diffuse light upon our planet, as much to the joy and comfort of the inhabitants of it, as does the natural sun. For the voices of the prophets, in long succession, have assured us that the season shall arrive, when in the glory of millennial peace and joy, the name of Christ shall be everywhere honoured. "The Foil" is a little poem, which the chance reader, who has no insight into Herbert's modes of setting forth sacred truths, will be likely to regard as too mystical. Let us take it entire.

" If we could see below
The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace,
' As plainly as that above doth show ;
This were the better sky, the brighter place.

" God hath made stars the foil
To set off virtues ; griefs to set off sinning :
Yet in this wretched world we toil
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning."

Even the title here needs explanation ; " foil " being applied to anything which by contrast, being placed near some other thing, tends to show it in its true light, and, according to Johnson, the word was used in this sense first by jewellers who called by this name any article placed about their gems to heighten their lustre. Well, while upon earth we see but imperfectly the excellence of " virtue," and of those graces which God bestows, because—and the fault is our own—we fail to throw these sufficiently into comparison with those things which are opposed to them, and which we often deem worth something, when they are worse than valueless. We cannot see the contrast as plainly as " that above ;" that is to say, the brilliancy of the stars is shown out to advantage by the dark sky which serves as their " foil." But if we could see in their real beauties the adornments of the Christian character, we should think earth " better " and " brighter " than the regions over our heads. For what after all is beauty which is only of matter, [compared with that which is of mind ? And indeed, in a sense it may be said, as Herbert remarks in the second stanza, that the stars are dim beside " virtues," or noble qualities, they may be viewed but as " foils," to the latter ; and again, grief and sorrow in their very varied forms are only " foils," one great end, if not the sole end of their existence is to show, not the beauty, but the detestable nature of sin. And therefore, in the concluding lines, the poet cannot help lamenting, that we are so apt to plod on in this world of toil, too

insensible to the fact that grief and sin are so nearly related, and that "virtue," heavenly virtue, (perhaps in the idea of the Latin *virtus*, more particularly referring to courageous rectitude), is full of beauty and excellence.

Hoping the friendly reader has not been displeased with this expository fragment, we proceed to notice the poem entitled, "The Flower," which said poem has its history, having been highly eulogized by another poet, the gifted but erratic Coleridge. He calls it "delicious," and "especially affecting," applying the latter epithet to the piece because it bore, so evidently, marks of being strongly autobiographic, and composed by Herbert after a season of depression had passed away. In the poet's eye, there is a vision of himself as being one of the plants in the "garden of the Lord," and writing, as we may conjecture, while nature was clad in the fresh array of Spring, he feels that within himself, through the mercy of God, there stirs also a renewed vigour, and yet he is almost astonished thereat, he is like "those that dream."

" Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
 Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
 Quite under-ground; as flowers depart
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
 Where they together
 All the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown."

And the life of certain believers may be said to resemble that which exists in some of what are called perennial plants, which during the winter die down to their roots, and disappear, until the return of another season draws them to light and air again, and fresh leaves and blossoms are seen. Thus, even to his brethren, a Christian, at times, seems to cease to live; bodily or mental causes may obscure his faith, and darken his hope, if they do not chill his love; but the wintry gloom passes off, and he revives, and is once more the diligent and successful worker for his Master. Still, with the knowledge that while he is in this mortal life, he is ever in danger of again failing to press forward with energy, surrounded too, by foes, eager to strip him both of leaves and fruit, the believer is ready to take another verse of the poem, and say with Herbert:—

" O that I once past changing were,
 Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
 Many a spring I shoot up fair,
 Offering * at Heaven, growing and groaning thither:
 Nor doth my flower
 Want a spring-shower,
 My sins and I joining together."

The last stanza but one is especially pathetic. The poet speaks of himself as if he were already old; experience had given him a maturity which was far beyond that of the years he actually numbered. He had seen many deaths—like as with the flower; the winters which had passed over him, though part of the means of his growth, had been a reminder of another death yet to come; and one could fancy that Herbert, like David, had oft-times walked in

* Aiming.

the "valley of the death-shade." Nor does he deem it a circumstance unworthy of being noted, that with great spiritual enlargement, his love for the objects of Nature about him returned again, and poetry, to which during his season of oppression he had been indifferent, has its charms; he can "relish versing," or as a more fastidious author would say, "delight in cultivating the muse." So he exclaims,

"Now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O! my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night."

To quote only a portion of his poem, the "Cross," would be scarcely fair, because tending to confuse its harmony; but to the thoughtful it suggests lessons applicable to the history of all. Herbert shows that one of his sorest trials was this; his designs to serve and glorify God were disappointed and frustrated, and when he made fresh attempts in another direction it was to find that his will and God's will were still in opposition, and slowly at last is he brought to the conclusion that these troubles were just the cross which his father thought meet to lay upon him.

Like many others among the sacred poets, Herbert was tempted to try his hand upon his metrical version of that sweet psalm of the Shepherd-King's, the twenty-third. We cannot claim for this a position of marked superiority, yet it is not uninteresting. The last two verses run thus:—

"Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine
Ev'n in my enemies' sight:—
My head with oil, my cup with wine,
Runs over day and night.

"Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise."

J. R. S. C.

WHY OUGHT NOT THE STATE TO GIVE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.*

THE question with which I have to deal then, is, is it possible for the religious instruction in public elementary schools to be of a character which will satisfy the reasonable expectations of Christians desirous that children should be trained in the faith of the Gospel. The Wesleyan Methodists have been specially severe in their criticisms upon the conduct

* The extracts which follow are from the Rev. J. G. Rogers' able argument on this subject, in his pamphlet published under this title by Messrs. James Clarke and Co.

of Congregationalists in this controversy, but at a recent meeting Dr. Osborn declared amid the cheers of the assembly:—

"Many excellent persons had told them that they must deal with the morals of religion, that they must teach the Sermon on the Mount, and the Ten Commandments. But experience had taught them, what faith taught him at the beginning without any experience, that if they would have men live according to the Sermon on the Mount, they must go to the Cross, and learn to love the Lord their God with all their heart and soul and strength. They could not put the second commandment before the first. If they would have men love their neighbour as themselves they must have it as the outflow and result of the love of the Lord their God, and they would never have the love of the Lord their God until they came to Him by Christ crucified. The attempt to separate the morals of Christianity from the doctrines of Christianity was a great scandal to the nineteenth century. They were committed to the absolute necessity of religious doctrinal teaching in order to have religious moral teaching."

Most heartily do I endorse these timely words; but the argument which they contain tells on our side, and not on that of our adversaries. Some of our Wesleyan friends are so disposed to believe that our action indicates a Rationalistic tendency, or at least a preference of political to religious considerations, that they will probably be surprised to hear that Dr. Osborn has, in this distinct Evangelical statement, expressed one of our strongest reasons for objecting to the kind of religious instruction proposed for our day-schools. Any religious instruction, to be worth the name, must include the element on which he insists; but it is that which the State will not supply; which, in our judgment, it cannot, with due regard to the rights of all classes of its subjects, ever undertake to supply; and, as it cannot do this, we object to its giving in its stead a miserable, creedless, heartless, lifeless thing—a set of moral precepts, or a series of historic lessons—and mocking us by pointing to them as religious instruction for the people. The tendency to judge uncharitable judgments is so strong in human nature, and it is so sure to be strengthened by the excitement of controversy, in which eager partisans can hardly allow the existence of a high and noble motive in an adversary if it is possible to attribute an unworthy one, that it is very possible we may not receive credit for the strong religious feeling by which we are influenced in this matter. But, if I know myself, and certainly if I understand at all those who are most intimately associated with me in this discussion, it is not the political or ecclesiastical, but the religious bearings of this question, that stir us most deeply. I have no belief that day-schools will secure the great gains for the Established Church and Tory party in the way that many expect. The State has no right to give them the *prestige* and power conferred by the Education Act, and for a Liberal ministry to do it is simply an act of suicidal folly—a fresh example of that strange infatuation which seems continually to dog the steps and mar the character of the party. But the results will not be so terrible, or at all events so lasting, as some apprehend. The influence of the National School will, in hundreds of parishes, be thrown on the side of the Tory party, the National schoolmaster will often be its most active canvasser, and in not a few cases, the school-room will be available for its committee and other meetings; and when Liberal candidates, especially in counties, find how their necessary difficulties are thus enormously increased, they will, no doubt, feel very grateful to the "heaven-born minister" whose great mission was to give us an Education Act. Our own churches, too, in rural districts, will have a keener struggle for existence, and probably may sustain severe losses. But the growth of intelligence, even as developed by National Schools, will do much to correct these evils. Of course we object to the nation being called upon to pay for a religious and political propagandism carried on by means of schools, whether the results be great or small, but we object most of all to the nation sanctioning in its public schools a so-called religious teaching from

which the element I most value, and without which, I hold, there can be no true religious teaching, is excluded. We have thus two evils—colourless and soulless teaching in Board Schools, and Romish teaching in other schools—because we insist on giving our National Schools a Protestant character without at the same time giving sound Protestant teaching. It is a miserable arrangement for us, by which we give much and get nothing worth having in return.

But I shall be told by our opponents this is not their view at all, and that they mean to have an “open Bible,” and “suitable religious instruction by the teacher.” Let us examine, then, what this involves. The first, and perhaps the most important element in its working, is the teacher, on whose personal character, as affecting his mode of teaching and his influence, almost everything is made to depend. He is to be left at perfect liberty to teach such truths, inculcate such lessons, draw such inferences, as may appear to him warranted by the teachings of the Bible. The only condition imperative on him is that he shall use the Bible, but he may deal with it as he will. He may confine himself to mere precepts, or he may give lessons in doctrinal and spiritual truth. If he takes up doctrinal subjects he may inculcate the lowest forms of Rationalism, or the most advanced dogmas of Calvinism. He is at liberty to put his private interpretation upon every passage, and whether it tells to the advantage of one sect or another, or is directed equally against all sects, there is no just ground of complaint, seeing he has only exercised the power entrusted to him. The probability, indeed, is that we should not so often have extreme abuse of this kind, as that we should have to complain that the work was discharged in perfunctory style. But, be this as it may, there is so wide a discretion left in the hands of the teacher that it is essential that he should be a man in whom there is perfect confidence. He must be a man in perfect sympathy with the spirit and teachings of the Bible, with a simple faith in its authority, and a thorough loyalty to its doctrines; in short, he who is thus to be employed in the Christian training of others must himself be a Christian.

Now, what guarantee can we have that the schoolmasters appointed to Government schools will answer to this description? The great mistake on this, as on other points, is, that our friends talk as though they could conduct the affairs of a nation on the same principles on which they act in the management of a private society. They forget that the principles of religious equality demand that the convictions of all classes of the people shall be equally respected, and not simply that all Evangelical Protestants shall be put upon an equal footing before the law. Now, one of the first conditions of equality is, that all offices of the State shall be open to all classes of the people, irrespective of religious opinion. It was this for which we contended in the struggle for the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts, and which was carried out more fully when tests in the Universities were abolished. It cannot be that there is any intention of violating it in the case of public schools, and instituting a religious test for the teachers. In the absence of it, a teacher may be an unbeliever in the very book he is required to teach; and yet how it is to be introduced, or even if the fundamental objection of principle could be removed, how it could be made effective, I do not see. Dissenters, at least, must be false alike to their principles, and to all the traditions of their history; they must confess that, while they have been fighting under the flag of liberty, and professing respect for the rights of conscience, they have in reality only been contending for sectarian privileges; they must lose all the moral influence which they have secured by years of consistent adherence to a straightforward policy of righteousness, if they give ear to any proposal which would make the religious opinions of any citizen a disqualification for holding office in the State. But the tacit assumption of the whole scheme is that the teacher

shall be a religious man. If he is not, you cannot do a child a greater wrong than leave it to be instructed by him in the Bible. Whether it be that he treats the sacred book with irreverence, and hurries over its reading as a mere form which he is glad to be done with, or interprets it on principles which rob it of its distinctive meaning, or converts the lesson into a piece of hard mechanical task-work, which creates in the child's heart an intense prejudice against the Book, the effect is about equally injurious. But where is there any guarantee that we shall not have all these styles of teaching? Are Evangelical Nonconformists prepared for this, willing to leave religious teaching in the hands of men who possibly may not be religious themselves?†

* * * * *

But it is not about the teacher only that there is a difficulty. We are equally dissatisfied with the kind of teaching he is expected to give. We are told that he is left free, and if he is to interpret this fully, he is sure to displease some one. Christ must be the Alpha and the Omega of his teaching; but what is he to say of Him? Is he to hold Him up as an object of worship, or is he to speak of Him as a mere man to be admired, loved, imitated, but nothing more? Is he to tell the children that the story of His life, as given in the Gospels, is a record of veritable facts, or is he to tone down the miracles and other supernatural elements in the narrative after the fashion of a certain school amongst us? How is he to explain His work as a Saviour, and what idea is he to give the children of the sin from which He came to save them? These are practical questions. I do not see of what value the religious teaching could be that did not supply an answer to them. Probably our good friends expect that they will always be treated in the way they would like, and, strange to say, there are some Nonconformists who, apparently, would have no scruple in taking the money of Unitarians to teach that Jesus Christ was God, and the money of Roman Catholics to inculcate the principles of Protestantism. I want these things taught as much as they do, but I cannot see how the State can teach them. With me the right or wrong of State interference in religious work does not depend on the mode in which it is done. I object to the thing itself, whether it be in churches or schools, whether it be in favour of a creed from which I dissent or one which I believe, whether the dissentient minority injured be large or small, whether I myself be in it or not. I do not object only to the State patronising the Episcopal church, I object quite as much to its supporting a system of Evangelical Protestantism.

The term "unsectarian teaching" is one of those ambiguous phrases the use of which in this controversy has been a fruitful source of difficulty. The Evangelical Nonconformists employ it in one sense; a large number of their allies in an entirely different one. The one would include in it a number of doctrines which they regard as catholic, not denominational. The other would exclude doctrine altogether. We want a distinct definition before we can fairly grapple with it. If the party elect to stand upon the first, we ask, How they can give such instruction without injury to the consciences of those who are Dissenters even from this creed? If they take the other, we ask, Can they be content to use the Scriptures to teach anything or everything, except what Evangelical Christians are most anxious should be taught, and to accept that as the religious element in national instruction? For myself, I protest alike against either course, and that equally as an Evangelical and a Nonconformist. It is tolerably certain, however, that the unsectarianism will be of the latter type, and I appeal to earnest Evangelicals, of whatever Church, whether this is what they wish.

† Mr. Rogers strengthens his argument by quoting from the reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, in which the inefficiency of ordinary schoolmasters as religious teachers is very strongly and, we believe, truthfully put.

One of the most dangerous tendencies of our times is that so eloquently denounced by Dr. Osborn, in the speech already quoted—to set up a “religion which should please everybody in this free and happy country, and which should provoke no points of difference.” There is a desire in some quarters to introduce this into our churches, to make their creeds an amalgam of all sorts of conflicting opinions, to emasculate religious earnestness by destroying the intensity of religious conviction, to take every element of certainty from our testimony for Christ, and in general to establish the idea that everything is true in general, and nothing in particular. The best preparation for introducing this system into the churches is to have it recognised as the religious instruction of our schools; and if this is the highest form of teaching which can be given by the State, it is infinitely better that we should have none at all. It is quite true that children cannot be made to understand the subtleties of mere dogma; but they can be made to understand the wondrous love of God in Jesus Christ, and the instruction they need for this purpose can be given them only by Christian men. If we are irreligious because we contend that the churches ought to undertake this work as those who alone are competent to do it, irreligious we must be esteemed. Here, however, we take our stand. We believe, with the Bishop of Oxford, that principles are not to be made the mere play-things of a controversial game; and, having accepted as principles that the power of Christian truth lies in the full and clear exhibition of Christ Himself, and that the exercise of that power is entrusted by Him, not to any government, but to the individual action of those who have themselves been brought under its sway, we are bound at all costs to maintain that no Government can rightly undertake what can properly be described as the religious instruction of the young.

My space forbids me to enlarge at length on the price which must be paid for the right to communicate even the feeble and imperfect style of teaching given in our National Schools. Archbishop Manning has given his help to our opponents; but he has not failed at the same time to make it clearly understood on what terms his assistance has been rendered. If his allies are able to persuade themselves into the belief that he has been a disinterested worker on their side, influenced only by a genuine desire to oppose the Rationalist tendencies of the day, they are self-deceived. His programme is very simple. Anglicanism may have England, and Presbyterianism Scotland, but there must be Catholic education in Ireland; and it cannot be doubted that he will succeed in establishing his demand. The first indication that this will be the case is furnished by Mr. Gladstone's declaration relative to Irish University education, which has so greatly disturbed the peace of some of his friends. We, of course, differ from him; but their complaint about him appears to us in the last degree unreasonable and inconsistent. He has simply enunciated the same principle in relation to the higher education of the sister island which he has already carried out in the primary schools of this country; and that those who have supported him in the one should now object to the other is only an illustration of the different aspect which the same principle wears to some minds, according to the mode of its application. I am not surprised, indeed, to see a deputation going to him to remonstrate against further concessions to Ultramontaniam. It is high time that very stern and decided protest was uttered on this point, but if it is to be done with effect, Protestants must renounce for themselves those favours of the State which they would deny to Roman Catholics. Our friends appear to have pleased themselves with the idea that we were conjuring up unreal dangers, and that the difficulty which we have put before them was of a logical rather than of a practical character; that, at the worst, it was a thing of the future which need not be anticipated. But it is evident now that already the evil is upon them. It must be met, and in meeting it they will have to deal not only with Roman Catholics smarting under a

sense of injustice, and strong enough to say that it shall not be continued, but also with statesmen, whether they be Liberal or Conservative (for the policy of Mr. Disraeli will not essentially differ from that of Mr. Gladstone on this point), and with the large class of politicians who have very little care for any Church, but whose love of fair play will lead them to resist the attempt to shape Imperial legislation in accordance with Protestant feeling, and, therefore, to treat Ireland on principles which cannot be applied to England.

Even while this pamphlet is passing through the press, these views have been amply confirmed by an article in the *Saturday Review*, May 4th, which puts the case in a spirit so fair, and with logic so forcible, that it will not be easy to meet it. It is addressed primarily to the Conservatives, but it applies with equal, or even greater, force to Nonconformists; and sets forth the view which will be taken of the whole subject by practical men, who boast that they are free from the disturbing influences of religious prejudice. It is possible enough that its reasonings will not produce much effect, for nothing is more remarkable than the lofty superiority to all logical consistency, which a large class will show when dealing with religious opponents, and especially with Roman Catholics. There are many of our Protestants, from Lord Shaftesbury downwards, who have the same contempt for logic that Carlyle's "super-grammaticam" Kaiser had for grammar, and who seem very angry that other people have not the same. It is well that they should see themselves as others, who are not of the company, see them.

"The contingent which is to reinforce Mr. Fawcett consists of English Conservatives who have hitherto proclaimed themselves fast friends of religious education. It would be hard to find in political history an abnegation of principle at once so complete and so wanton. If the sudden conversion of the Conservative party to a democratic Reform Bill was more striking in its incidents, and more important in its results, it must be remembered that to a great number of men political questions are not really matters of right and wrong. They are content to leave the decision of them to others, and to desert their leaders would seem to them a more immoral act than to follow their leaders in the desertion of their principles. But in matters of religion and morality men claim to think for themselves, and the Conservatives are never tired of proclaiming that the conflict between Secularism and Denominationalism is a matter of religion and morality. It is to be hoped that such of them as intend to vote with Mr. Fawcett will take the trouble to explain how a connection which is indissoluble on one side of St. George's Channel can be dissoluble on the other; how the same men can be Denominationalists in England, and Secularists in Ireland."

This voice, coming from outside our religious organizations, is extremely significant, and cannot be disregarded by wise and far-seeing men. It is a warning of danger ahead, to which the recent history of the relations between both our political parties and the Roman Catholic Church gives additional emphasis. That history shows clearly enough that that Church may, very probably, extort from the fears or hopes of rival statesmen much more than is right, that neither party would ever dream of denying it the same advantages which have already been conceded to other communities. The hope that statesmen, in determining their policy, will be affected by the special character of Romanism, is one of the vainest by which the imagination was ever deceived. And, in refusing to entertain considerations which appear so convincing to those who allow strong Protestant feelings to bias their judgment, they will be sustained by that sense of right which is so strong in the country. Much reliance is placed on the earnest Protestant feeling of the nation and its power to prevent any endowment of Romish teaching, and not without reason. But even that force will not avail if it be evoked on the side of injustice. We are a Protestant people, in that we are prepared to hold fast and firm by the principles of Protestantism; but the days for maintaining Protestant

ascendancy by law are past, and the nation, in the growing sense of what is due to the individual conscience, will not consent to do wrong, even to suppress the errors of Romanism.

The Romish party thoroughly understand this. They know that a Parliament which has laid down the principle that English education must be shaped according to English, and Scotch education according to Scotch ideas, cannot, if it would, shrink from the application of the same principle to Ireland. They know that if local Boards are to prescribe the kind of religious teaching to be given in the schools in the two Protestant countries, the same power must be given to them in the Roman Catholic country, and that as the limits within which this power may be exercised differ in England and Scotland because of the difference in their feelings and circumstances, the same consideration must be shown to Ireland, and that the result will be the subjection of the education of her people to the absolute will of the priests. They are wise in their generation, and are joining those who cry out for an open Bible in England, because they know that that will enable them to exclude the Bible from the schools of Ireland, and, in its place, to establish the Mass Book. Can it be that any English Nonconformists will, by their blindness to the results of their present conduct, become unconscious instruments in the accomplishments of their hopes? One thing is sure, that any protest hereafter raised against the endowment of Romish schools or colleges in Ireland on the part of those who have consented to the endowment of unsectarian Protestant schools in England, will be utterly worthless. They have accepted a principle, and they will be compelled to adopt it, when it tells against them as well as when it operates for them. There is but one way of escape. It was not left for the Manchester Conference to propound it. It was proposed by that eminent Churchman, Lord Derby, forty years ago for Ireland. It was again proposed for England by that equally eminent Dissenter, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who, at the beginning of this controversy, in the *Sword and Trowel* of March, 1868, thus wrote: "We should like to see a system of universal application, which would give a sound secular education to children, and leave the religious training to the home and the agencies of the Church of Christ." That is the system which we are seeking to establish.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MRS. MARY KELLEY.

BY HER HUSBAND.

THOSE who have been called to pass through the bitter trial of bereavement by the loss of a precious bosom and faithful friend, whose favourite star in the firmament is quenched in the darkness of death, who have

"Lost on earth the living thing
To which the withered heart can cling,"

understand the force of the remark we have often heard, that all the goodness and graces of the living are nothing to the peculiar charms of the one who is not! A precious friend seems never so precious, never so valuable, never so much needed as when taken from us. Any slight defect, we forget it, or, in the midst of a thousand virtues, we lose sight of it. I trust this will be a sufficient apology to any person who, reading this memoir, may think the lovely character portrayed to be overdrawn.

My dear wife was the eldest daughter of Mr. W. BURSTON, of Kingsbrompton, Somerset. She was born at Wiveliscombe, in the same county, December 3rd, 1843. Her parents were then members of the Congregational Church. In the autumn of the following year, when she was nine months old, the family removed to Kingsbrompton, where they still reside. Happily, she was favoured with a pious home and devoted parents, whose study it was to train their children for the Lord. On the 1st of April, 1850, the mother was taken to heaven. Her last words were, "Looking unto Jesus." Respecting her four small children, whom she was about to leave behind, she said to her sorrowing husband, "Set them a good example." And all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance know how truly he, assisted by Mrs. Burstton, (his second wife), has endeavoured to obey the injunction. In 1845 Mr. W. Burstton joined our infant society at Kingsbrompton, and the children, one after another, have been brought into its fellowship. From an early age my dear wife was the subject of sorrow, sometimes deep and overwhelming, on account of sin. So convinced was she of the evils of sin that she could not join in any game or amusement that did not accord with her sense of right. Her conscience was always tender, and easily affected. She spent many years at school, and contracted a friendship with several young persons who now greatly deplore their loss. Miss Morgan, an intimate friend of hers in Bristol, says, "Only the night before your letter came we were all talking about her in a bright happy way when seated around the fire, and discussing some of her many excellences and virtues. I would have given anything to have seen her, and said farewell, ere she died, for her friendship has been most precious to me since we were school girls together, only I was never half grateful enough to my heavenly Father for such a blessing, nor fully realized its untold worth till taken from me. I never expect to possess such a faithful, tender, affectionate young friend and sister in the Lord, as dear Pollie has proved to be for so long." For years her conduct was such that many thought her to be a follower of Jesus; but when the subject of her soul's salvation was brought prominently before her, silence and tears would indicate that she was

"A stranger to the blood which bought
Her pardon on the tree."

In her album I find the following, in her own hand, written a few months before her conversion: "Of all the struggles that take place in the heart there is none so terrible as when the first convictions force themselves upon us that all our previous course has been one grand error, and when the acts on which we have prided ourselves stand revealed before the world in all their nakedness and deformity." She always felt that there was no honour in this world equal to that of a relation to Christ; no learning like the knowledge of Christ; no men equal to the servants of Christ. Ministers who talked to her the most about Christ and salvation, and who most resembled their Lord, she considered the most worthy of her esteem and confidence. And yet she was so timid and doubtful that it was not until the year 1869 she received the "lively hope," the "joy unspeakable" for which she had so earnestly prayed. I was labouring in the circuit at the time, and witnessed the great agony of soul that preceded her trust in Christ and settled peace. Several times during the fearful struggle I put into her hands passages of Scripture that I had carefully selected from the word of God, and desired her to read and apply them. Once I asked her if she could tell me the reason why she could not believe the words of Christ, and trust in Him as her Saviour. She said that she had been reading Angell James's "Anxious Enquirer," and was afraid that her repentance was not genuine, as it differed from the state of mind described there preparatory to conversion. I entreated her to put away that book for the time, and take the Bible, the best directory to penitent

souls, read carefully the conversion of the jailer, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, xvi. 25-34, and especially the tenth chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans. This advice she followed, and soon was freed from a bondage which for so many years had deprived her of the sweetest liberty. Her conversion was much like the dawn of day after a dark night; it was slow and almost imperceptible, but it was real and permanent. It was seen in her countenance, and sweetly felt in her soul. She at once united herself with our society at Kingsbrompton, and more thoroughly enjoyed what she did for the Lord.

Her Christian career subsequently was marked by great stability. She was timid in taking hold of Christ, but when she found him she was careful to hold him fast. Nothing would grieve her more than to hear of persons who had proved unfaithful to their vows and their Saviour. On the 5th of August, 1871, we were united in marriage, and her devotion to me and the cause of Christ from that day far exceeds any description that I could give. Her social manner, cheerful spirit, and affectionate heart made her a general favourite; and a large number of persons (many of them not connected with our own congregations) sought her friendship, and gratefully anticipated her visits. Br. G. Daniel, whose family she visited a few weeks before our marriage, in one of his very kind sympathizing letters says: "During the short time we were favoured with her acquaintance she very greatly endeared herself to us, and we shall always cherish her memory with feelings of the greatest respect. Had she been spared she must, with her intelligent piety, cultivated intellect, and powers for general usefulness, have been a great blessing to you, in the midst of your arduous duties, and to the church." For several weeks after our marriage she enjoyed very good health, was unusually cheerful, and in very high spirits, when suddenly the news reached her that her sister Bessie, (Mrs. Turner), whom she fondly loved, had passed away from earth, which was almost more than she could bear. She had not the slightest doubt of her safety, she knew where to look for her; but the idea of such a separation was crushing. Her feelings at this time were freely and warmly expressed in a letter which she wrote to Mrs. W. J. Hocking, of Aberavon, a part of which I will insert:

"MY DEAREST BESSIE,—Yours is indeed a very kind, sympathizing letter. I thank you much for it. Oh, this is a crushing sorrow! My darling precious Bessie gone from me never more to return! but I trust I shall go to her. This came upon me so unexpectedly, for she was getting on so nicely. I would have given everything to have been with the precious one at the last, to have heard her last words and received her blessing, but it was impossible. Mr. Turner tells me her end was glorious. She sang praises to God almost with her latest breath, saw a great company, heard heavenly music, and called on all around to meet her in heaven. This is the bright side of our sorrow, dear, is it not? How good and kind of our heavenly Father to lighten the dark valley so brightly! Darling Bessie is not lost, only gone before. May we each one meet her in that blest abode where she is now exultingly happy. It would be wrong to wish her back to this world again, she is far happier than she was on earth; but it does seem so hard to part with her. But the Lord will give us strength to bear all He puts upon us. It is His doing, and we must not murmur, 'however dark it be,' it is all for the best. I hope this dispensation of Providence will be the means of drawing my mind more off earthly vanities, and fixing them on Christ and things above. May we each be blessed by it, and to God we'll give all the glory." She had scarcely risen above the shock when she was seized with typhoid fever which soon prostrated her, probably more easily in consequence of the shock caused by her sister's death. Almost from the first she had a presentiment of death, telling me that she thought the Lord was about to take her home.

On the morning of December 3rd, (her birthday), after a very restless night, in which she had been painfully delirious, I said, "Do you know what day this is, my dear?" "Yes," she answered, "this is my birthday. I shall spend my next in heaven," and referred affectingly to some dear friends, members of her family, that she should soon meet again. They had passed away before her, but she should soon join them. "Oh," she said, "Pray, my dear, that I may be taken to heaven this day." I said that I could not pray for it, and asked if she could not willingly remain with us a little longer? "Yes," was her answer, "if it be the Lord's will, but in heaven I shall be free from all pain and all sorrow."

The fever raged fiercely for four weeks, during which time she suffered greatly; then it gradually subsided, and ultimately entirely disappeared, but left her in a state of extreme weakness. Then for the next three weeks there were many alterations in her state, arising from the various complications of the disease; but, generally, we entertained a strong hope of her recovery. Sometimes she talked cheerfully about family and other matters, and even of her recovery. Once she desired, as a little recreation, and anxious also to say a few words of her own to her beloved parents, to whom she was devotedly attached, to be propped up in bed and have the writing materials brought to her, when she scrawled the following:

"MY DARLING PRECIOUS PAPA AND MAMMA,—I thought you would like to hear from your poor weak Pollie as she lies here on her bed. Oh! I am so very weak; but now I have a faint hope that the blessed Jesus is going to restore me instead of taking me away from earth. You will be glad to hear this, I know. Do pray that I may grow stronger every day. My hand does shake so! What should I do without dearest Lottie, she is so kind! If I get better I hope we shall spend a pleasant month up here. Don't call her home, dear papa, yet. I cannot say more to day, my darling loved ones. I would give everything I know to get one glimpse of you, and to have a dear kiss once more, but it cannot be. Good bye. Your very own Pollie. P.S. Do write me."

At such times we were very hopeful; but some new phase of the disease would again damp our joys and excite our fears. The dear sufferer seldom felt so hopeful of recovery as when she wrote the above letter, but frequently assured us that she thought it almost impossible to survive the attack. And anxious to leave her testimony with us while she was able, she called me one day to her side and said, "My dear, I may die any minute, but this is my death-bed experience: I die trusting in the blood of Jesus, I am almost in glory." She was now perfectly resigned, and left herself fully in the hands of God. When sufficiently strong she would ask me to read the Scriptures and pray with her, remarking that she found it difficult to pray much herself, her mind and body being so weak, but that my prayers were a comfort to her. "But," she added, "the Lord is good, He knoweth my frame, and will not expect more from me than I can give to Him." After the fever left her, the doctor encouraged us to expect her restoration, and there were pleasing indications of convalescence until bronchitis set in, which made her case appear very doubtful. She continued in the midst of the "furnace," as she termed it, to ripen for heaven, and became increasingly sensible of the sweetness of the Divine favour and presence. The Friday before her death she expressed a wish that the class-meeting, held in our house, of which she was a member, be held that evening in her bedroom, that she might hear the sweet singing and experiences of God's people; the meeting seemed a great comfort to her.

As she drew nearer her end she seemed blessedly conscious of being nearer heaven, and it was her delight to talk about the better land, the sweet company, and the pure pleasures she should enjoy there. One day when she was speaking during my absence about heaven, and of the pleasure she had in the prospect of going there, her sister remarked,

weeping, that she thought the Lord would not take her so soon after her dear sister Bessie. She quickly replied, "That's the very reason why I think I shall be taken, that I may rejoin dear Bessie in heaven." Then seeing her sister in great distress, and as if anxious to comfort her, she said sweetly, "Dear Bessie was taken first, I am following her, and (patting her sister fondly on the head) dear Lottie will come next." It was evident that however great her attachment to earth and earthly friends, to be with Christ, and for all her friends to be with Christ was far better. One of her favourite hymns when in health was this:—

"One by one we cross the river,
One by one we're passing o'er,
One by one the crowns are given
On the bright and happy shore.
Youth and childhood oft are passing
O'er the dark and rolling tide,
And the loving gentle Spirit
Is the dying Christian's guide."

Though she was enraptured with a prospect of a happier and purer clime, yet she felt great sympathy for me, and sometimes said, "For your sake, my dear, I could willingly remain longer if it were the Lord's will." The night before her death, while I was sleeping on the couch in the same room, she said to her sister who was sitting by her, with her eyes fixed on me, "Dear man, I scarcely know what he will do when I am gone." And the thought for a moment gave her pain; but she knew that the blessed Lord would be true to His word, because He had taken one He would not forsake the other. She was only going a little before. Never before did I so fully understand that beautiful passage in the Pilgrim's Progress that represents the pilgrim entering into the county of Beulah, where the air was very sweet and pleasant, where the singing of birds was continually heard, and fragrant flowers daily grew, where the sun shone night and day, and the contract was renewed between the bride and the bridegroom, where the shining One commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. All the long day that preceded the night of her death she was in this beautiful country. She had found perfect rest from all pain, and sorrow and sighing had fled away. "Oh," said she, "how good to be free from pain! I am so comfortable and so happy!" And this appeared to us a merciful interposition of divine goodness. Only a few days before she had suffered very great pain. Remembering the sweet promise in Matthew xviii, 19, I said to her, "Do you remember the words of our Lord, 'That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them.' Let us ask the Lord to take away your pain, and give you perfect ease." The idea pleased her, and we commenced to pray. Soon the assurance of an answer came to us, which made us both sweetly sensible of the presence of God. And it was in this way that the Lord was pleased to answer our united prayer, by making her last day on earth so perfectly free from pain. Her soul was full of God, and therefore full of love. Sometimes she would desire us to read some appropriate verses of Scripture, and then to sing some sweet hymn. Once she said, "Read that sweet chapter, the 14th of St. John, 'Let not your heart be troubled,' etc.," and then she would desire us to sing one of her favourite hymns.

The hymns she selected during the day were the following:—

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessings,
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me;—Even me."

and—

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come!"

and—

"We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying.
All must be well."

At times she attempted to join, especially in the last; while we were softly singing the words; "We expect a bright to-morrow," she lifted her eyes toward heaven, as if aware that it would be blessedly fulfilled in her own happy experience; her eyes all the time sparkling with intense delight. But even then we were not prepared for the parting that was so near; nor could we see the hand of death upon our loved one, for we still fondly clung to the hope that she would recover. She continued to give evidence of great peace and enjoyment, her voice growing weaker and fainter until the evening, when suddenly she became restless, and expressed a wish to sit by the fire with me; I lay down by her side, and asked her to try to sleep; she soon got composed into a sweet, sound sleep; but it proved to be the sleep of death. She never opened her eyes again on earth. As a weary and worn traveller soundly sleeps after a toilsome journey, and wakes the next morning fresh and vigorous; so she, weary and worn, passed into a deep sleep, unconscious of the sorrowing friends around her, and awoke refreshed in the bright sunshine of heaven beyond this sinful, changing world. We watched her until three o'clock the next morning, Saturday, January 20th, 1872, when she breathed her last. A holy, heavenly calm lighted up her countenance a few seconds before her spirit took its departure, and remained, stamping her worn and wasted features with the most placid appearance; a silent testimony to all who afterwards gazed upon her, that she died in peace with God; that the voice

"Silent on earth, was uniting in the songs of heaven.
That she had wept her final tear—
Heaved her last pang!—Earth's closing draught of sorrow
Had been exhausted, That those eyes now
Shut to earth had opened upon the glories of a tearless world.
The ear insensible to earthly sounds
Had caught celestial melody, and death
Had proved the harbinger of endless bliss,—
The Birth-day of Eternity!"—

She was interred in the Millom Church-yard, on Tuesday, January 23rd. A large number of friends from different parts of the Mission attended. (Some of them followed as mourners). Several friends returned to our house, and prayer was offered, when a most gracious and hallowed influence was felt. A woman, who was in distress of soul, found Jesus before she left. Oh, how sweetly did we feel then that "we sorrowed not as those who have no hope." And that those tears would be selfish

"That would unglorify the sainted pilgrim—
Her unruffled bliss disturb
And pluck the crown from off her brow,
To bring her back to earth."

On the following Sunday evening, January 28th, Br. E. Rogers preached her funeral sermon in our preaching room, New Town, to a very large and crowded congregation. He selected as his text Luke viii. 52, "And all wept and bewailed her: and he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth." The meeting was one of unusual solemnity and power; and at the prayer-meeting which followed there were several penitents, some of whom found peace in Christ. The text seemed very appropriate, and many encouraging remarks were made. The pang of separation would have been indescribably more painful if there had been a thought that the ransomed dead had sunk into blank oblivion—did inherit only everlasting silence. I knew, I felt that she was not really dead, not lost, not gone out of being. As the dear one said respecting her sister who passed home to heaven only three months before, "the bright side of our sorrow" was to know that while we were weeping and deploring her departure she was shining in the light of God, and rejoicing in the presence of Jesus. But the trial came with appalling suddenness. The hurricane had swept the loved one down in the midst of the brightest sunshine. A short time before all was joyous and happy, and now it did seem, too, that the summons came when she could be worst spared; when most prized, most needed, most loved! And the trial was a crushing one. There seemed no bright light in the cloud, no break in the sky; and I felt that then, more than in any other part of my life, I was called upon to trust and believe. I knew it must be right, because the trial had been ordained by a faithful Friend, the flower had been plucked by the great Giver of all good. If my creature comforts were curtailed—if my soul was harrowed with the most severe bereavement—if my earthly sun had set, there was a "needs be" for it all. And I was led to pray that the affliction might be as a monitory angel leading me to strike my tent, and pitch it nearer heaven; and that I might hereafter be able to see uncertainty stamped upon all my earthly joys. I was greatly encouraged by the beautiful words of a bereaved child of God who had passed through a similar trial. "If he plucked his lily soon, it was to save it some rough blast. If he early folded his lamb, it was to save it having its fleece soiled with earthly corruption. If the port of glory was soon entered, it was because he foresaw threatening tempests that were screened from our limited vision." These are sweet thoughts to me, which greatly assist me to yield in submission to the will of God. Though our union was short I have ten thousand precious memories of her. Her character seems to shine brighter the more I look at it and think about it, and even at this distance of time I feel an intense clinging to her, which reminds me of the kind words of Br. Gilbert in one of his letters: "After awhile your heavenly Father's goodness and faithfulness will be seen more clearly than before, the preciousness and value of the dear one you mourn for will be more consciously and lovingly realized; you will often feel, blessedly feel, that in spirit you are still in pure and loving communion; thoughts of her excellences of spirit and character, and loving and endearing remembrances of her affectionate and devoted heart towards yourself, and her sincere and manifest interest in your welfare, and the success of Christ's cause, to which your united services were consecrated; these and other kindred reflections and reminiscences, will enable you with holy calmness, and loving resignation to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord.'" I have realized the truthfulness of these very consoling words. But how hard was it to think of a friend so true, a friendship so pure, a union so indescribably happy, and prospects so bright and promising all cut off, all removed with a stroke, and yet to be free from one repining thought or rebellious sigh. And to say sincerely with face upturned to Him who gave, "Even so, Father! for it seemeth good to Thee!" I and my dear wife many times sung with great spirit when there were no clouds in the sky, nor windings in the path:—

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be;
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.
 I would not choose my path,
 I dare not if I might;
 Choose Thou for me, my Lord,
 So shall I walk aright."

But now when the dark path of the way was entered, when the most painful bereavement had chequered my path, and blasted my fondest hopes, to acquiesce meekly, to submit humbly, was a trial indeed; but, thank God, His grace was sufficient. Soon I could see the "*sunny side*" of the cloud. I saw that the precious gift was but a loan, and that the great Giver had a right to recall it when He saw fit. In effecting this separation I knew he had taken the ripest for Himself.

"The tree marked for the axe was not the cumberer,
 The leafless, fruitless, unproductive one."

Heaven became still more attractive to me, and the thought of meeting again

"Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,"

became a great delight. I feel truly thankful to the kind Providence who directed me to such a faithful friend; and though the hand of death so soon separated us, the friendship remains most precious, so that I can understand the words of the poet,

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all."

I have many, very many sweet reflections of her honest bearing, genial spirit, affectionate heart, and pure love to God and His word. Among the things she has left, the most precious, it seems to me, is her well-worn and well-used Bible. Its sacred pages are profusely marked either to signify the texts preached from by various ministers, or the precious passages that more than others fed and feasted her soul. I will mention one of the many marked Scriptures to show how she valued the sweet promises of God. The 121st Psalm is well marked, especially the third, fifth, and last verses. "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee will not slumber. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore." She highly valued the word of God, and would retire to her quiet room at a certain time during the day to peruse its sacred truths. She invariably read some part of it the last thing at night in secret before she commended herself to the care and keeping of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. But now she needs it no longer as her director, but enjoys the blessed fulfilment of all its promises.

She has reached the heavenly land in safety, swells the number of the redeemed before the throne, unites with her dear friends she missed awhile, and—blessed thought—will be ready to hail those she fondly loved and left to the same bliss, when their pilgrimage is o'er. Let me in conclusion assure the reader I have written this for you; if you have passed through a similar trial, have had a similar loss—may you find your consolation from the same source. It will be natural for you to ask why your dearest friends, who seemed to have been sent in the world on purpose for you, *why?*—when you most needed their company, their counsel, and their affection—were they taken from you? But if you could lift the curtain, and if you could only penetrate the future, you would discover

that there are good reasons for all that is now so difficult for you to understand. Perhaps the gourd has withered to show you the corrupted state of your heart; perhaps the precious one is taken to lead you to One still more precious. And what a merciful trial is the greatest earthly one if it saves you from a trial infinitely greater! What a merciful storm if it saves you from a storm that will never cease! Happy for you if, when the old moorings give way, you have one safe anchorage that cannot be removed. Let us then learn this lesson from their early death, that we must be more active; their mantles are left for us to wear; their places are vacated for us to fill. Better endure the sharpest cuttings of the pruning knife, be stripped of all we have than to be left alone as abandoned and doomed cumberers.

"Mourn we as they whose hope hath died
With those his love bestowed;
The message and the messenger
Were sent alike by God.

Shall we not gird us for the fight,
And, as we heavenward tread,
Remember in the darkest hours
What He, the Lord, hath said?"

MRS. ANN TAYLOR.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."

Like weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose:
So he calls them in from their labours ere the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast;
Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep;
For with many a soothing promise, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! friends the dearest, can never this boon bestow;
But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow;
Their foes may gather about them, and storms may round them sweep,
But, guarding them safe from danger, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppress to-day,
Like mists, that clear in the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away;
Nor call nor clamour can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep,
For only His voice can reach them, who giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over, weep not that their race is run;
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like theirs, is done!
Till then we would yield with gladness our treasures to him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance, He giveth His loved ones sleep."

SELECTED.

The biography of the Scriptures is singularly truthful. Unbiassed by any unsanctified motives, human character is truthfully, and yet faithfully, portrayed. This is a feature peculiar to the Bible. It is not the result of accident, personal preference, or caprice, but appears to be the uniform design of the sacred writers, inspired, and taught by the Divine Author!

The biography of the Church of Christ is an important and interesting part of the word of God. The instruction derived therefrom, by the

Church at large, as we suppose, has led those to whom has been entrusted the care of the household of faith in all ages, to adopt the practice of presenting biographical sketches of those who have died in the Lord, doubtless hoping thereby to stimulate the followers of Jesus, to useful, holy living, and that they may bring forth fruit to holiness, that their end may be everlasting life, as also to allure those out of Christ to see, and seek to possess the intrinsic excellences of the true Christian religion. But to instruct the sinner, and strengthen the believer, it behoves us to write truthfully, free from all colouring, and unscriptural laudations. Many thousands of the Lord's hosts eagerly read these testimonials of the grace of God in their fellow pilgrims. Our conviction is, the more we cultivate our appetite for this class of reading, the more profitable and sweet will be the luxury enjoyed in reviewing the memories of departed worth. When read in a proper spirit, and from right motives, their very peculiarities and infirmities afford us ample material for close self-examination. It is deeply interesting to read of their earnest and, in some instances, protracted struggles for liberty from all sin. But more intensely interesting still to contemplate in them the ripening process for the better land. We love to see and read of their triumphs, through Christ, over the last enemy. Such instances of saving grace afford us fresh proofs of the power of Divine love within them. Our faith, too, is strengthened in the completeness of the Saviour's work, and the sure and certain hope of immortality and eternal life. Christians, bereaved of those from whom it has cost them a severe struggle to part, feel a laudable desire, so strong are earthly endearments, so sacred the tie, to record their memories on the tablets of the Church's history, and to enroll them, as monuments of God's mercy and support, among the list of His chosen ones. And, if the interests of the Redeemer's Kingdom are thereby enhanced in leading the sinner to Christ, and strengthening the faith of any of His little ones, (we speak generally), our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord. The following particulars, in connection with our beloved sister, were furnished us by her youngest daughter, Jemima, who reverently and piously, together with the bereaved husband and family, mourns the loss of one so dearly and fondly loved, and highly respected by the community at large!

MRS. ANN TAYLOR, the subject of this memoir, was born in the parish of Gillingham, Dorsetshire, England, in the year 1798. Her parents' names were William and Dinah Hall. In the year 1820 she was married to Charles Taylor. In 1826 she sought and found salvation by faith in Jesus. Mr. F. Metherall was travelling on the Somerton Circuit, where they then resided. She was led to see her need of the Saviour doubtless, instrumentally, through the example and prayers of her husband, and a pious sister, who had a short time previous believed to the saving of her soul. This sister conducted family worship, and one evening in her company Mrs. Taylor was made happy in the Saviour's love. Since her conversion she has never been known to falter, or for a day to lose her confidence in God. She steadily pressed toward the mark for the prize of her high calling of God in Christ Jesus. "She had an eye to the recompense of reward." Shortly after she found peace through believing in Jesus, she, with her husband, united with the Bible Christian Church, of which she continued a steady and consistent member about eighteen years. After this, they removed to other parts, where the people of her choice had no interest, consequently she and her husband joined the Wesleyan Methodist Church, among whom she remained a consistent member six years. In 1850 they, and seven of their children, emigrated to this country, bidding adieu to her second son, a local preacher, and a large circle of relatives, never expecting to meet them again in this life. She was one of a family of fourteen, several of whom have died, and as far as known have died in the Lord. On their arrival in the United States, they came west to Wisconsin, and settled in Brookfield, Waukesha Co., on the 24th of June, 1860. There being no

Bible Christian Society in this place, they, and three of their children, joined the Episcopal Methodist Church, of which she remained an esteemed member nearly twenty years. About eighteen months after this, three more of their children were converted in a revival, under the labours of the Rev. Mr. Hall, then pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Circuit. Something over three years ago, a Bible Christian Society was organized in Brookfield, under the pastoral care of the Rev. S. Jolliffe, when she and her husband cast in their lot with the church of her youth. Here also she evinced that steady, persevering faith, which had characterized her through life. Our sister was an example of that charity which suffereth long, and is kind. There was no vaunting, no puffing, she sought not her own, and was not easily provoked. She had indeed been called to the exercise of patience. She had suffered much for nearly fifteen years from dropsy in the chest, supposed to be caused by heart disease. But He who promised, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," graciously sustained her, and kept her mind in perfect peace. When in the discharge of her daily avocations she would exclaim, "O to grace how great a debtor," &c., or "Blessed Lord," showing her daily communion with God. During the past three or four months she seemed to be ripening fast for heaven. Her hold on the things of this world was daily loosened, her faith grew stronger, and her hope in Christ brighter. She spent much of her time in closet devotions, and in reading her Testament, which was of large type, and had been purchased for her comfort. About a week before her death, one of her daughters had been passing through a season of severe temptation. While that mother was pleading with God in behalf of her child, light and victory came. Perhaps that daughter will never forget that interesting circumstance. Some time before she died, she told one of her daughters, "Death will come for me when you least expect it." She seemed to have a presentiment of her death. The celebration of the Lord's Supper, the last time she attended, in March, was a memorable time to her. The pastor remarked, some one present may never commemorate this event on earth again. She felt it was to be verified in her case, and so it proved. But she told her daughter in the confident language of a veteran Christian, "I have no fear, I am perfectly satisfied." She rejoiced much on account of her children being converted, three of whom died in infancy, the remaining seven are professed followers of Jesus. Well might she exclaim with pious Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." She was a thoughtful, tender mother, of whom her children may say,

"Dearest mother, thou hast left us!
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God who hath bereft us,
He will all our sorrows heal."

When the messenger came, it was indeed unexpected. Some days previous to her death, she was apparently better, and unusually cheerful. On the day she died, April 10th, she took tea as usual; but at seven o'clock p.m., her husband had occasion to step outside for a short time, and on returning he discovered that there was something wrong, for she looked at him very earnestly, as though she wanted to speak to him. He quickly went to her, and asked her to speak to him. She tried hard to do so, but to his deep anguish of soul, found she could not. She had lost the power of utterance. The agony of that moment no tongue can tell! God and the sorrowing ones only know. She continued to grow worse, and to all appearance, in three quarters of an hour, lost all consciousness; and while the clock was striking ten she breathed her last. Loved ones gathered round her, but she was not permitted to give them her last farewell. But He who has promised to be a present help in time of need was present,

and assured them "that they sorrowed not as those without hope." She and her husband lived together fifty-two years in uninterrupted conjugal felicity. Thus has gone from us a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, a bright Christian, and a kind neighbour. The solemn occasion was improved by the pastor the following Sabbath in the Brookfield Bible Christian Church, to a large and sympathetic congregation, from the following: "Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." May we meet her in heaven. Amen.

G. T. COLWELL.

CHARLES MASTERS, of Sydenham, in the Tavistock Circuit, suddenly exchanged mortality for life, on the 1st of April, 1871, in the forty-sixth year of his age. Br. Masters had been a member of the Bible Christian Society upwards of twenty years, and during the greater part of that time a local preacher. His services as a preacher were highly appreciated throughout the circuit. His pulpit ministrations were marked by earnestness, deep piety, and also by good plain common sense—a gift not by any means too common in the pulpits of our land. In attending his appointments he was remarkably punctual. The length of the journey, or the state of the weather, seldom deterred him from going to his work. It was not unusual for him, after labouring hard during the week, to walk fourteen or twenty miles on the Sabbath, and take two appointments. But though he rendered himself so useful as a local preacher his usefulness was not limited to that sphere. In the society to which he belonged he was a class-leader, and a very successful helper in the Sabbath school, when he had an opportunity to attend. As far as his means would permit he was a liberal supporter of God's cause. We have met with but few who have excelled our brother in this respect. To the ministers of the Gospel he was devotedly attached, and he always appeared glad to receive them to his house.

Br. Masters was a man of great firmness, and strength of will. Being very outspoken and determined, his strong feelings would occasionally betray him into the use of expressions which he would afterwards regret. But those who

differed from him could not doubt the genuineness of his piety. By all who knew him he was believed to be a sincere, well-meaning, devout man.

The circumstance which resulted in his death occurred at Wheal Fortescue Mine, about two miles from his house. While engaged in oiling the machinery of the mine, his clothes caught in a revolving wheel, and he was instantly crushed to pieces. There was no dying testimony, nor was it necessary that there should be. By his daily life he had proved himself to be a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, and we need no further witness. "Where I am," said Jesus, "there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

A large number of friends from various parts of the circuit testified their respect by following his remains to the grave. Our dear brother left a wife and eleven children to mourn their loss. Great sympathy was shewn with the bereaved family, both by our own friends, and by friends outside the pale of the denomination, and a considerable sum of money was contributed towards their support. The worthy clergyman of the parish made a very earnest appeal in the local papers in behalf of the family, urging his plea on the ground that the deceased was a man of good character, a total abstainer, and a Bible Christian local preacher. "The memory of the just is blessed." "His children are blessed after him." T. B.

DIED at Farnhurst, February 5th, 1872, MARY ANN, the wife of Mr. GEORGE SMITH, in the forty-sixth

year of her age. She was for many years a consistent member of the Bible Christian Society. May her sorrowing husband and family meet her in heaven. A. GUMBRILL.

We deeply regret to learn that Br. WILLIAM ALFRED died of

typhoid fever, at White Hills, Sandhurst, April 27th. May the Good Shepherd have his widow and children in His special protection, and the Lord of the harvest speedily raise up another brother to fill the place in the church which Br. Alfred so usefully occupied.

DISTRICT MEETINGS.

ADELAIDE.—The eighteenth annual District Meeting of the Bible Christian Church in this colony commenced its sittings on Wednesday, February 29th, in Young Street Church. On the preceding evening Br. Thos. McNeil (one of the young men who have fulfilled their probation) preached a sermon from Rom. i. 16. There was life and power in the discourse, and when "mellowing years" and longer experience have supplied the needed culture, Br. M. will be a preacher of great acceptability. Br. John Dingle, the other probationer whose trial-years had expired, preached on Thursday evening, and acquitted himself satisfactorily. Br. W. Richards, on Wednesday evening, preached the sermon to the District Meeting.

On Friday evening was the ordination service. Br. Way was to deliver the charge, but being unwell was unable to be present, consequently that duty devolved on the chairman (Br. Ashton). The two young men who had been examined by a committee as to their acquirements and qualifications for the ministerial work, were called on to give an account of their conversion, their call to labour, and their present religious experience. They did so in clear and forcible language, and with sufficient minuteness of detail. It having been unanimously carried that they be received as approved ministers, and a copy of the Scriptures having been presented to each, Rev. J. Ashton delivered extemporaneously a brief charge.

The Sunday services were conducted by Messrs Lang, Rock and Ashton. On the Monday, the usual tea and public Meeting were held.

Then before the proper business of the District was entered upon, we paused to realise fully the loss we had sustained in the death of Br. Keen, and passed a resolution, embodying at once our grief at his loss, our conviction of his present

felicity, and our deep sympathy with the sorrowing relatives. The spiritual condition of the District came first under consideration. The review was not encouraging. On one or two of the stations a few souls had been saved, but the appearances of the Heaven-descending power had been like "angels' visits, few and far between;" and from most quarters came reports of languishing in the spiritual life of Church members, and consequent paralysis of the Church's aggressive power.

So far as the financial position of the District is concerned it is sufficient to say, that although we have not realised all our expectations even in this direction, yet our financial condition is decidedly healthier, and our prospects decidedly clearer than a year ago. No increase of District liability has been allowed to take place, and the District debt itself is to be shortly grappled with by certain schemes which look hopeful.

It was found that our great want, second only to that of more divine power, was *more labourers*. Several of the stations called out earnestly for a second preacher, and pledged his support; but the scarcity of men rendered the District Meeting unable for the time to meet these requirements. Added to this, it was elicited that many of our friends are leaving the worked-out districts and settling in new neighbourhoods where they will be absorbed into other religious bodies. Young men of piety and energy! why do you not come forward to the help of the Lord? "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," &c. Several intricate questions which had been referred to the home Conference were retransmitted, and had to be settled here after all. One or two workers in the vineyard were taken out, and one or two others retired. The usual

routine business was gone through and the meeting was brought to a close on Wednesday, 6th March, at 8 p.m.—*South Australian B. C. Magazine.*

MELBOURNE.—The twelfth annual District Meeting commenced at Long Gully, Sandhurst Circuit, on Thursday, 29th February. All the ministers and a good array of representatives were enabled to attend and enjoy the privileges which this gathering of the preachers and delegates affords.

As usual much of the business was of a routine character, which, though not interesting to the public, is essential to the welfare of the churches.

It was gratifying to find, upon strict investigation, that no charge of unchristian conduct, neglect of duty, or breach of discipline was preferred against any minister by the respective quarterly meetings, and a record was made of thankfulness to God for His sustaining and preserving grace.

During the year strenuous and indefatigable efforts had been made to promote the work of God; and many sinners had been converted from the error of their ways; yet there was no report of an increase of members to gladden us, but, on the contrary, a slight decrease in the number of persons meeting in church fellowship. This led to a lengthened and deprecatory discussion, during which it appeared that many had been lost to our church through removals, and that in some instances the ministers had been much inconvenienced and hindered by the financial difficulties with which they were compelled to grapple all through the year. But it was unanimously agreed that the real cause was the enfeebled religious life and experience of the church, which is betrayed in the neglect of the social means of grace, and which, probably is the result of that neglect. On this momentous matter it was resolved that we lay before our churches the necessity of attending more regularly to the class and prayer meetings; the appointing of committees of suitable persons to assist the ministers in visiting the people; and the forming of classes for the young. "And we appoint the first Sunday in June as a day for humiliation and prayer." It was also appointed that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper should be administered in all our churches once a month, if at all practicable; believing that this sacred ordinance is the most gracious means for strengthening

our faith and intensifying our love to Christ.

The aggregate amount contributed by the churches and congregations, during the year, to the support of the ministry, was £1584 19s., but the expenditure exceeded the income to the amount of £1091 15s. 11d., although by severe economy the expenditure had been lessened as compared with the previous year £79 18s. 5d., and the total deficiency was less by about that amount. The missionary receipts still show that there is a spirit of enterprise and liberality amongst us, but, owing chiefly to the commercial depression in some of our oldest circuits, the receipts showed a decrease of £60, and after balancing all accounts relative to the maintenance of the cause of God, a rather serious deficiency was left to be provided for; so that self-denial and increased liberality are required to remove the stumbling-blocks out of the way of God's cause. An earnest discussion ensued upon a motion that we again return to a condition of dependence upon the Home Society; but, with a noble determination and trust, it was resolved to make the last effort, to be self-sustaining before we would cast ourselves as an additional burden upon the already oppressed Home Missionary Society; and that with some relief from present incumbrances, we would strive, not only to consolidate, but to extend the cause in this colony by entering upon some of the new fields open to us. Let the same spirit as was manifested in the meeting become general, and our position will be well sustained and amazingly improved.

It is imperative that the ministerial staff be strengthened, for, besides the urgent need of widening the sphere of our enterprise, the ranks are being thinned by the superannuation of Br. Wedlake, and Br. Coomb's proposed return to England. It is confidently hoped that this need will soon be partially, if not wholly, met by the Home Committee.

The *Record* affairs were passed as satisfactory, and hearty thanks were given to the editor and publisher for their unremitting attention to their respective duties. And some changes were effected with a view to make the journal still more worthy of our church, and a source of pleasure and profit to an increasing number of subscribers.

Serious attention was directed to the large number of young persons attending our Sabbath-schools and places of

worship. That they may be brought more directly under the public ministrations, it was resolved that an annual sermon to the young shall be preached at each district meeting: and further, that as we deem it necessary to make them a part of our pastoral care, if the ministers cannot visit the children during school hours, arrangements be made for sermons or addresses on Sabbath mornings or afternoons, instead of the ordinary service, when practicable. It was further urged that increased attention be given to the gathering in of children from our moral wastes, and the seeking of the conversion of those who are now taught in our schools.

All the public services, held in connection with the meeting, were highly interesting and profitable. At first little interest was manifested by the people in and around Long Gully, but a stir was soon observable, and the attendance rapidly improved, until at the last meeting the church was crowded. On the evening before the meeting was opened, Mr. J. O. Coomb preached the district sermon, for which he received the thanks of the members present. He selected a very appropriate text from 2 Cor. v., 14, 15. The Lord's Supper was administered afterwards, and was an occasion rendered memorable by the heavenly influence which rested upon all present. The temperance meeting on Friday evening was excellent, Mr. Teague occupied the chair, and Messrs. Uglow, Orchard, Keen and Hosken ably advocated the cause of Total Abstinence, and were enthusiastically received. The only regret was that it was not held in the temperance hall, Sandhurst, which would have rendered the meeting still more influential.

On Sunday, the ministers were engaged in holding services throughout the circuit; and the brethren Netherway, Blamey, and Rowe in preaching the district missionary sermons. The missionary meeting on Monday evening followed a good tea, which was well attended by friends from various parts of the circuit. The attendance at the meeting was large, the influence good, and the speeches effective, Mr. Rowe filled the chair. Mr. Hosken read an elaborate report, and Messrs. Tonkin, Webber, Bryant, and Warren delivered addresses. The proceedings were enlivened by the choir, who rendered several anthems with great skill and power.

The Christian experience meeting

was also a season of refreshing; whilst some of the members, especially Br. Rowe, had to speak of severe affliction, and Br. Hosken of a recent painful bereavement, and frequent reference was made to the peculiar trials of the year, every one was enabled to bear confident testimony to the immutable love and mercy of our heavenly Father, and to their enjoyment of the grace of adoption.

The Sandhurst friends earned the gratitude of all who attended the district meeting by their hearty and generous kindness. The meeting closed on Wednesday, 6th March, with mutual and affecting expressions of Christian brotherhood, and humble resolves to live to and work for God.—*Victorian Record*.

BODMIN.—The Ministers and Representatives of the Bodmin District met in St. Columb Chapel on Wednesday, July 3rd. The following religious services were held: On Tuesday, at seven p.m. Mr. T. Banbury preached from 2 Timothy iv. 7, 8. On Wednesday at six a.m., Mr. G. Holmes from 1 Timothy i. 11. In the afternoon an experience meeting was conducted, a very gracious influence was felt, and the presence of the Great Master realized. The brethren spoke with clearness of their acceptance with God, and of their interest in the blood of Jesus; and some of them in a most affecting manner referred to their heart-rending bereavements, but God had been their support; others of great conflicts and greater victories, and all appeared resolved to live and labour for the salvation of souls and the glory of God. The Sacrament was then administered, Mr. J. Brown delivered a solemn and suitable address, most felt it to be a very blessed season. Then came the public tea in the Town Hall, which was all that could be desired both in arrangement and attendance. Next followed the public meeting in the same hall, Mr. J. D. Balkwill in the chair, who dwelt "On the importance of the times in which we live and the things now transpiring." He referred to the deaths of Messrs. Jas. Thorne, S. Keen, W. E. Moyses, and W. P. Hunt. Mr. J. Smallridge spoke on "Personal Religion," Mr. J. Jose jun., followed with some practical remarks on various topics, Mr. T. C. Penwarden then spoke on "Early Piety," Mr. E. Turner on "Education," and Mr. S. L. Thorne was to have spoken on

"Denominational Prosperity," but the time being gone he made a few remarks on Faith, works, early piety, and education. Singing and prayer brought this excellent meeting to a close. On Thursday at six a.m., Mr. W. Datson, a candidate, preached from Romans i. 16. And in the evening, at seven, Mr. J. Brown preached the sermon to the District Meeting from 2 Cor. v. 14, 15. The preaching services were seasons of great refreshing, the sermons of the right type, and each preacher was greatly aided by the Divine Spirit. Business commenced on Tuesday at seven a.m., Mr. J. D. Balkwill in the chair; Mr. S. L. Thorne was elected Secretary, and Mr. E. Turner Journal Secretary. On the examination of the different funds, it were found, taking into account the transfer of Greenbottom to the Hicks Mill Circuit, that most of them were in advance of last year. £260 16s. 11d. of our chapel debts had been paid off, and £58 5s., from the trust estates paid to Quarter Board. The total chapel receipts were more than £100 in advance of those of last year, and after making up for 212 removals, 88 emigrations and the usual number of deaths, we have 51 members more than then. A resolution was passed recommending that a second preacher be sent to Padstow Circuit the coming year. An interesting discussion took place on the spiritual state of the District, which brought out the following facts, that prosperity had been realized on most of the stations, and that a much larger number of converts would be retained in our societies if proper means were adopted for their instruction and encouragement. After a careful examination two brethren were recommended to the Conference as suitable persons for the ministry, and one who had fulfilled his term of probation was unanimously recommended to the Conference to be received as an approved preacher. During the session all the brethren appeared very comfortable, and the business was conducted in the most harmonious and Christian-like manner. The usual votes of thanks being passed, the meeting closed on Thursday, July 3rd. Our earnest prayer is, that great prosperity may attend this District in the future.

J. BENDLE.

EXETER.—This meeting commenced its business in New Road Chapel, Dartmouth, on Wednesday morning, July

3rd; it was composed of twelve ministers and three representatives only, as three others who were appointed from some cause or other did not attend. The meeting constituted, Br. Trengove was unanimously elected secretary, and Br. Banwell journal secretary. The goodness of the Divine Being in preserving the lives and moral standing of all the brethren was acknowledged in grateful terms, and a resolution of sympathy with Br. Crocker, in the midst of his protracted affliction, was heartily adopted. In examining the financial returns we were pleased to find that the quarter board and missionary receipts were considerably in advance of last year's, but that the other funds were a little behind. The subject however, which produced the greatest pain, is the serious decrease of upwards of ninety members. This is a matter over which we felt deeply humbled, and over which it was said with propriety we ought to weep. The subject was searchingly investigated; the principal reasons assigned were the large number of removals, the sad neglect of the social means of grace, the need of more simplicity, directness, and unction in our preaching, and the lack of high-toned piety, of fervent zeal, and of revival power in the churches. Considerable time was afterwards occupied in discussing the future working of two or three of the stations, and the supplementary grants which, we are sorry to find, are required in several of the missions.

Thursday forenoon was mostly taken up in reading the essays and examining the three young men on probation; care was taken to enable the young brethren to feel perfectly at home, and their answers, together with the testimony borne to their studious habits, their Christian deportment, and their efficiency and usefulness as preachers, gave very general satisfaction. After this some little time was devoted to the request of the various quarterly meetings, and the re-appointment of preachers for another year. On Friday morning the chapel secretary presented his report, and though some of the estates are still painfully burdened, it is gratifying that more than £1500 of the debt have been paid off during the year.

Religious services, all of which were interesting and profitable in different degrees, were conducted as follows:—On Tuesday evening a thoughtful sermon by Br. Marsh, on "Godliness, its

nature and advantages," founded on 1 Timothy iv. 8. On Wednesday morning, at six o'clock, a public prayer meeting, conducted by Br. Seldon, a right kind of service, for it gave tone and unction to the business of the day. In the evening at half-past seven, the sermon to the district meeting was preached by Br. Garland, text, Mark v. 19, 20, subject, "The value, under many forms, of human testimony." 1st. The testimony is new, (2), immediate, (3), simple, (4), disinterested, (5), courageous, (6), independent, (7), universal. These thoughts were clearly marked out, richly illustrated, and forcibly presented. It was a most interesting and deeply profitable discourse, and well merited the unanimous vote of thanks which the next morning was heartily given. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at the close of this service. On Thursday morning, at six o'clock, an able, well-arranged, and useful sermon on Justification by faith, with its blessed results, was preached by Br. Allin, text Rom. v. 1. In the afternoon the members of the district meeting, according to good old custom, related their Christian experience, and many felt it very good to be there. This was followed by a public tea, after which came the crowning service. It was opened with singing and prayer by Br. Andrews, and ably presided over by our excellent superintendent. Br. Daniel, who spoke on "Early piety," said it was an advantage to an individual, a benefit to the church, and a blessing to the world. Br. Banwell, in discoursing on the "Use of revivals," waxed warm with his subject, and worked the meeting up to a pitch of great enthusiasm. Br. Trengove dwelt very effectively on "An earnest church." Br. Seldon said many good, and some excellent things, on "Christian unity," and Br. Horwill spoke briefly on the "Utility of the Christian Sabbath." After this a resolution thanking the friends at Dartmouth for their hospitality, which had been heartily passed by the district meeting, was read by Br. Trengove, and sustained by Mr. Perryman, and a most enjoyable service was brought to a close.

On Friday morning we had a sermon from Br. Gimblett on the present privileges, and the future anticipations of believers, 1 John iii. 2. Votes of thanks were awarded to the chairman, the Chapel secretary, and the secretaries of the meeting. The business was

brought to a close, the journal read, and the book signed by twelve o'clock, when we left Dartmouth, carrying with us the most pleasing thoughts of the kindness of the friends, who gave a free district meeting, the beauties of the neighbourhood, and the blessings of the Divine Being, which we had richly enjoyed. G. D.

BAISTON. — The annual session, at which fifteen preachers and six representatives were present, was held at South Brent, a picturesque village in Somerset. The proceedings were inaugurated on Tuesday, June 25th, by an appropriate address from our esteemed chairman, which embodied a touching allusion to the fact that, during the past denominational year, one of our veteran fathers, and others who had also stood in the forefront of the battle, had heard the Master say, "Well done! come up higher," and had gone away from their place of conflict into the presence-chamber of the King; and expressed deep-felt gratitude to God that our period of hallowed opportunity for Christian service was mercifully prolonged, and, amid such a climax of encouraging circumstances, and such a vast compression of claims, bidding us rise at once into more exalted and energetic consecration to our great life-work.

The examination of the brethren on probation was the next matter of importance which absorbed the interest and attention of the members of the meeting. Br. Lark, in conducting it, beautifully blended the courtesy and considerateness of a friend with the strictness and impartiality of a judge; while the brethren examined evinced their acquaintance with the miscellaneous subjects on which they were interrogated by answering with comparative promptitude and accuracy. One brother, having fulfilled his term of probation, was heartily recommended to the Conference as a suitable person to be received into full connexion among us.

Br. Lark was unanimously elected secretary, and Br. J. H. Batt journal secretary to the meeting. The financial aspect presented by the district was not exclusively a matter for congratulation. The receipts on behalf of the chapel and beneficent funds show a little diminution, when compared with last year's returns, while the missionary and educational funds indicate a slight augmentation. In the Sabbath school department we are glad to report an

increase of teachers and scholars, yet we must not fail to acknowledge the vast disproportion between the instrumentality employed and the apparent success realized. Our hearts were relieved from dark misgivings when it was officially announced that 195 persons had, since the last meeting, been admitted into church fellowship, and that after filling up the vacuum caused by removals, emigrations, backslidings, and deaths, we had a clear increase of 76 members in full standing, and six on trial. For such a result, our hearts "thank God, and take courage."

The spiritual state of the district was, of course, closely akin in character to the financial, (there being invariably a reciprocal influence between them), hence we had cause for deep humiliation here, as well as earnest thanksgivings.

A resolution was passed, representing our continued sympathy with, and affection for, our superannuated brethren, who, in the Providence of God, have been necessitated to desist from aggressive work in the Master's vineyard.

Others were passed, a record of which here would, perchance, be altogether uninteresting to the majority of the readers of this Magazine, inasmuch as they were principally of local importance.

The public services were seasons fraught with moral refreshment and inspiration. The pulpit was occupied on Tuesday evening by Br. J. H. Batt, who preached a sermon characterized by originality of conception, beauty of expression, and pre-eminent adaptation to our times.*

The ordinance of the Lord's Supper succeeded this service, in which many participated with a hallowed joy.

Br. Goodenough preached a plain, practical, and interesting sermon on Thursday morning, from the words, "We are journeying to the place of which," &c. Numbers x. 29. The preacher introduced his subject by alluding, in an appropriate manner, to the striking points of analogy between the ancient Israelites in their desert pilgrimage to the promised Canaan, and the circumstances and experiences of the Christian in journeying from the city of destruction to the better land. He then directed our attention 1. To

the place mentioned. 2. The invitation given.

An experience meeting was held on the afternoon of the same day. It was truly "a time of refreshing coming from the presence of the Lord." As our grateful hearts reverted to the past a new inspiration was begotten in our breasts, and we pledged ourselves anew to "be steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

A public tea followed, of which a considerable number partook, notwithstanding the inclement and unpropitious character of the weather. The public meeting which was subsequently held was one of the best of the kind we ever remember to have attended. The chair was occupied by our worthy district chairman. Br. Werren led the way with a practical and impressive speech on *The chief hindrances to the work of God, and how to remove them*. I. He had not time to speak of *external* hindrances, and could speak only of those which belong to the church. 1. *Selfishness*, which is the want of fuller consecration to God. 2. *Unprayerfulness of spirit*. 3. *Want of faith*. 4. *Want of unity of effort and aim*. II. *How shall we remove them?* The very naming of the hindrances suggests the way in which they may be removed. Let there be fuller consecration, more prayer, stronger faith, and heartier unity.

J. Bothas spoke on *The success of the Gospel in the present, contrasted with the past century*. He commenced by saying, "I have no faith in the 'good old times' about which some men perpetually dogmatize, which they so enthusiastically eulogize. I believe they belong to the fables or myth of the classic days of yore, that they lighted on some ancient limner as with the very lustre of a beautiful dream, or that they are echoes of the Edenic life—traditions concerning the paradisaical purity and bliss of our first parents. 'This old world is growing brighter.' Ours are the grandest days on which the sun has ever shone. This is my answer to every man who sorrows that the golden age of the world has already come and gone. 'Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.' We would not, ostentatious-like, hide our heads in the sand and refuse to see the wrongs that are cursing human hearts on every hand. Intelligent, unre-

* This sermon we hope to print in a subsequent number, or, failing that, a full outline.

mitting, and earnest effort must be put forth for the obliteration of these foul and disfiguring blots on the escutcheon of our age's civilization. Look at the *moral and religious condition of our own country during the last century*. English people of to-day, can have no adequate conception of the darkness that prevailed. How such a state of things can have arisen in a land of free Bibles and professing Protestantism is almost past comprehension. The general character of the clergy then anything but recommendatory of Christ's Gospel. In their preaching, they seemed determined to know *everything* among men, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Continental Christianity lay as one dead. Rationalism triumphed. Infidelity never more rampant, never more allied with philosophy, politics, science, and literature. It was the age of the acute Home and the learned Gibbon; of the ribald Paine and of the master of Europe, Voltaire; with a host of *literati* who were beginning to make merry in the hope that God's prophets were at last to be destroyed from the earth. The French Revolution was the culminating point of the infidelity of kings, priests and people, and marked the darkest hour of the time. Yet there were a few, even in this the worst and wintriest season of the world's religious life, that had not defiled their garments: such as the followers of Wesley and Whitfield, Romaine and Berridge.

Now mark the contrast which our own age affords. The Gospel has infused into its heart a sacred element which has redeemed it from exclusive secularism. Other ages may surpass this in the love, grandeur, and awful goodness of some pre-eminent name; but in the diffusion of piety, in the simplicity and gladness of domestic religion, and in the many forms of intelligent and practical Christianity, it surpasses them all. The Gospel, in marching through our age, has left along its path the fairest specimens of talents consecrated and industry evangelized.

What triumphs has this Gospel won during our days on the stubborn fields of heathendom! Missionary operations, for the most part, commenced only at the beginning of the present century. Changes that have been effected. The world rapidly becoming as the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness are found in it, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody. "Instead of the thorn has

come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar has come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

Br. W. B. Lark then followed with a speech of great eloquence and impressiveness. A written report can convey no idea of the vigorous elocution of the spoken address. Subject: *The elements of progress most needed by us as a denomination*. He said,— "We come at once to the question, In what does the progress of a denomination consist? We reply, the true progress of a church consists in the steady and continual growth of its power for Christianising the community in the midst of which it exists. If that definition be correct, then it follows that whatever tends to produce or augment such power, is an element of progress. I. First and foremost of the elements of progress needed by us as a denomination I am bound to place, *An increase of godliness—a deep-toned piety*. I place that first because I regard it as the great primary element of progress; and because I believe that, beyond everything else, is most needed by us as a denomination to-day. Let us speak out honestly on this vital question, and it is a *vital* question. It is a question which has to do with our very existence as a denomination. Having this we need fear no crisis; we may go forward with confidence. It is not a very pleasant thing to draw comparisons when they are unfavourable to you and those you address. It is very possible that some will not agree with me when I say that so far as piety, deep-toned piety is concerned the denomination of to-day will not compare favourably with the denomination say of forty years ago. Unless the history of the past is very misleading, I cannot but conclude that there was a fervour, an earnest striving after more of the life of God, a devotion to the work of promoting the divine glory, which we greatly lack in the present day. I do not say that there were no extravagances among our fathers; but their intense fervour, their devotion, their New Testament simplicity, more than counterbalanced, a thousand times over, the extravagance over which we, with our superior intelligence, are inclined to smile. Brethren, I do not ask a revival of their extravagances, but God knows we greatly need more of their burning zeal, their self-sacrificing love, and

their Christian simplicity. Mere numbers do not argue prosperity. How many are there in the church whose piety is nothing more than a name! Our piety must be such as shall make itself conspicuous, always and everywhere. We hear men speak of making a show of our religion, if your religion is of the right sort and depth it will need nothing of that at your hands, *it will show itself*, it will reveal its own beauties and speak its own worth. It will show itself in all your business transactions; your intercourse with men will be carried on, as the Apostle puts it, "as becometh saints," that is, in a saintly manner, with a saintly grace. The force of logic is very feebleness when placed by the side of the force of a Christ-like life. Let us have such piety among us, not merely characterizing one here and there, but running through us as a people, and who will attempt to predict the success of the future? Success compared with which the success of the present is nothing better than failure. We sometimes talk of our *growing respectability*. Perhaps that may mean our *growing worldliness*. If we were not so worldly, possibly we should not be so respectable in the eyes of men. But, seriously, do you think we are so much more respectable than our fathers in the presence of heaven; that we have so much more of that respectability than they, which makes us beautiful in the eyes of angels and God? 2. *We greatly need a larger amount of Christ-like self-denial.* We hear a good deal about the self-seeking in the world? Was there ever less self-denial among us than now? Self-denial seems to have no place in the Christian vocabulary of the present day; or, at any rate, it does not occupy that prominence which it once did. What about our sacrifices? Where are they? What are they? How many of us wear a seedy coat, and adopt extreme plainness of dress and living, not for the purpose of saving money, for, in my judgment, the poor sinner who does that is nothing better than a fool, but how many of us do it that we may be the better able to feed the poor, and support the cause of God? You may be ready to say, *I am stooping to little matters*, but do you not know that a straw is sufficient to show which way the wind is blowing? Or you may be ready to cry out, *narrowmindedness*; if by narrowmindedness you mean a refusal to bow the knee to any worldly

custom, and to follow every worldly fashion, then I am quite prepared to say, the more of this narrowmindedness the better. It was when we had more of this among us that we had more spiritual life and greater prosperity.

3. *We need very much more personal consecration to the cause of the Master.* In this hive every bee must be a worker. You may not be able to do the work which I am doing, but there is something for the youngest and weakest to do. What shall I do? you ask. I do not know that that is a question for me to answer. Take it to the Master. Have you ever done that? Have you thrown yourself at His feet, and with a heart burning with love to Him, and longing to do something for Him, asked, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

How great will be our prosperity, when every Christian becomes a missionary, when every branch bears fruit, when every member of the Church strives, in his own sphere, and to the best of his ability, to make converts to Christ!

Br. Lillington next addressed us on *The importance of mutual confidence and cordiality among ministers and people.*

The speaker illustrated his subject in an almost infinite variety of humorous ways absolutely defying any possibility of its being reported. He told us that unity was compatible with diversity—that the Master desired this church to be one—this oneness the Church's strength. We are all united in Christ, and hence are linked to each other in the bonds of a holy brotherhood.

Br. J. Maynard was the last speaker. His topic was, *Class and prayer-meetings, and how to render them more attractive and profitable.*

The speaker was suffering from indisposition, but, nevertheless, delivered a very thoughtful, logical, and judicious speech.

The chief points he clearly substantiated were these:—Class-meetings are a necessity of our social nature. Those Christians who are regular in their attendance on class-meetings are the church's best workers. Leaders should be more brief, then the meetings would be more attractive and profitable. The same remarks applied to prayer-meetings. We not only require communion with God in secret, we also need intercommunion with our fellow Christians in the prayer-meeting.

And thus the meeting terminated, after the Divine benediction had been invoked thereon.

An enthusiastic vote of thanks was warmly accorded to the generous friends at South Brent, who had furnished us with such superior accommodation, (for the *second* successive year,) and thereby contributed so materially to the interesting and pleasurable character of the district meeting. J. BOTHERAS.

LONDON.—Many things make the district meeting delightful to ministers, especially to those who have no colleagues in their circuits, and who seldom see a brother prescher. Then there is an opportunity of making fresh acquaintances, and perchance of gaining new friends which may last a lifetime, or of rubbing up friendships which have become somewhat dim through long absence, for it is not true that

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

An occasional visit to those we know and esteem does the heart good, and revives that affection which has drooped for lack of intercourse, as flowers for want of water. The public services are also a great treat. Some of us who have not the chance of hearing a good sermon for many a month have that pleasure on such an occasion. It was an additional gratification to the writer that it was arranged to hold the London district meeting at the Jubilee Chapel, for not only was London the city of his boyhood and youth, but he had not before seen the beautiful building. The first public meeting was on Tuesday, July 3rd, on "Teetotalism;" Mr. Vanstone, in the chair, and Messrs. W. H. Keast, R. Orchard, and W. Hawken, spoke well on the question, proving and "*demonstrating*" that drunkenness is a great evil, that moderate drinking leads to drunkenness, and that the wiser course by far is to be total abstainers. Each speaker was excellent in his way, so there was no "*monotony*." On Wednesday morning a sermon was preached by Mr. R. Down, from Deut. v. 29. After, the chairman took his position, and the business commenced by the election of the Brethren J. Tremelling and R. Orchard, for secretaries. Statistics and finance were then gone into, and it was shown that the increase for the year is—members 16, Sunday scholars 82, missionary money £10 2s., other funds £2 17s. 6d. In the afternoon Mr.

Keast, as candidate for the ministry, passed satisfactorily a lengthy examination, and there was an unanimous vote in his favour. In the evening a sermon was preached by the writer, on "The prayer of Christ for His disciples," John xvii. 24; after which the Lord's supper was administered. On the following morning Mr. Orchard preached, from Rev. ii. 10. The subject of the re-appointment of preachers did not occupy much time, as most had invitations, and were set down for another year. Two single men who have only been one year on their respective stations will remove as they contemplate recommencing life by "*double entry*" and must therefore depart to circuits where a house is provided for married preachers. Mr. Martin, Chapel Secretary, brought forward his report with an appropriate speech. The experience meeting, though lengthy, was far from tedious, and the tea afterwards was tolerably well attended. The superintendent of the district presided at the public meeting. Addresses were given by Br. R. Down on "Success," by the writer, on "The nature and importance of Christian zeal," by the Chapel Secretary, on "Difficulties, and how to meet them," and by Mr. Bourne, who had no special topic assigned him. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Mr. and Mrs. Tremelling, and the friends generally, for their hospitality to the preachers and representatives during the sittings. Thus closed a very pleasant and profitable district meeting. As the sermons and speeches were not found fault with, and as at least the topics were suited to the occasion, we presume they gave satisfaction, and we rest in hope that some seed was scattered which will germinate in time, and bring forth precious fruit to the Master's glory. We know He was present with us, therefore we give all the praise to Him for the spiritual and other benefit we derived. T. J. P.

NEWPORT.—The ministers and representatives assembled in Drybrook Chapel, on Wednesday, July 3rd, 1872. On the previous evening the subject of Total Abstinence was advocated with earnestness and good effect by Messrs. W. J. Hocking, S. Shortridge, and J. Jeffery, Mr. J. Kemeys in the chair. All the preachers in the district were present, except Mr. J. Snell, who was prevented. Only three representatives were in attendance, one each from

Swansea, Pontypool, and Dean Forest Circuits. The different Connexional funds were examined, and found on the whole to be tolerably well sustained. The quarter board receipts were £45, and the missionary £17 in advance of those of the previous year, while on the beneficent and educational funds there was a small decrease. In the year 116 persons have been admitted on trial, yet the "leakage" has been so large that there is only an increase of 17 members. The working of Chepstow Circuit occupied a considerable time, and it was ultimately agreed to recommend the Conference to arrange for the Newport preacher to spend two weeks of every quarter in the Chepstow Station. A resolution was also adopted in favour of altering the Connexional name, and another requesting Conference to decide that all accounts should be closed at the March quarterly meeting instead of June.

On Wednesday evening Mr. S. Higman preached from Eph. i. 13, 14. From the passage he showed God's plan for raising the soul from sin and depravity to holiness and heaven. The report of the District Chapel Secretary was encouraging and good. With few exceptions all the chapels are working tolerably well; some very well. It was with some reluctance that three or four brethren could be got to go to Conference this year, though generally they are so anxious to do so. The state of our Connexional funds was discussed, and a strong conviction was expressed that the outgoings of those funds should be regulated by the income as far as practicable, and not allow such debts to be accumulated as at present.

On Thursday afternoon the members related their experience. The service was delightful and profitable. A public tea followed, which was not numerously attended. The usual public meeting followed. Mr. Hocking presided. Mr. Tabb spoke on "The secret of success," Mr. Shortridge on "Self-consecration," Mr. Higman on the "Elements of success most needed by us as a denomination," Mr. Jeffery on "Class-meetings," Mr. Oates on "Hindrances to the work of God." From such a programme one would have expected a very happy and interesting meeting; but we did not think it over good. The time allotted to the speakers was too short either to satisfy themselves or to do justice to their topics. We had almost forgotten to say a word about

Mr. Stephens, who has laboured in the Dean Forest a year. He passed his examination in a very satisfactory manner. In addition to that we are glad to learn that he goes in and out among the friends in a most Christian-like way. The more we see of men and things the less are we disposed to judge of a man's fitness for the ministry by the way in which he passes certain examinations. It is not so much by what a man knows as by what he does, that he evidences he is called and qualified to be a minister of Christ.

S. H.

THE CANADIAN CONFERENCE

Held its session, according to appointment, at Cobourg, early in June. The first business was the election of its officers, and Mr. J. Whitlock was chosen President, and Mr. J. J. Rice Secretary. There were only two brethren to be received into Full Connexion, but there were more than the usual number of candidates, no less than six, for whom we pray that they may all prove faithful.

The work of God in Canada we had been led to hope by the accounts in the *Observer* during the year was gradually being extended, and this hope has been confirmed by the statistical, financial, and spiritual reports of the stations presented to the Conference. "Only two years ago the Peterboro' and Dummer Stations were re-arranged. The result is that two stations, drawing from the Funds of the Missionary Society, are now two independent circuits, Peterboro' and Lakefield. New work has been taken up to the north of Mariposa Circuit. Columbus and Hampton have been divided. London is set off as an independent circuit. Delaware is constituted the head of a mission, and St. Thomas will be occupied by one of the Society's agents." The new missions of Toronto and Hamilton have fairly answered the expectations of their promoters, and a net increase of over 200 approved members cannot fail to excite feelings of the most fervent gratitude in the hearts of all lovers of our Canadian Missions. The various funds show, with one exception, a balance due to their respective Treasurers, but they are all said to be, notwithstanding, in a healthy condition. A good brother placed 3000 dollars at the disposal of the Conference, subject to an annual payment, equal to about eight per cent. per annum, whilst he or his wife live. The profits on the Book concern amount to 1700 dollars.

On the "Union" question we have the following deliverance.

What are our views on Union?

Ans. 1. That this Conference views with great pleasure the interest taken by the Canadian Churches in Union, and the concessions which many people are prepared to make in favour of its consummation. We affirm ourselves in favour of the Union of Canadian Methodism whenever it can be accomplished without doing violence to our cherished distinctive principles.

2. Any basis of Union to be acceptable to this Conference must secure to the laity their full share of right in the Government of the Church.

3. That while in view of our connection with the Bible Christian Conference in England, we cannot take any measure for amalgamation with any other body or bodies without the consent of the English Conference; nevertheless we hereby empower the Executive Committee during the present year to act as to them may seem right, provided always that they do not commit us to any scheme repugnant to the above resolutions.

4. That the Secretary be instructed to send a copy of the above resolutions to the Presidents of the several Methodist Churches in Canada.

5. That the Corresponding Secretary be requested to communicate with the English Conference authorities with the view of eliciting their views on this question.

The public services appear to have been of an interesting and impressive character. The Conference joined in thanking Br. W. Jolliffe for his "excellent sermon," and Almighty God "for the rich and refreshing influence which prevailed" during its delivery. We are glad to see also that our friend Dr. Cooke, of the Methodist New Connexion, preached one of the missionary sermons, which is described as "rich in all the requisites of a good sermon." He also "held his audience spell-bound for" three quarters of an hour at the missionary meeting, and Br. Kenner, for fifty minutes achieved the same success. A minister's son handed in a donation of 100 dollars at the meeting.

The temperance meeting, we are also glad to see, was a great success, and the recommendation of the Conference to use unfermented wine at the Lord's table in all cases has our hearty sympathy.

CUMBERLAND MISSION.

DEAR BR. BOURNE,—I am thankful to be able to inform you that we have opened our first new chapel in this mission. About fifteen months ago I understood that there was to be a sale of freehold land and houses, at Raven-glass; and among other buildings, one that went by the name of the "old smithy" situate near the centre of the village. After much deliberation I went to the sale, praying sincerely that I might be guided to a right issue. The sale commenced, in due time the "smithy" was put up, and so fearful was I of taking a wrong step that I did not bid, and it was not sold. I went out and again sought the direction of the blessed Lord. I returned, and the smithy was again put up. I became the purchaser, and from that time I felt sure that I had done the will of God, and was more fully strengthened in my confidence when told a few days after by a person that he went on purpose to purchase it, but felt as if he could not bid, and that he was willing to give me all the money I had paid for it. On Saturday, May 26th, a pretty little chapel, well built and very attractive, was opened on the site on which the "old smithy" stood. The building has cost, including land, about £240, and will seat about 100 persons. The opening services were very enjoyable, though not of a highly enthusiastic character. The fact is, the people of the neighbourhood know but little about Methodism, or of the character of its services. And it requires the constant operation of a more than human power to remove their prejudice, and draw their sympathy to us. But thank God, that power is working, and already several families regard the new sanctuary as their home. The tea was provided in the village, and the friends on the spot, without the assistance of others, did their work well. Arrangements were made with the Railway Company that our Millom and Haverigg friends might travel to and fro for single fares, and a goodly number of them rallied to our help. The tea was on the tables soon after three o'clock, to which about 120 persons sat down and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. At half-past four the public services commenced, Mr. J. Huddart, (one of the contractors for the building) presided; and Messrs. H. Sobey, E. Rogers, R. W. Boyns, (Wesleyan), M. Moseley, (Primitive), and myself took part in the meeting. This service was over in

time for the visitors to return by the 6.20 train. At seven o'clock the Rev. R. W. Boyns, preached a good profitable sermon, on the character of Daniel. On the following day the Rev. R. Robinson, (Independent), preached in the afternoon and evening. The collections were not large, but I know your readers will not despise the day of small things. We shall not always remain in our infancy. We sow in hope, and expect to reap in joy. We have let several sittings, and the attendance is much better than when we worshipped in the old room.

We have commenced preaching at Leece, a large village between Barrow and Dalton, and hope to succeed. We have also decided to take Gleason, a village near Leece, on our next plan. In neither of these places is there any dissenting cause. Mines are springing up around them, and there is every prospect of their becoming thickly populated. Barrow as a town is rapidly growing, but we do not keep pace with it. We have worked hard, spent several pounds to make ourselves known, and get out the people—thousands of whom never attend any place of worship—and we have seen good done, for a few have been saved, and a small society has been formed, but we feel it absolutely necessary to have a minister stationed in the town in order to succeed well. I trust that we shall have all that we want to make the work of God prosperous everywhere.

May the blessed Lord thrust out a sufficient number of sanctified labourers into His vineyard. Yours in Jesus,

R. KELLEY.

CHAPELS.

CRONDALL.—The anniversary of this chapel was held on Sunday and Monday, June 9th and 10th. On Lord's day morning a sermon was preached by the writer, and in the afternoon, one by Mr. F. W. Bourne. In the evening Mr. Bourne preached in the Independent Chapel, which was well filled, and several persons found accommodation in the school-room of that place of worship which opens into the chapel. The service was very profitable. On the following day a tea was held in Mr. Stevens' barn, prepared by him for the occasion. About one hundred and sixty people sat down to tea. The meeting in the evening was presided over by Mr. Jacobs, one of the circuit stewards, when a report was read, and speeches were delivered by the chairman, the writer, and Mr. Bourne. A

cheerful feeling prevailed, and the receipts were so far satisfactory that three pounds were devoted to quarter board, three pounds of the debt paid off, and the interest met. Votes of thanks were unanimously accorded to Mr. F. W. Bourne, to Mr. Stevens, for his kindness in lending and decorating the barn, to Mrs. Stewart, for making the cake, and superintending the tea, and to the other friends who assisted on the occasion. T. J. P.

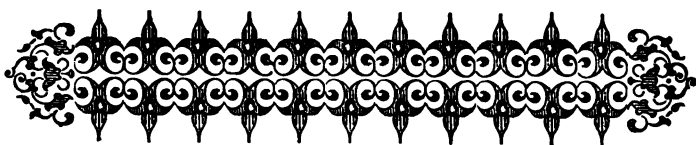
PORHTHLEVEN.—The anniversary was held (as usual) on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, March 29th and 31st., 1872. On Friday, a sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. S. L. Thorne, of St. Austell. At half-past four the tea tables were richly furnished with provisions, generously given by deeply-interested friends. Notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, and the fears entertained by some that the Porthleven tea would for the first time be a failure, the people flocked together in large numbers, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the rich repast.

The evening service was presided over by our long-tried and deeply interested friend Mr. B. Nott, and an excellent lecture was delivered by Mr. S. L. Thorne. On the following Sabbath sermons were preached; in the morning and afternoon by Mr. J. Raymont, of Helston, and in the evening, by Mr. W. Rowe, of Hicks' Mill. The services of the three ministers were highly appreciated, and the Divine presence was blessedly felt throughout.

The following is the financial result of the Anniversary:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. B. Eddy's tray	3	0	0
„ J. Eddy & R. Bawden's	2	17	0
„ Holman and P. Bawden's tray	2	1	0
„ W. H. Toy and W. Kitchen ..	2	8	0
Collections on Good Friday	2	4	7
Do. on Sunday	2	17	6
Mr. B. Nott	1	0	0
„ W. Kitchen	0	10	0
„ F. Bawden	0	10	0
„ J. Prideaux	0	10	0
„ M. Rowe... ..	0	8	0
Total	18	6	1

Our friends here have a mind to work, and God, in His mercy, has lately been working with them. About fifty persons have professed conversion; and that their number may soon be increased, is the earnest prayer of the writer. J. WHEAT.



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A PRAYER FOR THE COMING OF GOD'S KINGDOM.*

Thy Kingdom come. LUKE XI. 2.

PRAYER is one of the most important duties of the Christian religion; and the man who lives in the daily discharge of this duty, who is regular, constant, and conscientious in his intercourse with God, cannot fail to advance in the divine life and enjoy much of the divine favour. So far as duty is concerned, so far as means can affect the condition of the believer, it must be acknowledged that prayer is the life of the soul. God has in all ages set His approving seal upon prayer, and some of the most striking exhibitions of Divine power and love have been in answer to the supplications of His faithful people.

From these considerations we can readily perceive the importance of praying aright. The first thought upon the mind when we bow at the mercy-seat should be how best to approach the living God. When racked with pain and agitated with distress, the true Christian is ever sensible of his need of Divine teaching in the exercise of prayer. The disciples, on one occasion, came to their Master with the request that they might be taught *how* to pray. The ground of appeal was, "as John also taught his disciples." It appears that John had given certain instructions to his disciples which made their prayers to differ materially from those of the Jews. The so-called prayers of the Jews were principally made up of "adorations, praises of God, and doxologies," but John taught his disciples to pray in the true sense of the word: he taught them to petition, to ask favours, which is the only true import of prayer.

* Preached before the members of the Chatham District Meeting, in South Ashford Chapel, on July 3rd, 1872, and published in compliance with a unanimous resolution of the meeting.

In compliance with their request, our Saviour gave to His followers this prayer, which, for brevity of expression and fulness of meaning, fewness of words and variety of subjects, is absolutely unequalled. Christ taught the disciples to pray, "after this manner," which some have construed into a justification of forms of prayer, but as I think without sufficient reason. I believe it to be right to pray for teaching in prayer, to ask for suitable thoughts and becoming expressions, but it is questionable with me whether God ever intended that we should read or recite prayers. The fact that the form of the Lord's prayer varies in St. Matthew and St. Luke makes us doubt the wisdom of regularly using a form. Moreover, if this is to be taken as a recognition of formal prayer, I think the form laid down by Christ must be *exclusive*, and, therefore, that this is the *only* one we can be justified in using.

For myself I like to think of the Lord's prayer as the text of all prayers, upon the principle that the Bible is the text-book of all sermons. Reading lengthy portions of God's word would not be regarded as preaching, but it is usual to select a portion and study it for the purpose of bringing out of it consolation for the sorrowing, hope for the despairing, and life for the dying. So, it appears to me, in all times of need, we can go to the Lord's prayer and get from it timely and suitable prayer-texts. I shall not attempt to describe the beauty of this prayer, but shall rather confine my attention to the one brief sentence I have selected for my text: "Thy kingdom come." Here we have a thought pregnant with other deep and mighty thoughts. The coming of Christ's Kingdom, which means the spread of Divine truth and its reception, in the hearts of men, is the great end of all Christian labour and liberality, and it is a subject that affects the heart-throbs of every child of God.

FIRST—WHAT IS IMPLIED IN THE COMING OF GOD'S KINGDOM. Does it mean the domination of any one sect, or the extension of any one theological dogma? Looking at party zeal and sectarian jealousies one would almost think so. When I hear men boasting that they belong to a particular sect rather than glorying in the cross, I come to the conclusion that such narrow souls have no broader kingdom for whose coming to pray than that of their own party. But the Christian has a wider range and a mightier kingdom to pray for.

The coming of this kingdom embraces two or three particulars.

1. *It implies the extension of right doctrinal views.* It may be that this expression will not command the sympathy of all Christians, for the idea prevails that differences are the necessary, or, at least, the inevitable condition of sublunary existence. I am fully satisfied that, according to the present state of things, differences of opinion are unavoidable, and one great sign of Christian charity is when we can allow others to enjoy opinions which differ from our own with the same freedom that we enjoy our own. The reason that there is such difference is not because truth is not uniform, but because we have failed to grasp it free from all error. When I speak of uniform truth I do not say that *I*, as an individual, or *we*, as a people, have absolutely found this truth. We believe we are right, but we are

ready to admit the possibility of error. It is beyond the power of man to tell where the whole truth can be found among sects and parties. It may be that we are all tainted with doctrinal corruptions.

"Perhaps in the sight of God
All men are heretics. Who dares
To say that he alone has found the truth?
We cannot always feel, and think, and act
As those who go before us. Had you done so
You would not now be here."

The great fact should not be overlooked, however, that the straight line of truth is somewhere, and that the condition of the church in the full blaze of latter day glory will be very different from the present. To me, the perfection of that state would be fearfully marred if men were allowed to carry into it their doctrinal variances.

It must be seen and acknowledged that there are errors of the understanding as well as errors of the will and of the affections, and that the religion of Jesus Christ is intended to rectify the wrongs of the one as much as those of the other. It may be asked, How far are we responsible for our opinions? This is a question of some importance, especially in this day when there are so many opinions abroad. There is a sense in which men are not wholly responsible for the doctrines they believe. For instance, those who have been brought up amid the corruptions of Popery and the blind errors of paganism, have had but few opportunities for discovering the truth; with this class of persons I am not going to deal. I shall rather speak in relation to men who are living in our midst with every advantage for arriving at the truth, and I mean to say that such persons are responsible for their opinions. If not, why condemn the papist and the infidel? If the reception of error is equally virtuous with the reception of truth, so far as our will is concerned, why need we be so anxious about extending the truth? As a certain divine has remarked—"If there were no law to the understanding, then were it lawful for every man to believe and think as he may please; and that opinion would pass for current,—that every man may be saved in that religion and sect which he believes to be good and true; and then how hath the church of Christ been mistaken in passing such heavy censures upon heretics and infidels." It has been said, "no matter what men believe so long as the life is right." Now this is but part of the truth. A good life, we admit, is the main thing; but is not the current of life coloured by the notions of the mind? Life, to a large extent, is the outspeaking of the understanding as well as the expression of inward principle, and it is a strange paradox if not a perfect contradiction for a man's life to be perfectly right when his head is so much out of harmony with the music of theological truth.

Do not, my brethren, understand me to say that the Christian is the subject of no doubts, I believe that all who search after the truth have their faith greatly tried: but at the same time I do not believe that doubting is any sign of intellectual superiority. Nay! doubts are evidences of weakness. To conquer doubt is rather the proof of true greatness. There are some who would exalt doubting into a virtue and have us believe, but as we have shown this is an

erroneous view, that the measure of mental greatness may be gathered from the degrees of doubting to which we have been subject. I repeat it, doubts are signs of weakness, they are the excrescence of the mind and not its natural product. If the mind had sufficient strength to grasp the truth it would never doubt.

We are satisfied that error never contributed to the success of the gospel. Christianity does not prosper by it, but rather in spite of it. False doctrines have ever proved inimical to the religion of Christ. See how they distracted the early church, embittering the minds of men and dividing them into opposing factions; and one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of the salvation of many, and consequently of the prosperity of the church, is her divisions. Our divisions are our weakness, and our final combination will be our strength and glory. Our present differences often mean stern opposition—*then* we shall be *one*. The Bible does not teach contrarieties, there is but one faith as there is but one Lord, and with the progress of Christianity may we expect the illumination of our minds, and the expansion of our capacities for the perception and reception of the truth. To talk of the complete reign of this kingdom, while such wide differences exist, is like talking of national peace when every man has girt on the sword of rebellion. The coming of this kingdom implies a blessed uniformity, when all shall see eye to eye. Brethren, this I conceive to be necessary, for before controversy shall hang his sword by his side and polemics cease their strife of words and war of tongues, there must be a coming together of opinions. In our present condition we are not surprised at doctrinal variances, but we shall be greatly surprised if they are not obliterated by the agencies that shall effect the renovation of the whole world. My opinion is, that the day of Christ's full glory will be the day of true doctrinal and practical oneness. Our opinions will be merged into one, mind will answer to mind, heart to heart, and life to life, and all will delightfully answer to the character and life of Christ.

2. *It implies the promotion of true morality.* What we mean by morality is that manifestation of rectified manhood, which is somewhat nobler than mere intellectuality, and yet something inferior to that higher state when the heart shall be made right, and the heavenward aspect of man shall answer to the Divine image like the reflection of the mirror to its original. If the coming of God's kingdom mean no more than the promotion of pure morality, it is worth more money, and labour, and life than have yet been bestowed. This aspect of the matter intensifies our longings, and inspires us earnestly to pray; "Thy kingdom come." Yes, we want a higher tone of morality. In point of morals society is out of order, sadly disjointed. In every grade of society there are sad defects. There is drunkenness, reeling in temporary madness; commerce, with its keen tricks and mean deceptions; gambling, with its exciting games and ruinous issues; politics, with its half measures and oppressive laws; prostitution, with its degradation and awful wailings; and fashion, with its gaudy drapery and poisonous effects. All these are resisting forces to the truth, against which it is doing mighty battle; and when the kingdom of God shall come these things shall hide their

heads in shame and pass away in utter dismay. Yes, before the blaze of Gospel light the darkness of immorality shall vanish. You will invariably find that wherever the truth is received it produces wonderful changes in the social conditions of men. It comes into the household like an angel of peace, and spreads over a neighbourhood or a nation a banner of love. This is what we want to see, for this we sigh and pray, and in this aspect of the mission of the church to the world we cry out, "So come, Lord Jesus."

3. *We take higher ground and observe, that the coming of this kingdom implies spiritual extension.* This is the main point. Christ's kingdom is spiritual. It is not a gross material thing, but it is spiritual in its nature and in all its bearings upon man. All that relates to Christ; whether of prophetic description or historical statement, speaks of him as the promoter of a spiritual kingdom. The glowing descriptions of the prophet Isaiah clearly indicate that the Messiah was to have nothing to do with secular dynasties any further than as they might be affected by the spread of his own unique kingdom; but that he should set up his own throne, frame his own laws, and establish his own government. The very manner of the Divine manifestations clearly proves the spirituality of this kingdom. Instead of coming into the world amid the outward pomp and splendour of earthly kings, Jesus came surrounded by every mark of wordly poverty, but followed by the most abundant attestations to his Divine glory and dignity. In his life he carefully avoided the society of the great ones of the earth, seeking companionship among the sons of noble toil. After he had miraculously multiplied a few loaves into a meal for a hungry multitude the people would by force have made him king, but he flung the gilded honour from him as a thing of nought. His teaching and works had a direct bearing upon man's spiritual groanings and aspirations. His mission was to break the chains of captive souls, to bind up hearts broken by sin, to enrich the poor in spirit, to open eyes blinded by corruption, to unstop ears deafened by iniquity that they might catch the glad music of heaven, and to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord to a world groaning out its life under the hard bondage of the devil. Paul says, "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Here the apostle draws a contrast between the religion of the Jew, which consisted principally of forms and ceremonies, of shedding of blood and various washings, of meats and drinks, and that of Christ, which consists of an inward change, producing peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. And to view this kingdom in any other light is to sin against the clearest teaching of gospel truth. The mighty and blessed influences of our holy religion do not play about upon the surface of human character; no, they go down deep into the soul of man, removing its deformities and establishing rectitude, obliterating its spots, and imparting to it the purity of heaven.

There are two great forces at work for the spread of this kingdom, the one destructive and the other restorative. The kingdom of Christ cannot come unless there be first a tearing down. Sin has erected its throne high and strong, and that throne must be demolished

before the kingdom of God can come in its full glory. Sin must die before we can see the spread of universal spiritual life.

The destruction of disease means the restoration of health, so the destruction of soul-disease and the restoration of soul-health will be simultaneous occurrences, or rather, perhaps, they will be the two aspects of the same great event. Christianity has been both death and life: it has been the death of sin and the life of holiness; the death of despair and the life of hope; the death of guilt and the life of freedom; the death of sorrow and misery and the life of peace and joy; and it has been the death of death, and the life of life. The case of Paul is a striking illustration of this idea. The introduction of this kingdom was the *death* of Saul, but it was the *life* of Paul. Time would fail me to tell of the hearts it has changed, the wills it has subdued, and the souls it has saved. In its march of benevolence it is picking up the outcasts of sin and elevating them to the dignity of God's children, and already it has raised millions to the kingdom of eternal glory.

SECONDLY—WE WILL CONSIDER THE GROUNDS OF EXPECTATION. We want to know what are the prospects of success in our pleading for the coming of the Saviour's kingdom. Are there any probabilities in favour of a longing expectation of this event? Is the thing possible? Looking at the present condition of society, the few comparatively who belong to the kingdom of Christ, and the many who belong to the kingdom of the devil, is it at all likely that the day will ever come when all shall know the Lord? Here is room for the exercise of the strongest faith and not unfrequently we ask, How can these things be? Yet in spite of all that seems insurmountable, in spite of all that seems doubtful, I dare believe the day will come when the kingdom of Christ shall embrace all the kingdoms of the earth. My grounds of expectation are these—

1. *God's promises.* The promises relating to the coming of this kingdom are scattered in rich profusion over the surface of Divine truth. When the Almighty pronounced His blessing upon Abraham He said, "In thee and in thy seed shall *all* the nations of the earth be blessed;" meaning thereby, that as Christ was to come of the stock of Abraham, all the world through Him should receive spiritual blessings. By the mouth of the Psalmist God has given us the challenge, "Ask of Me, and I will give *thee* the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." And in another place David says, "All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Thee." Speaking, again of the extent of God's authority he says, "He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." The prophecies of Isaiah furnish us with the clearest grounds of expectation from the broad promises of God. Daniel, describing a vision he had of the Son of man, said, "And there was given Him dominion, and glory, and kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve Him; His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." When the angel announced to the shepherds the birth of Christ he said unto them, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you

good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." The epistles and the apocalypse abound with promises and declarations to the effect that the kingdom of God shall come, thus affording us the greatest encouragement to urge the prayer of the text.

2. *The mighty achievements of the past.* True, what has been done in the way of bringing about this happy state of things, is but little compared with what might have been and ought to have been done. Nevertheless the past has been fruitful. This kingdom has extended. In the first century of the present dispensation Christianity spread itself over vast portions of the globe. The Bible has been translated into almost all the known languages of the world, and the inhabitants of the ends of the earth may read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. Our missionaries have gone forth into many lands, and have scattered the seeds of the kingdom. The millions of the English speaking population are carrying abroad Gospel truth. China, Italy, Spain, and other countries are opening their arms to receive the truth, sure tokens of the coming of God's kingdom.

3. *The convictions of men's minds.* There is a growing conviction in the minds of all who believe the Bible that Christianity is destined to conquer the world. I take this to be a favourable omen. Just before the coming of Christ men were thinking and feeling about the advent of the Messiah and then Christ came. So now, the more men think about this matter, the more they will pray about it and the sooner it will come. Almost all the sections of the church have their missionary societies, which aim at hastening the completion of this kingdom. I believe there is not a true Christian that does not breathe the prayer of the text, "Thy kingdom come."

4. *The signs of the times.* Mark the increased interest taken in all good movements! Look at education, Sabbath Schools, Temperance societies, home missions, missions to different classes and the lowest orders of society, and the mighty machinery of foreign missions, and surely in these things we can see favourable signs of the times. There is again, union among the churches. Barriers high and strong are coming down, or else Christians are growing over them, for they are coming together. We can now meet on our great public platforms. Episcopalians and dissenters can forget their differences, and wish each other success and prosperity. Blessed signs of the times these! There is also increased liberality. Whether the offerings of the church are keeping pace with the increasing wealth of her members, I leave others to decide, but this I know and rejoice in, that there never was more given to the cause of Christ than there is at the present. Look again at our church and chapel erections. What a large, noble, and magnificent city would all the churches and chapels make if they were laid out after such a manner. Of course these things are not everything, but when all these outward features are brought to completion, the glory of God will descend as when Solomon's temple was built, and in addition to outward splendour we shall have inward life.

THIRDLY. THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE REALIZATION. The full glory of the universal kingdom of Christ we cannot conceive, but the prophet Isaiah, piercing the dark vista of the future, caught some

bright glimpses of that happy day when the nations of the earth shall be under the reign of the man of peace. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." And in the same chapter he further enlarges upon the same glorious fact. "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water." In that day there shall be peace among the nations, for all weapons of war shall be converted into implements of husbandry. The universal spread and reception of the truth shall destroy the fear and the enmity that exist between the race of man and the brute creatures, and also between the various orders of inferior animals; for the child shall fearlessly place its fingers upon the hole of the poisonous asp, the wolf and the lamb shall fondly nestle together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox, while birds of all kinds and dispositions shall harmoniously warble forth the joys of earth and the glory of God.

What a happy state to contemplate when the raging passions of men shall subside and the mild and sweet graces of the Spirit shall reign; when kings shall no longer be warriors, but nursing fathers, and when queens shall no more take the lead in fashions and vanities, but shall become nursing mothers. What a glorious world will ours be when sin shall hide its horrid head beneath that grand garland of holiness which is to encircle this globe! No longer will throbbing hearts sigh through dread news from the battle-field, but peace shall prevail among the nations, and Christ shall reign King of kings. No longer will the reeling drunkard disgust the taste of the modest, and disturb the peace of society, give impetus to crime, and be a terror to the members of his home, but his sobriety shall gain him the renown of a loyal subject, and a true friend. No longer will the thief, under the dark cover of night, seek to wrench from his neighbour the fruits of anxious and hard toil, but he will learn and labour to get his living in the way appointed by providence. In fine, no longer will the wicked one have dominion over the sons of men, but the sting shall be plucked from his mouth, the arrow snatched from his hand, and he chained to his own home of darkness for ever and ever, while the song of the angels shall receive a world-wide repetition, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will towards men."

Growing out of this is an important practical thought. God expects every one of us to help on His kingdom. There is a great work to be done, and all should do something. We fully believe in the possibility of the world being evangelised, and it is evident that if we as Christians were to do our duty not many years hence the world would be Christ's. I have seen a very interesting calculation to the effect that supposing there was but one Christian, by doubling the number every year in thirty years the thousand millions of the world's population would be Christianised. According to this showing, (and you can easily calculate for yourself) in ten years one

would become a thousand, in ten years more a thousand would become a thousand thousand or a million, and in another ten years this number would become a thousand millions. Such a thought as this ought to stimulate us all to diligence. My brethren, we are all wanted. God is soliciting the services of each one of you. Every talent, every tongue, every hand, and every life, is needed to carry on this great work. Before the invention of telegraphy lights were fixed on the hills, now if but one light were to be neglected the results might be ruinous to a nation. Take away one letter from the alphabet and you affect the whole language. Let one link be broken and the chain is defective. My dear friends, we cannot afford to be out of our proper places. The slightest neglect of duty may be attended with everlasting evil.

In view of the great work which is before us we have need to pray continually. It is one of our greatest sources of regret and sorrow that we do not see the kingdom of Christ extend in our midst as we could wish. After all our preaching and giving, we fear that in soul-saving we are not gaining sufficiently upon the increasing population. It is stated that considering the larger number of human beings upon the globe there are no more Christians now than there were in the first century. Our hearts are sad when we look at a year's labours and a year's fruits. Brethren, there are defects somewhere. I do not believe the fault is in organization, nor in a lack of talent; but the great need is prayer and holy living. While Christians think more of the world than they do of the means of grace, and while we, as preachers of the word, aim more at pleasing men than preaching the full truth, the chariot wheels will move but slowly. The possibility of a world's salvation, the thought of our responsibility, and the glorious reward that awaits the faithful and zealous worker should stimulate us all to work for God and for human weal.

M. BROKENSHIRE.

GEORGE HERBERT AND HIS POEMS.

No. VI.

It is not in the least wonderful that the cold, and, possibly, very sagacious critic, should find much that he deems inharmonious, and incomprehensible, in the strains which are given forth by the harp of George Herbert. Rightly to appreciate his divine melodies, you must feel with him; and though each man's religious experience has certain points of individuality, which will scarcely allow him to have full sympathy with any other; yet there is sufficient breadth and height in Herbert's utterances to suit those whose creeds are widely diverse from his. Though thoughtful and reserved by natural habit, he was well acquainted with human nature, and only erred, perhaps, when he wrote for others through too confident an expectation that, knowing the truths he believed, they would feel and act as he did. Hence there is so much that is of an autobiographic character in his poems, not only because he wrote from his own heart's fulness, and not from any egotism, but also because he

desired to teach others, not by sermonizing in verse, so much as by laying bare for them his own history, as seen in joys and sorrows, struggles and conflicts, falls, and risings again.

Many a Christian poet has touched, with more or less plaintiveness and depth of feeling, upon the subject of those periods in the believer's life, when his communion with God is suspended, and he walks in darkness, longing indeed for the Divine Presence, but yet sadly conscious that desire it as he may then, he had not duly valued it in those days when he felt that in some degree he could walk with God. To such a harassed one it is a comfort to remember the Redeemer's promise, which must surely stand unimpeached. "I am with you alway"—there is no interruption, and no diminution; for He is as fully present at one time as at another—but his people are not *always with Him*.

No man could have written Herbert's poem, "The Search," unless he had felt what is there described, there is no artificiality about it, even though the language may seem here and there rhapsodical; as in the second stanza. "Prove," let it be noted, (in the first stanza,) is not in the sense of, "to make proof," but in the rather unusual one, of "showing a result."

"Whither, O, whither art Thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My searches are my daily bread;
Yet never prove.

"My knees pierce th' earth, mine eyes the sky:
And yet the sphere
And centre both to me deny
That thou art There."

And then he tells us in the two next stanzas what he did behold; the verdure of earth, which seemed to be rejoicing in God's presence; and the starry host, which shone as if enjoying His favour. The contrast touched the poet still more deeply; then, says he,

"I sent a sigh to seek Thee out
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow; but my scout
Returns in vain.

"I tun'd another, (having store),
Into a groan,
Because the search was dumb before;
But all was one."

He bethinks himself that there must be a cause for God's absence, and, above all things, does he dread lest it should appear that God had hidden Himself by the interposition of His will. This seems a barrier not to be passed, so he cries, "let rather brass, or steel, or mountains be thy ring" (barrier); for these things he might pass over, or break through. And, after some reflections on the Omnipotence of the will of God, what can he do, but exclaim; "Be not Almighty, let me say, against, but for me." The last stanza may not be readily understood by all, it runs thus;—

"For as thy absence doth excel
All distance known;
So doth thy nearness bear the bell,
Making two one."

"The Pulley" is one of the more quaint flights of Herbert's fancy in its figurative style, though teaching a lesson worthy of all due remembrance. For what is the truth he represents under this singular title? Man needs to be drawn back to God, and how is this to be done? The *pulley* is *rest*, which cannot be obtained except in God, by any creature whom He has endowed with immortal life. So Herbert tells us, in his peculiar way, how that when man was first formed, God, as it were from a glass, poured blessings upon him. And it is worth noticing that as the poet specifies some of the more important of these, he puts strength first, as essential to the use and enjoyment of the remainder. But, when almost all had flowed from the vessel, God withheld His hand, and *rest* was left behind. For had this been bestowed, or made attainable by means of anything in nature, then surely, says Herbert, man would have stopped there, and never have sought the God of Nature. And, adds he, if some will do this even now, they may, but they must spend their time in "reining restlessness." And many do thus live, to the close of life's career, because though inwardly weary, they have never been fully convinced of the hopelessness of their case; and, to take up the poet's figure, they continue to resist the "pulley" which would draw them to rest and peace.

The muse of Herbert is not always melancholy, and yet very frequently there mingles with his joyous melodies a note of sadness. This, probably arose from his natural temperament, and somewhat feeble health. To that he says in the poem, "Praise;"

"Lord, I will mean and speak Thy praise,
 Thy praise alone.
 My busy heart shall spin it all my days;
 And when it stops for want of store,
 Then will I wring it with a sigh or groan,
 That Thou may'st yet have more."

And in the last verse of that poem, which connects itself with the verse just quoted; feeling how inadequate his own ascription of praise was at the best, he expresses his ardent wish that he might be able to seize upon other hearts, and bring them into new relations with God, so that their praise might swell the "good store."

In the same poem, Herbert writes in this singular, yet forcible strain of the vast effect which the blessing of God has upon human labours, and shows also how He can most easily frustrate the designs of man.

"When Thou dost favour any action,
 It runs, it flies;
 All things concur to give it a perfection.
 That which had but two legs before,
 When Thou dost bless, hath twelve; one which doth rise
 To twenty then, or more.

"But when thou dost on business blow,
 It hangs, it clogs;
 Not all the teams of Albion in a row,
 Can hale or draw it out of door.
 Legs are but stumps, and Pharaoh's wheels but logs,
 And struggling hinders more."

In one of the illustrated editions of the poems of Herbert, an artist has appended an engraving to "Assurance," wherein he represents the poet sitting in a pensive attitude, while some friend or acquaintance standing in front of him utters a denunciation. But this is a misapprehension of the meaning, as I conceive, for though Herbert describing the occasion of his distress, puts it in the personal form, and exclaims ;

"Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair, as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me ; that I allow
And coin large hopes ; but that I was deceiv'd ;
Either the league was broke, or near it ;
And that I had great cause to fear it ;"

the fact is that the "spiteful thought" is an evil suggestion arising within the author's soul, there is no eternal conflict, unless it be with spiritual foes. The "Assurance" on which he reposes is the consoling truth that what God has promised shall be fulfilled as certainly as "rocks stand," and "rivers stir ;" nay, were these, and all other objects to "disband ;" still God would not fail.

Herbert has a short poem of twelve lines, entitled, "The Jews." This is of interest, because English history informs us, (and one regards the circumstance with regret), that for centuries the Jews had been treated with insult and cruelty in this land, and long after Herbert's time, they were far from receiving the treatment they had a right to claim from a Christian nation. With his catholicity of heart, he suffers himself to retain no prejudice against Jews ; the tenor of the poem is an intense compassion for them, and while he himself prays for their restoration, he desires that the Church might be roused, as with an angel's trumpet, to appeal to the Lord on their behalf. For in many things Herbert was far in advance of his age, though in some things he was, possibly, clogged by the prejudices of early training, and courtly life.

"The Bag" is a poem which in the opinion of critics would rate low, on account of the strangeness of the dress in which he clothes his thought, and others again, might deem it irreverent. And yet its very fancifulness rivets the impression it makes, upon a mind awakened to receive spiritual truth. Both at the beginning and the close, Herbert tells us that his purpose in his narration is to banish despair, and he gives us in a "strange story," the account of our Redeemer's visit to earth to accomplish man's salvation. The incident, however, on which the poem turns is the wound which Christ received in His side ; upon which the following conceit is rested by Herbert, whereby the oddity of the title is explained. Our Lord having been thus struck by the spear, is represented as saying to His followers ;

"If ye have anything to send or write
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Until my father's hands and sight
(Believe me) it shall safely come.
That I shall mind, what you impart ;
Look, you may put it very near my heart."

But lest any reader should choose not to make a personal application of these words, Herbert shows that the same favour, which he has set forth in symbolic language, is extended by Christ to those now living on the earth.

"If hereafter any of my friends
Will use me in this kind, the door
Shall still be open: what he sends
I will present, and somewhat more
Not to his hurt. *Sighs will convey
Anything to me.*"

C.

ON THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

I HAVE climbed the hill-side on a calm summer evening when all nature was hushed, when the rains had cleared off and the smiling landscape lay in beauty and repose. I have reclined upon the gentle slope, and gazed across the broad valley when the undulating landscape, decked with golden grain or clothed with Nature's verdant mantle, stretched a magnificent panorama before me. The trees, marshalled in rows or nestling in groups, were lit with the golden beams of the setting sun: the river, leaping and sparkling, wound like a silver cord along the valley: and as I lay there filled with an indescribable sense of the beautiful, I have exclaimed, Oh, to remain here for ever! Oh, to drink in the resplendent scene and never weary! But soon nature began to tire, the body grew restless with lying, the eye dim with gazing, and though these held out, the scene faded with the setting of the sun, and the chill mist of the valley soon shrouded all.

Thus it is with earth, thought I: but when we reach yon bright and blest abode that lies beyond earth's shadows and shifting scenes this will not be. The eye shall be suited to the scene, the body shall be ever rested, and filled with rapturous pleasure we shall gaze as long as we list; and "the sun shall no more go down, nor the moon withdraw itself," for "the Lord God shall be the light thereof," "and there shall be no night there." With one long deep satisfying gaze shall we behold the glories of those celestial regions, and the fadeless bloom of "realms ever bright and fair."

"There sweetest flowers immortal bloom,
There joys supreme are given,
There rays Divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven."

Have you ever visited the woodlands in the early spring morning? Have you listened to the varied chorus of the feathered songsters? Was your soul filled with delight as the anthem rose and swelled upon the air with its charming refrain? O yes! bird-music is sweet: but how much sweeter will cherub-music be! I love to listen to the song of Nature as it comes floating down the valley: how much more shall I love to hear the song of heaven sounding through the golden streets of the new Jerusalem. When at some grand festival

in the Crystal Palace a hundred bands unite in harmony, and ten thousand voices join in singing the National Anthem, so overpowering is the strain that listeners have almost fainted with ecstasy; but what is that compared to the mighty anthem we shall one day hear when the hundred and forty and four thousand, and "a great multitude which no man can number," shall strike their golden harps and raise the song of Moses and of the Lamb that, rolling along the unmeasured plains, shall fill the happy regions with wondrous harmony!

In heaven there will be joys of companionship. Sometimes here below two hearts are so united in affection that they experience in each other's company an almost celestial bliss: and there are moments when kindred souls meet and feel in such perfect sympathy that they ask—"Can Heaven be better than this?" Oh, yes! for what if your happiest moments were expanded into hours, days, months, years; and what if every soul you met were in such loving union? It will be so in heaven. "They all shall see eye to eye there." That which you feel momentarily here you shall feel for ever there; that perfect accord which you experience with one or two here, will be shared with every blest inhabitant of the sinless land, and it will be one uninterrupted round of loving intercourse in which the purest affection shall be felt in the highest degree.

I know of no communion superior to that found in the company of a thoughtful, intelligent, and well-read scholar. The joys of intellect are higher and purer than many other earthly pleasures. To sit and converse with one whose soul is lit with genius, to hear him utter "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," to feel the mind expand and soar into regions of sublime imagination, is a treat now and then enjoyed by a few here. How much higher, purer, and more frequent will be the privilege when loftier intelligences shall meet, when minds, expanded and enlightened, and stored with heavenly knowledge, shall intercommunicate, and when genius lit with a flame from the mind of God Himself, burning undimmed and unconfined by this earthly tabernacle, shall glow with a resplendent splendour that nothing here can approach.

There are a few favoured children of God into whose souls the Divine One sometimes comes, and they have such a heavenly glow of love and happiness that they can hardly tell whether they are in the body or out of it. The visit is all too soon past, yet the remembrance of it long remains, filling the heart with fervour and joy; and they who are found worthy to enter in within the veil will all be favoured with these divine visits, not now and then, but they shall be for ever with the Lord, and shall see His face, and go no more out from the glorious presence.

Many other pleasures that we know not of shall be there. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"I know not, Oh! I know not.
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!"

But this I know; that my Saviour will be there and "I shall be like Him, for I shall see Him as He is;" and this will be my chief delight: If on earth some good and generous friend were to present me with a vast estate on which were beautiful fields and woods: and surrounding a noble mansion were delightful gardens decked with earth's choicest flowers and filled with delicious fruit of all kinds: if on the day of my entering into possession I going into my mansion saw within its spacious halls my father, my mother, my wife, my children, and all other of my dear relatives and friends, and among them stood my generous benefactor, saying, "I have brought all these that they may come and live with you and you shall all partake of the good things here." Whom should I delight to behold most? I should be pleased to see my father, my mother, my wife, children, and all my friends and we should all be pleased to see each other; but would not the "observed of all observers" and the centre of all our affection be the good friend who gave us the delights of the estate and brought us together for the enjoyment of them? And so when you and I get to Heaven we shall be delighted with the fair prospect, charmed with its seraphic music, we shall be enamoured of the lovely scenes of affection and intercourse of kindred souls; we shall joy to meet these dear relatives and friends who have been brought by our Lord to the blest abode: but, oh! far above all shall we adore and worship Him who gave us all the celestial pleasures, and brought to us all these dear companionships: and as we further remember that at the cost of much sorrow and suffering, yea, even at the cost of His own precious life He saved us from everlasting death, as well as brought us to this wondrous everlasting bliss, shall we not praise Him as "the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely," and the only one worthy to receive our highest adoration! Yea! we join the celestial strain—"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever more."

Liverpool.

WALTER BATHGATE.

GREATNESS BY SERVICE.

CHRISTIAN service brings out all the energies into action, and is constantly developing the man to greatness. It is often said that among missionaries is an extraordinary number of distinguished persons. The reason cannot be that they are of a higher order of natural ability, but is rather that their work trains them to greatness. Also, by identifying them with the greatest of human enterprises, it lifts them to notice, and concentrates on them the interest of all true Christians. No men so act beneath the gaze of all the world. When Mr. Snow went to Micronesia, it seemed like burying him in the obscurest corner of the world. But this faithful missionary to that handful of savages has created an interest and extended an influence throughout Christendom. He is a greater and nobler man, more widely known and influential than he could have been

in any parish at home. If Paul had remained a Pharisee, he would have been a prominent man of his city, and at his death would have been forgotten. But Paul the Christian becomes the most influential man in the Roman empire, and perpetuates his influence through all ages. If Luther had remained a monk, he would have been a student, inclined to despondency, having no aim higher than to keep his own conscience in peace. But Luther the Christian is a man of burning enthusiasm, dauntless courage, heroic enterprise, broad, hearty humour—the reformer of Europe. William of Orange, at the age of twenty-seven, was a Romanist, a favourite at the court, spending his immense revenues in magnificence and luxury. But William became a Protestant, and spent his subsequent life, with almost superhuman energy, and against innumerable difficulties, in establishing the liberty of his country and defending the faith against the powerful and bigoted monarch of Spain. All history demonstrates that greatness is by service.

Great responsibilities develop greatness. A sea-captain may be ordinarily a common place man; but when his ship is in danger his responsibility ennobles him; his form seems to swell to grander proportions; his attitude becomes majestic; his eye kindles; his voice deepens, his mind acts with preternatural energy. Analogous to this transitory influence of a great crisis is the constant influence of Christianity, quickening and ennobling the whole life with the consciousness of a great trust, a grand responsibility, and an urgent service.

The greatest energy in the service of self fails to develop a character so noble, a power so grand, and an influence so wide and lasting. Contrast Paul and Napoleon—both conquerors; the one by force, the other by truth and love; the one for self-aggrandizement, the other for the welfare of man. Contrast them in the imprisonment in which their lives were ended, when, isolated from all factitious splendour and support, you see the men themselves; Napoleon, though surrounded by the comforts of life, querulous, morose, weak, not self-poised and self-sustained—like a rank vine grovelling on the ground when its prop is gone; Paul, imprisoned rigorously, yet how grand his bearing, how self-poised and self-sustained, how peaceful and triumphant.

It is a condition of abiding influence that the life be identified with truth, which lives for ever. The life expended on selfish ends is transient as the selfish object it seeks, and narrow in its scope as the interest of self. Contrast the influence of Paul and Nero, of Luther and Charles V.—when they lived, the Christian seemingly so insignificant in comparison with the emperor; but in the subsequent ages the emperor fading into insignificance, the Christian brightening with increasing glory.—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

THE PEOPLE'S AMEN.

THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, of America, a Presbyterian clergyman of high standing and influence, has written a paper on "The People's Amen; or How to make a Church Prosperous." "The secret of success," he says, "is that all the people must *worship*, and all the people must *work*. In fact there can be no genuine worship in God's house unless the heart of the whole assembly is enlisted in it. There can be no genuine growth in a Christian Church unless the whole people have a mind to work. The popular heart must be alive; the popular hand must be busy; the popular voice must say *Amen*. Paul himself could not build up a church unless the people worshipped and unless the people worked. What is 'worship?' According to the actual practice of scores upon scores of congregations, it is the assemblage of a certain number of persons into a sanctuary on the Sunday to be preached at, to be sung to, and to be prayed for. Throughout they are a mere audience. Now, suppose that, instead of this passing reciprocity, there were just as much activity of worship in the pew as in the pulpit. Suppose that every man and woman felt 'this is *my* hour for praising God and for profiting my own soul.' Accordingly, when the invocation of God's blessing is pronounced the people join in it inwardly, and at its close all break out in a full audible 'Amen!' Then the Word of God is read, and each one opens his Bible and follows the reader, instead of staring at the 'new bonnets' or at the new comers in a neighbouring pew. Then comes the service of song; not a scientific 'rendering of a sacred air by a paid quartette,' but the outburst of hundreds of voices, when 'everything that hath breath praises the Lord.' At the close of the next prayer there is another full, responsive 'Amen;' or perhaps the whole assembly join in repeating with the pastor that exquisite model petition taught by our Saviour to His disciples. After such a preliminary service, the congregation would be prepared to give their ears and their hearts to the sermon. They would help their preacher preach. They would sink the critic in the worshipper.

"A Sabbath service of this kind would be repeated in the prayer meetings of the week. Those meetings would not be led by the minister, but by the elders or the deacons, or some qualified member of the flock. Everything now drags. 'Zion mourns!' This is the stereotyped complaint uttered in the dull, dreary meetings. 'Zion mourns!' No doubt she does; and so does the Spirit mourn over such sinful folly. But it is time you 'laid aside mourning,' and put on the *whole armour of God*. Pray don't begin by asking for a new minister. Ask for new hearts. Don't go about inquiring 'Where can we find a man that will *draw*?' or 'Where is the man who will build us up?' Instead of looking abroad, look at home! Look to yourselves? Look to God. How many a declining church has foolishly gone off searching for some pulpit Samson who should fill God's temple with a crowd to behold him 'make sport' for their gratification. If he is true Samson and strong in the Lord, he will soon teach them that a living church must do their own worshipping and their own work. Alas! if he be only a poor *blind* Samson, or a *shorn* Samson, both they and their helpless idol will soon perish together.

"God forbid that we should excuse the indolent, inefficient pastor! His punishment is to be what he is. If the church cannot improve him, they ought to dismiss him. But a minister who has a ten men power in himself cannot move a church that has no heart to worship and no 'mind to work.' It was not VON MOLTKE's genius that rolled back the invaders of the Rhine. It was German unity and German bravery and German self-sacrifice, when to the trumpet call of duty 'all the people said amen.' He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit now saith to the churches!"—*Communicated by R. P. Tabb.*

MISTER HORN'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT.*

"MISTER HORN's greatest achievement in the way of giving was when the new chapel was built at Gippington, the Circuit town.

"He refused to make any promise. He would do what he could, he said. Folks knew that this was not a hypocritical way of doing nothing, such as it is very often; indeed they had already settled among themselves what he would do.

"'He's good for five pounds,' said Jim Niggardly.

"'He's good for ten,' said others with larger hearts that measured him better.

"But his old friend Chaffer shook his little head at both and said, with husky, broken voice, 'There's no knowin' what he's good for, if he on'y get it in his mind, he's a wonder, is Mister Horn.' Old friend Chaffer was right.

"Mister Horn turned it over, prayed about it, and at length made up his mind as to what he would do.

"The passage on which he had been preaching lately kept ringing in his head, *The Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me.* It was as he walked home one Sunday evening with this text filling his heart and mind that it occurred to him. The clear frosty air made the November sky to sparkle with stars, forcing him in his lonely walk to consider the heavens. He thought of their vastness, of their number—he thought how that night after night they had looked down upon the changeful, wearied world, the same still as when Abraham had read in them the expression and seal of the promise—the same as when David had watched them from the midst of his flock and wondered at the Lord's mindfulness of man—the same as when they hung over Him who in the still evening passed up to the mountain top, and with them as His only witnesses spent the night in prayer; then adoringly he thought how far away in the infinite space was the throne of that same Lord who is the light of sun and moon and star. With a new meaning and force that thrilled him came the text of the evening—*He loved me and gave Himself for me.* 'Himself for me!' he repeated aloud, and grateful love filled his soul.

"It was whilst this emotion yet lingered with him that he thought of the new chapel. What should he 'render to the Lord for all His benefits?' He had saved some little money, should he give that? No, he wanted to feel somehow that he was giving *himself*. At length it was evident that Mister Horn had 'got it into his mind.' The pause in the path by which he

* This is extracted from a little book entitled "Mister Horn and his Friends; or, Givers and Giving," by the Rev. M. G. Pearse, which we have read with so much pleasure and profit, that we feel constrained to recommend it very heartily to our readers, satisfied that they will not be disappointed when they read it for themselves.

was crossing the field toward his house, the uplifted ash stick, the moment's suspense, then the vigorous thrust and the rapid strides forward announced some great decision. Mister Horn would live on what he had saved, and *for one year would give all he could get to the Lord. 'I'll give myself,'* he muttered, *'body, soul, and spirit.'*

"The resolution thus formed was bravely carried out. It was the hardest year of his hard-working life. Neighbours heard him astir at earliest dawn, his friends wondered what made him so miserly of his time. He knew very well that he could keep no secret from his wife, so he told her straight out at first. But all the rest of the village was kept wondering until the end of the year, then a subscription put into the minister's hand explained it. The paper was worded thus:—'One year's work, £100. He loved me and gave Himself for me. J. H.'

"That was the happiest year of my life," Mister Horn said, in telling of it. "You reckon Sunday a good day, because in it you do no manner of work; but there's something better than Sunday, and that's where they rest not day nor night from their labours. I was sinking a well a good part of the time, and very often I used to think about it down in the still, damp darkness, hearing nothing but the gloomy echoes of my own tools, and now and then a bit o' clay that went splashing to the water sixty feet below, sounding like 'ashes to ashes,' as I stood upon the shaking plank. I used to think that they up in their glory, and me down in the well were both doing the same for all that we were such a long way off, we were both working for the same Lord, and both wanted to do as much as ever we could. That was a happy year."

Mister Horn had a favourite friend, Chaffer by name, of whom many capital things are told; but the following is super-excellent of the kind.

"From the time of his conversion Chaffer had determined to devote something regularly to the work of God. It was no easy task, with an additional mouth to be filled each year, while the wages kept at the same hard line.

"I al'us carried my class penny in my waistcoat pocket till the Sunday meetin'," the old man has told us, "so that it was sure whatever come. But then there was the Missions: I loved them very much, and al'us read the "Notices;" an' there was a collection or two, an' one thing an' another, so as I wanted three or four pennies more sometimes. My neighbours 'ud say to me as it wa'n't needed for me to do so much; but I say to them, "If I was an archangel, I'd try to sing my very best to the Lord, but seein' as I a'n't, well, the on'y thing is to do the best thing as I can 'pon ten shillin' a-week and 'leven children. Why, bless ye, it's wholly the same if *we do our best!*"

"Here, too, the liberal mind devised liberal things. The little garden around his cottage grew a few vegetables, and two or three fruit trees sent a few baskets during the year to market. Choosing the sunniest corner, and in which grew his choicest apple tree, he christened that 'the Lord's bit.' Whatever he could make out of that was to be given away. Love is satisfied only when it gives its best. This corner received of all the most careful labour, this was the first to be dug up and planted, and for this was reserved the pick of roots and seeds. Here the depredations of the frost and earliest sign of blight were most jealously traced, and here the promise of the spring and the summer worth were most joyfully anticipated.

"But once there came a time when the garden began to grow neglected. The weeds stood thick and tall. The unpruned trees were tangled with wild creepers. Chaffer's familiar face was missed from the Sunday services. He had been brought home from his work with an injured leg, and lay upon his bed without a prospect of leaving it for months. Then sore want slowly stripped the house. The little savings put by for some such rainy day were soon gone through—one by one disappeared the less needed things about the house. Again the wolf was at the door, and there seemed

nothing left with which to drive him away. The children were coming again, and there was not a crust in the house.

"Then the anxious wife bethought her of something that would scare the wolf. Laid by in a box, carefully wrapped in a piece of paper, were four shillings—four precious shillings!—the produce of 'the Lord's bit.' Taking them in her hand, she came to her husband—they were starving—could they not take this money, or at least borrow it and pay it back when times were better? Little Chaffer, burdened as he was with bitter wants, had hitherto borne up bravely. But now he burst into tears. 'What,' he cried, 'play Ananias and Sapphira, and rob our only Friend! O no, no lass!' he went on as the tears streamed down his cheeks, 'if it is the Lord's will we can starve and die and go home to heaven, but we ma'n't do this, come what will.'

"The poor wife turned in despair to the lingering herbs in the garden, and gathering what little there was, went off to Gippington to pick up what she could for them.

"Chaffer lay in the lonely place thinking of the Lord and His ways. 'Well, we're come to the last pinch now,' he sighed, 'and may be it is the turnin' point. The doctor tell me I ma'n't set my foot to ground, but I'll try, happen the Lord'll help me.'

"Painful and stiff the leg was, and it was with much difficulty that he hobbled to the door. He crept along to 'the Lord's bit,' and looked at it with such a grief as that with which one would look for the first time at the grave of some most beloved friend.

"Well, I ma'n't let this be, if I never do anything else. I'm up now, and may never be up agen, and it'll comfort me to know as my last bit o' work was for Him.'

"And the withered hands clung to the spade, and he struggled slowly to turn over the earth. It was hard work, but done with a desperateness as if it were love's last effort. He was in the midst of his work when his wife was coming down the hill toward their cottage. She had sold her herbs and was returning with at least one day's supply, when she caught sight of her husband in the garden. She could scarcely believe her eyes at first, but soon surprise gave way to grief and vexation, and as she appeared at the gate poor Chaffer hobbled in before the coming storm, and crept back again to his couch.

"The storm of course soon blew over, for it was only the anger of anxious affection, especially as Chaffer found himself only wearied by his effort. The next day he crept out again, and finished 'the bit.' Strength rapidly returned, and in a few days he went back to his work, nor ever felt anything more of the injury.

"Eh, wife,' he whispered, when he brought home his wages, 'I should be on my back yet, if we'd touched the money o' 'the Lord's bit.'"

"So old Friend Chaffer came to be called 'a wonder.'"

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MR. JOHN VANSTONE.

Mr. JOHN VANSTONE, the second son of Samuel and Sarah Vanstone, was born in the parish of Sutcombe, Devon, England, July, 1806. There was nothing, (that we know of) very remarkable in his life, from the time of his natural birth until he was "born of the Spirit." His sister, Mrs.

Martin, says: "My Brother John was converted at Launcells, Devon, England, I think in the year 1825, under the ministry of the Bible Christian preachers. The change was clearly manifested in his temper, conversation, and general conduct; the company he kept, his attendance at all the means of grace, and the interest he manifested in the cause of God, were, to all who knew him, strong evidence that he had 'been with Christ and learned of Him.' In 1829 he was joined in marriage to Mary Ann Pethick, a young woman who also had received the truth in the love thereof, and was truly 'a help meet for him.'" She bore him three children, all daughters, who are all disciples of Christ, and members of the Bible Christian Church. In 1832 the family emigrated to this Province and settled in the Township of Hope, in which the parents continued to reside the remainder of their lives. Here it was the writer formed his first acquaintance with the family, in November, 1841. The parents and children gave me a warm reception, and ever after when I called at their habitation I found them equally warm-hearted. Mr. Vanstone at that time was in moderate circumstances; rising a little above the difficulties experienced by some new settlers who enter the bush without a dollar. This had been the case with Mr. Vanstone and his family. But by industry and perseverance in business, and strict economy, combined with religion, they got into more comfortable circumstances than some of their neighbours. I had not long been acquainted with our dear brother Vanstone before I saw in him a depth of piety not found in professing Christians generally.

His love to God was warm and practical, his attendance at the means of grace truly exemplary. Closet devotion, family worship, the prayer meeting, the class meeting, as well as the public services of the sanctuary, were all regularly attended by him, whether worldly circumstances were adverse or prosperous. And he was no indifferent worshipper. His heart and soul were ardently engaged with his Maker when he came before Him. The cause of God lay near his heart, and he was much concerned for its prosperity. When the first society was formed by brother J. H. Eynon, near brother Vanstone's residence, he was chosen their leader; and in that office he was both affectionate and faithful, looking after the flock of Christ as a good shepherd, and with all the interest of a loving father he sought the welfare of those committed to his charge. His sighs and groans, prayers and tears, for the safety of the members have been the means of inspiring many with confidence and courage, when they were ready to faint by the way.

His prayers and shouts of praise in Zion Chapel (built near his house) still vibrate in the temple of many believing hearts. In 1843 the family left Zion settlement, to reside near Welcome, a distance of five miles. This was considered a great loss to the former place; but a real benefit to the latter. At this place also brother Vanstone was chosen class-leader, almost as soon as he settled there; and he continued to fill that office till within a few weeks of his death. At Welcome, as well as at Zion, he strove to build up the church of God, and to promote the general welfare of the neighbourhood. He lived in the affections of the class that he led, and was generally respected by the community around him. In fact he was widely known and as widely respected.

In the year 1866 Mrs. Vanstone "died in the Lord," and entered into her long sought rest. This loss was deeply felt by the bereaved husband and children. Brother Vanstone remained a widower nearly two years, and then married Mrs. Jenefer Williams, widow of the late Mr. Williams, of Plainville. A more suitable person he could hardly expect to find. In her, he found a sister in Christ, a true friend, as well as a wife.

Mrs. Vanstone says: "I lived peacefully and happily with my dear departed husband during the three years and eight months we were together. During that time I found him what he professed to be, a sincere, devoted Christian. I have lost an affectionate husband, a faithful friend;

but my loss is his infinite gain. Some time early last spring he was taken ill of a disease approaching to apoplexy. He had several attacks, which materially affected both his body and mind. The disease gradually grew upon him till it extinguished the flickering spark of human life, and set the spirit free."

All through his affliction he had strong confidence in God, and perfect resignation to the Divine will. Once and again he said to the writer, "I am in the hand of God," "I have no choice," "The will of the Lord be done." And when confined to his bed, he was asked repeatedly, "Is all well, brother Vanstone?" he replied, "Yes." "Do you feel the Lord with you?" "Yes." And when he had lost the power of speech, (for he could not speak for several days before he died) if the same question were asked, he would bend his head till he could bend it no more. In this peaceable, confident state of mind he escaped from earth, Nov. 7th, 1871. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

I knew brother Vanstone for twenty-nine years. I met with him a great number of times in the public and private services of God's house. In our official meetings, such as Quarterly meetings, District meetings, various Committee meetings and Conferences, I always found him the same uniform, consistent Christian. He was a lover of God and good men, and of truth and righteousness. And I believe he adhered to truth and right, as far as he knew, whoever was against him. From this he could not be driven nor allured by any one. To sum up his character in a few words, he was industrious in his worldly business, honest in his dealings, peaceable with his fellow-men, liberal, (compared with many others) in supporting the cause of the Redeemer; "given to hospitality"; regular in his attendance at the means of grace; earnest in his devotions when waiting upon God. His prayers for the church of God, and for the world, for friends and foes, will not soon be forgotten. He was a living epistle, read and known of all men. He was an old, a tried, and a constant friend. We admit that he had failings or imperfections; and who have not? But notwithstanding, such were his virtues, that you had a character, the like of which is not common. He was a member of the church forty-seven, a class-leader forty-six, and superintendent of the Sabbath school nearly twenty years. He is gone the way of all the earth; but his departure has caused a chasm not easily to be filled up. I pray that his mantle may fall upon some one who shall be equally useful in the church and in the world. His mortal remains were deposited in Welcome cemetery two days after his death, attended by a large crowd; and, on the Sabbath following, the writer attempted to preach a sermon on the occasion, from the words, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." May we meet the dear brother in heaven.

The following is furnished by Br. J. H. Eynon:

"My first acquaintance with our late Br. Vanstone was in the early part of the winter of 1833, when he was living with a Mr. William Walker, in the western part of the Township of Hope. At that time his family lived in a little shanty built in the corner of a wood belonging to his employer. He and his wife when they came to Canada united with the Methodists with the understanding that if a Minister of the Bible Christian Connexion should come out that they should withdraw from them and unite with him. At the time above stated I was invited to preach at what was called the Log School house. I embraced the opportunity and at the close of the service I told the people that, if there were any of them who wished to unite in church-fellowship, I should be most happy to take down their names. Brother and Sister Vanstone gave their names and four or five others. They chose Br. Vanstone for their leader. This was the commencement of the society known by the name of Zion. The whole neighbourhood at that time, in a religious point of view, was in a very destitute state. There were no means of

grace on the Sabbath, and but seldom more than once or twice in a quarter of a year on week evenings. The greater part of the settlers then spent the Sabbath visiting from house to house where the most whiskey could be obtained. Br. Vanstone set his face like steel against such habits, and hence he was watched as with eagle eyes; but he stood like a city set upon a hill witnessing for God. He wore like steel, and the more he became known the more he was esteemed for his uprightness and sterling worth. The first protracted service I held in Canada was at the Log School house. Br. Vanstone was my chief human help, and such a man to plead with God in behalf of repentant sinners I have not often met with. Many young, middle-aged, and some old men and women were brought to the cross at that meeting, and realized the virtue of what Peter calls the 'precious blood,' some of whom are safely arrived in port and many more are bidding fair to double the cape and enter the harbour by-and-bye. At the close of this protracted meeting it was agreed to build a chapel for the better accommodation of the neighbourhood. Br. Vanstone took a tenacious grasp of the matter with both hands, and his purse also; and one of the converts gave an acre of land on which to build the chapel and for a cemetery. The chapel was built and all claims against it satisfied. Br. Vanstone was not a little pleased and delighted to meet his now large class in a place built exclusively for training youth and age for unending and unfading bliss. He and his good wife did not forget to praise God for the privilege, and frequently Zion chapel has rung with his shouts and those of his good wife, when they have witnessed the display of the power and presence of God, in the subjugation of sinners at the foot of the cross, which they frequently did at Zion chapel.

"After having for some years rented a small farm in the locality where he first settled, he removed a little east in the same township upon a large farm owned by a Mr. John Walker. On this farm God abundantly prospered him in his basket and store, so that he became rich; but when his riches increased, his heart was not (as is the case with too many) wedded to them; he knew how to make the world his servant, while he scorned the idea of it ever becoming his master. He was a class leader for thirty-eight years, highly esteemed and greatly beloved, I think I may say, by every member of the class. At different times he served the church as circuit steward, as representative at the annual Conference, and as a member of the Executive committee, efficiently and satisfactorily. His house has been a pilgrim's lodge for at least thirty-seven years. Most of the preachers, and many of the lay friends, have proved that he did not love in word only. He will long live in the memory and affections of the church at Zion and Welcome; in fact his praise is in the churches. His works of faith and labour of love will be had in everlasting remembrance. Peace to his memory. May the writer and readers of these lines learn so to live as to be found ready when called to join in the chorus of redeeming love, and sing the praises of God and the Lamb, for ever, is my humble desire and prayer."

R. HURLEY.

JOHN APPS.

In the pleasant and busy village of Kingsnorth, Kent, lived a husband and wife, who feared God above many. Unto them, in the year 1818, a son was born, the subject of this memoir. It was natural for him, as others, to do evil and pursue the downward road, but being led by his pious parents to the sanctuary regularly, John became the subject of deep religious impressions in his youth. However, like many others, he resisted the strivings of the Spirit and followed on in a course of sin. The great deceiver of mankind, the vanities and pleasures of the world, and the

inclinations of a depraved nature, preponderated for a season, and had it not been for parental restraint, he would doubtless have sinned greatly. We cannot say precisely the time, but circumstances occasioned his removal from his native county to Bishopstoke, Hants. Hitherto John had evinced no special concern about salvation. When about the age of twenty-nine, the Bible Christians of the then Botley Mission, under the pastorate of the late William Hill, missioned Bishopstoke Common, and preached in the sand-pit, and it was while listening to the word preached, especially by the late J. Bell, that John was awakened to a consciousness of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. He bore his burden sorrowfully: but while pursuing his daily toil in the flour-mill he found peace. There his load fell off, and his imprisoned spirit soared upward into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Happy, truly happy, for the first time in his life was he! Everything appeared new to him. Having found the Lord, he could shout aloud for joy. Now worldly trifles had lost their charm, to him Christ was "the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." His was not like some so-called conversions, wrought through excitement and fear of death only, which leave no lasting effect; his was genuine, and his experience satisfactory. While some fell away he steadily pursued his heavenly course, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of his faith.

Our brother was one of those who witnessed the erection of our chapel at Bishopstoke twenty-three years ago. He joined the society there, became a trustee, and has since witnessed the growth of our church in the village. During these years scores have been converted, some of whom have backslidden, some have removed to other places, and some are gone to swell the host which no man can number, while others still live and remain faithful to their Master's cause. Br. Apps had a frail body, a nervous temperament also, which may account perhaps for much of his backwardness in the public service of the church. Appointments on the local preachers' plan were given him two or three different times; but he could not muster sufficient courage to take them. While others laboured as preachers and exhorters, he could only attend the house of God as a humble worshipper. He had, however, a good share of thinking power. He studied the Bible with intelligence and care; it was to him the fountain of truth; nothing else would suffice; and in private, in social, and in public life, it was the weapon, the only weapon by which he could fight and foil the adversary of his soul. Prayer was the element in which he took his morning walk, in which he enjoyed his mid-day exercises, and in which he obtained his evening repose. His Christian walk was very consistent, so that he won the respect of all observers. His difficulties, both temporal and spiritual, were many, but in the strength of grace he was able to endure them. No signs of faith failing, of hope departing, of principle rotting, were visible. His daily life was like the sea, the great body of waters calm and unrippled, even when the surface is rocked with storms. He must be classed with the few who have erected, sustained, and prized the family altar. Every day when at home he called his family together, and at the throne of grace pleaded with his Heavenly Father in their behalf. Happy, thrice happy every family where the worship of the Lord is thus maintained!

During the closing part, and especially during the last two years of his life, he suffered greatly, being seldom, if ever, free from pain. These sufferings doubtless were sanctified.

He attended our chapel the last time in September last, and after that gradually sunk under the fatal disease, pulmonary consumption, which had been secretly undermining his constitution several years. The last six weeks of his life he was confined to his bed. Jesus was precious to his soul, affording him comfort and strength. His peace flowed like a river. He was never heard to murmur. He had an unshaken confidence in

Christ, and had not therefore the least fear of death. We visited him a few times, and always found him ready for his departure. Other friends who visited him had some very refreshing seasons with him. He entreated all, the uncovered especially, to meet him in heaven, and from many an unregenerated heart came forth an avowed desire for happiness such as his. His thoughts ran heavenward. To a question if he had any doubts as of his acceptance, with a smile in his face, he answered, "Doubt! doubt! How can I doubt while standing on the Rock of Ages?" and then exclaimed, "God is love! God is love!" Speaking of religion, he said, "This is a living reality, this is a living reality." An hour or two before his death he directed the attention of his wife to the ceiling, and fixing his eyes upwards said, "How brightly they shine! Can't you see them? I shall soon be there. It will soon be over." On the morning of December 26th, 1871, this Christian soldier fought his last battle, won his last victory, and laying aside the frail tenement of clay his happy spirit took its upward flight, from a world of sin and sorrow to a land of unclouded light and glory. He has left a wife and five children to lament their loss. May his prayers be answered in their behalf and in following him as he followed Christ they will finally meet an unbroken family in heaven. His death was improved by Mr. Oliver, who delivered an impressive sermon to a large congregation from the words, "What is your life?"

And now we pause and ponder. How useful, how convincing, how undeniable, how glorious the life of a devoted Christian! One more is gone!—we must soon depart. Death is only a foe in appearance, it is a friend to the Christ-like in reality. May we resolve to work and wait its arrival; for then it will come to us on a blissful mission. We pray that this event may stimulate us to greater diligence, so that when death shall come we may, like the sun on a summer evening, go down without a cloud, to shine with greater glory in the world which is to come.

C. H. BULPIT AND G. A. J.

MRS. ANN BRAGG.

MRS. ANN BRAGG, whose maiden name was Barter, was born at Bea-minster, Dorset, July 30th, 1802. Her parents died when she was about nine years of age. Being of a very thoughtful and self-reliant cast of mind, she at once sought to earn her own livelihood, and in the providence of God was introduced to the family of a kind and pious gentleman. He regularly conducted worship in his household, and by precept and example sought to lead those who were under his care into the ways of true godliness. She also lived while young with one other respectable family, and while obtaining an ample livelihood, she established besides a good character for herself, which proved greatly to her advantage in after life. She also became impressed with the truths of the Gospel, and fostered those principles which prepared her for a useful sphere in society and in the church of Christ. In the year 1828 she was married to Mr. Wm. Bragg, and came to reside in Jersey. Soon afterwards she found peace with God in her own room, and with her husband became united with the Wesleyan Methodists, with whom she continued about twelve years.

After this her husband became the subject of a mournful affliction, and subsequently Mrs. Bragg had the misfortune to lose him.

At that period circumstances occurred which influenced Mrs. Bragg to unite with the Bible Christian Society in Great Union Road, and since, now about thirty years, she has been a consistent and highly respected member of his church. Her children were regularly sent to our Sabbath school

and while their mother by her own exertions provided for their wants and decently brought them up, she most assiduously trained them in the fear of the Lord; and as the happy result, they all became members of the church of Christ in their youth. It is well known to those who were best acquainted with Mrs. Bragg, that in her sphere of life she has been signally useful. She evinced unusual skill in the management of many difficult domestic affairs, and most remarkable kindnesses has she shown in cases of distress. Numerous cases of this description are remembered, in which her Christian compassion was displayed. Sometimes her acts of self-denial and generosity were simply marvellous; though those acts were of such a nature as to prevent their being minutely described.

In the year 1843 Mrs. Bragg suffered a most painful bereavement in the death of her eldest daughter. She had been a most valuable helper and an unspeakable comfort to her mother. Her grief, therefore, on that occasion, was very deep, but her loss was borne with exemplary fortitude, and resignation to the will of God.

In the means of grace Mrs. Bragg took great delight, especially the class-meeting which she attended whenever she found it possible up to the end of her life. And notwithstanding that for many years her family were dependent on her own efforts for support, she regularly contributed to the support of God's cause. It is not to her discredit that, occasionally, her last sixpence has been given in aid of religion. And not only to benefit mankind spiritually did she contribute of her substance, but also towards the relief of the poor. In cases of poverty, she has been known to divide her loaf with those who were destitute of bread.

In many cases of severe affliction and of great danger Mrs. Bragg has been suddenly called away from her home; but before leaving she invariably retired to ask God's help and blessing. And often in the afflicted families she visited did she call those around her to unite with her in prayer, and in praise to God for mercies bestowed.

In both her toil and her sacrifices she maintained steady confidence in God, more particularly for the well-being of her children; firmly believing that they would never be permitted to want a single good thing.

There was one thing for her own sake she desired; namely, that at the close of her life, her sickness might not be long, so as to render her burdensome to others, and that she might not have to suffer protracted affliction and pain. By the kindness of God this desire was granted her.

Her final sickness was not long. When first attacked she believed that it would end in death. As long as her speech could be understood, she continued to testify to the grace of God. Her state presented an example of blessed tranquillity and perfect peace. She most affectionately and tenderly bade her children farewell, commending them all to God. At last without a murmur, a struggle, or a groan, she sweetly slept in Jesus. She died on Thursday, June 6th, 1872, being within two months of seventy years of age.

"Give glory to Jesus our head,
With all that encompass His throne;
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Israel is gone!
The winter of trouble is past;
The storms of afflictions are o'er;
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more."

W. LUKE.

MR. THOMAS ALLEN was born in the parish of Sutcombe, Devon, in the year 1801. We cannot record his early piety, he was not like young John or Timothy, for the brightest and most beautiful part of his life was spent in the neglect of solemn duties and in the commission of sin. He became united in marriage to Miss Martha Allen, of Holsworthy, whose devotion to the worship of God and pious example had a great effect on her husband, so that his sympathies were drawn to God's house and Divine things. In the year 1852 there was a spiritual awakening at Sutcombe, and Mr. Allen sought and found the Lord. Henceforth he evidenced the truth of Scripture, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature," and his path was like that of the just, it shone more and more to the perfect day. He manifested a high degree of liberality in aiding the cause of Christ. The ministers, not the favoured few, but all, both itinerant and local, were welcomed to his hospitality. His example said, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth," for he was most regular in his attendance at class, and from the preaching service seldom absent. As he approached life's close, his earnestness was more and more apparent. The last class-meeting was a season of more than usual comfort and joy to the church. Mr. Allen spoke of his confidence and hope, and he said he was impressed he should die suddenly, and that he was ready and waiting the call. At the family altar the last morning of his life he was much drawn out in prayer, and God's presence was graciously felt. In the afternoon he attended a funeral, and then transacted some business with his nephew, Mr. W. Allen. They were called to tea; he complained of pain in his chest, and on attempting to rise from his seat his strength failed. Mr. W. Allen caught him in his arms, but death's blow had been given, the spirit had fled, and the fine, well-proportioned manly form was lifeless and still.

O the suddenness and greatness of the change! This world for another; time for eternity; the church below for the church above. On this side death all was finished,—labour, suffering, sorrows, conflicts, joys, and hopes; on the other, could we but have his description of the music, the company, and the unfolding glories of heaven and God! His death was improved to a large congregation, among whom were many weeping relatives and friends, from Job xiv. 10. P. R.

MRS. ANN POOLE was born at Torpoint, Cornwall, January 17th, 1804, and died in Jersey, May 8th, 1871.

In her youth she was a worldly, high-spirited person. Her praying mother asked God to convert her daughter during her own life-time, and her prayer was answered, for she heard of Mrs. Poole's conversion just before she died.

Mrs. Poole was a most earnest, devoted Christian, and remarkably affectionate and kind to all her associates. In the means of grace she sometimes received very blessed manifestations of God's presence and favour, and was more demonstrative than most other Christians, which occasionally led some to reproach her. She bore with patience everything said to her disparagement, and proved, by consistent, holy, and useful living, that her religion was not a pretence but a reality.

While she enjoyed true godliness, she also evinced an earnest disposition to do good.

In reflecting on her life during her last illness it afforded her no small satisfaction to remember that she had been endeavouring to serve God for thirty-four years.

During the last five or six months of her life she was severely afflicted, but she bore all her sickness and pain with resignation and even joy. She rejoiced greatly and almost incessantly while sinking down towards death and the grave.

A few moments only before she breathed her last she said, "I am going to die; hallelujah," and spoke

no more, but fell asleep in the glorious hope of a resurrection to immortal life.

W. LUKE.

CHARLES CANDY was born at Westend, Southstonham, A.D., 1828, and in the early part of his life sought to satisfy the cravings of his immortal spirit with the vain pleasures of the world. At the age of twenty-four he was, partly by the efforts of his brother William, convinced of sin and saved by grace. From the time of his conversion, he steadily pursued his pilgrimage, choosing rather to suffer persecution with the servants of Christ, than to receive the favours of the rich or the applause of the poor. He tried to walk in the footsteps of his Saviour, and gloried in His cross.

Living in a dark neighbourhood where there were no opportunities of spiritual improvement, except through the Established Church, and being desirous that those around should have a better opportunity of hearing the Gospel, he opened his humble dwelling for the people of his choice to declare the word of truth. The blessed seasons God's people experienced together there lie sweet in the memory of many of our aged surviving friends. But the adversary would not let them rest, for they were driven from one place to another, until the Chapel we now occupy at Portswood was secured in which the Society has dwelt unmolested.

Br. Candy's talents were few and humble, but he showed how much good even such as he might do. He was the Society Steward many years. He usually led the singing. He was also an assistant class-

leader. Though not highly efficient in any of these offices, yet he did his best, and was willing at any time for a brother of greater ability to take his place. I believe he was generally submissive to the wish of his pastor and brethren to do anything or nothing for the sake of Christ; he was therefore morally qualified to hold a prominent position in the society.

• Through excessive toil he sadly impaired his constitution, so that for several years his health was feeble, and in the latter part of his life he was grievously afflicted. But while under medical treatment in the infirmary, and subsequently, when discharged incurable, he trusted alone in God, his strength and his Redeemer. The visits of the writer, his pastor, and others greatly cheered our brother. Some time before his death he committed his wife and little ones to Him who has promised to be "a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless." A few hours before he expired, he recovered consciousness; but only to speak of his happiness, and that he desired "to depart, and be with Christ." On Tuesday evening, March 19th, 1872, our brother closed his eyes in death. His death was improved by the writer to a large congregation on Sunday evening, May 5th, from Ec. viii. 6-8. Our brother has left a widow and six children to mourn their loss—they sorrow, but not as without hope.

"Life's labour done as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies:
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!"

G. A. JOSLIN.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

THE fifty-fourth annual Conference of the Bible Christian Connexion, composed of 47 Ministers and 9 Representatives met at Bideford on Wednesday, July 31st, 1872, at six a.m. After the formation of the Conference, the first business, as usual, was the election of the President and Secretary, and the Brethren W. Rowe and I. B. Vanstone were unanimously chosen to fill these important offices.

A few minor, yet not unimportant, matters being disposed of, the Conference prayer-meeting commenced at seven, a.m. Here we solemnly felt the fact that the venerable JAMES THORNE was no longer with us to lead our devotions by offering the first prayer. Messrs. F. Martin, J. Yeo, and others, at the request of the ex-President, who conducted the service, engaged in prayer. We confess to a feeling of disappointment in not seeing many more present at this service.

The first day passed in the consideration and revision of the ministerial list, which also occupied part of the Thursday morning sitting. It was indeed solemn to contemplate how the ministerial ranks had been thinned by death; and how others, through age, declining strength, and affliction, had to be placed on the superannuated list; a few other vacancies having also occurred through resignations, the Stationing Committee found considerable difficulty in supplying the demands of the stations.

Three out of four who presented themselves as candidates for the ministry were received on probation, and considerable interest was manifested at the announcement and confirmation of the number received by the Canadian Conference, it being so much larger than usual. It surely bespeaks a healthier state of things to find young men thus presenting themselves for the work of the ministry upon the very ground of our Colonial Missions. For this we rejoice, thank God, and take courage. It was with intense pain of mind that, through force of circumstances, we were compelled to part with a young brother of excellent ability and great promise—he having deliberately changed his views on an important doctrine most assuredly believed among us.

At half-past six o'clock, on the Wednesday evening, the Conference and friends assembled to hear a sermon by Mr. F. W. Bourne, relative to the death of the late venerable JAMES THORNE, who up to the beginning of the year had been a faithful minister in the denomination from its very birth. This service we had anticipated with special interest. There was a large congregation, but we expected to see more in the galleries. Mr. Robins led the devotional exercise by a very solemn and appropriate prayer, the force of which we specially felt when with him we realized the fact that in all probability the eyes of the Connexion at home and abroad were at that moment directed to the spot where, and the service at which, we were then assembled. And as many of them were probably then engaged in prayer in behalf of those present, so did he earnestly pray for Divine benediction on the whole Denomination and Christ's Universal Church. It was certainly a very impressive and profitable service. We think we have heard Mr. Bourne rise to what is generally regarded as greater *eloquence*; but as a thoroughly good practical exposition of the word of God, and in reference to its suitability for the occasion, we have never heard him with greater pleasure. The text selected was, Heb. xiii. 7, 8. "Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation. Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The duties of ministers and of the churches were very vividly and solemnly portrayed. We are glad that Mr. Bourne has consented to the publication of this discourse, and earnestly pray that its perusal may be greatly blessed both to the ministers and members of our churches.

On Thursday morning, Aug. 1st, at six a.m., the pulpit was occupied by

Mr. S. L. Thorne, who preached a very racy sermon; but, in our view, he was colloquial to a fault. But whoever hears Br. Thorne preach must be convinced that he has largely read, and is considerably skilled in the knowledge of men and things.

The ministerial list being completed by the reception of six young brethren into Full Connexion at home, and the confirmation of a similar reception of two in America and two in Australia, the next subject of importance to pass under review was "the spiritual state of the Connexion." The facts and figures shewed that there was abundant reason for sincere and hearty thanksgiving to Almighty God. After filling up vacancies occasioned by 309 deaths, 391 emigrations, and 1514 removals, we report an increase of 586 in full membership. There is also an increase during the year of 170 Sunday School Teachers, and 1175 Scholars.

The Book Room concern having passed under review presented a very cheering aspect, and the announcement that the profits on the year amounted to £465 10s., could not but be received with feelings of gratitude and sentiments of highest appreciation. The profits were devoted to the assistance of various funds—the deficiencies of which, but for such an appropriation, must have been charged to the various circuits. One can hardly think of the results of the Book concern for the last two years without experiencing a sentiment of regret that the Book Room had not been removed to London long before.

The report of the general chapel secretary was one of the best to which we have ever listened. The facts and figures connected therewith were of the most encouraging character. Indeed we do not know whether in any previous year when there have been several new and important erections, the aggregate debt has not increased. Such, however, is not the case in the present year. The Report states that at home we have 484 Chapel Trust Estates; that 10 new chapels, 5 new schoolrooms, and 3 vestries have been opened during the year; that in numerous places important improvements have taken place at a considerable outlay; that the total income from all sources at home, exclusive of new cases, is £13,916, that there are 58 Trusts free of debt; that 164 Trust Estates have contributed £458 10s., to Quarter Board; while no less a sum than £5346 19s., of the aggregate debt has been paid off. The report, so well written and arranged, closes by calling special attention to the importance of more strenuous efforts to reduce our chapel debts, seeing that so much of the annual income—some £6000—has to be paid as interest for borrowed money.

Friday, as usual, was a high day. The young men who had been received into Full Connexion the previous day acquitted themselves well. Their public recognition as approved ministers was moved by Mr. R. Blackmore on the ground of their health and vigour, their genuine piety, their soundness in the faith, their aptitude for teaching, and the clearness of their Divine call. Mr. F. Martin *seconded* the motion for their recognition, and out of the fulness of an overflowing heart spoke of the fathers who had passed away to their rest, and of the young who were being raised up to fill their places. Mr. Penwarden *supported* the resolution.

The young brethren being heartily received or recognized as approved ministers, the ex-President, Mr. W. J. Hocking, delivered the charge. This charge was spoken of the next morning as being one of the most chaste, finished, and excellent that has ever been delivered. And as Mr. Hocking, in accordance with the unanimous request of the Conference, has consented to its publication, we hope our readers either in this or in an early issue will have the pleasure of reading it.

The sermons preached on the Sunday in behalf of the Missionary Society were highly appreciated, and their publication requested by the Conference. The preachers were Messrs. W. Rowe, W. B. Lark, and J. Tremelling. It was my pleasure to hear the latter. The theme was the great redemption through Jesus Christ. "In whom we have redemption

through His blood, even the forgiveness of sin." With remarkable eloquence and transparent clearness did he set before us the infinite merit, omnipotent power, and the unparalleled love of Christ as the essential qualifications of the world's Redeemer. But hoping that the sermon will shortly be published I will not here present a further outline of the discourse. Suffice it to say, the effort was worthy the man, and worthy the occasion.

On Monday, Aug. 5th, so interesting an event occurred that it were unpardonable to pass it over without a moment's reflection. We had the gratification of giving a hearty welcome to one of our Canadian brethren, Bro. E. Roberts. The announcement of his presence among us was received with loud applause. We regretted the absence of the Stationing Committee at the time. However, in compliance with the request of the Conference, and amidst continued cheers he came to the platform, and delivered a few most appropriate words of Christian fraternal salutation, wisely reserving some statements relative to the brethren and work in Canada until the arrival of the Connexional Executive. When said committee arrived, it was proposed by the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Gilbert, that Br. Roberts should take his seat on the platform—a proposition that at once commended itself to the judgment and heart of all the brethren.

The annual Missionary meeting was not so largely attended as on several previous occasions. At night the chapel was well filled, but not crowded. The friends in the country were evidently afraid of the epidemic which has recently raged at Bideford. The meeting, notwithstanding, was a good one, that of the evening quite enthusiastic. The meeting in the afternoon was opened by Mr. R. Kelley, who is shortly about to go as a missionary to Australia; and in the absence of J. Horswell, Esq., through indisposition, Mr. F. Martin took the chair. He briefly referred to the past, and the present, and anticipated the future with special reference to the work of Christian missions. The bloody sacrifices of human victims had disappeared through the spread of Christian truth. He hoped they should all remember what they had heard on the afternoon of the previous day that they were all debtors. Their bodies and souls, their time and talents, they owed to God. And as they were in a much better moral and spiritual condition than their forefathers, as they had freely received so should they freely give. Mr. Martin went on to speak of their earliest missionary operations some fifty years ago; and also of their great undertaking in sending out two missionaries to America some forty years since—when the income of the society that year was only £104, and when at the same time there was a debt of £86. But the result of the enterprise had quite justified the step then taken, as they had already heard, and no doubt should still hear from one of their dear brethren from Canada, with whom they had had the pleasure of shaking hands that day.

He then called on Mr. J. Tremelling to read the Report, of which it is not too much to say that it was well written and well read. The Report specially recognised the fact that the object of Christian mission work was to Christianize the world; that to accomplish this work spiritual power was necessary; that the church was increasing in wealth, but that it was in vain to go up in wealth if we went down in spiritual power. Indeed the Report contained many pithy and important sentiments. But we cannot now refer to them at length. The income for the year from all sources was nearly £5,900, the total expenditure, including balance with interest, over £7200, leaving a debt of nearly £1,400. As a set-off to this in part it was stated Mr. Johns' special Connexional effort had realized in promises nearly £2000, of which nearly £600 had been received.

The adoption of the Report in a resolution, expressing thanks to the contributors and collectors, was moved by Mr. T. P. Oliver, and seconded by Mr. J. C. Honey. The second resolution, which contained an expression of gratitude to God for the measure of prosperity experienced in the

different departments of our mission work, was moved by Mr. Lark. After glancing at the different features presented in the resolution, he confined himself principally to the importance of personal Christian work. He reminded us that a great many people lived to no purpose. Life was not given them to be wasted in idle dreaming, but for work. God had given them capabilities, for the cultivation and developement and right use of which they were responsible, and for which they must give an account to God. Working for others was the means of blessing to themselves. In passing to notice the different "departments of our work," Mr. Lark, laid great emphasis on the importance of every man finding *his own sphere*. There was one for every man, and which he alone could fill. The working of *preaching* was not the only work to be done. The farmer, the philosopher, the Sunday School Teacher, and others had each his own work. Adaptation was essential to success. There were men in business who never had succeeded and who never would succeed. Perhaps they had passed through the courts half-a-dozen times, and had set on business again, but they would never succeed; for business men they never were, and business men they never would be. So it was with preachers. There were men connected with the ministry—and every body knew it but themselves—but preachers they never were, and preachers they never would be. There was a lack of adaptation. Every man should do his own work, as no man could serve his God or his generation so well as in the sphere in which heaven had called him to labour. As to success, they had more to do with the faithful discharge of duty. It was quite enough for him to carry this one responsibility, and he rejoiced that God had taken the responsibility of success upon his own shoulders. Prosperity, notwithstanding, was certain to follow prayerful and faithful effort.

The time for tea having all but arrived, the Mr. T. E. Mundy seconded the resolution without a speech.

Service being over, a large number of friends assembled in the New Music Hall to partake of the excellent tea provided for the occasion.

The adjourned Missionary meeting was opened by Mr. T. Wooldridge who evidently enjoyed much liberty and power in prayer. After a very short address from the chairman, J. Dingle, Esq., the Secretary read some interesting and encouraging extracts from the report relative to the Home and Colonial Mission work. We trust the *foundation* is laid for a grand and glorious work in Cumberland.

Mr. Rowe was then called to move the third resolution, viz:—

"That we recognise with devout gratitude the continued presence of God with His people, and earnestly pray that amid the scepticism and infidelity of the present day a more copious effusion of the Holy Spirit may descend on the different sections of His church, and that the great object of His gospel may soon be accomplished in the complete subjection of a fallen world to the cross of the Redeemer."

Mr. Rowe in moving this resolution rose to a high degree of spiritual warmth and power, confining himself principally to what he called "The grandest of all truths"—"The presence of God with His people." This was the secret of our successes. Clear indications of the presence of God had been given them during the fifty years of their history. The triumphs of the past year were a proof that God had not forsaken them. Had they seen no fruits they should have toiled on because of God's glowing promises. Predictions had been realized in the rise and fall of empires, and will not God fulfil His predictions of mercy as well as of judgment? Amid the upheavings of our times in Italy, in Spain, and in China, and elsewhere, the Master was still re-echoing the commission—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." This passage was not now limited as it used to be believed to be, to ministers only. Every Christian was bound to go forth on this mission of mercy, or support others who

did so. Terrible would be the results if they failed to carry out their commission. God's love was infinite and His Gospel unbounded; and it shall go forth unfettered to the world until humanity is saved. These and other topics were so earnestly spoken to by Mr. Rowe that we could not but feel that his soul was in his work, and the speech certainly gave a good tone to the whole meeting.

Mr. W. J. HOCKING, in a most admirable speech, seconded the resolution. The grateful recognition of the Divine presence, the necessity of earnest prayer for the copious effusion of the Holy Spirit on the different sections of the church of Christ, the grand and glorious future in the subjection of the world to Christ, were treated with such point, and clearness, and eloquence, as but few men besides the ex-President could have done.

Mr. J. JOHNS, in a speech distinguished for great force of illustration, well sustained the resolution. The winter scene changed to summer, and the wintry night of conviction changed by the saving presence of God into the brightness and joy of a moral summer, were brought before us with a vividness which it is impossible here to describe.

Excellent addresses were also delivered by Messrs. J. Gammon, I. B. Vanstone, M. Robins, and E. Roberts. It was at a late hour when Mr. E. Roberts from Canada rose to speak; but on rising he was greeted with loud applause, and great enthusiasm was evinced throughout the whole of his excellent address, which lasted three quarters of an hour. After some reference to his journey, safe arrival at the Conference, the timidity which he had recently experienced, and the nervousness of which he thought he should be the subject at the English Conference, and how the manner in which he had been received among them had dissipated his fears and made him feel quite at home, he assured us that he should look back upon that day as being one of the brightest days of his life. In speaking to that part of his resolution which had reference to the death of Mr. James Thorne, and to other brethren who had died during the year, he remarked that there were three deaths, the announcement of which had produced intense sorrow among them in Canada—Prince Albert, the husband of the Queen, Abraham Lincoln, and Mr. Thorne. The death of their dear friend and father Mr. Thorne sent a thrill of sorrow throughout the whole of the Bible Christian Connexion in Canada. Those who knew Mr. Thorne, and those who did not know him, but had heard of him, felt that they owed him a debt of gratitude they could never repay for the interest and zeal which he felt and manifested in their missions in Canada. He was surprised at the fact that in 1831, with an annual income of about £100, and a debt on the society of £60, two missionaries should have been sent to America, but the results had fully justified the wisdom of their forefathers.

Mr. Roberts then, to the rapturous delight of the congregation, proceeded to give a clear and elaborate statement of the work connected with our missions in Canada. The opening of new missions, the great liberality manifested by the friends in regard to church building, the institutions of Canada, its extent, its high destiny, and other important features, were well and faithfully represented by Mr. Roberts to the profit and joy of the congregation, who appeared to hang upon the speaker's lips, until we were led to sympathize with him in the sentiment that they regarded Canada as being "the first gem of the British possessions." Mr. Roberts resumed his seat amid continuous applause, and though some of us had read with considerable pleasure of the progress of the mission work in America through the *Observer*, we all felt truly grateful to Mr. Roberts for such a clear and comprehensive view of the said mission-field, and sincerely pray that his health may be thoroughly restored, and that his valuable life may long be spared to the Connexion of which he is evidently so worthy a member and minister.

A vote of thanks to the chairmen, our excellent Br. Martin, and Mr. J. Dingle, for their kind and efficient services, moved by Mr. F. W. Bourne and seconded by Mr. J. Tremelling, and singing and prayer, terminated a meeting that many will remember with pleasure for a long time to come.

On Tuesday morning, in accordance with the arrangement of the previous day, the Rev. E. Roberts, spoke of the brethren and the work of God in Canada. Having referred to the very sudden and hasty manner in which he left Canada, and his object in visiting this country; and having thanked the Conference for the kind and hearty manner in which they had received him, which had made him feel just as much at home among them as if he had been with his brethren in Canada, he gave a most interesting account of the progress of the work of God among our people in America. It did our hearts good to hear personally of those "who had grown grey in the service of God," and also of the younger brethren who were so true to their Master and His service. We rejoiced to hear, moreover, that "We live in Canada in love." Nor need one wonder at this, especially if all the ministers and friends connected with the Canadian Conference be of the same open, genial, loving character as the one who so well represented them at the English Conference. The successes attending the new missions of Hamilton, and Toronto, and other particulars relative to the mission work and church building in other parts of Canada, cheered our hearts above measure, and I believe many felt as if they would like at once to go and see the good work for themselves. The division of large stations was also brought under review. Mr. Roberts fully sanctioned the divisions thus made, and I believe he carried us along with him as he compared these immensely large stations to farms which contained more land than could be cultivated. "Cultivate them better and they will yield better crops," was his wise suggestion. The Printing and Book concern was not forgotten. Indeed, how could it be when the comparatively new concern had, during the year, yielded upward of 1700 dollars profit. Mr. Roberts concluded his very interesting address by expressing a hope, "That we should all be ever faithful to our Master, and at last meet in our Father's house above."

Mr. F. W. Bourne, at the request of the Conference, and without any hesitation, came to the front of the platform, and in complimentary terms gave expression to his sincere pleasure in meeting Mr. Roberts, and to acknowledge the valuable service he had rendered us on the previous evening. He believed that our interest in our missions and friends in Canada was never stronger than now, and he thought that that interest might be, at least in part, owing to the circulation of the "*Observer*" among the brethren at home. They had been much cheered by the reports that had thus reached them relative to the prosperity of the work in Canada, but the accounts were much below the actual prosperity realized. He had been delighted with the service Mr. Roberts had rendered them the previous evening. He hoped that his coming to England would be the means of the perfect restoration of his health. And should this happily be so, he thought it was worthy of consideration whether some arrangement could not be made to send a brother to supply his place for the year, that Br. Roberts might go up and down through the Connexion to stir us up to a more earnest spirit of liberality, by repeating the important facts which he had already brought before them. They had certainly never witnessed such liberality as their brethren and friends had in Canada. Had Mr. Thorne still lived and heard the statements to which they had listened, he would have had more than a compensation for the earnestness and devotion always manifested by him in behalf of their Canadian missions. But the time was coming when those who sow and those who reap shall rejoice together.

Mr. F. Martin and others spoke some words of true fraternal kindness, and I believe we all felt a closer attachment to our brethren and the work

in Canada because of the presence of Br. Roberts, and I do think that an occasional deputation from the English Conference to the Canadian Conference, and from the Canadian Conference to the English Conference, would be no loss, but a decided gain to the Connexion.

It is only necessary to add a few words to the excellent report of Conference proceedings furnished by Br. Lee. Sermons by the Brethren Trengove and Michell on the Friday and Sunday mornings respectively, and the Conference Lovefeast on Thursday evening, the latter especially, are worthy of passing notice. We have attended experience meetings when the feeling has been of an intenser kind, and the excitement rose to a higher point; but the tone of the meeting seemed to us so subdued, so earnest, so spiritual, as to leave scarcely anything to be desired. The Teetotal meeting on Tuesday evening, too, was of more than average interest, the speeches of Br. John Thorne and Br. Lark being emphatically good and appropriate. And this reminds us of another matter of peculiar interest, viz., the reception of Br. Thorne as a minister into Full Connexion by the Conference with the view of his being sent at an early date as a missionary to South Australia. The character and abilities of our Brother would alone invest his reception with special interest, but as the only surviving son of one so profoundly esteemed among us as his venerable father was, absent from our annual assembly for the first time, deepened that interest to an almost incalculable extent. That he may be a worthy successor in the Gospel of his worthy sire is what thousands earnestly wish, knowing that they cannot desire for him a greater distinction, or for our Zion a greater blessing. Br. Kelley is also to accompany Br. Thorne to South Australia, while the Brethren William Hicks and Frederick Lockwood are to proceed to Victoria to reinforce our hard-worked and devoted ministers in that colony, who have had the misfortune to lose one of their number—Br. W. Alfred—by death, and the active labours of another—Br. Wedlake—by protracted affliction. In this connection it may be stated that the ability and earnestness with which Br. Johns has prosecuted the work to which he was set apart by the last Conference, apparently made all present feel that the whole Connexion were his debtors, and if our good Brother required an additional stimulus to prosecute his mission to a successful issue, he must have found it in the words of cheer and generous approval that came from the lips of many of his brethren, expressive, we are sure, of the sentiments of all. The account given by the Treasurer of the Missionary Society of his visit to Bradford, Sunderland, and other places, left, we believe, this impression upon the Conference, that we ought to send several additional preachers into the North of England at the very first opportunity, and that it is our duty to do so even if some of our smaller and weaker stations suffered in consequence, but that would not, we hope, be the case, if some of the more active of our Superannuated brethren would consent to take charge of these stations and spend—though the right to perfect rest they may have right

royally earned—their little remaining strength to build up the cause to which they consecrated the fulness of their powers.

The discussion of the proposition to change our Connexional name and some other matters, was not marked on the whole by much vigour, several adjournments after the matter had only been considered a little while doubtless contributed to that result. The want of vigour is not however chargeable upon the mover of the resolution, or upon the brother most strenuously opposed to any change whatever. So far as one could judge, the lay friends in the Conference were mostly against any change being effected; and the decision to refer the whole matter to the careful consideration of the Connexional Committee was doubtless a wise one, and we will not venture to anticipate the result of their deliberations.

Much of the business of every Conference is of a routine character and it did strike us that—whether for *good* or for *evil* we do not know, but the former we think—that the business was more largely so at this Conference than almost any other we have attended. Certain it is, that if such business only has to be transacted, both ministers and people must be more fully at leisure to work and pray for what after all is the grand object of the existence of the church, the extension and establishment of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. That that object may, by the blessing of God, be largely accomplished in the year on which we have now entered, was, we are sure, the intensest desire of the Conference, which closed its sittings at Bideford on Thursday morning, August 8th.

RECOGNITION OF MINISTERS.

This deeply interesting service was held on Friday afternoon and evening, August 2nd.

After Mr. Mundy had given out a hymn and prayed, the President, before calling on the brethren to speak of their conversion, their call to the ministry, and the present state of their Christian experience, said that they had reason to believe that they had gone in and out among the people as ministers of Christ should, that they had realized the presence of the Great Master and His blessing on their labours, that they had undergone various necessary examinations, and had been heartily received by the Conference as approved ministers, and that all present would doubtless sympathise with and heartily pray for them, the ministers especially, as they had once stood in a similar position.

THOMAS BANBURY said:—As to my conversion I cannot remember the time when I was not the subject of serious impressions. The recollection of the time and place of my conversion affords me great pleasure and delight. I thank God for having a pious mother who felt

an interest in my happiness and eternal well-being, and who sent me to the Sabbath School when young, where I received many religious impressions, and had the privilege of getting much good; the good impressions then received ever followed me. About eleven years ago, during the time the brethren Balkwill and Hopper laboured in the Holsworthy Circuit, the Spirit of God, was poured out and a gracious revival of religion realized at Whitstone Chapel. Among others who sorrowed and wept before God on account of sin and earnestly sought pardon and forgiveness was myself. While kneeling at the footstool of mercy I saw, by the eye of faith, Christ crucified for me and was enabled to rejoice in God my Saviour. But oh, the joy I felt the moment I cast my guilty soul on the atonement! There was given unto me "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I then experienced the truth of the sentiment of the great Apostle: "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things are passed

away, and behold all things are become new." I could also exclaim with the poet,

My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry."

I could and did rejoice "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." The moment I believed the blessing I received.

"Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit entered,
And I was born of God."

From that time to the present, (eleven years) I have retained the Divine favour, and enjoyed the love of God. Soon after my conversion I felt the Lord had a work for me to do. Very soon I was asked to take an appointment, which I did. I was soon afterwards put on the preachers' plan. About three years after this I was invited to give myself wholly to the work of the ministry: and I thought if God had a work for me to do, he would prepare me for it. I earnestly prayed about the matter and felt that God would clear my way. Being recommended by the quarterly and district meetings four years ago as a candidate for the ministry, I was received by the Conference, and I thank God I have since seen scores of precious souls converted to God.

As to my present experience, I know in whom I have believed. Christ is now very precious to my soul. I feel I am in my right place as a minister of the Bible Christians, and I am resolved by the help of God to live and die in connection with them.

JAMES HONEY said:—I cannot be sufficiently thankful to God that, in the order of His Providence, I have been surrounded with religious influences from infancy to the present. Daily, when young, I was led to the family altar by pious parents, who endeavoured to guard me from evil and bring me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The words of instruction and the prayers of many of our own ministers who visited my parental home, and were entertained there, still live in my memory. I was also early taken to the house of God and to the Sabbath school. These things could not but have a beneficial tendency in the for-

mation of my character. But still my heart was unchanged, and as I grew in years I grew secretly in the love of sin, till when about fifteen years of age, during a season of religious awakening, I was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. I remember the occasion and the circumstances well. Under the preaching of the word, which was applied by the Holy Spirit, I became concerned on account of my sins. My heart truly was broken and contrite. I felt a burden pressing me beneath its awful weight, a keen sense of God's displeasure, a longing for pardon, a craving for the water of life, an earnest desire for rest of soul. Being invited, I came out publicly as a seeker of salvation. My chief point of anxiety was, "How shall I know when I am saved?" Soon this difficulty was over. By the exercise of faith in Christ, my sorrow and darkness passed away, and my burdened spirit was free. "Being justified by faith, I had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and was enabled to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." It affords me unspeakable satisfaction thus to be able to speak definitely of my conversion.

The question of my call to the ministry has been productive in my experience of deeper feelings than anything else. When I began to labour for the Lord, I had not the slightest idea that it would lead to the position which I now occupy, nor had I any desire that it might be so. My first attempts, which were made after many solicitations and much hesitation, were very feeble, and to myself far from satisfactory. But soon I began to feel happy in the work; often I was sensible of God's approval and assistance, and to me was fulfilled the promise, "He that watereth others shall be watered also himself." Meanwhile I was the subject of feelings of unrest respecting the future position which I should occupy in the church, and these feelings were intensified by inquiries from various persons whether I intended to give myself fully to the work of the ministry, and by suggestions that I ought to do so. This led me to pray, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I resolved to follow the light which might be given—the impressions made upon my own mind, the call of the church, and the leadings of providence. The way became open. I spent sometime at our Connexional Institution—offered myself in the usual way for the ministry, and was accepted. My four years

of probation, the first three of which were spent in the Chatham Circuit, on the whole have been happy. My pastors and the friends in general have been more than kind to me—they have been indulgent. I might speak of temptations to leave the work. I find the ministerial office leaves one still human. But God has been with me, and I have evidences that my labour has not been in vain. I believe that the Divine hand has been leading me, and I cannot release myself, without going against my strongest convictions, from the work in which I am engaged. I love the denomination to which I belong, and intend to give to it all my energies as long as I am wanted.

I am still living in the enjoyment of reconciliation with God. My great desire and my greatest work is to keep my heart right with Him. And may I have grace "to finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

JOHN RAYMONT said:—From my earliest recollections I have been the subject of religious impressions. I cannot remember the time when I had not a reverence for the good. When a very little boy I was led to the Sunday school, and the instruction given me by my teacher (now in heaven) I have never since forgotten. It was there I first began to pray. In those early days I was a little inclined to pensiveness. I used to love to wander alone in the fields, and indulge in beautiful day dreams of the angels and the heaven they were said to inhabit. Often did I pray that God would take me to heaven before I grew to be a man.

When about thirteen years of age I began to think more seriously of giving my heart to God, and becoming a real Christian. My elder sister had often spoken to me on the subject; but I had generally evaded her questions. One evening we were sitting together in our little parlour at home, and for some time we remained in silence. At length she began to sing in a very low sweet voice those beautiful lines of Watts beginning with:—

"There is a land of pure delight,"

with the chorus,

"I mean to go, I mean to go, I mean to go
I do,
I mean to go where Jesus is,
And you may go there too.

When she had done singing she turned

to me, and with a look and a voice I can never forget, said, "You may go there too, John."

It was a little thing, but my heart was touched as it had never been touched before, and I rested not till I found rest at the foot of the cross. Soon after this I resolved that on or before a certain Sunday I would certainly become converted. That Sunday came. It was announced for an open air service in the evening, and I therefore thought I could not perform my vow. The service closed, but instead of joining my companions I walked away alone. With saddened feelings I found myself walking in the direction of our little chapel. I was overtaken by a young man who said, "We are going to have a prayer-meeting at the chapel. Will you go?" It was the very thing I wanted, and to the prayer-meeting we went, and with a broken heart I cried for mercy. Very soon I could venture all on Christ, my heart was at rest, my intense longings were satisfied, and I felt a sweet sense of forgiveness such as I can never describe to you.

Several years passed on, and I was often urged to preach. At first I thought I could not; but I tried, and kept on trying till I thought I could. After some time several kind, judicious friends advised me to offer myself for the full work of the ministry. I earnestly prayed that if it were God's will He would open the way for me. The way was soon opened, I offered myself and was accepted; and to day I thank God that "He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry." During the four years of my probation I have been satisfied that I have been moving in the order of Providence. I have seen scores, I think I may say hundreds of souls converted. And while there has been much to sadden, there has also been much that will ever remain among the sunniest memories of my life.

With regard to my present experience, I thank God I can say I love the Lord Jesus Christ. I know that Christ is mine and I am His. And I desire more than ever to consecrate my life to the service of the Lord. My present purpose is to live and die a Bible Christian Minister.

W. F. JAMES said:—I do not remember when the Spirit did not strive with me, my earliest recollections being associated with the operations of the Holy Ghost upon my heart. I never

lived without a degree of the fear of God before me, and therefore *never* went to such lengths of wickedness as many youths. But my heart was not right with Him, my conduct was discordant with the precepts of Scripture, and had death seized me, hell would certainly have been my portion. I felt much under the preached word, and when reflecting at night after days of sinful pleasures; for years I *formally* prayed mornings and evenings; and thus continued till somewhat more than eighteen years of age.

The circumstances of my conversion were at least to me rather strange and deeply interesting. For some time before and after I was much in the company of a man who though illiterate was one of the brightest saints I ever knew. He sometimes spoke to me gently about giving my heart to Christ; and no doubt his words produced salutary effects. But the powerful eloquence of his holy living most deeply impressed me. To his example, together with the example and prayers of my dear mother, I owe my conversion very largely. On the 22nd of March, 1864, being alone awhile, feelings of deep solemnity came over me, and without intending to give my heart to Christ *then*, I was led to kneel and pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner." During the remainder of the day I felt very inclined to converse upon spiritual subjects, and at night told mother there might be a stranger at the class she attended the following Sunday. She asked who? I replied, I *may* go, but don't *tell* any person. Pious mothers who have had sons converted can far better conceive the feelings of my mother's heart than it is possible for me to describe them. She *kept* the secret with which I entrusted her by *communicating* it to her class-leader. Two days after I went to a prayer-meeting, and just as it was drawing to a close the leader referred to came to me, and putting his hand upon my shoulder said, Do you want salvation? By God's help I mustered courage to answer Yes, and began to cry for mercy in right good earnest; but no relief came. That was the only time I could cry for mercy as I wished, and I often felt distressed because my distress was not greater. Seventeen days after I was sitting near the spot where the publican's prayer first rose from my heart, conversing with an elderly Christian. Among other things we spoke of the joy of friends meeting in

heaven. He said, "I have five children there, and what a blessing it will be when we meet." I said, "I believe if I were to die now, heaven would be my home," and with the utterance a rapture thrilled my heart of which none can conceive but those who have experienced similar ecstasy. The Holy Ghost then testified to my adoption, and I have never lost the testimony.

Prior to this Satan powerfully tempted me that if converted I should be of no service to the church; and for some time after there were no impressions upon my heart about preaching. However, I soon commenced to visit the sick, teach in the Sunday school, and after a few months felt convinced it was my duty to seek the salvation of my fellows by preaching the Gospel to them. I had no thought even *then* of entering the ministry, though Br. G. Webber, Br. Sheehan, and others had spoken to me about it. But shortly after impressions came that God had called me to be a minister, and about four years ago last Ladyday, feeling I could refrain no longer, I signified to the quarterly meeting my intention to offer myself for the itinerancy at the following quarterly meeting. Being recommended to the district meeting and Conference, I was received on probation and appointed to the Tavistock Circuit with Br. Seldon, with whom I laboured in the greatest harmony, and whom I shall ever esteem and love as a father.

I was next stationed at Exeter, where I laboured a few months with the late Br. Mountjoy, and during the remainder of the year with Br. J. H. Batt. Friends in need being friends indeed, I shall always feel grateful for the many kindnesses they showed me. In each of these circuits I witnessed conversions. But my temptations were so numerous and severe that it was sometimes difficult to refrain from returning home and resuming secular work. However, God's grace was sufficient for me. Often when praying for a confirmation of my call to the ministry have the words—"Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," thundered in my ears. I never once made the matter one of special prayer without being confirmed in the assurance that I was doing the work Christ assigned me. But had any one asked me on leaving Exeter whether I *loved* the ministry, I could not have answered yes.

I have spent the past two years in

the Northlew Circuit with Br. Bartlett, with whom I have worked most harmoniously, and whom I shall always regard with great affection. I have felt much more at home and happy in my work: sometimes rejoicing on the Sunday morning that I should have three opportunities during the day of preaching Christ. My success has not been nearly so great as I desire to witness, but many souls have been converted. Last winter I saw eleven persons brought to Christ in one meeting, and a short time since witnessed tears of penitence flow from the eyes of a man eighty-one years old whom I never before saw in the sanctuary. So that whilst humbled at not seeing more good effected, I cannot refrain from thanking God and taking courage.

I have no doubt whatever of my acceptance in the Beloved, and love my work so ardently that I would not exchange it for any secular position, however distinguished and lucrative. And with hearty expressions of gratitude to God for His saving and sustaining grace, as well as to the brethren who have shown me no little kindness, I would dedicate myself unreservedly to the Bible Christian ministry, determining to continue therein so long as strength is given me to perform its duties.

After Br. James had spoken, the afternoon service was closed, and resumed after tea, when the President again took the chair. After Mr. Lark had opened the meeting, the President made a few observations, and then called on

J. H. MICHELL, who said:—I remember most distinctly the first really serious wish to be a Christian I ever experienced. It was one Sunday night in a prayer-meeting held in our chapel at Hicks Mill. Seeing some young men who appeared very happy, I felt anxious to know something of their religion, that I might experience similar joys. The matter however was put off, and several years passed away without any decision being arrived at. When I was about eighteen years of age I, in company with five other young men, attended a preaching service in the same chapel. No serious impressions were made, and at the close of the service we left. But not liking to leave the place until the doors were closed I lingered about, and by-and-bye entered the prayer-meeting, merely to sit and rest a little; while there the power of God came down, such an influence was realised that to resist it was almost an

impossibility. Under its pressure I decided to give my heart to Jesus, and acted accordingly. It was some time ere a consciousness of pardon and peace was experienced, but it came at last, filling my soul with unutterable joy. My mother and sister were converted at the same time, and as may be supposed such a conjunction of happy circumstances was most delightful, and tended greatly to increase my happiness.

About twelve months after my conversion the friends decided on putting my name on the preachers' plan, and after coming to this decision I was informed what I had to do. After doing my best in that sphere for about three years, I, acting on the advice of the ministers labouring in the circuit, offered myself to the church as a candidate for the itinerant ministry. I did not feel as some of my brethren have expressed themselves, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," but I did feel, "Woe is me if I do not offer myself to the church." I was accepted and appointed by the Conference to the Torquay and Dartmouth Mission. After labouring there two years I was removed to the Launceston Circuit, and after twelve months labour there to the Newport and Ryde Circuit. I feel grateful to God for the kindness of my pastors, and those pastors I shall ever love. I am satisfied that I am in the place in which God would have be, and my determination is to remain in my present sphere of labour as long as I can be of any service to the church, but when convinced that I am of no further use, but am rather a burden than otherwise, I hope I shall have the common sense to remove myself out of the way, and make room for a better man.

With regard to my present religious experience, I thank God that I have a religious experience. I am grateful that it is not a mere matter of history, but a matter of present fact; I not only know that I was converted eight years ago, but that I am converted to-night. I have a consciousness that God is my Father, and that I am His child—I am sometimes a little afraid that I take my religion by the wrong end, prizing it more as a source of happiness than because it is calculated to make me God-like, still I do prize it above every thing else, and hope I shall continue to do so until I am taken home to heaven.

JEREMIAH WILSON said:—My mind is carried back to the time when I was a little boy going to the Sabbath school,

where by the Spirit of God religious impressions were made on my mind, sufficient to prevent me from going so far in the ways of sin as many have gone. These impressions gradually deepened until I was a little over sixteen years of age, when I saw and felt my danger, and found a refuge in Jesus;—when I felt my bondage, and sighed for liberty, and that liberty I found by coming to Christ; when I felt my disease and longed for the medicine that would make a perfect cure, and that I obtained from the great Physician of souls; when I felt my sinfulness and pollution and longed for purity, and that I obtained through the blood of the cross, for from experience I can bear testimony to the fact, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." I came to Him just as I was—a guilty sinner—and found in Him an able and a willing Saviour; I came to Him with my heart full of sorrow, but He gave me joy; I came to Him with my mind full of trouble, but He filled it with peace. The change that took place was so great that I can never forget it, and from that time to the present the evidence of my acceptance with God has been so clear that I cannot doubt it.

Shortly after my conversion I felt it my duty to do something for Him who had done so much for me, and the language of my heart was:—

"What shall I do to make it known
What Thou for all mankind hast done."

It was not long before I was invited to have my name placed on the preachers' plan; for some time I refused, but after much prayer for Divine guidance and the way in which my course was opened before me, I felt it my duty to engage in the work, and in attempting to preach Christ God helped me and blessed me. After some time I removed to Exeter, and being an entire stranger there I entertained the idea that I should quietly get out of the work that I felt to be so responsible, but such was not the case. After labouring there for sometime as a local preacher, I felt that I was not doing so much for God as I ought to do. For sometime my mind was impressed to offer myself for the ministry, but looking at my own unfitness and the responsibility of the work, I could not make known these feelings to any of my friends, I could only go to God, and ask Him to guide me by His unerring Spirit into the right way. Soon after this Br. Mountjoy told me that he felt I ought to offer

myself for the work of the ministry; I told him I could not do it. He spoke to me several times, and many of the friends likewise told me that the ministry was my work. After a little time the way was so clearly opened before me that I felt I could not, I dared not go in any other direction than that which I felt assured God in His providence had thus opened. I offered myself and was accepted by the quarterly and district meetings. Thus I have the consciousness of entering the ministry when God called me and the church was prepared to send me.

During the four years of my probation I have laboured in peace and harmony with my pastors and friends. I have also endeavoured to preach Christ according to the light and ability that God has given me, and, though I have not realized so much success as I desired, and expected, I thank God I have not laboured in vain, nor spent my strength for nought. From many I have heard the inquiry, "What must I do to be saved," and from others the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and it has been my happiness to point them to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the Son of the world," and to see them made happy in a Saviour's love.

To-day I feel I am on the Rock of Ages. God is my Father and I am His adopted child. My prospect for the future is clear and bright, and I feel resolved for the future to cleave closer to God, to give myself afresh to Him, and live only to do His will. I feel determined, by God's help, to live Christ, to preach Him as the only Saviour of sinful men, and the only Hope of the world. The language of my heart is—

"Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

God help me, and like me! Amen.

After the brethren had spoken, the President added a few kind words, and then called on Mr. Blackmore, who, in a somewhat lengthy and evidently carefully prepared speech, moved their reception. (The losses the Connexion had sustained during the year, and the goodness of God in raising suitable men to fill the places of those He from time to time removed, were impressively referred to.) Their bodily health, their genuine piety—unconverted ministers were a curse to the church—their soundness in the faith, their aptness to teach, the clearness of their divine call, and the success they had realized, were the points

chiefly elaborated by Mr. Blackmore in his able address.

Mr. Martin, in seconding their reception, indulged somewhat largely, very naturally too, in reminiscences of the past, and Mr. Penwarden, in supporting the resolution, as the time was rapidly advancing, only made a few brief remarks. The Ex-President then delivered his charge to the young brethren, a full Report of which will be given next month.

CHAPELS.

SKWEN.—The foundation stone of a new chapel was laid at Skwen, on Thursday, May 30th, 1872. The ceremony was performed by E. McLean, Esq., of Aberavon. By three o'clock p.m., a large concourse of people had assembled near the spot on which the chapel is to be erected. Mr. Hocking commenced the service by giving out—

“Except the Lord conduct the plan,” &c.

and then invoked heaven's benediction on the proceeding. He then called upon Mr. McLean to lay the stone; who, after giving a most appropriate address, accomplished the work he had undertaken to do, pronouncing the stone to be duly laid in the name of the Holy Trinity. The congregation immediately repaired to the Welsh Independent Chapel, where a service was conducted by Mr. S. Higman, of Swansea. At five o'clock a tea was held in our preaching-room, partaken of by about 200 persons. In the evening two sermons, one in English, and the other in Welsh, were preached in the same chapel by the President of the Conference, and Mr. G. Thomas, of Aberavon. The proceeds of the day amounted to £20. We are exceedingly hopeful in relation to the future of Skwen.

At present in our incommodious and unattractive preaching-room, we have a good working society, an interesting congregation, and a Sabbath-school, numbering nearly 100 children.

W. OATES.

BEER TOWN.—We have in this place an attractive chapel, with a very fine school-room attached. The premises were erected at a cost of more than £500. On our coming into the circuit, at the last Conference, we found that the friends had, by anniversaries and extra efforts, reduced the debt to £200. As nothing particular had been done for the last two years towards the

liquidation of the debt, and the society felt the present liability press a little heavily on them, they resolved to make another effort, and public services, with a bazaar, appearing to offer the greatest likelihood of accomplishing the object, they at once appealed to the Christian public for contributions. Matters being arranged, and all things prepared for the effort, on Sunday, July 21st, Mr. W. Lee, from Plymouth, preached three able sermons, which were highly appreciated by respectable audiences. On Wednesday, July 24th, the steamer Fairy, engaged by the society for the accommodation of friends from Devonport and Plymouth, made an excursion from North Corner at half-past nine o'clock down the Tavy, to the beautiful grounds of Sir Massey Lopes, Bart., M.P. returning to Beer Town at eleven o'clock, where visitors from various parts partook of luncheon. At half-past two a bazaar of useful and ornamental articles was opened in the school-room, under the management of Messrs. B. Nott, T. H. Rundle, J. Trevethan, and W. Paynter, Mrs. Hambly, Mrs. Roseveare, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Paynter, Mrs. Westlake, and Mrs. Sanders, with the Misses Blowe, Procter, Clifton, Trevethan, Doidge, Tribble, Davey, Boor, Cole, Fuge, and Doidge. A public tea was provided on the chapel green at five p.m., of which 150 persons partook. In the evening at half-past seven a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by Dr. Pearce, from Plymouth, and addressed by Messrs. B. Nott, senr., B. Nott, junr., and R. Westington. Business was resumed in the school-room after the meeting until a late hour. The bazaar was re-opened on Thursday evening at half-past seven, and several articles were disposed of. A few pounds' worth of articles remain unsold, which the friends intend reserving for a little tea at Christmas. The financial result of the effort by sale of articles at stalls, donations from friends, and proceeds from teas is £100, reducing the present debt to £100.

The services were well attended, and passed off with good spirit. Great praise is due to all our friends for the deep sympathy they have taken in the effort, but more especially to the ladies' committee for their intense interest in getting up the bazaar and bringing the effort to a successful issue. May God bless them all with an hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come with life everlasting. T. H. RUNDLE.

TINNEY.—A service of more than ordinary interest was held in Tinney Chapel on Wednesday, July 24th, for the purpose of paying off the entire debt of £80 owing on the Chapel and School-room. Some time previous to the last anniversary (held in March,) the trustees met together for the purpose of taking into consideration the desirableness, possibility, and best means of accomplishing this object. They were all agreed in the two first considerations; but (as might be expected) they were not all agreed *at first* as to the best means for its accomplishment. Some thought it best for the trustees to state, there and then, what they were prepared to give, solicit subscriptions from the congregation, and pay off the entire amount at the forthcoming anniversary. Others thought it best to have the anniversary first, and at the public meeting make known their object and desire, and try to enlist the sympathy and support of the entire congregation. This course was ultimately agreed to. The services in connection with the anniversary were well attended, the influence was good, and the financial result very encouraging. At the public meeting the object of the trustees was made known, and a subscription list at once opened, and promises to the amount of about £30 realized. Three or four of the friends very willingly took collecting-books, and met with considerable success. The day already named was chosen to complete the effort. The trustees first thought of having three services, a public luncheon and tea; and generous offers of provisions were soon made by Mrs. H. Bullen, and others. But it soon became apparent that the object could be realized without the morning service and luncheon, so these promises were held in reserve for the new chapel when God sees fit to open the way for its erection. At three o'clock p.m., a large and respectable congregation assembled in the chapel, and listened very cheerfully to a sweet, thoughtful, and well composed sermon by Mr. Taylor, of Devonport, founded on Heb. iv. 14—16. At the close of the service the assembly sat down to an excellent tea, provided by Mrs. W. Teague, and presided over by Mrs. Bevin, Mrs. Vodden, Mrs. Harry, and Miss Stanbury. The waiters were kept busy for more than two hours. After the tea a public meeting was held in the chapel, which was crowded to excess. Mr. Joseph Squire, who had been pre-

viously invited to take the chair, was found in his place at the *proper time*. After singing and prayer, conducted by the Pastor, the Chairman arose to address the meeting, holding in his hand a Circuit Plan for the first quarter of the year of our Lord 1843. He gave a graphic description of the work done in the neighbourhood by us, as a people, since that time. We were told that not fewer than eleven chapels—besides school-rooms, dwelling-houses, carriage-houses and stables attached to some of them—had been erected, and that most of them were neat and commodious, and better still, some of them were free of debt. And, best of all, hundreds had been brought to Christ in them. Some of those had removed, others had emigrated to different parts of the world, carrying with them the light of gospel truth, and many besides had gone home to increase the host of glorified spirits in a world of peace, joy, and rest. We were told that only four names out of twenty-three approved preachers then on the circuit plan were found on that plan to-day, besides two who were then on trial, and that it was likely the churches and congregations had changed proportionally; but notwithstanding all these removals from these churches, God had raised up others to fill their places, and supply these additional pulpits with evangelical truth, and to some extent meet the spiritual wants of the people; and that the circuit as a whole was never more healthy, and never so strong, financially, as it is to-day. The Chairman then called upon Mr. H. Bullen to read the cash accounts of the Chapel property, and sat down amidst the applause of the people. After the report had been read, and a few pertinent remarks made by Mr. Bullen, the writer was called upon to address the meeting. He spoke a trifle better than he sometimes does, and was followed by Mrs. J. Taylor and B. Rounsefell in very able addresses. The interest of the meeting was kept up to the close, and after the collection had been taken up, it was stated by the Treasurer that he had sufficient to pay the entire debt on the chapel and school-room, the expenses connected with the meeting, and had something left towards a new chapel.

And this, Mr. Editor, is a great need. The congregation is too large to worship with comfort in the present chapel, and being root-bound, cannot grow. Applications are constantly being made for

sittings which cannot be supplied. We have at Tinney a working Church. The Trustees have been doing their best to secure a suitable freehold site; but this is not easy to be obtained. The present Chapel stands on the brink of a limestone quarry, and cannot well be enlarged.

After votes of thanks had been presented to several deserving persons, this very excellent meeting was brought to a close, and the people dispersed with glad hearts that such a noble work had been accomplished. J. T. DANIEL.

Successful Anniversary services of *Bridgwater* Chapel were held on Sunday and Monday, August 11th and 12th. Subscriptions and promises were obtained towards a new chapel amounting to £63 and our friends with their zealous pastor appear desirous of "striking while the iron is hot."

As the report of Falmouth district meeting came too late for insertion, we think it right to say here, that by a Bazaar held at the time, the friends in *Camborne* raised £50 for their chapel, aided by a donation of £10 from Captain Perry.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

NEATH, ABERAVON CIRCUIT.—Persuaded that you are always pleased to receive intelligence of an encouraging character, I forward the following. Our friends here knowing that they are annually drawing from the Missionary

Society, feel it to be their duty to make a strenuous effort once in the year at least to raise as much as possible for its funds. We commence our annual Missionary effort about the beginning of February last by issuing cards to our Sabbath school children. They toiled with great perseverance for three weeks, and by the amount they brought in, they fully convinced us that their labours were of a most successful character: £8 2s. being the result of their effort. On Sunday and Monday, March 10th and 11th, the anniversary of the Neath branch of our Missionary Society was celebrated. We fortunately secured Mr. Johns as deputation. On the Sunday he preached powerful and most interesting sermons to large and attentive congregations. On the following day the annual meeting was held, presided over by Mr. W. T. Lewis, of this town. The report was read by Mr. Oates, and addresses delivered by Messrs. Hocking, Johns, Higman, and Mills (Baptist). That the services throughout were of the most interesting character, and that the friends here still love the missionary cause, is evident from the contributions received, which amounted to £10 4s., being £2 14s. in advance of last year's. In connection with this effort, the appeal of Mr. Johns—in relation to his mission—was heartily and liberally responded to, the sum of nearly £60 having been promised him in the circuit. Br. Johns' second visit to this station would be highly gratifying to our friends. W. O.

Brief Notices of Books.

The Basket of Fragments; or, Broken Pieces of Bread for Hungry Souls. By SILAS HENN, Author of "Heart Yearnings," &c. &c. Primitive Methodist Book-room.

THESE "Fragments" are certainly too good to be lost. So spiritual and earnest are Mr. Henn's writings, that we do not wonder at persons getting much "spiritual benefit" from his previous works, and the present little work we are persuaded will be no exception in this respect.

Bread from Heaven. By the Rev. Joseph BUSH. Wesleyan Conference Office.

A very devout and suggestive little

work. The Titles of the chapters, which will we hope awaken sufficient interest to induce many of our readers to get it for themselves, are "Nothing to Eat," "Daily Bread," "Enough for all," "How to get it," "Bread for Two days in One."

Mister Horn and His Friends; or, Givers and Giving. By the Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

SEE the extracts we have made on another page, reader, and you will, we think, make haste to know something more about "Mister Horn."

The Gleaner.

WAS ST. PETER EVER IN ROME.—Cardinal Bellarmine says that from the silence of the Bible it may be argued and ought to be inferred that St. Peter came to Rome; at the same time I find that Cardinal Baronius asserts that from the silence of the Bible it cannot be inferred that St. Peter ever was in Babylon. We have then a Cardinal who says that the silence of the Bible is a proof of the coming of St. Peter to Rome, and another cardinal who affirms that from the silence of the Bible we cannot draw a proof that St. Peter went to Babylon. Silence is then for you an elastic gum, which you pull as you please. But if from the silence of the Bible it ought to be deduced that St. Peter came to Rome, then by way of comparison I should say, Thiers in his *History of the Consulate and the Empire* does not speak at all of the journey of Napoleon the First to North America, or of a visit of his to Washington: then just because Thiers does not speak of it Napoleon did go to America and to Washington.—*Father Gavazzi, in the Discussion at Rome.*

TRUST GOD WITH EVERYTHING.—In the year 1776 two masked assassins assailed Mr. Wesley in a London newspaper, under the names of Scorpion and Snap-dragon. They wrote without regard to truth or decency, and they professed to ground their charges on private papers which Mrs. Wesley had taken from the Foundry, and placed in their hands. The meekness with which Mr. Wesley met these heartless attacks upon his personal character is manifested by a statement made by his niece, Miss Sarah Wesley, in a letter, which, in substance, is as follows:—“My uncle had promised to take me with him to Canterbury and Dover. Mrs. Wesley had obtained some letters, which she used to the most injurious purposes, misinterpreting

spiritual expressions, and interpolating words. These she read to some Calvinists, and by them they were sent to the *Morning Post* for publication. My dear father (the Rev. Charles Wesley) seeing the importance of refuting those letters, hastened to the Foundry to inform his brother to postpone his journey till an antidote to these pernicious papers had appeared. Returning home from his interview, he thus addressed Mrs. Wesley, ‘My brother is indeed an extraordinary man. I placed before him the importance of the character of a minister, the evil consequences which might come from his indifference to it, the cause of religion, stumbling-blocks cast in the way of the weak, and urged him by every relative and public motive to answer for himself, and stop the continuance of such publications.’ His reply was,—‘Brother, when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I except my refutation? No. Tell Sally I will take her to Canterbury to-morrow.’” —*City Road Chapel, and its Associations.*

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN NELSON.—As the writer was walking one day on the broad pavement of that [Finsbury] square, supporting the arm of the venerable Joseph Sutcliffe, then nearly fourscore years and ten, that holy man of God paused, looked up at the tall houses, waved his hand gently round, and said, “My friend John Nelson helped to build those houses, and long he was employed in preparing the stone-work used in their erection. In this square he fought his last battle, and from this square he often went to preach in the Foundry at five in the morning, and after he had done work at night. The battle was on this wise. He was a powerful man, stood six feet out of his shoes, and increased his strength by his self-denying mode of life. He had fought many a battle, and mostly conquered; but he had then

long ceased to fight with carnal weapons. Hard at work one day, he was accosted by a man as tall as himself, and asked if his name was Nelson. Assured of his identity, the intruder remarked, 'They call me the Essex Giant; I have heard that you can fight, and am come to see which is master.' The mallet and chisel move on as before, whilst the challenge is proposed in every possible form. By this time the attention of many of the workmen was arrested; but Nelson's reply to the intruder was, 'Be quiet, and let me alone.' Throwing off part of his clothes, the giant urged the strife, and was backed by the workmen around, till he was constrained to put his hand upon the arm of the diligent mason. Feeling 'the old bone,' arise so powerfully, Nelson again urged his assailant to be quiet and let him alone. Arresting Nelson's arm in his work, and the fury of the spirit which urged the giant onward becoming unbearable, John Nelson paused a moment. All eyes were fixed on the two stalwart men standing face to face, one mad with fiendish rage, the other strong in the power of the Almighty, and in an instant Nelson seized the giant by the belt of his breeches, held him up in mid-air for some minutes shaking him with an ease and power which astonished the bystanders; then, asking if he had had enough, let him fall to the ground; and he slunk away humbled, cowed, and ashamed, departing amidst the taunts of the workmen." Such, in substance, was Father Sutcliffe's narrative. The next time Nelson preached he had more of his fellow-workmen to hear him than if the bellman had announced the service. —*Ibid.*

BLACK BARTHOLOMEW.—A terrible memory, at which all good men shudder, hangs over Saturday next, August 24th. It is the three-hundredth anniversary of one of the cruellest tragedies enacted since the inauguration of Christianity. Our readers will remember the horrible facts concerning the massacre of the Protestants of St. Bartholo-

mew's-day, 1572. Persecution, bigotry's invariable companion, had been doing its usual work for many years previously in various countries of Europe, attempting to arrest the progress of the Reformation. But it could not be arrested, for within it was a Divine and irresistible power. Neither the fulmination of the Pope, nor the sword of the civil magistrate, could prevail against that mighty uprising into life of God's long-suppressed truth. This was peculiarly the case in France, where Protestantism was spreading with wonderful rapidity, and although it was met by the most ferocious opposition, it could not be restrained. At last, in self-defence, the Huguenots were driven into rebellion, and so successful were they that in 1570 they compelled their enemies to come to terms and sign a treaty of religious liberty. But bigotry is as cunning as it is cruel. These concessions were hypocritical, and, like others that preceded them, were never meant to be kept. Deep plots were laid for an extermination of the leaders, and many of the rank and file of the obnoxious Protestant party. A favourable opportunity presented itself at the time of the marriage of HENRY, King of Navarre, with MARGARET, sister of CHARLES IX., King of France, when the chief leaders of the hated movement would be gathered in Paris. The hour came, and with it the bloodiest deed in the annals of history. It cannot be told either in a sentence or by many pages. Suffice it for our present purpose to mention that on that summer Sunday morning, three hundred years ago, the signal was given which resulted in the ruthless butchery of an immense number of the best men of France. How many perished is not known. The number is variously computed from 2,000 to 100,000. Probably the first figures are as much too low as the latter are too high.

We remind ourselves of this fearful story, because it has its lessons for the present day. Honour may be paid to the noble band who struggled so valorously for religious

liberty, and we would bring our wreath of *immortelles* in commemoration of their brave deeds and martyr death. We cannot afford to forget such a history. Nor, in truth, can France herself. To her this third century of anniversaries brings its warning message. It may be presumptuous to speculate what would have been the course of her history had this dread tragedy never been enacted. But this we know, that by it and subsequent acts, she destroyed and cast out one of the noblest elements of her national life. She lost her real moral power, and from that day to this has not regained it. We will not affirm that her repeated revolutions would have been impossible had Protestantism wielded its regenerative influence among her peoples, but of this we are sure, that it would have increased the stability and nurtured the law-abiding instincts of her sons and daughters. Roman Catholicism, pure and simple, gives no moral strength to any nation. We fearlessly assert that no country that has been under the full sway of the Papal power and influence has attained to any high condition of moral and religious life. The very nature of its teachings is dead against the culture of the noblest powers of the people. Submission is its watchword, and that is in the case of Popery but another term for mental and spiritual degradation. When a revolt comes, as is inevitable in the progress of civilisation and the dawning of purer religious light, then the reactionary impulse is towards a hard, barren, repulsive atheism. This we have seen more than once in France, where atheism has meant, as it must every where mean, social demoralisation and ruin. If our neighbours are wise, this tercentenary of Black Bartholomew will teach them many such salutary lessons.

As to ourselves the moral is equally distinct. Popery is Popery still, under all disguises even under the flimsy pretences of the Ritualists and it necessarily in its very essence

involves intolerance, a word that covers in this case two other ominous words—persecution and death. It is vain for men to hope that it will become liberal. What we call religious liberty it is bound to hate, and, wherever it has the power, to put down. No doubt in our own land, because it is in the minority, and is surrounded by many restraining influences, it shows the world its best aspect, and will sometimes catch the jargon of the day, and talk about the rights of conscience. But let it once lay its hands on the reins of government; and the driving will be where we shall not like. Ireland, with its KEOGH, O'KEEFE, and general national education business, is surely opening the eyes of statesmen and the majority of the people to the disastrous influence of a Popish priesthood. It is evident that strong measures must be taken if anything like liberty of conscience is to be preserved in that unhappy land. We would give the priest all his civil rights, but the moment he steps upon the civil rights of his neighbour, be he parishioner or not, we would lay upon him the strong hands of the law, and compel him to desist, punishing him pretty heavily too, as a warning to his like-minded brethren. That the fearful cruelties of St. Bartholomew's-day will ever be repeated we do not for one moment believe, but if we are indifferent to the interests of Protestantism, on which so many State-paid clergy of our Establishment pour contempt, then we shall surround ourselves with national inconveniences, and open the way to national disasters, of which in our present heedless security we little dream. At least let us show our thankfulness for the liberty we ourselves enjoy by handing it down, an undiminished heritage of blessing to the generations of the future.—*Christian World*.

THE ORIGIN OF REVIVALS.*—And now, in concluding this narrative of God's great work at Newport, to

* From "God's Work at Newport, Monmouthshire," a most instructive account of a most extraordinary work of grace.

what shall we trace it, so far as man is concerned? Shall it not be, first, to earnest, believing, persevering *prayer* "for this very thing;" and secondly, to the real preaching of a real Gospel? Our blessed Lord's words are: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Surely this assurance ought to be sufficient. And as to the preaching, of what avail is it unless a *real* Gospel be preached? It is to be feared there is much *unreality* in the preaching of the present day. If men are really sinners—perishing sinners—then away with theorizing, away with speculating, away with mere "opinions" and "views." Away, too, with all dead "sermonizing," be it ever so correctly and artistically done. The need of men's souls is awfully real: let them hear of a God really waiting to be gracious:—of a Jesus really able to save to the uttermost, and as willing as He is able;—of an all-sufficient atonement really made and accepted;—of the precious blood of Christ, that can really cleanse from all sin;—of a Holy Spirit really given to regenerate, guide, comfort, teach, and sanctify men's souls. Let them hear of a real heaven—a real hall—a real eternity; of real pardon for the guilty—real peace—real joy—real life; of a real approach of the sinner to the feet of a present Saviour—of a real acceptance of Jesus, and a real surrender to Him, and then a real and most blessed discipleship. Away with mere ideas! Away with mere "hopes" and "trusts!" Away with all uncertainty and unreality! "Sinner! thou art guilty—ruined—lost: but here is Jesus offering thee

eternal life! Believe Him! Accept Him! Yield thyself to Him,—heart—soul—will—life—all! So shalt thou be saved: saved *now*, and for ever!"

This *reality* of praying, preaching, and hearing has, at Newport, been the secret of the conversion of so large a number of souls to Christ—through the power of the Holy Ghost.

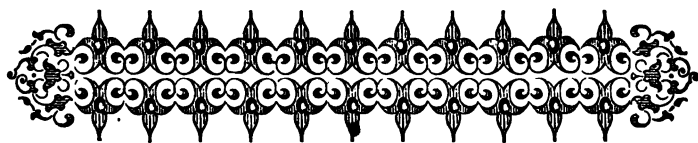
Why may not such a result be brought to pass elsewhere—yea, wherever sinners are found? Doubtless, the fear of the world's frown may hinder, prejudice may hinder, routine may hinder, dead formalism may hinder, a dread of "irregularities" and of "excitement" may hinder; but should not all hindrances be surmounted for Christ's sake, and that souls may be saved?

O for *reality* then; reality in the *praying* of God's people, reality in the *preaching* of God's ministers! O for *reality*! Men to preach, and people to pray, who have themselves been brought into a condition of conscious acceptance—pardon—life; who themselves are "*in Christ*," and who know, in their own daily experience, the sweetness of that "peace of God" which "passeth all understanding," and of that "joy" which is "unspeakable and full of glory." O for *reality*! A real lifting up of Jesus in the midst of perishing sinners—not that "doctrines" or "views" (be they ever so correct) may be set forth, discussed, demonstrated,—but that the guilty may draw near—may look—may live! O for *reality*! The "real presence" of the loving Jesus in our assemblies,—the real coming of the sin-burdened to Him there and then,—and the real reception from His willing hands of a most real, blessed, and everlasting salvation!



David Canton

President of the Canadian Conference, 1871



THE

Bible Christian Magazine,

OCTOBER, 1872.

MINISTERS, AND THEIR WORK.*

A CHARGE delivered in Zion Chapel, Silver St., Bideford, on Friday, August 2nd, 1872, by the ex-President, Mr. W. J. HOOKING, to the six brethren viz., T. BANBURY, J. HONEY, J. RAYMONT, W. F. JAMES, J. MICHELL, and J. WILSON, who, with two in Canada and two in Australia, were then received into Full Connexion by the Bible Christian Conference.

(Published by request.)

MY DEAR YOUNG BRETHREN.—The utterance which I have just employed, as far as my appreciation of it is concerned, is, I assure you, no trivial expression, no mere complimentary formula. My heart feels what my lips have uttered. I am very pleased to recognize you as brethren, and though the disparity between us in point of age is not great, yet the peculiar relationship now subsisting between us, and the fact that I have been in the ministry nineteen years longer than yourselves, will justify I think the epithet I employed when I addressed you as *My dear young brethren*.

Your present position is, and ought to be, characterized by great solemnity. In the presence of this congregation; in the presence of your Brethren and fathers who compose this Conference; in the presence of angels, who are interested spectators of what is, now transpiring; in the presence of those dear departed ones who once

* I deem it right to say that in preparing this address for publication I have employed a few sentences which were not uttered during its delivery. The omission was mainly due to the embarrassment occasioned by the protracted preliminaries of the service. The time suggested for study occurs in one of the sentences that was omitted. For that suggestion therefore I must be held alone responsible. As the Conference heartily endorsed the wish of the young brethren that the address should be published, and as I was therefore desirous the brethren should ponder what I wished to say, I hope I shall be forgiven the slight liberty which I have ventured to take.—W.J.H.

mingled in our Conferences, who largely shared in such exercises as this, and whose spirits may now be invisibly present; and in the presence of the Supreme Judge, at whose tribunal we shall all be arraigned, you have stated your call to the Christian ministry, expressed your attachment to the Bible Christian Denomination, and pledged yourselves to the special service of the great Master, and to the duties and responsibilities which the Christian ministry will now impose upon you.

The great variety which has marked your past religious history, the impressive associations which you at present realize, and the apprehension or anticipation you may feel to cherish of the coming future, tend, I doubt not, to fill you with overpowering emotion. Your present position has been preceded by earnest prayer, by careful thought, by mental conflict, by a great diversity of moral feelings, and, however pure your motives and lofty your aims, your future career will likewise be characterized by a very great diversity. All of you I presume, as well as myself, have somewhat carefully perused charges which have been given by others; and some of you probably have been present at previous Conferences, when a similar service to that in which we are now engaged has been held. Much of what you have heard and read will recur again and again to your recollection, reminding you of the sacredness of your position, and indicating motives for the greatest possible devotedness. I wish therefore in my present address to you to tread but as little as possible the ground so ably occupied by my predecessors. I fully appreciate all their utterances, and would earnestly commend what they have published, and what you may have heard from them, to your prayerful consideration. I do not think I can do much better than offer to your contemplation a few particulars, suggested by a little reading, some degree of careful reflection, and by the experience which I have gained in the very important work to which you yourselves are now devoted. I purpose presenting to your consideration, first, some portions of advice respecting yourselves, and then some portions of advice respecting your work.

My first advice to you is, *Aim at a lofty ideal.* Continually set before yourselves an exalted standard. Do not be content with your present attainments; nor with moderate attainments. Seek to realize the best attainments, mental and moral, that you can possibly obtain. Your work requires it, your position demands it. A minister, in mental and moral culture, should always be in advance of ordinary Christians; and a Bible Christian minister should be solicitous to compare favourably with ministers of any other denomination. The question here arises What method would best enable us to reach the position required? I would earnestly recommend the careful perusal of the lives of Paul, Peter, Luther, Wesley, Fletcher, Clarke, Bramwell, and of one who belonged to our own religious community, the devoted, the excellent and the never-to-be forgotten W. Reed. Study their general character, mark their distinguishing excellences, and contemplate especially the qualities displayed by them which bear a striking affinity to your own peculiarities. You can gather much that is profitable, and which you may consistently appropriate from the excellences of those who have been a blessing in their day and

generation. Take care, however, not to imitate servilely any one. Make no person, however excellent, however experienced, however exalted, your entire model. Providence never intended you should be fully like any one else. Each of you, whatever improvement you may realize, must always be himself; you may be guided by the same principles, and committed to the same work, and yet maintain, throughout your ministerial career, that variety which would be pleasing to others, and truthful to yourselves. When we begin to imitate we are more likely to copy defects than virtues, and the energy expended in conforming ourselves to the model selected would, if rightly employed, develop what is peculiarly our own, and greatly augment our individual usefulness. The perusal recommended will assist you in forming an idea as to what a minister ought to be, and you will be able easily to picture to your own mind a *model* minister. His heart is changed, his mind is enlightened; he is the subject of a divine call. He is an element of power, a source of comfort, and scatters blessings wherever he comes. Children delight in him; the middle-aged gather around him, and the aged greatly respect him. Sinners are impressed when he preaches, and believers are edified by his ministrations. He is a credit to his profession, and adorns the denomination he may represent. He diligently cultivates his mind, he carefully cultures his heart. The powers he possesses are rightly employed, and the world is benefited by his existence in it. Such a minister you may each become. An ideal to which you might aspire would comprise the following particulars: a highly cultivated intellect, a comprehensive acquaintance with Biblical truth, distinguished theological attainments, an acquaintance with the languages in which the Scriptures were originally written, a creditable knowledge of science, literature, and jurisprudence, and correct views of human nature, with increasing ability to lay under contribution whatever may be possessed or acquired to the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Such ministers you should all desire to be, and though the qualifications which I have enumerated may not be within easy reach of every one of you, yet by continually aiming at a high standard you will ensure the greater probability of becoming successful ministers of Jesus Christ.

My next advice to you respecting yourselves is, *Pursue a systematic course*. Much time is lost, and much comfort, efficiency, and usefulness prevented by lack of system. The most eminent for piety, and literary and scientific achievements, have attained their distinguished position mainly by pursuing a systematic course. You cannot each maintain precisely the same system. You differ not only in your natural taste, but also in your mental stature, and intellectual power, and the system you may resolve to pursue must be formed according to your natural genius, your ministerial requirements, and the circumstances in which you may be placed. And do not forget that whatever system you adopt, however imperative its necessity, or excellent its character, you will be liable as public men to frequent interruptions. Expect these interruptions, exercise all the patience you can under them, turn them to the best possible account, but do not allow them to set aside a system which is dictated by your

judgment and approved by your conscience. I think one of Wesley's maxims was, "That he who does not live by rule, does not live at all," This maxim may wear the aspect of severity, but it certainly suggests a very important principle. By pursuing a systematic course you will economize time, form the habit of being generally usefully employed, prevent a large amount of mental dissipation, and, in a very delightful sense, render practical obedience to the injunction, "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost." In order to be increasingly useful to others you must bestow great attention on your own mental and moral culture. A living divine has said, "A minister cannot be too learned." A current anecdote respecting the learned Adam Clarke is that he said, "A Methodist preacher ought to know every thing." A greater than Adam Clarke has said, "For the priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts;" and again, "That the soul be without knowledge is not good." Sanctified knowledge is an invaluable acquisition, and a highly cultivated intellect animated by true spiritual fervour, is a great recommendation to any Christian minister.

In the system you adopt make the *study of the Bible very prominent*. Study it as a book, the best book, the book that should specially engage your attention. Be familiar with the evidences of its inspiration, ascertain the characteristics of its various portions. Read the Bible, as often as practicable, consecutively through, marking down the passages which appear to be suitable texts. This will give a variety to your ministrations, and enrich your minds with Scriptural knowledge. You ought to have six or eight hours a day for study, and while as Bible Christian ministers you will often find it difficult to secure for that purpose such an amount of time, yet by early rising, by careful pre-arrangement, by determined perseverance, and by making the best of your circumstances, you *will* sometimes secure such an amount, and at other times maintain some approximation to it. A large field is open to your intellectual exertion, and numerous sources of gratification and usefulness are available to you. Be always learning. History, jurisprudence, literature, and science, as well as theology, should engage your attention.

Another advice I would offer is, *Cultivate the principle of adaptation*. The grand essential idea of preaching is not literary entertainment, but the simple, lucid exhibition of religious truth. The character of your audience, and the requirements of your congregation, are matters which should always be kept in view. *Colloquialism*, when guided by sound discretion, is a very useful element in pulpit ministration. The person who can manifest it naturally possesses a great instrument of power, but much discretion and firmness are necessary when this instrument is employed. Colloquialism unrestrained will lead into numerous painful inadvertencies. Colloquialism properly managed will lend a charm to the discourse, and will make it interesting and apprehensible to the hearer. Many in our congregations lack mental discipline, and are unaccustomed to close reflection. The truth therefore needs to be presented in the simplest and most attractive form. What you propound to others must

be mastered by yourselves ; it should first be clear to your own apprehension, and then when you attempt to communicate it, it would be advisable, as a rule, to select the simplest and most fitting terms you are able to command. I do not feel to advise you never to use a word that would not be understood by the most illiterate in your congregation ; such a proceeding I think would be childish, and would withhold that stimulus to mental exertion a congregation ought to feel. But I do think that it would be well when two or three words readily occur equally energetic to select the one, if it at all befits the dignity of the subject, that is the most likely to be understood by all. Form the habit of expressing the same thought in many different ways ; and trust for its utterance, on ordinary occasions, to the language suggested at the time : you will thereby acquire a facility for rendering the discourse suitable to the congregation you may have to address.

The last advice I have to utter respecting yourselves is, *Specially study the life of Christ*. He is our glorious Exemplar. He has left us an example that we should tread in His steps. Ministers, as well as private Christians, should make the life of Christ their special study. In studying Christ we study absolute perfection ; in studying Him we study humanity in its loveliest form. He went about doing good, and is now our glorious High Priest. How beautiful and comprehensive the sermon He preached ! How simple and yet how dignified the modes of instruction He adopted !

By studying the Saviour's life, we learn that *special regard* is quite compatible with *general benevolence*. While He endeavoured to do good to all, He had His particular friends. Reasons producing special friendship are not always inimical to the general duties we owe our common humanity. You must guard then against that morbid conclusion which would place you in a false position, and render you extremely uncomfortable.

We also learn from the Saviour's life that it is not an *unmanly thing to weep*. Some look upon tears as an expression of mere sentimentalism, as a compromise of true manly dignity ; and I can easily conceive of some manifestations suggesting such an interpretation. But when I consider the shortest and most affecting verse in the Bible, the verse which speaks of the Redeemer's sorrow at the grave of Lazarus, and when I contemplate the tremendous responsibilities you have now to sustain, and the numerous affecting scenes relating to eternity which you will probably be called to witness, I would venture to remind you that seasons will probably occur in which the actual shedding of many tears would be no discredit to you, but would commend you in the estimation of angels, and be even pleasing to God Himself.

We further learn from the Saviour's life that *sanctified social feeling* is a beautiful attribute of our blessed Christianity. He freely mingled in social intercourse, and shed light and comfort wherever He went. He not only wept at the grave of Lazarus, but sanctioned, by his presence, the pleasure occasioned by the marriage in Cana of Galilee. His lovely social disposition is a great rebuke to the rigid asceticism which is supposed by some to be a characteristic of true religion.

And then, my dear brethren, let me remind you that the Saviour's life

teaches the necessity of earnest persevering prayer. We read of him spending the night in prayer; of His going out a long time before it was day that He might engage in prayer. How impressive are these facts in reference to such a sacred exercise. If the Saviour, Incarnate Deity, the loveliest and most perfect Being that ever appeared on the earth, could not prosecute His work without ardent supplication, then certainly his ministering servants ought often to be found at the throne of grace. If we would prevail with our fellow creatures we must first prevail with God. Our spiritual power in the pulpit will always depend upon the success we obtain in our private devotional exercises.

Be familiar then with the incidents of the Saviour's life; carefully consider the moral qualities He was wont to display; ascertain as far as possible what He would do, were He placed amidst your associations, and be influenced by what your judgment and conscience dictate you ought to do as ministers of Jesus Christ.

And now I have to give you some portions of advice respecting your work.

My first advice under this head is, *Be clear and distinct in your utterances of Divine truth.* You can be firm without being dogmatic, distinct without being censorious. A great deal of controversy is now expended on numerous theological points. It behoves you therefore to be satisfied respecting the validity of your sentiments, and to propound them in such a manner that your hearers shall be convinced you believe what you preach. You remember the anecdote respecting Garrick to the effect that dramatists exhibit fiction as if it were truth, and ministers too often presented truth as if it were fiction.

Be determined to ascertain the truth, and then endeavour distinctly and fully to unfold it. Your trumpet should give no uncertain sound, your teaching should exhibit that which is perfectly correct, you should be the living exponents of what the Bible contains, you should so teach and preach that persons gathering instruction from your lips could not fail to be in theory, if not in practice, BIBLE CHRISTIANS. You profess to believe in the general doctrines of Methodism; maintain that belief until you are convinced those doctrines are erroneous. Should any theory arise tending to set aside any of those doctrines, do not hastily espouse it, weigh carefully the arguments for and against, and let no altered conclusion take place until the evidence requiring it becomes irresistible. Our fathers preached the doctrines which you preach, and were successful because their utterances were distinct and full; *imitate* them. The Christian ministry is a source of instruction; you have to educate the mind, and train the moral nature of those who hear you. You have to impart new ideas and revive in the memory truths which may be well nigh forgotten. It should be your constant endeavour to be "scribes well instructed that you may bring out of your treasure things new and old." So frame your utterances, and express your thoughts, that those to whom you minister may obtain clear religious views, and be fortified against all the assaults of error.

I would also advise you to be *faithful and sympathetic in your ministrations.* As ministers it behoves you to cultivate fidelity; but

do not forget that though you are ministers you are yet human. I feel decided antipathy to those persons who because they fill some office, occupy some transcendental region, and treat their fellow creatures as if they belonged to some other species of animated existence. A call to preach, though it does confer some super-added excellence, does not obliterate the attributes of our common humanity. Always remember that your hearers are your fellow mortals; you and they are still probationers, are exposed to similar temptations, know but little respecting what the future may unfold, and will be arraigned at the same dread tribunal. If in your exposition of divine truth you display, as you ought to do, the firmness which should characterize the Judicial Bench, let that firmness commingle with the gentleness and softness that ever mark the conduct of a sincere and devoted friend.

Sympathy rightly employed is a very powerful element in any minister's usefulness. We reckon angels to be less adapted to the Christian ministry than men just because they are necessarily devoid of human sympathy. The sermon may exhibit great intellectual power, the sentiments may be strictly accurate, and the utterances lucid and most distinct, but if the Preacher lacks intense sympathy with his hearers the truths he attempts to enforce will be but slightly appreciated.

Paul, the greatest member of the Christian Church and the most able minister of the New Testament, overflowed with sympathy. Our great High Priest possesses this quality in a large degree, and this circumstance is a source of great consolation when we approach the Throne of Grace. Place yourselves, so to speak, *en rapport* with your hearers. Become, as much as possible, one of them while preaching to them, and let them see that while your ministerial position evinces a patent distinction, yet in relation to general circumstances you are one of themselves. I remember now but little I am sorry to say of what the Ex-President said in the charge which he delivered, when myself and three others were received into Full Connexion. I am sorry because the author of that charge is one whom I highly esteem, and well nigh venerate. He is in the chapel to night, and long may his life be spared. But one utterance which he expressed deeply impressed my mind, and will never be effaced from my memory. My position then seemed so isolated, my susceptibilities were then so acute, the feelings of that hour were so solemn that you can easily imagine when the excellent friend delivering the charge said to us, "I love you," a very grateful and indelible emotion was at once excited,

My dear brethren, let your congregations see that you *love* them, that you do not come before them as theological professors discussing matters which they may accept or reject, or as literary and scientific expositors, revealing facts which they may appreciate or otherwise; but that you occupy the pulpit as their most devoted friends, that the realities you present specially concern them, and that in all your endeavours you are influenced by the intense desire to promote their benefit. Produce the impression on your congregations and justify it, that you really love them, and then should they ever be tempted to be a little exacting or fastidious, or should

any of them, wanting in self-restraint, glide into the inadvertency of saying some hard things about you, you will nevertheless obtain an influence over them for good, and under the Divine blessing cannot possibly labour in vain.

Be resolved to preach Christ. Fanciful ecclesiastics may contend that you are not in the apostolical succession. You may be unable to establish your descent from the apostles in the manner that some foolishly advocate; but it is your glorious privilege to prove that you are connected with the apostles by glorying with Paul in the cross of Christ, and being resolved like him to "know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." Realize and exemplify the apostolical utterance, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Preach Christ as the Redeemer of mankind, the Saviour of sinners, the comfort of believers, and the object of supreme adoration in heaven. Whatever the text, whatever the literary character of the sermon, whatever the number, social status, or intellectual power of the audience, be resolved to preach Christ. "There is no other name given among men whereby we can be saved." Salvation flows from no other source. The penitent, the believer, the careless sinner, and the unhappy backslider, must again and again be directed to Christ "For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake," is a striking description of apostolic practice. The most distinct unfolding of moral truth, the greatest display of ministerial zeal, will be ineffectual in accomplishing the results contemplated by the Christian ministry unless the power of Christ to pardon, and the willingness of Christ to save, be distinctly recognized and fully proclaimed. The Church is attractive and powerful because Christ is the Head of it, and is constantly with it, and the Bible itself is the most wonderful book because Christ is the subject of it. I may tell you, what I have mentioned elsewhere, that a person whom I once met in a railway carriage pitied the weakness of my intellect because I did not yield to his arguments against the divinity of Christ. I would a thousand times rather lie under such an imputation than I would surrender my belief in the divinity of the Saviour. I most conscientiously and deliberately affirm, without wishing to attack any system, only to convey to you the intensity of my feeling, that I would much rather be a Roman Catholic priest than a Unitarian minister. The one, notwithstanding the erroneous views we think he holds, does believe and preach the divinity of Christ; the other, though endued with considerable intellectual power, and though accustomed to present his utterances in the clearest and most attractive manner, provokes the exclamation, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him!" My dear young brethren, let me always realize the conviction that you are resolved to preach Christ. Whatever may be said about your mental aptitude, about your legislative power, about your denominational attachment, be determined that no one shall be able rightly to say that your ministry is devoid of Christ. And I think you may receive it as an incontrovertible axiom that he preaches Christ the best, if you *could*

not determine, if you did not know else, when you listened to him, to what section of the Christian church he belonged. Preach a present, free, and full salvation, always reminding your hearers that Christ is the Author of it, the Procurer of it, and that the realization of His presence in heaven will be its eternal fruition.

Be very solicitous about meeting your hearers in heaven. You will appear before numerous congregations, and come in contact with a great variety of hearers. Solemn and overwhelming thought, you will *not* meet them all in heaven: "to some you will be the savour of life unto life, and to others the savour of death unto death." Be resolved that the perdition of none shall be due to your own carelessness or inattention. I would advise you to do what I purpose more fully doing myself, often propound the inquiry, Shall I meet my hearers in heaven? That fastidious hearer, who occasions me so much mental disquietude,—shall I meet him in heaven? That irregular and unpunctual hearer, for whom I feel so much sorrow,—shall I meet him in heaven? That critical hearer, whose anticipated presence is a powerful motive for careful preparation,—shall I meet him in heaven? That devout and attentive hearer, who hangs upon my lips with breathless attention, who seems to catch every word, to weigh every expression, and to appreciate every sentiment,—shall I meet him in heaven? Such an inquiry frequently pondered would act as a very powerful stimulus, and operate in a very salutary manner. Seek to be duly influenced by the brevity and uncertainty of human life. In the cemetery of this town lie the remains of two of our excellent brethren, W. MOUNTJOY, once the beloved pastor of this circuit, and JOHN MARTIN, a young brother whom to know was to love. I remember now with distinct painfulness parting with that dear young brother some years ago in the town of Barnstaple, expecting shortly to see him again, but in a little while he had passed to his eternal reward. In the past year our venerable friend JAMES THORNE and our beloved brother W. E. MOYSES have passed away. The young and the aged die, and our opportunities for doing good will soon terminate. Let us therefore do all we possibly can to meet our hearers in heaven.

And now, my dear brethren, I will conclude by assuring you of my sincere and fervent sympathy, by asking you to remember me in your supplications, and by praying that that God whose we are, and whom we serve, may continue to bless us all.

ON THE NATURE AND EVIDENCE OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—1 JOHN v. 12.

LIFE!—how strangely inexplicable a thing it is! In every form in which it exists it is shrouded in inscrutable mystery. Not only are we unable to ascertain the limit of its existence, but so multifarious and complex are its signs, that our greatest naturalists are unable to determine concerning many of its forms, whether they are animal or vegetable, and consequently find it impossible to tell where the one form of life ends and the other begins.

The same kind of difficulty presents itself to us as we endeavour to trace its higher manifestations, in the gradual development of animal instinct till we reach the dawn of reason. So imperceptibly minute are the shades of difference that we find it impossible to draw accurately the boundary line. Pursuing our investigations still further into those higher forms of intellectual, moral, and spiritual life, we observe the same gradual development, the same complexity and commingling of the elements which seem to characterize the nature of each, and are made to feel that our wisest and best distinctions are necessarily imperfect and incomplete.

But while conscious of our inability to ascertain the precise limit of any particular form of life, we feel assured that essentially different kinds of life exist, and that, in their general manifestations, there is a marked and broad distinction; and moreover, in order to get anything like an intelligent conception of either of those modes or forms of existence, it is essential that we note those distinctions, and carefully observe the laws and conditions which regulate their development. Nor is religious or spiritual life any exception to this law. Nay the analogy is more complete perhaps than we have been wont to consider. Just as in animal nature the life-principle is the same in the lowest infusoria as in its most complete and perfect development in the human form; so spiritual life, as a principle, is the same in every case, though its manifestations are, in many cases, altogether dissimilar. So great indeed is the difference among Christians that the means by which devotional feeling is fostered and developed in one is positively distasteful, if not repulsive, to another; and the same form of religious service does not contribute to their mutual advantage.

The difference, subjectively considered, between the highest and the lowest type of the Christian life is, perhaps, as great as that which exists between the Christian and the Pagan. We know the highest form of Christian life can only be found in connection with clear intellectual perceptions of truth and duty. But then experience demonstrates to us that a brother's intellect may indeed be feeble, his perceptions vaguely obscure and erroneous, while his heart is intensely earnest and loving. He may have no definite creed, his faith find no logical expression; but his arms of gratitude and confidence embrace the Saviour, and the fact is that spiritual life has more to do with the heart than the head, with the affections than the intellect: it exists not in the knowledge of a system, but in union with a Person. "He that hath the Son hath life."

It may be proper for us here to premise a word or two on the distinction suggested between existence and life; but without entering upon any controversial topic, or pursuing that particular train of thought which this distinction might suggest to some minds, let it suffice to observe the well known fact that the simple existence of physical organization is distinct from life—it is only the condition of its manifestation. So, a spiritual nature or capacity may exist without any manifestation of life, a state which, in the language of scripture, is called *death*, and therein described as the natural and hereditary curse of sin. By sin, that law of life which, in our great Progenitor, ever led him to desire communion with the

Infinite, and which in its development ever tended toward the perfection of the Divine, ceased to exist; in other words his spiritual nature lost its *functional life*, and as a consequence of natural law, the sad heritage of depravity, death is transmitted to all his posterity and the most devoted saint is "by nature a child of wrath even as others." Spiritual life, therefore, is not inherent in human nature, it is not born with us. Neither indeed can it be acquired as the result of any natural process whatever, but is begotten by the quickening and renewing energy of the Holy Ghost. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again."

The teaching of our text obviously is, that the life begotten of the operation of the Spirit can be realized only in *union with Christ*; in other words, union with Christ, whether spoken of as our dwelling in Him or His dwelling in us, always constitutes the basis and condition of religious life; we are, therefore, naturally prompted to inquire,—

I. WHAT IS MEANT BY HAVING CHRIST?

1. What is the *nature* of this union? Is it union with the mankind of Christ communicated through some material media, and received at the hands of a priest? or is it some strangely miraculous enshrinement of the Divine Personality? We suppose it to be neither the one nor the other, and observe that St. Paul, in Romans viii. 9—11., speaks of it as identical with the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Furthermore, when Christ said to the murmuring and cavilling Jews, John vi. 5—11. "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him," He cautioned his disciples against the literal interpretation of those words by adding, "It is the *Spirit* that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life," 63 v. While St. John in his 2nd Epistle 9 v. tells us plainly and without figure, "He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son;" and *again*, in his first Epistle, iv. 16. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." The possession of Christ therefore we understand to mean the possession of His Spirit, the pervading, permeating, and abiding presence and power of His love, begotten through the manifestation of Himself to our spiritual consciousness, causing the heart to pulsate with love, quickening our spiritual sensibilities and aspirations and bringing us into sympathetic unison with God. Where this is the case there of a truth Christ dwells, love has enthroned Him in the heart's affections, to govern and control the life, to check rebellious thought, carnal impulse, and unholy desire, giving strength and power to resist every form of evil, and leading us into paths of righteousness, thus to mould and fashion the life until the moral glory of His own divine nature shall be reflected in us. Brethren, this possession of an indwelling Christ, in His personal influence and in the gifts and graces of His Spirit, is, perhaps, the sublimest conception—certainly the chief privilege—revealed to us in the word of God, and is the only condition through which the infinite Father may be known to His creatures. For "he that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love."

2. We notice further that this union with Christ can only be realized *by means of faith*. It is as impossible to love God, unless He first *reveal* His love to us, as it is to *know* God and not to love Him. Of necessity, therefore, we must *believe* in order that we may *know*. Faith is emphatically a realizing power, and supposes, or includes something beside that simple act of the intellect which is dependent upon the balance of probabilities. There is an element of love in it, based probably on some latent and unconscious love toward God which may still linger in the human heart. But it is begotten by the power of the *Holy Spirit, appealing to our natural sense or love of goodness*, making manifest to our spiritual consciousness the truth as it is in Jesus. Thus, beside the simple apprehension of the intellect, there is the realization by our moral nature, moving the sympathies and emotions of the heart. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the tongue confession is made unto salvation." This faith is *rooted*, as well as operating and being perfected, in love. The more we love, the clearer the revelation to our faith, and the more we know of God.

Hence the deep significance of the apostle's prayer for the Ephesians iii. 17—19, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be *able* to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to *know* the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." By faith man opens his heart to Christ, and is quickened into newness of life. Like the glorious orb of day shedding his genial and vitalizing influence on the varied species and orders of plants, which so richly adorn and beautify this world, quickening their latent energies and powers, causing them to develop their varied and distinct, though hidden glories and beauty; so Christ dwells in the heart by faith, exerting His benign and heavenly influences upon our nature, unfolding to our spiritual consciousness the wondrous glory of His own person, and through Himself revealing to us the Father, winning the heart's most devoted allegiance and inspiring it with the enthusiasm of fondest love. "This is life eternal" *to realize, "to know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."*

II. OBSERVE, THE POSSESSION OF CHRIST IS SET BEFORE US AS THE EVIDENCE OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

For us rightly to understand the force and value of this evidence, it is expedient to distinguish the life-principle from its outward signs or manifestations, and to remember that, in its application, it is more especially *internal*, and therefore *personal*. The form which our religious life assumes is, to a large extent, dependent upon external circumstances, bodily and mental peculiarities. "In this mould of flesh," we both think and feel by means of nerves and brain. Hence the diversified states and varying conditions of the body, as well as the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the mind, all tend to occasion variety in spiritual manifestation. Indeed so subtle, varied, and powerful are those constitutional influences, that it is impossible correctly to estimate how much of that which is purely spiritual enters into human experience. And it is as foolish as it is uncharitable to pro-

nounce against the genuineness or vitality of religious life in any individual because it may happen not to accord with our peculiar views and feelings. Do we not find that within ourselves, and even in connection with some of the best portions of our experience, there has been continual modification and change?—that thought, in its nature and progress, has produced corresponding change of feeling? It has not always been the same aspect of the manifold glory and beauty of the Divine character which has evoked and quickened our spiritual longings and desires. Nay, there may have been times in our history when our most spiritual sympathies have been awakened in us without any *definite, intelligent perception* at all, only some vague and imperfect *apprehension* of God, and of the relations He sustains to us. Such probably was the case at the time of our conversion. Nevertheless, how deep and powerful were our impressions then? How genuinely sincere and earnest were our desires and our prayers? And though they might have been accompanied with much error, much irreverent and unconscious extravagance, still we were not offensive to that God, who watches, with more than a Father's tenderness, the earnest struggle and childlike simplicity of the heart. Though our feelings may since have found a more consistent expression, we may possess a more manly and vigorous faith, a calmer and deeper joy, never may we have been more sincere, or any part of our life more acceptable to God. I do not say this to apologize for those ebullitions of excitement, which originate in no divine thought, and find vent in all kinds of grotesque appearances, and irreverent and incoherent expressions, neither acceptable to God, or sensible men; yet, at the same time, we should remember there is variety in *character*, as well as in *intensity* of devotional feeling, and it is not for us to decide upon the genuineness of a man's devotions because of the *form* in which it manifests itself. Nay, we cannot at all times judge of the sincerity of a man's heart, even when the *life itself* is sadly marred with imperfections and faults, for moral manifestation, the same as devotional sensibility, is in some measure subject to the influence of physical causes. It is not always that the outer life fully and accurately represents the inner life. Society knows not the degree of constitutional depravity which any man inherits, nor the strength that that depravity may have acquired, as the result of the cumulative power of habit, consequently none know the amount of self-denying energy he may require in order to be faithful to his own convictions of duty, and obedient to the Divine will. The only sure and reliable evidence of spiritual life, therefore, is that which is personal and internal, and this evidence presents itself to us under *two* aspects, viz., *resistance* and *assimilation*.

1. As in animal nature, the life-principle resists the power of gravitation, the temperature of the air, and other influences, so, when a man receives Christ into his heart, when his spiritual nature is quickened into life by the energizing influence of the Divine Spirit, he receives a principle which instinctively impels him to resist the manifold forms of evil with which he may be assailed, or with which he comes into conscious contact, and the vitality and power of religious life will be indicated by the energy of resistance,

even more correctly than by the simple *outward* conformity of the life. For while, as a general rule, it is infallibly true that "the tree is known by its fruit," we also know from the same unerring authority, that it is possible to "appear righteous unto men, but within be full of hypocrisy and iniquity." (Matt. xxiii. 28.) Like the ancient Pharisees, it is possible to make a great show, manifest great religious zeal, and at the same time be completely destitute of the primary and essential element of all moral goodness, viz., that of supreme regard to the Divine will, and a conscious effort to obey it. Without this principle of resistance there can be no moral or Christian virtue. Our prayers and devotions, however soothing and pleasing to ourselves, must be ineffectual and unavailing. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

The distinction between active and passive virtue, or grace, is true only of the *form* of its development. "God accepts not that which costs us nothing." The man therefore who possesses a naturally amiable disposition is no more acceptable to God on that account, than the man who is haughty, ill-tempered, perverse, or vindictive. It is a matter over which he had no choice, no more than he had over the place and age in which he should be born. Instead of fondly indulging the thought of being better than others let us rather remember that a well-balanced constitution, like every other blessing, carries with it a corresponding obligation. "Where much is given much is required."

Of this also we may be assured, that whatever our natural peculiarities, or worldly surroundings, we are all beset with evil, in one form or another. To one it may be in the shape of covetousness, and he has to struggle hard with the grasping closeness of his own nature, ere he can open his hand to relieve "the fatherless, and the widow in their affliction." To another this may require no effort at all. To indulge in acts of compassionate kindness, in giving of his substance, is the simple outflow of natural emotion or sympathy. But then, evil, like a many-sided monster, comes to him in some other form, it may be in the shape of self-righteous pride, and supposed personal importance, and he finds it exceedingly difficult to *think or feel* righteously toward his covetous neighbour, and is altogether lacking in the exercise of that divine charity which thinketh no evil. Again some natures are characterized by extreme sensitiveness and irritability, which is apt to vent itself in violent outbursts of temper; others are prone to vindictiveness, to feel pleasure in backbiting, and are apt to cherish a sullen and fiendish watchfulness of opportunities for revenge; or it may be they are beset with unbending haughtiness and pride of heart; each, however, equally sincere, and each realizing a terrible significance in those words of the apostle, "I labour to keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest by any means, after having preached to others, I myself become a castaway."

Nor is this duty of resistance less real even to those who are naturally quiet and unresenting, and who, from the dulness of their sensibilities, scarcely know what it is to feel an insult. Persons with such a disposition are usually sluggish and inactive, and though they do but little harm, they do just as little good, they feel

a perpetual shrinking from duty, to labour for Christ in any capacity they have to do violence to their own feelings, and are in danger of deceiving themselves—quieting their consciences, by *refusing* to realize their obligations, and thus, in willing ignorance of their guilt, allow their fellow men to perish, rather than stir to hand them the “bread of life.” Thus, in one way or another every man “finds a law in his members, warring against the law of the mind, to bring it into captivity to the law of sin and death.” Nor is there any possibility of being a Christian without waging this conflict. In this state of probation it is an essential condition of virtue; unless we deny ourselves, and take up our cross, we cannot be Christ’s disciples. This is His test of our obedience, of our loyal devotion to Him, as our King, to God, and to truth. True, I know it is, when struggling with strong natural impulses, we may be tempted to content ourselves with a partial discharge of duty, to desire a compromise; but the enlightened and sensitive conscience at once pronounces it impossible. There must be nothing short of complete victory; every enemy must be routed, every foe subdued, and though, in the fierceness of this struggle, it is possible to experience temporary defeat, have the harmony of the life marred, and the spirit sadly pained and depressed by momentary failure, still, if Christ dwells in the heart, there ever remains the unconquerable *will*, and never-failing purpose. The antagonism is essential and absolute. On this battle-field no “flag of truce” can ever appear. “Light can have no fellowship with darkness, Christ with Belial, nor the temple of God with idols.” With renewed energy and ever-increasing earnestness, the battle must be fought, until it shall be finally consummated in endless glory and triumph.

2. Again we remark, the life which thus manifests this energy of resistance can only be sustained and developed by selecting and appropriating to itself such elements, as are homogeneous with its own nature; that is, the continuation of its existence is dependent upon the bread of life, which came down from heaven, “of which if a man eat he shall live for ever.” “And except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.” These are Christ’s own words. Whether, therefore, we consider them as intensely figurative, or regard them as having a more liberal signification, the ultimate conclusion obviously is, that, in some way or other, our spiritual life depends upon our feeding on the Christ of God. Happily for us, however, diversity of intellectual conception concerning Christ, and the mode of communicating Himself, prevents not our realizing His vitalizing presence and power. For surely, it is possible to kneel at the altar and feed on Christ, through the medium of sacramental bread and wine. Nor indeed, is it less possible, without any material *media*, as in lonely, quiet, and holy thought, we sit in our rooms, or wander in the fields, meditating on the divine words recorded in holy Scripture, picturing to ourselves those sacred scenes of holy compassion, of wondrous miracle, of God-like purity and power, which marked His Divine human life upon earth. Nay, our differences in this respect are comparatively unimportant, since in every individual case the *truest and divinest means* are those which most deeply impress us with the conscious-

ness that *God is near*, and which best enable us to realize the revelation of Himself in the Son of man, thereby causing us to *feel* our sinful unworthiness, while, with grateful and loving hearts, we apprehend our relations to Him as our Saviour and King. But that the soul apprehend and feed upon Christ, in some way, is indeed absolutely essential. And moreover, if there be any spiritual life, there will also be, in proportion to the strength and vitality of that life, the instinctive tendency to use whatever means may be conceived as best, in order to realize the object of desire. Throughout all nature, the Author of life has given to it appropriate cravings and appetites, prompting to self-preservation. Nor is it more natural for the plant to drink in the solar rays, and to absorb the moisture from earth and air, than for the regenerate soul to desire to commune with God, enjoy His favour, and receive His blessing, because it finds in Him alone the object or counterpart of all its spiritual desires, while it devoutly prostrates itself before Him in adoration and prayer. In fortunate days, when friends are plentiful, and joy surrounds the social hearth, then it is good to remember that all our comforts are blessings. And how soothing, amid the pinchings of poverty, or the lonely desolateness of widowhood, to realize the thought of the all-embracing goodness and watchful solicitude of an infinitely wise and loving Father. In seasons of spiritual conflict also, and when conscious of sinful unworthiness, how unspeakably precious to feel that we can rely upon the promised help, and trust in the freely forgiving mercy and love of God? Indeed there is not a phase of human experience in which the loyal, loving soul does not find comfort and spiritual strength as it draws near to God. At the fire of His altar, our love (itself the basis of communion,) is kindled afresh, devotional sensibilities are quickened and intensified, while within the inner temple of the soul God Himself will appear, revealing to us those pure spiritual realities which words alone are inadequate to convey, enabling us to apprehend, according to our individual capacity and measure of faith, the deep significance of His revealed will, the wondrous glory of His own character, especially as humanized and embodied in the person and work of His Son Jesus Christ. Cherishing the holy thoughts thus awakened, and indulging in the emotions of adoring love which their presence excites, we, of a truth, feed upon "the manna which came down from heaven." Around Christ, as the embodiment of the Infinite One, the heart's purest affections cling with the most eager tenacity. All our spiritual desires centre and are satisfied in Him. Our wills merge in His. We drink of His Spirit, are animated with His zeal, and with the spontaneous devotion of a heart captivated by love, we yield to His benign and heavenly influence, and surrender ourselves to Him. Thus waiting upon God, in obedience to holy impulses and by means of truth, we feed and renew our spiritual strength.

In conclusion, let us not forget that spiritual life, like all other forms of life, is a vital and transmuting power, assimilating to itself those elements on which it feeds. The worshipful soul naturally imbibes the moral qualities of the object of its devotions. While we praise the heart grows more thankful and loving, and by prayer we foster that

sense of conscious dependence and humble trust, in which state alone may we hope to secure acceptance with God. Duty will itself become a pleasure, and "he that asketh receiveth," yea, every holy aspiration, and every pious thought is accompanied with a Divine blessing. To see God in the face of Jesus Christ is to love Him, and by fondly and adoringly gazing upon Him we catch the inspiration of His Spirit. Like the leaven hid in the meal, it permeates and influences all the relations and details of every day life, making itself manifest in actions that are visible to eyes of flesh." Observe it is not the corrective influence of the conscience, nor the impulses of devotional feeling, that will secure conformity to the pattern shown, (though both are indispensable to a holy life) we are to be changed into Christ's image, by beholding Christ's glory, by having some ideal, more or less distinct, of the superlative excellence and matchless glory of His character, by appreciatively and adoringly realizing His presence, by gazing upon Him in the light and by the teaching of His own Spirit, thereby causing the heart's affections to cling closer and ever closer to Him. "This love" (thus fed and fostered) "is dutiful in thought and deed," and is the power by which our wills, purposes, and aspirations are brought into subjection to His authority. Nor is there any fact of human experience more plain than that by every defeat of evil, every successful resistance of unholy impulse and desire, we acquire a proportionate increase of strength and power of obedience, and that every fresh conquest is a pledge of final triumph. "The path of the just is as the shining light which shines more and more unto the perfect day."

Devonport.

A. STEPHENS.

FATHER TAYLOR IN THE BETHEL PRAYER-MEETING.*

IF the Bethel pulpit was a free place, the Bethel prayer-meeting was far more free. Here liberty had free course to run and be glorified. The word "prayer-meeting" does not express the fact. That suggests a gathering exclusively for prayer. Such it is in his church out of New England. Such it was in most churches except the Methodist. But when the Methodists entered New England, to gain a foothold, they had to yield something to the prejudices of the people. Here, as everywhere, were set ways. One of these ways was two sermons together to the same congregation; another was pews owned by the occupants. To gain the people to them, they had to surrender these two points to them,—allow them the ownership of their pews, and two sermons a day. The last prevented the flourishing of the circuit system on her soil. It also prevented the development of the local preacher system; for the people demanded a settled minister, or as near that as they could get under an itinerancy. To accommodate them, the Sabbath-evening prayer-meeting was invented,—a meeting for a long time peculiar to New-England

* From "Incidents and Anecdotes of the Rev. Edward T. Taylor, for over Forty Years Pastor of the Seamen's Bethel, Boston;" a work which we venture to affirm all who read it will pronounce to be remarkably interesting and instructive. The long extract we have made will, we are sure, whet the appetite of many readers for more food of the same kind. The book is published in this country by Mr. Dickinson, who we hope will have a large and remunerative sale.

Methodists, and which drew, and yet draws, larger audiences steadily to its ministrations than the Sunday evening preaching of other sections, or than any other form of Sabbath evening assemblage.

These meetings consisted of two or four short prayers, and a dozen or twenty short exhortations or "testimonies," interspersed frequently with a verse of animated song, and concluding usually with an invitation to penitents to come forward to the front seats, or the rail enclosing the broad platform, and called an altar, that they may be prayed with, and led into the kingdom of Christ and peace. In the olden times, this platform, always spacious, was filled with the leading laymen of the Church. They to-day, generally leave it to the minister.

The preacher and his lay associates gather in the railed enclosure. The house was crowded with saints, seekers, and sinners. The service begins with a cheerful hymn, sung "lustily" to a cheerful tune. The minister prays or calls on one of his brethren. Two earnest prayers, and another short hymn is sung. Again two pray, and again an animated and animating song. Then a rapid succession of warm addresses, followed by warmer invitations put into sacred song, and the hour flies swift round to nine o'clock, and the end.

The freedom of such a meeting, its warmth, its rapidity, its consummation in invitations to seekers, their acceptance in prayer, and praise, combined to give it pre-eminence over any other regular meeting. The stiff formalism of the papal service, like ice to the frozen spectator, making him chillier by its superabounding chilliness; the long and largely intellectual services of the Puritan worship, rational to the verge of irrationalism; even the warmer pleadings of warmer pulpits, all fade into unattractiveness before the "heartly" social freedom and joy of a Methodist prayer-meeting. If it can be held to the old pitch of liberty and life, it will bring the world to its holy feasts. It makes every participant exclaim—

"Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet Thine entertainments are!"

In such meetings Father Taylor would naturally revel. He had preached his two sermons, wringing himself dry with a change of linen; he was nervous, rejoicing to run a race, and, though tired, ready for a change in his work, and glad to throw off even the limited restraints of his pulpit for the broad liberty of the prayer-meeting. It was his professional easy-chair, and from it went forth ceaseless pleading, wit, and power. The room is crowded. It is low, but large. Sailors are there; lost girls from its own neighbourhood, come, as he tells them, "to steal away his sons of Zebulon;" lost men, up-town grandees, many yet unfallen youth; and his own "ring" of men and women, full of heart and hope.

He walks his broader deck with glad heart and free. He interjects his word of criticism or commendation with every speech of his brethren and sisters as his spirits dictate. He warms into exhortation and entreaty, and brings many a strange Caliban from the back seats to "the altar," by his skilful fishing for men. Here he builds up his church, and gains most of his trophies of ministerial honour and reward.

A prayer-meeting in the Bethel vestry, or, as it was called "the old work-shop," was unlike, therefore, any other prayer-meeting even; for there were gathered men from all parts of the world, drawn, some by curiosity, some by associations, some by grateful recollections of the past. Many would speak at these meetings whose broken English and uncouth phrases showed their foreign birth and rough training. No one who heard will ever forget the native of Portugal who exclaimed, "If any man say I no love the Lord Jesus, I hit him 'tween the eyes." But more frequently the broken speech of these wayfaring men was used to tell a story of sorrow and suffering, ending with a chance visit to the Bethel,

where the wanderer found a hope, a faith, and a Friend that had never left him on sea or land. Father Taylor would glow with pride over these trophies, weep with joy and break out in exclamations of delight: "See," he would say, "See the amber that is thrown on the shore, look at the pearls that come from the ocean,—jewels fit to adorn the Saviour's diadem when he shall *ride over the sea* to judge the earth."

There were gathered around him a body of men and women almost as remarkable as himself. First among them was his wife, whose stately form and beautiful features, with her sweet voice, added grace to her powerful exhortations. Many a sailor boasts that he owes his renewed life to "Mother Taylor's" influence.

Then came what he called his three Hebrews,—three men of sturdy make, of foreign blood, of strong faith, simple character, clear utterance, who knew the sailor as a boatswain knows his whistle, and whose exhortations always told on the mixed rough crowd that gathered in the meeting. Each of them had a special experience. The first of them, Matthew Crafts, was a Swede. He had been a very "hard case." Telling the story of his conversion once, he said, "When I rose up to go forward, the Lord told me to go, and the devil not to. I went; but I didn't rest on that, but went home and prayed all night, and the Lord converted my soul. The devil told me I was good enough; but I heaved the devil over-board, *stock and fluke*, and have no more to do with him." Father Taylor breaks out, "That's salvation set to music;" and "Salvation set to music," was Brother Crafts' name from that day forward. "Stock and fluke" refers to the manner of casting out an anchor clear and entire and sudden. So the devil was "heaved out" of the new St. Matthew, and went to the bottomless pit never to return again to this old sailor's converted soul.

Andrew Newlands was another of the Hebrews. He was also a Swede, converted under Father Taylor at Bristol, and a member at the Bethel. He said, "I went to hear Brudder Taylor preach, and de Lord got hold of me. Brudder Thomas, he was from France, and I was from Sweden, and we didn't get no relief dere, and we come home, and we went to pray: Brudder Thomas went at it in French, and I went at it in Swedish, and de Lord converted us both on de spot." "Well done, old North of Europe!" breaks out Father Taylor; and that was his name unto this day. Telling this on another occasion, and saying, "The Lord heard us both," "Just like him!" cries out the Captain from his deck.

Another who still survives, always quoted the Psalms in broken English. When he had been repeating many verses, and "an audible smile" was pervading the audience, Father Taylor called out, "Pure Hebrew!" This became the title by which he was often addressed, and called up to testify of his faith.

Father Taylor's ejaculations in prayer-meeting were not always so flattering. Every one has heard of the wealthy gentleman, who, in the midst of a very warm meeting, made a speech telling the sailors how much had been done for them, and how grateful they ought to be to the liberal merchants for all their goodness. As he sat down, with a feeling that the church would run itself for the year on this condescension, he was surprised by the inquiry, "Is there any other old sinner from up in town who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?"

A visitor who was telling at a meeting an appropriate anecdote, which had appeared in all the religious newspapers of the country, was startled by Father Taylor's singing out, "Lord, deliver us from stale bread!"

And still another, who was slow and dry in speech, was encouraged by the prayer, "Lubricate, Lord, lubricate."

One of his most remarkable displays of this kind was after an address by a visitor who related the death of a very wicked man, a hardened sinner, who was blown up a few days before in one of his own powder-

mills at Wilmington; he came down all crushed and mangled, and gave his heart to God; and now who would not say with the holy man of old, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Father Taylor rose at once: "I don't want any more trash brought unto this altar. I hope none of my people calculate on serving the devil all their lives, and cheating him with their dying breath. Don't look forward to honouring God by giving Him the last snuff of an expiring candle. Perhaps *you will never be blown up in a powder mill*. That 'holy man,' " he continued, "that we heard of, was Balaam, the meanest scoundrel mentioned in the Old Testament or the New. And now I hope we never shall hear anything more from Balaam, *nor from his ass*."

When an impulsive old gentleman, an utter stranger at the Bethel, shed tears at a moving appeal, Father Taylor turned toward him with these words: "Cry away, you white-headed sinner: it won't hurt you. Summer showers are soon dried up. You'll forget it in five minutes." The stranger, who was there at the invitation of one who communicates this incident, gasped out, "How did he know about me? Have you been telling him?" Nor was this the only illustration of his power to read character at a glance.

A Mr. Snow, not being very warm in his talk, the old Father groans out "O Lord! melt that Snow."

A man by the name of Wood, who was not noted for his warmth in his talks, drew from Father Taylor the brief prayer, "O Lord! set fire to that Wood."

An old German saying he no more doubted his acceptance with God than that the sun shone at noonday on a cloudless sky, the old veteran exclaims; "Bring your Harvard learned ones to this man, and let them learn true theology."

To have a man leave the meetings during service he considered an insult to himself, and he would administer a rebuke of some kind. Those leaving early in the service would get a response: "Small vessels are easily filled," or "Light stuff floats quick." Those who might leave later in the service, "Well, he has got all he can take care of;" or "Poor fellow! his trouble is more than he can bear," which was sometimes the case. Such interruptions were rebuked up-stairs as well as in the prayer-meeting. When, in the midst of one of his discourses, two spruce-looking clerks walked down the broad aisle, he paused, fixed his eyes on them, and said in a patronizing tone, "That's right, go out; little barrels are soon filled." This sarcasm was unconsciously imitated by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who says that he was puzzled to understand the one man in every town who goes away just in the middle of the Lyceum lecture, until he accounted for the phenomenon scientifically,—*"the man was full."*

Men have left swearing mad, wishing to know who had told that "*old cuss*" about them; but they have come back and been sweetly converted to Jesus.

A brother in the meeting was suffering from severe temptation, and, after a full account of his experience, was advised to take courage from his own experience; "For," says Father Taylor, "the devil was never known to chase a bag of chaff! You may be sure that there is the pure wheat in your heart, or the Old Serpent would not be after you so hard."

When one of the brethren was talking long and dull and meaningless, he exclaimed, "Lord, give us point!"

A brother comparing religion to a medicine-chest, and making poor work of his comparison, he exclaimed, "Brother, do get that medicine-chest open and give us all a dose, and then sit down and give some one else a chance."

As he was going away to Europe, he gave the church charge, and said, "Brethren, you'll of course have some quarrel while I'm gone. Now, begin

to quarrel with your sins. I give you full scope. Begin now, and keep it up till I come back, or till you haven't one sin left."

One of his sailor boys, warming up in an exhortation, speaking of faith, said, "It's like tinder in an old fashioned tinder box. Shut it up and it will go out: give it vent, and it will burn." Slapping him on the back, Father Taylor exclaimed, "Well done, Peter! the Bishop of England couldn't better that."

A touching scene once occurred when Father Taylor was speaking of the necessity of the wedding garment. A poor sailor who wore a flannel shirt started up to apologize for appearing in such rough costume, and said he had lost all his clothes by shipwreck. Instantly a score of sailors stripped off their coats for the stranger; while Father Taylor, with tears running down his cheeks, hurried from the altar, to throw his arms around the poor fellow, and to apologize for seeming to insult his misfortune.

At another time when the meeting dragged, he exclaimed, "Brethren, bring in your pot of manna. It will spoil before the next meeting. It will blue-mould, as it did with the children of Israel. Let us have it now; you can gather more by next meeting. The Lord is good, and he pays on demand."

How like a ship he ran his meetings, and how perfectly, from such a course, he held the sailors in hand, is shown in these incidents. There being a lull in a meeting one night, "Have you," he says, "nothing to thank God for. Some of you might thank Him for being out of hell." Up gets a brother, and says, "I'm that one." "I believe you, brother," he breaks in, "and so am I." The meeting took a fresh start; and he, fearing it would run too fast under the wind, cries out, "Give her sheet, and keep a good look out, for there's light ahead."

One Monday night, a young looking woman, with a small boy at her side, arose and said, "The other evening I was going along the sidewalk and saw the lantern marked 'Bethel Prayer-meeting.' It called up by-gone days, when I had peace, before I wandered away. But I find myself among you; and to night I rejoice once more in light from above." Father Taylor exclaims, "Quartermaster, look out for the lights!"

When a brother from another church, who was afterwards associated with the Bethel Meeting, and attended on Father Taylor through all his last hours, had spoken in meeting, Father Taylor introduced him by saying, "He is an old navigator; he has given the devil the slip a thousand times, and worked dead to the windward of him, with the leeboard of grace from the Lord Jesus Christ."

There was no levity in his words or manner. The ejaculations were the outgushing of an earnest determination to push the meeting powerfully to its end. Once only, he himself said, was he provoked into laughter. A Millerite brother, as the second advent people of 1843 were called, took occasion to vent his theories in the meeting. He dwelt on the immediate coming of the Lord with much fervour and pertinacity. A half-drunken sailor, sitting in the rear of the house, warmed up by his exhortation, arose, steered, with many a roll to larboard and starboard, to the front seat, put his hand on the shoulder of the speaker, and hiccoughed out, "I have seen--many of your sort--and heard 'em talk. But I never knew one that was so--full as you, and he got--so full of it, that he *just cut his boot straps and went up!*" Father Taylor broke down, and allowed a laugh for once in his prayer-meeting.

A Maine minister, describing a visit to one of these meetings, says, It was conducted in a marvellous way, by surprises, battery shocks, witty, wise suggestions and illustrations, flashing, burning star-thought of faith, hope and love, Jesus, holiness; and Heaven, never to be forgotten."

During Father Taylor's prime his church was the scene of a constant revival; and the presence of men from all parts of the world, each telling his

story in his own way, gave a strange charm to these meetings. The earnestness of the preacher affected his hearers strangely; but they were also in earnest on their own account. The rough sailors had not much need to trouble themselves about Adam, nor about original sin. Actual transgression, their own transgression, gross, open, repeated, was the burden from which they sought to be freed. And the relief which they found seemed miraculous to those who did not believe in the instant and full power of the "old old story" of the cross. And, when converted, they were ready to battle at all times, and anywhere. There was one consumptive old man, whose hacking cough sadly interfered with his powers of speech, but who grew eloquent as he warmed in exhortation, and whose weather-beaten face "was as the face of an angel" when he prayed. This poor old invalid, unequal to the work of an able-bodied labourer, was engaged at fifty cents a day in helping to unload a ship at Constitution wharf. The owner, overseeing the stevedores, used frequent profanity, swearing by the name of the Saviour. Whenever he did so, Father W—raised his hat, and bent down his head. The merchant turned with contempt towards the consumptive skeleton: "You old fool, what are you bowing at me for?"—"I am not bowing at you, sir, but at the blessed name of Jesus, which you are blaspheming." Not another word was spoken; but a by-stander said, "The old man looked as tall as a steeple, and the ship-owner shrunk into the ground." Such were the soldiers that came from the armoury in the North Square.

A Swedish sailor who had deserted his family for five years, strolled into the Bethel on his arrival from a year's voyage, and there "came to himself," and came to the altar. As the first fruits of his penitence, he sent home the earnings of the year. And thus a true word spoken in the old Boston Bethel carried comfort and hope to a family in Sweden.

Even now the spirit of Father Taylor seems to inspire the speakers at some of their meetings, not only in essentials, but in manner and form of expression. A short time since, just as two sailors were coming forward for prayers at nine o'clock in the evening, several well-dressed persons insisted on leaving the house, although requested by Mr. Noyes to remain for a short time. Then one of the brethren prayed after this manner: "Lord, bless these tender-footed nine-o'clock-bell Christians, who can't stay five minutes to see the fight out between God and Baal; endow them with a little more constitutional pertinacity in well doing, so that they can stop fifteen minutes later in a prayer-meeting."

But now, as ever, at the Bethel, all that is mirthful or quaint or odd is subordinate to one great, determined, solemn purpose. And the wayfarer who strays into that meeting, little as he may profit by it, feels always that in that workshop the labourers are in earnest, and the work is done for eternity.

FAMILY VISITING.

On the subject of family visiting Mr. Bourne often spoke and wrote, and some things he has left in his papers on this duty we deem calculated for usefulness, and therefore copy them. He says:—"Ministerial family visiting has the broad sanction of Heaven. Our Lord visited; and of the apostles it is said, in Acts v. 42, 'And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ.' And in Acts xx. 20 the apostle Paul says, 'I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you; but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house.' The system of ministerial family visiting has many advantages; as—1. It gives much opportunity to open the Scriptures, cultivate the talents of the preacher, and open the deep experience and the nature of the warfare. It has been the means of many being convinced and converted, of raising up some in the ministry,

and strengthening the faith of the pious praying labourers. 2. Families not religious have been stirred up to consideration, and to attending the means of grace. 3. Travelling preachers who are diligent in this way are more useful than others; the work prospers in their hands, the circuits improve, and are able to support their preachers and the cause, and such are often instrumental in retrieving circuits run out by others.* On the other hand it has been objected—1. That some of the young preachers have found it difficult to enter upon such an undertaking. True, but all who have attempted it have succeeded; and a preacher not capable of it is not suited to the itinerant ministry. 2. Again, it is said that it over-fatigues a preacher. True, if he be injudicious; otherwise not. The rule is, speak no disagreeable word, pay due attention to the children, say something useful, and spend one minute in prayer, usually ending with the Lord's Prayer. In praying, endeavour to get fully into faith, but use as little bodily exertion as possible. With members, in particular cases, a preacher may employ a little more time. 3. Some complain of its not allowing sufficient time for society matters. And on some occasions society affairs may so fill up the time as not to give opportunity for family visiting. But the industrious preachers so redeem the time that such instances are rare. 4. Another objection is that it does not allow time for study. But too much time spent in solitary study weakens the mind, deadens the faculties, and induces slothfulness. On the other hand, the family visiting opens a course of study, enlarges the heart, opens the understanding, and gives a more correct acquaintance with the states of the people. In short, some young preachers say that it greatly prepares them for their pulpit duties, assists them in their various labours, and makes them better preachers."—*Life of the Venerable Hugh Bourne.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

For some years, I cannot remember any result attending or following my labours. The Lord graciously helped me. I seemed to have no trouble in winning affection or gaining attention. My class was an orderly, early, regular, and loving class, and, alas! I was content. *I did not look for the present salvation of the souls committed to my care.* I talked of Jesus, of His ability and willingness to save, of His love and mercy, of His kind consideration for those who were around Him on earth, of His wisdom and power, &c., &c. We read His history from the manger in Bethlehem to the cross on Calvary, but I do not think it ever occurred to me to say to these dear ones, "Ye must be born again." I certainly hoped that my labours would result in the conversion of my scholars, but I looked for such result *in the future and not in the present.* Thus the time passed away until I became teacher of the girls' Bible-class.

My difficulties during this period led me to think much of the plan of appointing two teachers to the same class. Since that time I have had many opportunities for observation, and have never known that plan answer well and thoroughly. A teacher who cannot attend the school both morning and afternoon should have a class of scholars who attend only once a day, and there are some of these in most schools. Or if such a class cannot be

* In Mr. Wesley's journal for December, 1758, we read respecting Colchester: "I found the Society had decreased since L. C. went away; and yet they had full as good preachers; but that is not sufficient. By repeated experiments we learn that, though a man preach like an angel, he will neither collect, nor preserve a Society that is collected, without visiting them from house to house." And Dr. Chalmers used to say, "A house-going minister makes a church-going people."

formed, a half-day or alternate Sunday teacher should be content to be what we sometimes expressively call, a "stop gap," or perhaps a visitor, or anything else that will help on the work, without interfering with the arrangement of the classes. It always appears to me that *a divided responsibility is an undesirable thing*. If it should happen that two teachers are really required for one class, then great care should be taken to appoint those only who work and speak alike, who can have frequent intercourse with each other to talk over their plans together, who will unitedly visit the scholars' homes, and prove that "in all things" "they are of one mind in the Lord."—*My Class for Jesus*.

ARE YOU QUITE SURE?

HONOURED brethren, then, who smoke, and say that "you have not the least doubt of the propriety of so doing," let me ask you in the first place, is it really true that you have no doubt whatever on this point? Have you no misgivings, that after all you *may* be doing wrong by the indulgence of this habit? I know that Christian men who have this *assurance* are very few; are you quite positive that you are of the number? Remember, that if you have *the faintest shade of a doubt*, if in your conscience you have *the least misgiving*, you come under the condemnation of smoking without the full assurance that it is right; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Be quite sure that *you have no doubt*.

And if you have no doubts now, let me ask you, did you *never* have serious doubts about this question? I believe you *have* had such doubts. And *how* did you settle them? Did you take them to God? Did you read the 14th chapter of Romans, and the 8th, 9th, and 10th chapters of the First of Corinthians, on your bended knees, with prayer to the Most High for His direction in this case of conscience? This is the only way in which Christian men should meet such difficulties. Did you deal with the question thus? Or did you not endeavour quietly to shelve the whole controversy in your mind, treating the matter as one of indifference; and have you not thus sunk down into a sort of apathetic-deadness of feeling, which is very much like having the conscience seared; and, *is not this mere apathy that which you mistake for faith in the propriety of smoking?*

Let us then ask you to reconsider the whole question. We candidly confess that we are anxious to make you *uneasy* in the use of tobacco. Earnestly do we beg an answer to the following queries. Are you *quite sure* that it is right to make use of a weed which is confessedly a rank *poison*; which when first used throws the whole system into a state of distressing agitation, producing nausea, head-ache, prostration of the strength, and a host of other evils? Are you *quite sure* that it is right to use that which the highest medical testimony and every day experience tell you tends to sap the vital energies, and even to enfeeble and ultimately to destroy the mental powers? Are you *quite sure* that medical science and experience are wrong on this matter, and that your *ipse dixit* on the contrary is infallible? Are you *quite sure* that you are not robbing God of a part of the strength, physical and mental, which He claims for Himself, by wasting them upon a hurtful indulgence? Are you *quite sure* that your own piety and spiritual profit have not in any degree suffered by your devotion to this habit? Are you *quite sure* that you could, with a clear conscience, teach your wife and children to smoke; and if you are not, let me ask *why*? Are you *quite sure* that your usefulness has *never* suffered, and is not *now* suffering, in a single instance, by your love of tobacco? Are you *quite sure* that this habit of yours has never been a stumbling block or a rock of offence to a weak brother? Are you *quite sure* that you have sufficiently weighed the import of this exhortation: "Whether, therefore, ye eat or

drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all (smoking must of course be included) to the glory of God." (1 Cor. x. 31).

And remember, that if you are not *quite sure* with regard to these queries, you sin in smoking, for "*whatsoever is not of faith is sin.*" Permit us in concluding this train of observation to quote to you, with all fraternal love, the following solemn portions of holy scripture: "Let us not, therefore, judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." (Rom. xiv. 13). "But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably. Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died. Let not then your good be evil spoken of." (Rom. xv. 15, 16). "Let us, therefore, follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another. For meat destroy not the work of God. All things are indeed pure; but it is evil for that man who eateth with offence. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak. Hast thou faith? have it to thyself before God. Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth. And he that doubteth is condemned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin." (Rom. xiv. 19-23). "Take heed lest by any means this liberty of your's become a stumbling block to them that are weak. But when ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ! Wherefore if meat (i.e. as the context shows, meat which had been offered to idols) make my brother to offend, I will eat no (such) flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." (1 Cor. viii. 9-13). "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." (1 Cor. ix. 22). "But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." (1 Cor. ix. 27). "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient; all things are lawful for me, but all things edify not. Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth." (1 Cor. x. 23, 24). "Why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience? For if I with thanksgiving be a partaker, why am I evil spoken of for that for which I give thanks? Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. Give no offence, neither to the Jew, nor to the Gentile, nor to the Church of God; even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many that they may be saved." (1 Cor. x. 29-33). We leave these portions of Holy Writ to produce their due effect upon our beloved smoking brethren. In our view they make it the duty of every good man, and pre-eminently of every minister, to abstain from smoking, which is notoriously *an offence to many of the Lord's people*; more especially when it is remembered, that science and experience pronounce the habit to be *injurious to the smoker himself*. *Confessions of an Old Smoker.*

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MR. THOMAS TREGASKIS.

(Continued from page 348.)

SIGNS FOLLOWING.

ANY great change taking place in the *internal world*—deep down in the regions of the soul—where thoughts gather, and passions surge like waves of the sea, and motives of many kinds alternately sway, must

evince itself in the *external* world of activities—where the manifold forthcomings of life meet the public eye. Was it an under-the-surface change which our brother experienced?—a radical revolution? In many ways then must it have shown itself. "By their fruits ye shall know them." There followed—

EFFUSIONS OF GRATITUDE. First of all there was gratitude to God, full, flowing, like what rolls forth in the passage so fine while so familiar—"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: *who forgiveth all thine iniquities*," &c.—gratitude which helped to fulfil the prediction, "And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." It went forth also to her who was the means of the great change.

Under our eye is a copy of a letter, dated April 12th, 1821, and addressed to "Our dear mother in Christ," in which he says:

"We bless God that we ever saw you. . . . At last I was brought to yield, and was delivered from that burden of sin which I had so long carried about with me. Although a very sickly child, I feel myself getting stronger in the Lord. I have had some wonderful plunges since I saw you. I have been a wonder to myself, and all around me, so carried away at times that persons have been obliged to hold me. . . . Some have thought it the work of the devil *in* me; I think it the works of the devil *working out of* me, as I can go forth with greater boldness than before, feel peevishness and love of the world in a great measure destroyed, can rejoice in the Lord daily, and often feel raptures of joy. For all this I feel myself a poor ignorant creature, and look upon my past life with sorrow—might have been a tall cedar in Lebanon, am but a dry shrub in the wilderness—would wish to do something in the Lord's vineyard, but have neither knowledge nor utterance. Pray for me with all your might, that I may be established. . . . I trust I shall be a bright star in your crown.

"My wife has been very unwell of late in body, but bless God she has been enabled to rejoice, and (is) still going forward."

ABANDONMENT OF OLD ASSOCIATES. As far as practical, old companions and haunts were forsaken. From the nature of his business, and the circumstances of the times, he was frequently obliged to be in places devoted to the interest of the drink traffic, and while there surrounded by the carnal and corrupting. When released from the grip of necessity he carried not, as before, to quaff the poisoned cup, till body and reason should reel together. There was a prompt, practical regard to the injunction, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord." 2 Cor. vi. 17.

While thus outting the tie which bound him to the intemperate and swearing, he hardened not his heart against them. Often did he remember them with compassionate feelings, having distinct perceptions of their sad state and prospects through unforgiven sin. There were seasons when he was deeply affected in regard to them; he was so once when he heard what had befallen one of them with whom he many times drank and caroused. Poor fellow! he was returning from Truro fair to Mylor, his home, with two others. Simply saying, "I must go faster," he went rapidly and recklessly forward. Adding another to the many proofs that alcohol is clever at manufacturing Jehu-drivers, he drove so furiously that in a few minutes he crossed the boundaries of time, and went with an irreverent, insane rush into the world eternal. When the others came up they found to their horror that the horse had fatally thrown his rider—he *was dead*. The recorder says, "He had been a very drinking, jocoose man, and what the world calls 'a good kind of fellow,' but an enemy to God, into whose hands he has now fallen. When I reflect on my past conduct towards Him, in the same manner as my old acquaintance, I feel how great is the mercy that I was not cut down as a cumberer of the ground. I drank, sang songs, fought under the influence of drink, galloped my poor horse almost

out of breath, slept scores of miles on horse-back, and for years the Lord *spared me as a miracle of mercy*. What shall I do to praise Him? Language fails me."

Another time when returning home from his father's, having to come by Kea churchyard, curiosity led him to enter, and mark the stones which told of the buried dead. He found that many of his old companions had been interred there. It led him to reflect on that marvellous compassion which had kept him from being numbered with them, and made him with deep feeling cry, "O praise the Lord for His unbounded goodness!"

CHOICE OF NEW COMPANIONS. Having cast off his old associates he seeks new ones, who shall help gather around him influences promotive of his noblest interests. Christianity is pre-eminently social. Convents and monasteries are anti-christian as well as anti-human. Our friend said practically of those who had led him to Jesus, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God."

Not satisfied with mingling with them in their public assemblings, he joined them in the meetings held for mutual expression of pious thoughts and realizations. He greatly loved and regularly attended the class-meeting, finding it promoted his spiritual advancement, as is clear from the following among many entries in his journal on this point:—

"In the evening at class the presence of the Lord was felt, I believe, in all our assembly. While praying for holiness of heart I felt so blessed that there was scarce room to contain."

"In the evening at class had a good time. While my dear partner in life was speaking her religious experience I felt my whole soul 'on fire to be dissolved in love.'"

"Class in the evening. After a few struggles I felt such liberty in God as never before. All fear and shame seemed destroyed."

More in this direction when we come to speak of him as having a class of his own.

FORMATION OF PRAYING HABITS. The grand secret of his continued spirituality was prayer, which he used to say was "the life of the soul."

Closet prayer. He remembered and was swayed by the injunction, "When thou prayest enter into thy closet," &c. Reading his journals we often see him there, and hear him breathing up to God for richer baptisms of the Holy Ghost. In one place he speaks of the natural clouds as not being able to tarry long on the sun "when the breeze is brisk," and of other clouds as from necessity flying from "the Sun of Righteousness" when "the breeze of faith and prayer is blowing from the humble soul." How frequently were those "breezes" needed! A day or two later he says, "Rose in a very clouded state, my soul not much alive to God. At prayer had hard work to get any life. Went to the barn, and poured out my whole soul to God, determined, like wrestling Jacob, not to rise until the Lord had blessed me—soon found the Lord to His word (the promise he thought of and pleaded). Praise His holy name!"

One Sabbath morning, when "not very lively at prayer," he resolved he would "not be under a cloud" while the Divine Sun "was shining so brilliantly," and therefore recommenced praying—"got down stairs and set to work again." No wonder he could record that he "had a blessing." It did not take him a very great length of time to learn that "*All-prayer*" was a very important weapon with which to fight his untiring foe. Often was he obliged to use it. One day in the month of June he went to Truro market. While there the enemy assailed him sorely. On reaching home, what did he? Listen:—"Betook myself to the old weapon—all-prayer, was enabled soon to drive out the enemy, and rejoice in God."

One day he wrote, "The Lord precious in my closet;" another, "At private as well as family worship victory over the world, flesh and devil. Glory be to God! How good it is to be humble at His feet! My wife also is happy in God, strong in faith, determined for heaven."

Family prayer. Not in secret only, with his household also, as the last extract shows, did he invoke the benedictions of Jehovah. It cost him a few struggles to get fairly into the habit of domestic worship. He commenced in the evenings. So did he feel his weakness in this respect that, yielding to temptation, he discontinued it for a season. He had never done it in the mornings. One night he took up his cross again, and did it the next morning also; rising before any one else in the house, he prayed for strength to do it. He made up his mind to "press forward in that duty," crying at the same time, "The Lord of His infinite mercy give me grace to persevere unto the end." His wife, who was a "help meet" for him in other respects, was in this matter also. One evening "my wife," he writes, "was constrained to call upon God in prayer herself at family duty, to help me in my weakness. I am determined, by the help of God, to pray more than ever. For I know there is no way to keep the life of God in the soul but by constant and fervent prayer." It is soul-refreshing to see how the two, like Zacharias and Elizabeth, paid joyful homage to the Most High. While at the family altar they realized large fulfilments of the promise, "I will be as the dew unto Israel." That divine dew on many a morning fell on them so copiously as to leave a freshness and upspringing of joy all the day. The jottings are jubilant:—

"At our family prayer we had a glorious season. How happy my wife and Joey (one of the friends then with them) were."

"After we came home from chapel, at family prayer, the Lord poured out His Spirit upon us, and a wonderful season we had. I suppose we were *two hours praising God*. Glory be to His name!"

"At family duty a perfect victory. Glory be to God! How good the Lord is to such unworthy worms!"

"At family prayer a blessed time. Our servant girl in distress for her sins. After some time praying with her she found the Lord. He *does* hear and answer prayer."

"At family prayer had power to pray this evening likewise. My wife was abundantly happy."

"A blessed time at family worship. All is well to the present morning."

"This has been a good day to my soul. At the family altar this morning the Lord was present to bless, and at dinner-time we had some of the best wine (that mentioned in Isa. lv. 1). My wife unwell, but ready to go off at the call of the Bridegroom. O glory to His name! it is a heaven going to heaven. Soon we shall enter there, and then we will shout for joy."

"This evening at prayer-meeting a good time. After we came in, at family duty what a heaven it was! My father's apprentice girl was so abundantly happy that she ran out of the door, and bounded up and down the yard, glorifying God. I cannot express what I felt in my soul. *It appeared as if the very air was sanctified, and the ground on which we trod.*"

DELIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF GOD. He evinced an ardent attachment to the sanctuary* by regularity of attendance on its services. Seldom, if ever, did he fail to be benefited in some way, while often his whole soul was ravished sitting under the divine word. Such "times of refreshing" are frequently noticed in his journal. One time he was listening to a sermon ON WHAT THE SERVANTS OF GOD SHALL ENJOY, the text, "Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold my servants shall eat, but ye shall be hungry: behold, my servants shall drink, but ye shall be thirsty: behold, my servants shall rejoice, but ye shall be ashamed: behold, my servants shall sing for joy of heart, but ye shall cry for sorrow of heart, and shall howl for vexation of spirit," Isa. lxv. 13, 14. The result is concisely told,—"*Had a very good time, felt the Lord very precious to my soul.*" One Friday night the text was, "But we desire to hear of thee what thou

* An account of the chapel-building to be given subsequently.

thinkest; for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against." Acts xxviii. 22. It was a woman who preached—Sister Furze. After listening, and going through the service, our brother wrote this very suggestive sentence, "Had a wonderful time while lifting my heart to God." It seems he was affected two ways that night. First of all, so did the opening heavens shine around him that there was "joy unspeakable" bursting forth in a loud shout; and after that came

"The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

Observe, it was "while lifting his heart to God" that he had this "wonderful time." If there were more of that, many a sermon characterized as a "poor dry affair," would be pronounced rich in evangelical sentiments, largely pervaded with the power which arouses and sanctifies. Seeing men in their pews sitting at ease as if by their firesides, with arms folded, eyes closed, heads turned on one side, and singing through their nostrils the not very musical song of slumber,—sights like these yield soporific rather than genius-exciting influences. What preacher would not a thousand times rather see his hearers "stiff-necked," at least in one sense, than like that? and rejoice to have as a substitute for their nasal music a good rousing, thrilling song of Zion? It ought to be universally known, that, when drowsiness pervades a congregation, the opening of doors and windows would have a good effect. Let in that pure air which the influences of the Spirit resemble; when both are present body and soul may be awake.

June 3rd, was a memorable Sabbath. He writes, "Went to Perranwell, and heard Mr. Treffry (Wesleyan) preach from 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock,' &c. Had a blessed time in prayer, and likewise while he was preaching. I could willingly have shouted aloud for joy, but restrained myself in a measure, could not altogether. I wonder how it is professors of religion are so dry while the stream of Divine grace is flowing so plentifully all around. Glory be to God! I found it good to be there. Preaching in the afternoon by Sister Susan Furze, text, 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.' I believe many found it good to be there. I felt the 'perfect love' of God in my heart in such a degree that I was obliged to shout aloud for joy."

If Christians generally were to do what he did—pray much before going to the sanctuary, and when they get there, they would oftener be able like the prophet to say, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."

ACCEPTANCE OF THE NEW AND AUTHORIZED GUIDE. Having in his own recent experience, so full of agony and then of rapture, a moral demonstration most forceful that the Bible is divine as no other book can fairly claim to be, he readily accepted it, as the final standard of appeal in all matters touching Christian doctrine and morality. Henceforth not, "What are the notions of theologians? what the maxims of the world? what the principles commonly acted on in commercial circles? but, What saith the gospel of Christ? what the injunctions and prohibitions of the divine moral code? what the general and particular legislation of the Bible for the regulation of my public and private life?" The well known form of appeal,—*"To the law and to the testimony,"* expresses the spirit he breathed, and the habit he formed. He was mainly "a man of one book." We have seen in the extracts which have come to hand references to but two other books—Hervy's *Meditations* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Much as he loved and read Holy Scripture, he was one time a little in danger of not reading it enough. Business required him often to consult the newspaper. Sometimes its varied contents were more than usually bewitching, as he found, and as his watchful wife noticed, warning

him accordingly. From another quarter he met with an unexpected and memorable rebuke. He went one Sabbath to an adjoining place to hear a sermon from our then young and zealous brother—WILLIAM BAILEY, who still lingers with us, while so many of our honoured fathers have gone up to the great Home. God bless him; and when the last moments of his earthly life shall come, may his sun set without a cloud! To return,—our brother went to hear that shrewd and faithful servant of God, praying as he walked along, "*Anoint thy priest, O Lord.*" It was done, and he who asked that it might be shared in the result. In due time the preacher arrived, and with him many others. The sanctuary was thronged, and he we speak of, vacating his seat for another, ascended the pulpit with the preacher, who, as he proceeded with his discourse, strove to find out the evils and idols of the people—what tended to keep them from enjoying the fulness of gospel blessings. Rising in interest, and marching fearlessly on with his work, he charged right at their consciences affirming, "*Some of you spend more time in reading the newspaper than in reading your Bible.*" A fine home-thrust that! The true Jerusalem blade he wielded entered to the hilt the soul of at least one of his earnest listeners.

A voice from behind—"Oh! hast thou found me, O mine enemy? My wife has been telling me of late that I spend more time in reading the newspaper than in reading the Bible."

Preacher—"I thought I should find out some of you; if I find out any more I hope you will make a clean breast of it, as friend Tregaskis has."

The effect on the audience was electrical. Would that believers generally were accustomed to cry, "*Anoint thy priests O Lord!*" "*Brethren, pray for us.*"

CONSECRATION OF BUSINESS. The precept, "*Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,*" was one of many whose power he felt, to whose authority he yielded. How best to live for the Divine "glory" was the grand problem to be solved. One time he seriously contemplated a partial giving up of business that he might have increased opportunities for more purely Christian work; further thought and prayer however led him to decide in favour of the retention and Christianization of all—nothing to be laid aside for, but *every thing thrown into the new service*. Mark well the shaping of his musings on "reconsidering the matter:"—"Thinking it might be better for God's ministers who came to our house, and for the cause of God in general, I determined to go on as before. "*HENCEFORTH BUSINESS AND ALL FOR GOD.*" No man could with more cordiality and consistency sing—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

Having sometimes to perform long journeys in the old secular pursuits, he habitually took the precaution beforehand of putting himself and affairs under the wings of the Almighty. While journeying on there were holy ponderings, and heaven-ward breathings. How beautiful this little entry: "*Proceeded to business. While passing through the lanes felt the Lord very precious to my soul—mind stayed on divine things.*" Thus steeped in prayer, no wonder that it was crowned with the benedictions of Highest.

We will watch him now as he starts off on a Tuesday morning to buy corn. He journeys eastward, first to St. Columb, then to Wadebridge, sleeps there in a public house, no Temperance Hotels about yet; awakes, prays as usual, gives himself into the hands of the Lord, and feels that, corn or no corn, all is well. Off to Endellion, and again disappointed, Now to Camelford, and his journey is crowned with success. In the last named town he fell in with one whose life we wish somebody would write—

a big powerful man—a noted wrestler and fighter—a valiant servant of the devil, who in those days was brought to God, became a local preacher, and continued to the end. "Soon got my cargo of corn," writes the miller, "In the street I met ABRAHAM BASTARD. He looked at me, and passed on; then turned back, and said"—said what?

Bastard—"Do you not belong to the fold of Christ?"

Tregaskis—"Yes, bless the Lord!"

Bastard—"Amen!"

"And more dear souls I met afterwards."

Happy days they when multitudes among us thus exemplified the lines of the once famous Union Hymn—

"And if I met one on the way
My heart and soul were fired to say
Something about the Union."

(*To be continued.*)

MR. JOHN JOLLIFFE.

BY HIS SON.

JOHN JOLLIFFE, the third son of John and Elizabeth Jolliffe, was born at Castle Milford, in the parish of Tremaine, Cornwall, England, November 29th, 1803. His parents were among some of the first in that parish who attended the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodists, and united with them in society. Especially was this applicable in the case of his grandmother, (his father's mother.) When upwards of forty years of age, she became anxiously concerned for her salvation, and seeking religious counsel and advice from the minister who officiated in her own parish church, (which she was in the habit of attending,) he regarded her distress as arising from purely physical causes, and ventured to suggest the application of "a plaster on the back"—as means of relief. Her heart was too deeply wounded to make the trial, or even listen to such counsel, and she met the suggestion with the quotation, "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." From that time she sought a more spiritual adviser, and found the needed instruction and encouragement in attending the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodists; she united with them in society, and, after several months' seeking, found the mercy so long desired. Her own conversion led to the conversion of her children, and of many others in the parish, including the parents of the subject of this present sketch. She became a bright example of intelligent piety, and, after forty years of devoted Christian service, fell asleep in Christ. "The memory of the just is blessed." For many years prior to her death, she either resided near, or in her son's family; and her Christian influence and pious counsels could not but operate favourably on the minds of her grand-children. Added to these, the direct influence of Christian parental example must have been favourable to early piety in the family circle. But though thus privileged, and at times seriously impressed, it was not until John had well nigh reached his seventeenth year that he experienced converting grace. Under a deep sense of conviction for sin, in one of the out-buildings on his father's premises, he poured out his heart's complaint unto the Lord "who hearkened and heard." His own words perhaps will best describe the change effected. "It was the first time I consciously received good, even the pardoning mercy of God." He united in church fellowship with the society of which his parents were members, and gave evidence to all that his conversion was genuine and practical. While comparatively young in Christian experience he was appointed to fill the office of class-leader, and his name appeared on

the Local Preachers' Plan. Though possessing only moderate abilities, yet these positions he sustained creditably. A friend, whose name appeared on the plan about the same time, speaks thus of him: "It was not his talent, but his piety that always made his services acceptable." It may be remarked that into whatever locality he removed, it fell to his lot to act in the same sphere, and that for well nigh fifty years. Any position he filled in the church came to him unsought. He was diffident in manner, retiring in disposition, yet his piety was of the active kind, and his interest lively in all that pertained to the welfare of the church, and the glory of God. Early in the year 1825 he was united in marriage to Mary Bluett, one of his native parish, and also a member of the same religious society. Their union proved to be happy and prosperous. From the commencement of domestic life they erected a family altar, and sustained it until the domestic tie was dissolved. To raise their numerous family must have incurred responsibilities of no unimportant character; yet together they toiled and laboured, and now the weary are at rest. In the year 1836 a circumstance occurred which effected his church relation. The disruption which took place in the Weleyan body isolated the society of which he was a member, and the ground was taken up by the Wesleyan Methodist Association, with which people he united, and occupied a similar position among them as with the old body. In this Connexion he remained, exercising an unusually lively interest in all religious matters, until he left England for America. In the year 1844 he, with his wife and family of eight children, emigrated to Wisconsin, U.S. The incidents of the voyage need not be particularly mentioned, but they required the exercise of faith and patience. A fare-well was taken of home in England on the 26th of July, and the family only reached their destination on the 24th of October following. My father located in the Township of Palmyra, Jefferson Co. Wisconsin. The difficulties at that time in settling in a new country were neither few nor small, and especially to those of but limited means; in fact, known only to those who have been similarly circumstanced. Through industry and economy, accompanied by the blessing of God, his circumstances in life became comparatively comfortable. The want of Christian society, and a place among the people of God where he could feel at home, were among the many privations experienced in the new settlement. Means of grace there were; but everything seemed to be just forming, nothing established. The Baptists, Episcopal Methodists, True Wesleyans, &c., preached in the neighbourhood, and while he attended their ministry and availed himself of Christian fellowship, yet with them he did not choose permanently to make his home. In the year 1846, as application had been made by a few friends in the settlement to the Bible Christian Conference in England for a preacher, Br. Wm. Hooper came from England to Canada as a missionary and from thence to Wisconsin, with a view to open a mission, if practicable. He proceeded in the work, although under discouraging circumstances; he preached and organized societies. My father united, (and other members of his family) and took a lively interest in the infant cause, and continued to do so as long as he lived. As he grew in years his interest deepened in the cause of God. Every feature of progress was hailed by him with delight. The erection of a church in the settlement, as a substitute for the old school-house where he was accustomed to worship, gave him unfeigned pleasure. Nor was his heart less glad when two of his sons were converted in the new place of worship soon after its dedication, and are now labourers in the vineyard of the Lord.

The material interests of the church, the extension of our borders, the conversion of sinners, and the sanctification of believers, were all to him matters of rejoicing, (especially the latter) in which state of grace he himself lived for several years prior to his death. Whatever the views entertained by many professing godliness on the subject of holiness, or

entire sanctification, the royal command:—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength," was, to him, the standard of duty and privilege. He quibbled not about the precise meaning of terms; but these words seemed best to express his views, as well as the condition of his mind. In describing his experience at or about this time, he said, "The Lord enables me to love Him with all the heart, and mind," &c. Doubtless there were seasons in his experience when he did not so consciously and sensibly realize the fulfilment of this grace in him, but this command was his touchstone, the standard to which he subscribed. His diligence and earnestness in seeking to obtain the blessing of perfect love was, particularly noticeable. Though accustomed daily to manual labour, and often much fatigued in consequence, yet, during the winter months, he would rise at an early hour to spend from an hour to an hour and a half in reading and prayer before the family arose. His application quickened and increased his desires. His language was:

"My vehement soul cries out oppress,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed."

He at length obtained

"The rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And God is loved alone."

In how many instances, what delay is occasioned by the want of clearer light on this doctrine, and the comparatively few witnesses who testify concerning its power. This want he felt, but through grace he obtained the promise, and encouraged others to like faith and experience. This lesson of faith, so difficult and which he seemed comparatively slow to learn, was in his view of great importance, demanding great earnestness. His remark to the writer on one occasion (while seeking to know the way of God more perfectly) was, "You need not expect to succeed without earnestness." Nor did he, on obtaining the desire of his heart, cease to be diligent in the use of such means as were necessary to his "perfecting holiness in the fear of God." He carefully observed family and closet prayer, and was punctual in attending the public services of the sanctuary, his seat in the house of God being seldom vacant. The prayer and class-meetings were means he highly prized, and from them was he scarcely ever absent. As age increased, and consequent infirmities, he might have sought excuse for non-attendance, (as he lived quite a distance from the house of God,) but it was generally understood that "Uncle John" would be there and in time. In this he was a pattern to his class, and his example did much to sustain these social means. He delighted in the house of prayer and the fellowship of saints. The writer may here interpose his testimony. I never knew him, for more than forty years, absent himself from the house of prayer without a justifiable reason. As a man of business he had claims upon his time and attention, as other men; while not neglecting these, beyond a certain point his conduct seemed to say, "Tarry ye here, while I go yonder and worship." Life with him (outwardly considered) was a chequered scene, and to say that, amid his ups and downs, he sustained a perfection of character beyond all others would be to place him in a wrong light. It is impossible utterly to conceal the defects which attach to every man, more or less; and we cannot consider him an exception. Beyond what failings were visible, doubtless there were others to which he alone could be privy. But whether inward or outward, it is a comfort to know that grace ruled, and through it he obtained the victory. He accepted life's discipline with exemplary patience. The severest trial of his life occurred in August, 1870, in the death of his beloved

wife. She who had been for upwards of forty-five years the sharer of his joys and sorrows, his faithful adviser and loving companion, his help-meet in all things, both temporal and spiritual, after a short yet very severe illness, passed away to her eternal rest, "to be for ever with the Lord." He mourned his loss deeply, (and it were unnatural not to do so) but with the hope of meeting her again beyond the sky. This occurrence was not allowed to slacken his interest in spiritual things, but rather it prompted him onward; yet it evidently gave a shock to his physical system. The affliction which terminated his life was that of congestion at first, induced it is believed by partaking too freely of cold water on an exceedingly sultry day in August last. He recovered partially from the first attack, but there still remained a difficulty which medical skill failed to reach. In about twelve days this reached a crisis; violent inflammation set in causing indescribable agony. His medical attendant was called in, but in vain. He continued to sink; in a few hours death had done its work, and the happy spirit, emancipated from the crumbling tabernacle, took its flight to the paradise of God, Thursday, August 18th., 1871, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, a little less than a year from the death of his beloved wife. During his affliction he was visited by his Pastor, Br. T. R. Hull, some of the members of the society, and his younger son Samuel. They all unite in bearing testimony that he was ready for his change. We regard his life as sure an index to the blessed future as his death. His remains were interred by the side of his wife in the cemetery adjoining Zion Church, in the Palmyra circuit. Br. R. Hull improved the occasion in preaching from Psalms cxvi, 15. In his removal, his family have lost a kind and loving father, the Church a faithful and devoted member and servant, and the community one who was above suspicion in honesty of purpose and general integrity. We miss thee and mourn, but not without the thought that our loss is thy gain.

W. J.

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MARY ACKLAND, was born at Oul-lumpton, Devon, in the year 1803, and died December 29th, 1870. During the many months of severe suffering which terminated in death, our sister manifested matured piety, and showed to all the meaning and force of the Psalmist's words, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing; to show that the Lord is upright: he is my Rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him." The Christian character of the deceased was marked by regularity in her attendance on the means of grace, an abiding assurance of an interest in the precious blood of Jesus, an unflinching consistency in her family, and by untiring kindness to the ministers of the cross. As the tree his known by its fruits, the fountain by its waters, so her principles were known by her ways.

Br. T. E. Keen, having had an early acquaintance with our departed sister, writes:—"Though seventeen years have rolled away since I had

any pastoral associations with Mrs. Ackland, I most cheerfully add my testimony to her Christian worth. In 1853, the Conference appointed me to Exeter Circuit, England; and my lodgings were at Mrs. Ackland's house, Exmouth. I spent twelve months under her roof, and during that period had ample opportunity of informing myself of the genuineness or otherwise of her profession of Christ, and I never had a doubt that she was a truthful and earnest follower of the Saviour. The Bible Christian Society in Exmouth at that time was composed principally of young people, and the position that Mrs. Ackland occupied in the Church was such as entitles me to say that she was indeed a 'Mother in Israel.' Few have deserved that name more than she deserved it. By the Conference of 1854, I was appointed to labour in Australia, and so had to bid farewell to our deceased sister. I did not again see her till 1859. Some time after I left England, she, with Mr. Ackland

and family, came to Victoria, and settled on the Barrabool Hills, where I saw her soon after my appointment to this Colony in the year last named; and as far as I could gather she was the same kind, Christian-hearted woman as when I left her at Exmouth. I have seen her occasionally since then, and have heard of her frequently from those who were intimately acquainted with her, and I am persuaded that her death was a death "in the Lord." I entertain the hope of meeting her again 'at the resurrection of the just.' Oh, may it be the prayer of the bereaved husband and children, that at the end of their earthly career they may triumph so, and meet the departed one where 'Life shall spring out of death.'

" 'O with that sound,
Spirit of peace, thou spreadst thy radiant
wing,
Earth's broken garlands scattered o'er the
ground,
Bloom forth afresh, as in the dawn of spring.
O sons of earth! you who so oft would twine
Her fading blossoms with your hopes divine,
Cast, cast those wreaths aside; one hope
alone
Will bloom when all is faded, lost and gone,
To cheer thee in life's latest parting breath,
And whisper peace—Life shall spring out of
death.' "

J. T.

DIED at Plymouth, Dec. 12th, 1871, GEORGE B. DANIEL. "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." Who would have thought a short time ago, with his fresh and healthy appearance, that in Br. Daniel the passage above quoted was so soon to be illustrated? But the region of death is a land without order, and baffles all human calculation. Those who in our view seem likely to live longest are often the first to be cut down like the grass, and wither like the tender herb or flower.

G. B. DANIEL was born at Clawton, in Holsworthy Circuit, May 26th, 1853. His spiritual birth was experienced in the same neighbourhood. He was converted a short time before Christmas, 1866, being more than thirteen, but not fourteen, years of age.

He at once joined the Bible Christian Society, and has remained in church-fellowship with us till he left earth for heaven. His denominational attachment, we think, was highly praiseworthy. He loved all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, but whether in Devon or Cornwall he at once found out his own people, and seemed quite at home in their society. Br. Daniel's conduct in this respect is a powerful rebuke to many young men, who, on going from home, or from country to town, seek to become associated with some "*more respectable body*" of Christians than those with whom they may have long stood identified, or, what is worse still, join no religious society whatever. No sooner had Mr. Daniel come to Plymouth than he at once found out Zion St. Chapel, where he became a very regular attendant at the social and public means of grace, and by integrity and uprightness of heart and life endeared himself to all that knew him.

His natural abilities, improved by a tolerably good education, and best of all, by deep piety, made those who best knew, hope that he might be rendered very useful. While at Lapford School, Mr. Clarke, his master, desired him on one occasion to preach for him. He complied with the request, and was well received. Returning home, during the pastorate of Mr. Blackmore, his name was put on the preachers' plan; but soon after he went to Penzance. Br. Lark, who knew him in the Holsworthy Circuit, and with whom he spent nine months at Penzance, speaks of him as "one of the best young men he ever met with," and as one who was "always so true to the principles he professed." His religion was not confined to the Sabbath nor to the sanctuary, but made itself manifest in daily life. The testimony of Mr. Clatworthy, in whose establishment he was learning the drapery business, is valuable; referring to him a short time ago, he said that in Mr. Daniel's death, "*They had sustained a great loss.*" "He was a most excellent young man: he could scarcely wish for one better."

His religious experience was transparent. He attended his class-meeting for the last time, a fortnight before the day on which he was buried, and at the close of the meeting he prayed with much fervour and power. Returning from the class in company with his leader, to whom he was much attached, he spoke of the delightful season they had had at the meeting, "but," he added, "it will be still more delightful when we get home to heaven." His illness was of very short duration. He died of small-pox.

His love for the means of grace, his pre-eminent attachment to the Sacred Scriptures, while other good books were not neglected, his fervency and power in prayer, his solicitude for the spiritual interests of his friends as evinced in his letters to them, and his general Christian character, were such as make his early removal from the Church on earth a great loss, but which give us the assurance that the Church in heaven has experienced an equal gain.

W. LEE.

MRS. MARY MILTON was a daughter of John and Sarah Ashplant, of Beaford, Devon, England, and was born in the year 1822. From her childhood she was affectionate and obedient to her parents, an attentive reader of the word of God, and distinguished for the strength of her understanding. At the age of fifteen years she commenced her Christian course, and manifested great anxiety and earnestness for the good of others. She was married to John Milton, and about thirteen years since she came with her husband to this colony. They have not been favoured with riches as many, but they have had a sufficiency, and better still, they have had peace and comfort in their family. Mrs. Milton met her death under most singular and solemn circumstances. On the 8th of January last, she took dinner to her husband, son, and others, who were working in the harvest field. The weather was remarkably hot, and a fearful thunderstorm was passing, yet the deceased appeared quite lively and well. After being

persuaded to return home, because of the heavy storm approaching, she left, saying, "I will be going home now." There were her last words. She had not walked more than 200 yards, before a loud peal of thunder startled them, and the lightning affected them all more or less. The son looked in the direction his mother had taken, and he saw her fall to the ground. The husband and son were soon at her side, but found the vital spark had fled; she had been struck dead by the lightning. The anguish of father and son may be imagined, but cannot be described.

As a wife, Mrs. Milton was faithful, laborious and persevering; as a mother, tender and affectionate; as a neighbour, loved and respected; and for twenty-five years she was a consistent member of the Bible Christian Church. May the bereaved, the writer, and all who knew and respected our departed friend, give heed to the words of the Lord Jesus, "Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

J. TONKIN.

MRS. CHARLOTTE BROOK, whose maiden name was Bailey, died at Plymouth, on Wednesday, February 14th, 1872, aged thirty. She was admitted a member of our society at Zion Street, September, 12th, 1860, under the Pastorate of Mr. W. Rowe. From the time of her conversion to her death, she proved the sincerity of her religious profession by a consistent Christian life. As a fond and pious mother she manifested great interest in the spiritual as well as in the temporal welfare of her family. She also loved God's house, and was a liberal and cheerful supporter of the cause of Christ. She died rather suddenly—about six days after her confinement. We entertain no doubt in relation to her present safety, and therefore we do not mourn "as those who have no hope."

W. L.

DIED at Beaworthy, in the Northlew Circuit, May 17th, 1872,

Mrs. ELIZABETH SMALE (wife of Mr. John Smale, one of our oldest Local Preachers) aged 69 years and 11 months. She was brought to the knowledge of the truth the same day and hour as her husband, nearly thirty-three years ago. She was a good wife, a kind and indulgent mother, an excellent neighbour, and a real friend to the ministers of Christ. I speak from experience, having twice laboured in this circuit.—Two of her sons were named after two of her ministers. Of later years she has been very deaf, hence she has been kept away from the public means of grace. She was exceedingly fond of reading. The Bible was her chief delight. The Bible Christian Magazine was constantly read and appreciated. Mrs. Smale was not very well for the last few months of her natural life, but her death was at the last sudden and unexpected. Mrs. Harry, one of our devoted members, who was in the room when the solemn messenger came, and Mr. Smale, give an excellent account of the dear saint. Among the many beautiful things that she said were, "Glory be to God! the sting of death is gone." Surely a "life of mercies was crowned with a triumphant end." Mrs. Smale has left an aged husband and eight children to lament their loss; but their loss is her infinite gain.

She was carried to the grave by devout men, four of them Local Preachers. The long procession showed the very great esteem in which the departed one was held by the inhabitants of Beaworthy and adjacent parishes.

The pastor gave out appropriate hymns, offered prayer, and gave a short address. Mr. W. F. James read portions of God's blessed word, and Mr. W. Higman offered a very earnest and heart-searching prayer at the grave side. Her funeral sermon was preached by the writer, on June 2nd, in Madworthy Chapel, to a crowded congregation. May the impression then made be "lasting as eternity."

J. B.

"Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire."

Died, May 23rd, 1872, aged thirty-one MARY, the beloved wife of Mr. RICHARD RUNNALS, and second daughter of John and Jenefer Martin. She was born in the Parish of Advent, in the County of Cornwall, England. Like all the sons and daughters of fallen Adam, she was born with an evil heart; yet she was kept from running to the excesses into which thousands unhappily run. She was retiring and remarkably reticent in her habits, which, perhaps, kept her from sinking into the foolish fashions of this vain world. She found, however, that her heart was not right with God, and that dying in an unconverted state, however moral, she would be lost forever. Pondering solemnly this subject, she resolved to give herself to God, and in the year 1855, in Welcome Church, she sought Jesus Christ and found Him, to be a satisfactory portion to her deathless spirit, and joined the Church, with which she continued in good fellowship until removed by death to the Church above.

In the year 1867 she was married to Mr. Richard Runnals, a member of the same church. The marriage was a happy one,—she had well studied that portion of God's truth, "To be discreet, chaste, keepers at home," or as some render it, "workers at home." She included the both, hence she was graciously preserved from the curse of religious gossip, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, *hellish gossip*, which so often destroys the peace and happiness of religious society. Thus she was saved from any bitter and alarming fears on that account when she came to die. In her person she was constitutionally delicate, and at the birth of her first little girl she was brought apparently to the confines of eternity. God mercifully spared her to her husband and child, and

she continued to live to bless the church and the family; though she felt that her system was greatly enfeebled, yet she managed to attend to her household affairs, and everything about the house showed her domestic skill and wisdom. She lived for this world, not forgetting the world to come. On May 16th she was delivered of a son, and all went well, and her friends rejoiced, and praised God for the abundant goodness towards her; but in a day or two afterwards alarming symptoms appeared which baffled all the endeavours of her physicians to stop; however she was not alarmed. She talked to all that came to see her of what Jesus had done for her, and what He would do for them if they sought Him. She called upon her aged father to pray for them, and in the dying chamber a prayer-meeting was held, and hundreds of tears were shed; oh, may it never be forgotten. To one she affectionately and faithfully said, "You have forsaken Christ and his people; but he waits to heal all your backslidings; oh, return to him speedily, or you will never meet me in heaven." To another, "Return to Christ now, do it at once. Oh, my brother, do it now. Oh, will you meet me at the right hand of God?" While talking, tears rolled over her cheeks, and all in the room were moved to weep aloud at her fervent appeals; after which she slept a few minutes. When she awoke she said to her weeping husband, "I can sing to you now, Richard," and with the sweetest voice I ever heard, she sang,—

"We are out on the ocean sailing;
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide;
Millions now are safely landed
Upon the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more."

I have heard singing grand and solemn, but never before heard

singing so heavenly as this, no, never. It strikes me that the grand Concert to-day in Boston, in the United States, is vanity to it. After resting a few moments, to the astonishment of all, she sang,—

"My Jesus I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of life I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

I'll love thee in life, and love thee in death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;
I'll sing when the death dew is cold on my brow
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!"

And then, in the most calm and heavenly manner, she gave up the three precious children, and her weeping husband to God the Father, to God the Son, and to God the Holy Ghost; (he will bless and save them;) and in a few hours she passed away to the land of the blessed.

Our dear sister was an affectionate wife and mother, and an exemplary Christian. The loss is deeply felt by the family, and the Church of which she was a member.

"Asleep in Jesus, O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting."

A vast concourse attended the funeral, and Br. Hurley preached to a large congregation. O that we may so live as to meet our dear departed sister in heaven. So prays the writer. J. B. TAPP.

DIED, at St. Helier, Jersey, July 29th, 1872, ESTHER JANE DE LA HAYE, aged fifty years. She had been a worthy member of the Bible Christian Society on this island for several years. During life she experienced, as a widow, much labour and sorrow. But her character was unblemished, and her end was peaceful and triumphant. Her dying testimony for Jesus was truly glorious. W. L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BEREAVEMENTS.

DEAR BROTHER BOURNE,—I cannot tell you with what emotion I read in the May number of the Magazine, which came to hand last mail, of the ravages death has recently been making in the families of my dear brethren in the ministry at home. Perhaps my feelings were all the more acute from the fact that death has been at work here too. On the 27th April, our dear Brother Alfred, stationed at the White Hills, in the Sandhurst Circuit, died of typhoid fever after only a few days' illness, and in his death a wife and two children have lost a good husband and father, and the church a valuable minister. Brother Alfred was a colleague of mine when I was in the Castlemaine Circuit, so I can speak of his worth from experience. But death has come much nearer home to my dear wife and myself than this. On the morning of Sunday, May 26th, we lost our beloved and eldest son, Edmund John, aged fifteen years and four months. He, too, died of typhoid fever, after an illness of only ten days' duration. On the evening of December 9th, 1864, the dear boy fell into a deep pool of water at White Hills, and had sunk to the bottom before any assistance arrived. After diving for him several times until quite exhausted I succeeded in finding him, and he was resuscitated though he had been settled at the bottom for at least eight minutes. We had often previously prayed God, if, in accordance with His will, to call our dear boy to the ministry, and now believing that in his almost miraculous recovery from death by drowning we had evidence that God had some special work for him to do, we afresh dedicated him to the Lord's service. And as in after years we saw the effect of the Holy Spirit's operations upon him; saw his constancy in prayer, and his ardent love for the word of God, (a portion of which he read nightly

before going to sleep, and the whole of which he had read through twice and about two-thirds through the third time), we thought we saw proof that God had accepted him for future usefulness. This very month he intended going up for the Melbourne University examination, and there was every prospect of his success. And all things considered, the future seemed very favourably opening up to him, for which we felt not proud, not ambitious, but devoutly grateful to Almighty God. But how are our prospects blasted, and our hopes dashed as in a moment to the ground! Early in the evening of the night before his death we thought him dying; but he rallied again, and for an hour or two there was a marked improvement in him. We now considered the crisis was favourably passed, and were filled with joy, and as I sat by his bedside my heart welling over with gratitude to God, I thought, "Now at our next missionary effort I will put a pound on the donation list as a thank-offering to God for the recovery of a dear son." Within an hour after that the death-sweat stood on his brow! When we saw that he was certainly in the grasp of death, words would utterly fail to describe what we felt, and I shudder to think of some of the thoughts that passed through my mind. But those thoughts are all over now, and I feel convinced that a God of infinite perfection, as our God is, can neither act wrongly nor unkindly. It does seem that the sun in our sky can never shine as before, but while we mourn, deeply mourn, for the lost one was a most affectionate and dutiful son, we do not murmur, but sustained by Divine grace, say, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done." We have every reason to believe our dear departed one is with the saints in light, and there too we one day hope to be, and with him swell the anthems of heaven. Since our dreadful bereave-

ment we have had some very gracious tokens from our God. At a lovefeast here at Hotham, on the 16th ult., my eldest son now living, and my second daughter, were most lovingly drawn to the Saviour, and on the following Tuesday at a special service I was conducting, a young man received Christ into his heart and was made abundantly happy. A few drops have fallen in Gore Street church too. At the prayer-meeting after Br. Rowe's sermon last night week, one or two were set at liberty in Christ Jesus; and last night while preaching there I

felt as though the Spirit of God had taken hold of me, and carried me altogether out of my former self. How much I should like an hour or two in conversation with you on the work in our beloved Connexion. But that cannot be. We are too far apart. In kindest love to you and to all my dear brethren in dear old England, I am,

Affectionately yours,

T. E. KREN.

*Dryburgh Street, Hotham, Melbourne,
July 8th, 1872.*

CHAPELS.

GREENBOTTOM.—Our society in this place has for many years worshipped in a small and inconvenient chapel, the holding of which now hangs upon one life, and that eighty years old. The late Sir Thomas Dyke Acland having generously given them the fee simple of a very eligible site, near the old structure, they are now erecting a new chapel thereon, 30 feet by 40 in the clear, with end and side galleries, at a cost of £400. The day fixed for laying the memorial stone of the said chapel was Monday, August 19th, 1872, at three o'clock p.m., by which time a large number of persons had assembled on the ground. After singing and prayer, the Pastor of the circuit, W. Rowe, presented to Capt. William Teague, of Tinicroft mine, a handsome trowel bearing a suitable inscription, together with a beautifully polished little mahogany hammer, as mementoes of the auspicious occasion, with which he laid the stone in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This act was followed by a few well-chosen and well-expressed sentences on the object of the erection, supplemented by an able address by Mr. J. Johns, of Redruth. Then came a public tea, of which over 300 persons partook. This was succeeded by a public meeting, which was undoubtedly one of the best of its kind, and although held in the open-air, it was as orderly as if it had been held in-doors. Mr. Thomas Verran, of Hicks Mill, was chairman, and he conducted the business of the evening to a successful issue. The speakers were ministers of our own denomination, viz., Messrs.

W. F. James, C. Bridgman, J. Johns, and E. Roberts, (ex-secretary of our Canadian Conference, who is now on a visit to England.) The speeches were good, and listened to with marked attention; especially that delivered by Mr. Roberts, who spoke in his usual felicitous style, and awakened the admiration of the multitude. The financial results of the day's proceedings were:—By collections £16 7s, and by the tea £18 14s. 3d, total £35 1s 3d. It is hoped that as the building progresses the liberality of the friends will abound more and more, so as to leave the chapel when opened for divine worship in easy working circumstances. Great praise is due to our Greenbottom friends who gave the provisions for the tea, and served them out in an excellent manner.

W. ROWE.

NORTHLEW CIRCUIT. — *Eworthy Chapel.* The anniversary of this place of worship was celebrated on Sunday, and Monday, June 2nd and 3rd, 1872. On the Sunday Mr. Benjamin Rounsefell, of Launceston, preached two excellent sermons. On the following day another discourse was delivered by the same able and talented minister to a good congregation. The tea at 6 o'clock was well attended. At the public meeting, Mr. R. Kennard, of Ellacott Barton (one of our circuit stewards) was unanimously voted to the chair. He filled it very worthily. Mr. K. would like to see all the chapel debts in the circuit paid off, and the seat rents and proceeds of anniversaries sent to the quarter board. His influence, and liberality, at Bratton

Clovelly, (where he resides) is telling nicely in that direction. Mr. E. Mountjoy, Mr. W. F. James, Mr. Fry (Baptist minister) and Mr. B. Rounsefell made capital speeches. There was a gracious influence from heaven, which led many to say that it was a blessed anniversary. The seat rents, collecting cards, and profits of anniversary were £32 1s 10d, of which sum £26 are to go towards the reduction of the debt. Nine years ago the debt was £193; now it is £104. In few years more the debt will be gone if the friends continue to work as they have done in the past year. Whatever friends at a distance may think, the ministers and friends who know the sparseness of the population, and the smallness of the society, will readily acknowledge that it is a noble effort. Aye, and these noble Eworthy friends, are greatly interested in our missionary society (see Report) and all the other departments of our work. May God prosper them abundantly for Christ's sake. Amen.

Chilla.—This chapel was re-opened on Sunday, August 18th, 1872. Mr. W. H. Keast, the newly-appointed minister, preached two good sermons, to crowded congregations. On the following Monday the chairman of the Shebbear district (Br. Bray) delivered a telling and consolatory discourse to a congregation which filled the chapel. More than 300 persons sat down to an excellent tea in a large booth erected in Mr. Daniel Hutchings' field (kindly lent for the occasion.) Mr. R. Penhale, an excellent local preacher from the Holsworthy Circuit, conducted the business of the public meeting in the open air, as the chapel would not contain half the people. Mr. P. spoke in a very humorous and interesting strain, and Messrs. Keast and Bray made famous speeches. The pastor read what he called a rough statement. Some thought and said it was "*sheer exaggeration.*" "However could it be?" "Where did the money come from?" I am happy to say that in going over the accounts carefully last Monday (Sep. 9th.) at Chilla, I found several pounds more than was read at the open air meeting.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
Collections*	11	1	4
Mr. Thomas Down, col. ...	7	0	0
Mr. B. Hopper, do. ...	6	0	0

* Mr. W. Higman preached on the second Sabbath, and rendered us important service.

Mr. D. Hutchings, do. ...	4	0	0
Mr. Wm. Yelland, do. ...	3	10	6
Mr. W. H. James, do. ...	1	0	0
Free Tea given by the collectors, and Mr. Yelland, senr.	14	10	3

	47	2	1
In hand last audit (Ladyday)	1	11	0

£48 13 1

DISBURSEMENTS.	£	s.	d.
Contract for Renovation	22	0	0
Extras supposed	10	0	0
New Harmonium	10	0	0

42 0 0
48 13 1

In hand £6 13 1

The surplus we hope to devote towards the erection of a new school room. Seven months ago the chapel was in a very dilapidated state, with only six members in society, the Sabbath school conducted, and the children taught by unconverted teachers. Now the sanctuary is beautiful *within* and *without*, with forty members in society, and the Sabbath school teachers *all* converted. The pastor and many others say from the bottom of their hearts—"Thank God for the Chilla revival, and its glorious results." JAMES BARTLETT.

CWMILLERY.—The first anniversary services were held on Sunday, September 1st, 1872. Three sermons were preached by Mr. J. Brenton, the newly appointed Pastor of the circuit; that in the morning from Luke iv. 18; that in the afternoon from Revelation xiv. 13; and that in the evening from Psalm viii. 4. The services were well attended, a blessed influence was felt, and good impressions apparently made.

On the following day, a public tea was provided at four o'clock, of which upwards of 180 persons partook. Tea over, a public meeting was held, the Chair was occupied by Br. Pring, and interesting and heart-stirring addresses were delivered by Sister Cloak, and Brothers Bevan and Payne, from Blaenavon, followed by the Pastor.

The meeting will be remembered with feelings of pleasure and delight for some time to come, as the influence of it still continues, and some we hope are feeling after God. May this be the beginning of better days in the Redeemer's cause.

R. PRING.

September 11th, 1872.

BIBLE CLASS, EBENEZER CHAPEL, TAUNTON.

A brief notice of our Bible Class appeared in the Youth's Miscellany in the early part of the year. Since that time the class has continued to grow in numbers and influence; and, after eleven months' trial, we now consider the movement fully and successfully established. On Tuesday, July 2nd, we held our second soiree, at which a considerable number of members and visitors were present. In the evening a public meeting was held, the programme of which proved interesting and profitable. The report was read by the pastor. Several pieces were sung during the evening under the leadership of Miss Frost, who presided at the harmonium. "The Messiah," by Pope, "the Strange Mistake," "The Skeleton," and "Belshazzar's Feast," were recited with great elocutionary power by Mr. W. Howell. "A Dialogue on the seven churches," was perfectly rendered by the seven junior members of the class. A specimen Bible Class Lesson was the novel feature of the evening. The purpose of introducing it was to give the audience an idea of the manner in which the weekly meetings are conducted. The adult members of the class sat around the table before the platform; the lesson prepared was a portion of the chapter from Hodge's *Outlines of Theology on the Divinity of Christ*: the discussion of the subject seemed to create a good deal of interest among those present. Only members of the class took part in the carrying out of the programme. The soiree gave the class a sum more than enough to defray the expense of a day's picnic in the country. On Monday, July 29th, the members of the class left Taunton at half-past nine by road for Cothelston Hill, an eminence seven miles from the town, 1,260 feet high, and commanding an extensive view of the Bristol Channel, and several counties adjacent. The day was very fine, and on the wild heath, breathing the purest air, the day was most enjoyably spent. Boiling the kettle, and cooking potatoes, and kindred engagements, together with innocent sports in such novel circumstances, afforded a day's fill of healthy recreation and joyous mirth to youth and adult.

At present the class has a membership of 30 persons: and from a carefully kept register we find that the attendance has from the beginning

averaged more than half the number of names on the books. The year's work has been as solid as we could make it; much scripture from first to last has come under our notice and thought; as our chief end we have always sought to lead both youth and adult to Christ; frequently the subject before the class has given us the most favourable opportunity to do this; and the effect of loving and earnest words of appeal may have been seen in the eager attention, the thoughtful look, the softened heart. We shall look for the "bread cast upon the waters" to come to us again "after many days;" and, it may be, in some cases more quickly than we think.

During the year, amongst other subjects, six weeks were occupied with the study of "prophecies relating to the Messiah," with their corresponding fulfilment in the words of the New Testament; and a prize which had been promised to the individual who would at the close of the subject return the largest number of correct passages arranged in sections was won by Miss Kate Vowels. Two prizes were also given to Miss E. Pearne and Miss Annie Frost for creditably competing for the first prize. Members of the class have been encouraged to write their thoughts on the subject given for study; and from time to time papers have been handed in which have been invariably discussed in the class, and often with much interest. In conclusion, we remark, as the results of a year's experience in the work of our class;—1. That if a minister give thorough attention to a weekly Bible Class, he may, other things being equal, depend upon getting persons under his instruction whom he would not be able to reach by other means, and that in places not the most likely, as, to wit, our own sphere. 2. The Bible Class affords a fine field for the "short range fire" of which Duncan Matheson used to speak, or, in other words, of close and personal appeal on the most momentous questions of religion; and, as a rule, both young and old will be found to appreciate judicious and affectionate dealing of this sort. 3. As the Word of God, soberly expounded, and earnestly enforced and applied, is the usual means through which the Holy Spirit works, we may cherish the strongest hope that the weekly sowing of the good seed of the kingdom will soon or late bring forth fruit; if, indeed, it is not doing so already. Last Friday

night, after a most earnest discussion of the doctrine of "Regeneration," at which 20 members were present, and after the class had been dismissed, ere

we left the class room, a young man returned and put a note in our hand which contained the words, "Oh! sir, pray for me." J. H. BARR.

Brief Notices of Books.

The Life of the Venerable Hugh Bourne. By WILLIAM ANTLIFF, D.D. London: Published by George Lamb, Sutton Street, Commercial Road, E.

HUGH BOURNE is well known as one of the founders of the Primitive Methodist Connexion. Of him it may be said: "This was a Christian; this was a hero for Christ; this was a benefactor of his race; this was a man to whom thousands upon thousands are now and will be eternally indebted for the highest privileges, the richest blessings, the vastest enjoyments a human being can obtain; for to him, under God, their souls' salvation may be ascribed." The interest which the publication of such a "Life" as that of Hugh Bourne could hardly fail to awaken, in the most unfavourable circumstances, is much increased by the manner in which his biographer has performed his task. Vigour, faithfulness, and discrimination are some of the chief characteristics of this memoir; and if it be, here and there, a little discursive, its many and varied excellences amply atone for any little defect of that kind. The history of the Primitive Methodists is truly marvellous, and who among us that fear the Lord, and desire to magnify his goodness, but are eager to know all they can about an organization which has been so great a blessing to the world, its special agencies, and, above all, of its chief actors, who have made it, under God, what it is to-day. Let us on these points quote Dr. Antliff, especially as, by so doing, we shall recommend his book in the most effectual way:—

"The number of members in the Wesleyan body in 1783, which gives forty-two years from 1741, the year in

which Mr. Tyerman says Mr. Wesley's societies began, was 39,902; and the number in the Primitive Methodist Connexion at the end of forty-two years, which was the date of Mr. Bourne's death (1852), was 109,984, being 70,082 more. At the same date the other statistics of Primitive Methodism were similarly striking: there were 560 travelling preachers, 9,350 local preachers, 6,632 class-leaders, 5,318 chapels and other places of worship, 1,463 Sabbath Schools, 22,398 Sabbath School teachers, and 118,508 scholars. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake. Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God? But our God is in the heavens: He hath done whatsoever He hath pleased.' (Ps. cxv. 1—3). How much the life and labours, the prayers and faith, the self-denial and toil, the governmental tact and superintending care of Hugh Bourne contributed to this gratifying result, and to what extent the valuable labours of his associates and sons in the gospel should be credited herewith, the day will declare; but suffice it for us to know and record that however and to what extent soever the labours of others contributed to the result before us, humanly speaking, there would have been no Primitive Methodist Connexion at all had not Providence raised up and honoured Hugh Bourne to inaugurate the camp-meeting movement, and those manifold other arrangements and efforts of which he was ostensibly the prime agent in beginning. How fertile was his mind in schemes and arrangements for advancing the blessed work to which his all was consecrated! Hence, when we think of the camp-meeting, the little camp-meeting, the open-air preaching, the procession, the remissioning, the revival, salvation, protracted and other meetings, besides the class and prayer meetings, and all the other ordinary or extraordinary meetings and services for which the denomination has been remarkable; and when we reflect on the family visiting, the preaching of a

present, free, and full salvation, the short and lively exercises, the bringing of all kinds of talents into requisition for furthering the work of God, and trace, as one inevitably must, the hand of Hugh Bourne in nearly all of them, we cannot submit to allow him to be regarded as a very ordinary man, but must claim for him a place in the first rank of God's worthies, of heaven's aristocracy, of the world's noblest benefactors, and place around his honoured brow a chaplet the freshest and greenest we can possibly produce, or an aureola which few of the saints in ecclesiastical calendars were worthy to possess."

My Class for Jesus. Records of Labour and Success in Sabbath School Teaching. By LILLIE. Edited by the Rev. J. SMITH SPENCER. London: Elliot Stock.

VERY interesting records of the experiences of a Sunday school teacher, which will doubtless be reproduced in the lives of many into whose hands this little book may come, who have given themselves to the great and glorious work of Sunday school teaching, and who desire above everything else to guide the lambs entrusted to their care into the fold of the Saviour. In the Introduction, Mr. Spencer argues that Piety must be the foundation of real success, that every one who desires to be efficient and successful should be (except in rare cases) an all day and every Sunday teacher, that special preparation should be made for every Sunday's work, that the efforts of the Sabbath should be supplemented to the utmost of opportunity by efforts during the week, and that when scholars have left the school they should not be forgotten. In the mere enumeration of these several points the reasons may be found why one here and there, like Lillie, so blessedly succeeds, where a hundred engaged in the same work so signally fail.

The Bible Plan Unfolded. By JAMES BIDEN. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS little book is very fanciful, and if what we believe to be the whole truth must be told, as foolish as it is fan-

ciful. When we read, in the Introduction, "that no commentator heretofore has discerned the principles which have governed the construction of the Bible," we knew what to expect; and we had not proceeded far before we came to the conclusion that the *darkness* of those expositors whom our Author condemns was better than his *light*. But our readers shall judge for themselves as far as they can do so from one specimen:

"In accordance with the Bible structure, the flood represents the spread of unrighteous opinions. The ark, as a means of salvation, represents Protestantism. It is divided into four periods. The length 300 cubits, reckoning from 1556, is the first period, which reaches 1856; the breadth 50 cubits, the second period, reaches to 1906; the height 30 cubits, the third period, reaches to 1936; and the window above, one cubit, reaches to 1937. At this time the seventy years of desolations on which we have entered will have expired. It will be observed that 'the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered.' The fifteen cubits and upwards stand for fifteen centuries and over. 'The high hills' and the 'mountains' stand for the National Churches. Why the 'fifteen cubits' stand for fifteen centuries, and the dimensions of the ark in cubits stand for years, it is difficult to say."

This last sentence is the most surprising of all. It is indeed difficult to say why the "fifteen cubits upward" that the waters of Noah prevailed should stand for "fifteen centuries;" but surely it would not be difficult to find some reasons for it after the other astounding statements which our Author makes, because a single particle of evidence is not given or supposed to be required to establish the truth of any one of them.

Bible Words for Wine: An examination of Dr. Ritchie's "Scripture Testimony against Intoxicating Wine." By the Rev. W. MACLOY. London: Nisbet.

OUR teetotal friends, who assert

"that the word of God condemns the use of fermented grape juice," will find in Mr. Macloy a foeman worthy of their steel. His pamphlet is certainly distinguished by clearness of statement and logical acuteness and force; it is temperate, dignified, and convincing. The author is a teetotaler, but he is grieved that persons in their advocacy of the increasingly important question of temperance should take up indefensible positions which can only be defended by "plausible assumptions" and reckless assertions. But if our Lord used *fermented* wine, can abstinence from wine be held to be a Christian duty. The *objection* is thus fairly stated and ably combated by our author:

"The objection takes this form. Our Lord's life is a perfect example to the Christian; but our Lord did not abstain from wine; therefore, abstinence from wine is not a Christian duty. A moment's thought might enable any one to detect the fallacy in such an argument. A *life* is not a *law*. While it is true that Christ's life was the fulfilment of law; yet that does not bind us to do everything he did; but we are bound by Scripture to do everything He *teaches* us to do. Christ's life is our example; but an example is not *preceptive*, not *legislative*, but *illustrative*. His life is our example in so far as it embodies law; but there were many things done by Him which were not of a moral or legal character. He did not marry. Are Christians, therefore, in imitation of His example, to abstain from marriage? He had not where to lay His head. Are Christians, therefore, to become homeless and houseless? As a Jew, He abstained from eating forbidden flesh. Are Christians, therefore, to eat only such flesh as He ate. He drank wine. Are Christians, therefore, bound to drink wine too? The example of Christ is binding on Christians, only when backed by a law of the Old Testament, or a precept of the New. Hence Paul says, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth;" clearly implying that he believed it to be his right, as a Christian, to use meat or to abstain from using it, irrespective of the example of Christ, whose life he knew so well, and whose spirit he possessed so largely."

And surely, on the same principle, if it be not commanded in the Bible that *unfermented* wine should be used at the Lord's table, it cannot be wrong thus to use it, since *fermented* wine is an offence unto some of our weaker brethren, and we have met with more than one instance where reclaimed drunkards have seriously attributed their falling again into "the snare of the devil," through tasting fermented wine at the Lord's Supper, which has awakened, after it had been long dormant, and apparently dead, their craving appetite for strong drink.

The Beautiful in Christianity; or, Entire Sanctification the Grand Centre of the Christian Religion.
By SILAS HENN, author of "Heart Yearnings," &c. London: George Lamb.

THERE is nothing new in this volume, either in principles or mode of treatment; and yet we have read it with unspeakable satisfaction, as it treats of the important subject of Sanctification in a plain, practical style, and in a devout and earnest spirit. The Titles of the chapters are, Nature of Entire Sanctification, Entire Sanctification Attainable, Examples of Entire Sanctification, Necessity of Entire Sanctification, How to attain Entire Sanctification, and How to Live in in Entire Sanctification. Here is what our Author says on Sanctification being the best qualification for the preacher of the Gospel, and of course if for him, for all officers and members of the Church also, in their several capacities and spheres:

"A sanctified preacher, well skilled in the way of salvation, with a comparatively small stock of general knowledge, will do a thousand times more good than the most learned preacher with an unsanctified heart. A preacher may be acquainted with various languages; he may be well read in ancient and modern philosophy; he may understand all the sciences, and know almost everything that can be known; he may be very eloquent, and thousands may hang upon his lips with the deepest attention, and be enraptured

with his splendid harangues; but if his soul be not sanctified, he will not be thought half so much of in heaven as those preachers who, though plain and unlettered, are enabled, with a good knowledge of the Gospel of Christ, and their souls steeped in sanctifying influence, to preach with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and awaken and convert hundreds of sinners. Look at Wesley, Fletcher, Whitfield, Bramwell, Smith, and Stoner in the pulpit. When God's truth dropped from their lips, a divine unction fell with it, for their souls were blazing with love, and their lips were warmed with hallowed fire. When they went into the pulpit, the Holy Ghost went in with them. When they opened their mouths to speak, the Holy Ghost spoke through them. When they drew the bow at a venture, the Holy Ghost pointed the arrow. When they lifted up the hammer of God's word, the Holy Ghost made it fall on the rocky heart like a clap of thunder. Their hearts were sanctified, their lives were sanctified, their conversation was sanctified, and hence their word was with power. They swept the heavenly unction over the land, flashed the lightning of conviction into the sinner's conscience, and snapped the fetters of thousands of captive souls. Oh, for a sanctified ministry. It is not a *learned* ministry that we want so much as a *holy* ministry. If a learned ministry could have converted the world, the world would have been converted long ago; for ever since the apostles and primitive Christians went to heaven, there has been more book-learning than heart-holiness amongst the preachers of the Gospel. Now, a sanctified ministry possesses a power that is truly great, and, at times, very extraordinary. Indeed, the sanctified minister has an influence in the pulpit which no other minister can have. He exerts a power which no one else can exert. He preaches by his life as well as by his tongue; and his every day deeds are a flaming comment upon his sermons in the pulpit. He lives what he teaches,—practises what he recommends, so that his hearers see and feel that his Master is with him, and that an immortal fragrance is scattered around him. In his purity, which by its nature shines out of the minister who is wholly the Lord's, there is the strongest reproof of inward corruption. By his blameless walk, sin in every

form is condemned; and this gives double point and energy to his sermons. His life is a demonstration of the efficacy of the atoning blood, of the might of truth, and the power of love; and this gives the weak believer a consciousness that there is a state of perfection not yet attained by him. In listening to his words,—words set on fire with the flame of holiness,—the infidel is awe-struck; the worldling is convinced that there is a reality in true religion; the carnal hypocrite trembles at the thought of having nothing but a bare profession; the doubting Christian concludes there must be a brighter region than the one in which he is groping; the backslider is constrained to resolve on returning to God; the anxious, broken-hearted sinner is led to see that there is pardoning mercy in the wounds of the Redeemer; and the hungry and the thirsting Christian is conducted to the living bread and the living water, and eats and drinks and is satisfied. Rely upon it, then, the following is no idle injunction which the Sacred Scriptures solemnly enforce: 'Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord.'—Isa. liv. 2."

Confessions of an Old Smoker, respectfully addressed to all Smoking Disciples. By the Rev. JOHN STOCK, LL.D., of Devonport. New Edition. London: Elliot Stock.

WE think these "Confessions" will convince all the *convincible* of the smoking fraternity that it is expedient and right for them to follow the example of Dr. Stock in this matter; and yet we fear that many will say after the perusal of this pamphlet what Robert Hall did after reading Dr. Clarke's pamphlet on the same subject, "I cannot answer it, and I cannot give up smoking." One of the solemn appeals our Author makes will be found on another page.

Ritualism. A Sermon. By the Rev. RICHARD ROBERTS. London: Elliot Stock.

MR. ROBERTS, after elucidating the meaning of the declaration, "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle," powerfully argues in favour

of the *exclusiveness* of the text, because the service of the tabernacle was intended to be temporary, and was abolished by Christ, and further, that those who perpetuate Jewish ordinances, priests, altars, sacrifices, now that Christ is come, virtually deny the Lord who bought them, and that they are even guilty of idolatry. Our reader will thus perceive that it is emphatically a "Sermon for the Times." We make one brief extract.

"God gave a direct testimony, by the miraculous rending of the veil, that the Jewish ceremony was for ever abolished. The disciples of a sceptical science, eager to rid the narrative of the supernatural, affirm that the rending of the veil may be accounted for by natural causes. The earthquake, occurring at that moment, is quite

sufficient to account for the rent veil, without introducing the miraculous. The old divines had a very summary and satisfactory way of dismissing this objection by saying, If the earthquake rent the veil, it would have been rent from the bottom to the top, whereas it was rent from the top to the bottom. God touched it at its upward extremity and rent it downwards. By this act the holiest of all was laid open to the world, and the exclusive rights of the priest were ended. When the veil was swept away, and the hidden gold of the sanctuary flashed upon the view, it was announced clearly, as if a voice from heaven had spoken, that Christ by His death had abolished the ritual; priests, altars, and sacrifices would be needed no more, simply because Christ himself had now become our only Priest, our only Altar, our only Sacrifice.

Poetry.

TROUBLED AND COMFORTED.

"Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled."—DAVID.

"God . . . comforted us."—PAUL.

Sad, sad I sat and weary, worn with the cares of life,
Dark was the sky above me, around me raged the strife.
No rest, but toil and anguish, sickness and pain and woe,
My soul and spirit languish'd—I knew not where to go.

The cross I bore seem'd heavy, around me foes did throng,
Fatigued was I and weary—my heart cried, "Lord, how long?"
Others seem'd blithe and happy, and made the welkin ring,—
Mournful was I and gloomy, cast down and could not sing.

My harp was on the willows, darkness wrapp'd me round,
O'er me dash'd the billows—I heard no joyful sound,
When lo! a voice spoke to me—my soul leap'd at the sound—
The light burst in upon me—my fetters were unbound.

"My child, why sitt'st thou weeping? Why dost thou mourn thy lot?
Think not thou art forsaken; thou can'st not be forgot!
I know thy cross is heavy,—I know thy foes are strong,—
I know thy feet are weary; but thou shalt rest ere long.

"Thy sky is dark above thee,—I chasten whom I love;
The strife is fierce about thee; but there's a rest above.
I'll lead thee in the darkness,—I'll guide thee through the gloom;
Fear not; for I am with thee; at last I'll take thee home."

I knew it was my Father who spoke these words of cheer,—
My soul was fill'd with rapture; I trust, and will not fear.
I know He's kind and loving, tender, and good, and true;
His word will ne'er be broken—He'll bring me safely through.

Now, light my cross is to me, as on my way I wend—
 Circled about with glory—so I'll bear it to the end.
 My pain and woe are gone, sorrow I feel not now ;
 I know I shall o'ercome—Jesus will bring me through.

I sing despite the darkness ; for Jesus is my King !
 I tune my harp with gladness—a song of praise I bring.
 I'll try to love Him always, to serve Him day and night,
 And I know that He'll help me, and nerve me for the fight.

And by-and-by, in heaven, I'll give Him nobler praise,
 I'll cast my crown before Him, my voice in th' chorus raise :—
 With happy saints and angels, I'll sing of His great love
 For ever and for ever—safe in the Home above !

St. Mawes.

A. STONE.

The Gleaner.

"OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS."—Ps. viii. 2.—It is singular how clearly the history of the Church expounds this verse, Did not the children cry "Hosannah!" in the Temple, when proud Pharisees were silent and contemptuous ? and did not the Saviour quote these very words as a justification of their infantile cries ? Early Church history records many amazing instances of the testimony of children for the truth of God, but, perhaps, more modern instances will be the most interesting. Fox tells us, in the "Book of Martyrs," that when Mr. Lawrence was burnt in Colchester, he was carried to the fire in a chair, because, through the cruelty of the Papists, he could not stand upright, and several young children came about the fire, and cried, as well as they could speak, "Lord, strengthen thy servant, and keep thy promise." God answered their prayer, for Mr. Lawrence died "as firmly and calmly as any one could wish to breathe his last."

When one of the Popish chaplains told Mr. Wishart, the great Scotch

martyr, that he had a devil in him, a child that stood by cried out, "A devil cannot speak such words as yonder man speaketh."

One more instance is still nearer to our time. In a postscript to one of his letters, in which he details his persecution when first preaching in Moorfields, Whitfield says, "I cannot help adding, that several little boys and girls, who were fond of sitting round me on the pulpit while I preached, and handed to me people's notes—though they were often pelted with eggs, dirt, &c., thrown at me,—never once gave way, but, on the contrary, every time I was struck, turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me. God made them, in their growing years, great and living martyrs for Him, who, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, perfects praise!"

He who delights in the songs of angels is pleased to honour Himself in the eyes of His enemies by the praises of little children.—*Spurgeon's Treasury of David.*

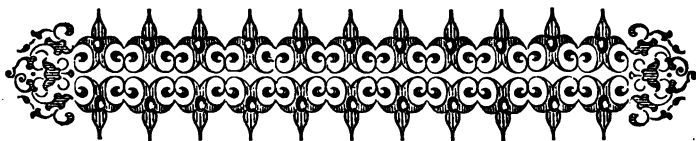
POSTSCRIPT.

DEATH OF BR. G. BATT.

THE following has just come to hand :—"My dear Mr. Bourne,—A hurried line to say that my dear Father died to-day at 1.15. He preached last night week in our chapel here [Wellington], though with much difficulty. He had been ailing some time. He is gone home to heaven. 'Twas like the gate of heaven to be present at his departure."

Wellington, Thursday Evening, 19th inst.

J. H. BATT.



THE
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NOVEMBER, 1872.

THE CHRISTIAN DEBTOR.*

"I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Rom. i. 14—16.

The text has two parts, to which we invite your attention—

I. THE APOSTLE'S OBLIGATION.

"I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise." *What* did he owe? Had he anything which they could claim as their right, and which it was his duty to convey to them? The apostle felt that he was in duty bound to communicate to them the Gospel of Christ;—that Gospel which a merciful God has provided for the recovery of our fallen race;—that Gospel to which every man born into this world of sin and suffering, has a right;—that Gospel of which, in the latter part of the text, Paul speaks of as "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

1. Consider, brethren, man's *need* of salvation. The fall is a fact, a terrible fact, in human history; a fact which has its proof in every tear, and a monument in every grave; a fact, therefore, which it would be worse than folly to deny. Human depravity is not a mere doctrine of the *Bible*, it is the teaching of all history almost from the birth-day of our race to the present hour. Man is a sinner against his God. We cannot lose sight of that truth if we would. It is a truth of which the sorrows and sufferings of life are so many *re-minders*. Man has placed himself in opposition to the Divine

* Preached in Silver Street Chapel, Bideford, August 4th, 1872, in connection with the Anniversary of the Bible Christian Missionary Society, and published by request of the Conference.

authority, he has broken the Divine law, and, as a sinner, he stands condemned before his Maker, exposed to all the ruin of hell. Now this is true not merely of a man here and there—or, of the *dröge* of society, as they are called; it is true of all men, in all ages, and in all lands, for all have sinned. Man is spiritually deranged; depravity has its seat in his heart; he has gone astray from truth, and rectitude, and purity, and God. Spiritually, man is rotten to the very core of his being; he is full of corruption and death. As the result of this sinfulness, we find men everywhere cursed with suffering. I most readily admit that suffering has its uses—mostly educational—for man in his present state; still, we are bound to regard suffering as the penalty of transgression. My brethren, what a picture society presents! How sin and suffering abound in our world to-day! What selfishness, what pride, what hypocrisy, what oppression! And what pains, what tears, what remorse, what anguish, what despair, are to be met with among men! Who, save God, can fathom the depths of human wretchedness and misery? To use the language of the apostle, “The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.” Oh! when we look out upon human life to-day “stained with depravity so vile,” and groaning under its awful burden of suffering, what wonder if we grow sick at the sight! Men speak of the improvements which civilization has introduced. Has civilization introduced nothing else? Are there no evils—I will not say necessarily growing out of civilization, but, all past history compels me to say, *invariably attending* civilization? The ignorance, and superstition, and abomination of the heathen world, may well shock us. But what of *civilized* society! Are there no evils *there* over which to weep? Are there no wrongs *there* to be redressed? Are there no festering wounds *there* which require the healing art? Are there no curses *there* to uproot? Are there no devils *there* to cast out? You cannot look out on society to-day—whether Greek or Barbarian, wise or unwise—and witness its sins and its sorrows, without being deeply impressed with its need of salvation.

But great as is man's need of salvation he has no power to save himself. No man has ever been able, and no man ever will be able, to work out his own deliverance—to cleanse his own nature; in a word, to *re-make* himself. And that is what is needed. Mere *patching* will not meet the case. Human nature requires to be *re-made*; *nothing short of that will do*. And man has no power to do this. There is something truly saddening in the attempts of many of the heathen moralists, to live according to the ideal which was present to their minds. And are not there men and women in society to-day who are continually reaching forth to something higher, but who, in all their attempts, are overborne by the evil which is in them? Their every-day life is a struggle with the lower nature, but they are overcome and held down by it notwithstanding. And brethren, has *society* any power by which it can work out its own deliverance? Is society capable of saving itself? Let the history of the past be heard on this question, for it most certainly has something to say. For four thousand years the world was, as it were, left to itself, to do what it could in the way of working out its own salvation. Science was developed; the arts were cultivated; philosophy made

rapid strides, and civilization continued to advance; but in the midst of all this we find that *morally* the world waxed worse and worse. Civilization, philosophy, science, art, literature all failed, miserably failed, to save the world from sinking deeper in the mire. That regenerative force capable of working out its deliverance society failed to find. Look at the terrible picture of society, *civilized* society, presented to us in this chapter, a more appalling picture it would be impossible to imagine; it chills us with horror as we gaze upon it. At the end of four thousand years the world had become a very HELL. Age after age the darkness had been growing deeper, until it reached the intensity of midnight; and when at last it became manifest that society had no power capable of working out its own regeneration, God who had taken the problem into His own hands, gave us the Gospel of Christ, which is the solution. A *Divine* arm is necessary to lift the world out of the mire. If the regeneration of man is ever to be an accomplished fact *the power of God* must bring it about. The world's hope is in the Gospel, not in *man's theory of the Gospel*. There has been a good deal of confusion and disappointment arising out of the confounding of *man's theory* of the Gospel with the *Gospel itself*. *Man's theory* of the Gospel has failed again and again, but the *Gospel* never. The *theory* is given to change, but the *Gospel* is ever the same. Thank God there is hope for the world! A Divine power is in our midst, actively engaged in working out the salvation of human society. So far the world's career has been a sad and sorrowful one. The night has been long and dark; but the darkness is breaking, a day of brightness, and beauty, and peace will yet dawn, and the world shall never know night again. There is a day coming for our world when all her wounds shall be healed, when her every burden shall be removed, and her tears wiped away. A day when she shall have "beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning; and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." A day when, to use the beautifully figurative language of Old Testament prophecy, "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." "When the wilderness and the solitary places shall be made glad, and the desert shall blossom as the rose." When "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them." A day when earth shall be reconciled to heaven, and man shall once more be one with God. That day shall come, and the Gospel of Christ will bring it about.

2. Consider, *who are the Apostle's Creditors*. "I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; to the wise, and to the unwise." All classes of the community—the whole world. The cultured, and the uncultured; the child of civilization, and the rudest barbarian on the face of the earth. Paul was debtor to every man who needed the Gospel, whether Greek or Barbarian; wise or unwise. A great deal has been said of late—and said too in that patronizing manner which cannot fail to disgust real manhood wherever found—about preaching the Gospel to the working class of the community. Are the working classes the *only* classes who need the Gospel? Is the *lowest* stratum of society the only stratum in which sin and suffering are to be found? Is there no depravity to be met with in strata

further up? The cant cry, "The Gospel for the working classes," has become positively offensive, as though they needed *another* Gospel. And we have clowns and pugilists brought forward, as though the working classes could only appreciate the coarse ravings of the *vulgar*, the *stupid*, and the *low*. I cannot think that the working classes of our country are to be won to Christian truth by any such means. At any rate, there is no sign, at present, that such is likely to be the case. Paul had but *one* Gospel for the Greek, and the Barbarian; the wise, and the unwise. The Gospel is as much needed in the mansions of the rich as in the cottages of the poor. The *philosopher* needs it as much as the *ploughboy*. The need is not limited to a class; it runs through the *whole* of human society, *up* as well as *down*: *up* to the *highest*, *down* to the *lowest*.

3. Let us inquire for a moment *how* the apostle came to be their debtor. For, at first, it does sound strange to hear Paul saying, "I am debtor both to the Greeks, and the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise." He had received nothing from them, nothing *save bonds and imprisonments, the sneers of contempt, and the buffetings of persecution*. How then could he be their debtor? Their *need* and his *ability* to help them made him their debtor. Paul had in his possession that, for the lack of which they were perishing, and, according to the whole spirit of Christianity, he was their debtor. The *great law of Christian love* makes me the debtor of every man who needs me. I am not my own, nor have I any right to spend life in merely seeking my own good; life is given me to use for others. My gifts, my capabilities, whatever they may be, belong to every man who needs them. The strong are the debtors of the weak; the rich are the debtors of the poor; the cultured are the debtors of the illiterate; the hopeful are the debtors of the desponding. Whatever you have you have in trust, to be used for the good of others. In the eyes of God, you are the debtors of all who need your help.

The commission which the apostle had received from his Master, made him their debtor. He received the Gospel in trust to communicate to others. Christ Jesus the Lord sent him forth to preach the Gospel to the Gentile World. That the apostle never lost sight of this commission is evident from the repeated references which he makes to it in his epistles. He tells us, in one of his letters to the Corinthians, that there was "a necessity laid upon him to preach the Gospel;" and he adds, "Yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." Brethren, we have received the Gospel, received it in trust, to communicate it to others. Diffusing the Gospel is not the work *only* of apostles and public teachers; it is *your* work also. It is the duty of every Christian, *as far as in him is*, to communicate the Gospel to those who have it not. Having received the light into our own hearts, we are to carry it to those who are still sitting in darkness and death. And, brethren, let it be distinctly understood, that in doing this we are not simply bestowing a favour on our fellow-men, which we may give or withhold at pleasure, we are discharging a debt which we owe them. We are doing our duty, but *nothing more*. In urging you to support this mission-work to the very extent of your ability, am I asking a *dole* at your hands?

Am I soliciting a *mere favour*?—Nothing of the sort, I am simply asking you to be true to your obligations, to pay your debts. But I certainly have a right to withhold my support if I please? But you certainly have no such right, you may withhold, it is true, though you have not the *right* to do so; but in withholding, remember, *you* will be the greater loser. Brethren, you are not asked to give *alms*. If your contributions come as alms, let them remain where they are, the Master will have none of them. No, no. It is not a *dole* we ask of you to-day, but in the name of the dear Redeemer, and of the perishing ones for whom He died, we do ask of you your debts.

II. THE SPIRIT IN WHICH THE APOSTLE SOUGHT TO FULFIL HIS OBLIGATION.

Observe, 1. *His intense earnestness*. “As far as in me is.” So intensely earnest was he in the discharge of his duty that he stretched his every power, and carefully used up every opportunity as it presented itself. He was “instant in season and out of season.” In no sense did he spare himself. He was, as he says in one of his epistles, ready to spend and be spent in his glorious work. Paul was not one of those *cold, prudent, worldly-wise* men, who sit down and calculate to the greatest nicety to what extent they can go;—the length of the journeys they can take, and the number of services they can engage in compatible with their own comfort, and without injury to their constitution. Imagine Paul engaged in *such* a calculation! Writing to know what salary is given, and how many times a week he would be expected to preach! NO, you cannot imagine any such thing. Paul was too much of an *enthusiast* for that!—He felt far too much of the *constraining power* of the love of Christ for that!—He had too deep a sense of the *importance* and *grandeur* of his work for that!—He was too much impressed with the *worth of souls* and his *indebtedness* to the Saviour for that!—Paul was an *enthusiast*, in the *truest* sense of the term. His whole soul was in the work. A grand passion possessed him—a passion which bore him on, in spite of the mountainous difficulties in his path, and made him superior to every opposing power. Opportunities!—If they were not to be had else, such was Paul’s *earnestness*, he would *make* them. “As far as in me is.” Brethren, we greatly need this intense earnestness in the *present day*. There are some, thank God, who can say with all truth, “‘As far as in me is’ I am working for Christ and souls.” But can the bulk of church members say this? Are the masses of Christian people so intensely in earnest, so filled with Christian enthusiasm, that as far as in them is, they labour for the well-being of men? How many of us *preach* as far as in us is? How many of us *pray* as far as in us is? How many of us *give* as far as in us is for the conversion of the world to Christ? What *rich stores of unemployed material* there are in the church to-day!—Unsanctified wealth, and unsanctified talent! And we want to kindle in men’s bosoms that intense earnestness which shall *constrain* them to bring their wealth and their talents to the altar of heaven, and sanctify them to the service of God and humanity. It is *personal* dedication to the Master’s cause, prompted by intense love for Him, which we want. Let us have this on the part of Christian people

everywhere, and we shall not need to send brethren on special missions to collect funds to help the Saviour's triumphs on. Men and women, burning with love to Christ, and longing to do something for Him, will come pressing into the house of the Lord, bringing with them their silver and gold, eager to have all employed in His service; and those who have no other offering will gladly lay *themselves* on the altar. That will be a glorious day for the church and the world, when such shall be the enthusiasm of Christ's followers that everywhere they shall be found labouring for Him and souls *as far as in them is*. Observe—

2. *His Courage*. "I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." The apostle knew something of the difficulties and opposition which would meet him in the prosecution of his work in the imperial city. He knew that bonds and imprisonment, and, possibly, death itself would be his lot; but he is not afraid. Dark as the prospect may be, he is not daunted. "I am ready to preach the Gospel at Rome also." *Hunger* threatens him! In the presence of *that* I am ready to preach the Gospel at Rome. *Bonds* threaten him! In *their* presence I am ready to preach the Gospel at Rome. The *dungeon* threatens him! In the presence of *that* I am ready to preach the Gospel at Rome. A *violent death* threatens him! I am ready even in the presence of *that* to preach the Gospel at Rome. His noble spirit rose superior to all fear. In the face of every opposing power, whether of men or devils, "I am ready to preach the gospel at Rome." The Apostle knew that wealth and rank would look down upon him with scorn, and pass him by as the scum and offscouring of the earth. Proud philosophy would meet his preaching of the cross with a sneer. But no sneer can bring the blush to his cheeks. Nothing can make him ashamed of the Gospel. He knew what that Gospel had done for his own heart, and he had witnessed the glorious transformations which it had wrought in others; and he could not be ashamed of it. Let philosophy sneer, let wealth and rank despise, he will still glory in the cross. No taunt, no jeer, shall ever make him ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. In the presence of scoffs, and sneers, and imprisonment and death, he goes forward, saying, "I am ready to preach the Gospel at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." As the servants of Christ, we have no such persecutions as the apostle had. But are there no difficulties to face? Are there no discouragements in the way? Is there no self-denial required of us in our work? Is there no opposition to contend with? And do we not need courage to meet these things; courage which shall urge us on in our work, in spite of all opposing power? Had we more courage, should we turn back from difficulties and shrink from self-denial as we do? Had we more courage, would opposition so soon daunt us and cast us down? The spirit of Christian heroism! where is it to be found to-day? How many bosoms are inspired with it? Oh, for that heroism which *dares* the taunts and sneers of opposition! That herosim which, with both arms thrown round the cross, cries, in the presence of earth and hell, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Observe—

3. *His strong faith*. The spirit of faith runs through the whole

passage. His earnestness and courage were, if I may so speak, greatly indebted to his faith. Paul had faith in the Gospel. He had experienced its power in his own heart, and he had seen its workings in multitudes of men; he had, therefore, no doubt concerning its power. Again and again had it shown itself mighty to the pulling down of strongholds—strongholds which, to the eyes of man, seemed unassailable. He had faith in its *adaptation*—its adaptation to meet the wants and heal the miseries of men;—of the polished Greek, and the rude Barbarian; the wise, and the unwise. The Gospel proving a failure! such a thought never for a moment entered the apostle's mind. The *Gospel* a failure! He could as soon think of *God* as a failure! And, in truth, the failure of the Gospel would be the failure of God; for is not the Gospel the power of God? Paul had unshaken faith in the Gospel of Christ as the power of God. Brethren, we need not fear for the Gospel. The apostle did not fear when the wealth, and the power, and the rank, and the wisdom of the world were allied against it. And why should we be afraid? God has hitherto shown Himself able to take care of His own, and have we any reason to think that He will not continue to do so? True, great are the political changes and the social upheavings which characterize the age in which we live; but the Christianity of *Christ* is safe in the midst of all. There have been great upheavings in the past, and systems, which seemed to stand as immovable as the everlasting hills, have been swept away like a feather on a stream; but the Gospel remains: and the very commotions which threatened it with destruction have been made to contribute to its furtherance. Let us hold fast our faith in the Gospel, for, whatever the changes with which society is threatened, *while man is man the Gospel of God's love will never lose its hold on the human heart and conscience.*

There are the discoveries of science!—But we, certainly, have nothing to fear from such scientific discoveries giving the lie to the Bible!—It would be just as possible to conceive of *God proving Himself a liar!*

There are the attacks of scepticism! But what have we to fear from such? For eighteen hundred years scepticism has been toiling hard, and, comparatively speaking, it may be said to have caught nothing; most certainly it has *destroyed* nothing. Has the position of the Gospel been weakened in the smallest degree? If after eighteen hundred years of such arduous toil, the *Gospel* had made no more converts—had met with no more success, we should be prepared to write it down a *failure!* Age after age the prophets of scepticism have been heard with the same cry on their lips, and speaking the same prophecies; they pass away, and their very names are forgotten, yet men persist in holding fast to the Gospel of Christ as their only hope. Let us have faith in the Gospel, for it has nothing more to fear from the denunciations of scepticism than the moon has from the barking of the cur.

We hear a great deal about the "*wide-spread unbelief*" existing among the masses. Why such unbelief? What is the cause? Is not the cause, in a very great measure, to be found in the *cant*, the *hollow shams*, the *glaring hypocrisies*, and the *miserable selfishness*,

with which the church is cursed to-day? These things are at the bottom of by far the greater part of that unbelief which is said to be so wide-spread among the masses. I deny that it is the GOSPEL OF GOD'S LOVE in which men have lost all faith!—No! No, it is not the Christianity of *Christ* that men turn from with contempt. It is the *miserable caricatures* which they daily see in the lives of Christian professors. Let men see “the Gospel of the grace of God” in its purity and benevolence, beaming forth upon them from lives of professing Christians, and they will, as in days of old, bow down, and admire, and adore. We must *live* the Gospel as well as preach it. Our *lives* must impress men, yes and they *do*, impress men, very much more than our words do. Let us see to it, brethren, *that our lives do not damn more souls than our words are the means of saving*. Our duty is before us. We have in our possession that Gospel which millions of our fellow-men need to make their existence all that it should be here, and to make it bright, and beautiful, and blessed in the great hereafter. It is our duty, as far as in us is, to communicate this Gospel to them. Let us seek to discharge our duty with apostolic earnestness, and courage, and faith, having God for our Helper, and *Eternal Life* for our reward. W. B. LARK.

GEORGE HERBERT AND HIS POEMS.

No. VII.

WITH all his fondness for the rites, ceremonies, and festivals of his Church, Herbert did not lose sight of the realities of religion. In these external things his poetic imagination beheld much which escaped the notice of ordinary minds, but they were with him only means to an end; his affections rested not upon them, they pierced through these to the vital truths of which they were but the outer case, or the decorations. Herbert's idea of a priest was not that of the modern Romanist or Ritualist; he is willing, nay, desirous to be abased, so that Christ may be All-in-all; he only seeks that his sufferings or infirmities may be so far removed or mitigated that he may not be an unfaithful or unsuccessful preacher of God's truth. Hence, when he compares himself to Aaron, it is with a deep gospel meaning, and the poem, descriptive of the Christian priest, is more distinctly auto-biographical than many of his other pieces. Nor does he arrogate to himself aught of dignity which the Christian pastor might not rightly claim; while it might at least be said in defence of his use of the priestly figure, that since all Christians are priests, he who stands up and, as God's ambassador, pleads for Him with the people, and with Him for the people, is no less a priest than others, perhaps more prominently one. But he offers no sacrifice, nor has his intercession any peculiar efficacy. Yet Herbert asserts that he, if a true priest, has his peculiar insignia, the tokens of his office, and of the presence of Him whose power alone can give efficacy to his labours.

‘Holiness on the head,
Light and perfection on the breast,

Harmonious bells below, raising the dead,
To lead them unto life and rest
Thus are true *Aarons* drest."

That is to say, the elevated mitre, with its inscription, the rich breast-plate, with its flashing and mystic light, and the robes, on the skirts of which tinkled the bells, beside the golden pomegranates; as seen in the Mosaic economy, are all types or symbols of the more excellent, but spiritual endowments bestowed upon faithful and earnest preachers. It is not necessary that we should make out exact comparisons, these represent generally the gifts and graces Christ bestows upon or works in men through the Spirit, tending to the mortification of self, as Herbert shows in another verse of the same poem;—

"Christ is my only head,
My alone only heart and breast,
My only music, striking me ev'n dead;
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in Him new drest."

The emphasis the second line bears is notable, as shown by the repetition in the phrase "alone only"—it is the "heart and breast," also, that Christ not only *fills* but *is*; He is within and without. The music He makes through His servant is for the teaching of others, but the effect upon himself firstly is the mortification, the killing of the carnal nature.

But the Christian life sometimes pulses but feebly, and there were times when Herbert had to complain that there was no light and no music.

"Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast,
And noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poor priest, thus am I drest!"

Alas! it is to be feared that there are too many priests, (so-called) to whom these words are strictly applicable, as representing their constant state.

There are some of Herbert's poems, which seem to have a deeper and fuller meaning now, reading them as we do in the light of modern progress and civilization. This is true of the one called "The Agony," in which the poet speaks of man as the investigator, discoverer and explorer, and in these things, as we know well, we have shot far beyond the men of two centuries and a half ago, though those living in the year 2000 may reach still greater heights. But Herbert says, that

"Philosophers have measured mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings,
Walked with a staff to heaven, and traced fountains:
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that sound them; Sin and Love."

And then Herbert shows how we may, not fully, but in some measure, form a conception of the depth of the one, and the greatness of the other, (that is, of the love of God), by contemplating the

sufferings and death of Christ. We may know something of sin if we consider the agony our Lord endured in the garden, and hence the poem takes this title. "Agony" is used rather in the old sense of a severe struggle or conflict, in which, of course, suffering is included, but it is not the principal idea, as in our modern application of the word. We read in Scripture, (Isaiah lxiii, 8.) of Christ's treading the wine-press; Herbert uses this figure in a different way, and represents sin, in the second verse, as the "press" by which Christ was made to endure such unparelled sufferings in body and spirit. The third verse of the poem is objectionable, the picture which it calls up to the mind's vision being of a repulsive character; it is one of the defective passages, which, had Herbert lived, it is possible he would have re-touched; indeed, the "Agony" has altogether an unfinished appearance, the thoughts being fragmentary. We might put beside this poem, which shows, though but partially, how black and terrible a thing sin is, and therefore, how abominable it is, and must ever be, in the sight of God, another short piece, which illustrates, all too sadly, how trifling it is in the eyes of men, even of believing men, and yet how very seductive. Let us take it entire:—

"Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
 Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,
 Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
 Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
 Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.—
 Yet all these fences, and their whole array
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away."

What a catalogue of safeguards—or things that *should* prove such, and yet sin is so fascinating, and the heart of man so unstable, that all these "fences" or barriers, which are intended to keep us on the side of truth and purity, are, as it were, wafted away, like chaff before the wind! Since God has so amply provided warnings and inducements, it is evident that, in a Christian land, no one can plunge into sin, and plead that neither within nor without were voices heard calling upon him to forbear, nothing more could be done, without interfering with that freedom which God grants to all His rational creatures. "Parents season us," is a singular old-fashioned expression, "season" meaning sometimes to prepare a person for any course of life, by forming in him the habits requisite for it. It would be well, indeed, were parents more careful in "seasoning," (that is, in fact, training), their children, too many leaving them to be "seasoned" by influences which are far from having a favourable bearing upon their children's future. There is much compressed in the two words, "afflictions sorted," or, as we should now say, assorted. The troubles of life are various, yet they are exactly adjusted by the providential hand of God, neither too

heavy, nor too light, though the Christian often thinks them the former, and among the purposes they are intended to fulfil, this is, as Herbert shows, certainly one to deter us from transgressing against God. So again we find anguish is of "all sizes"; and however great our sufferings in any crisis may appear to us, it would be in God's power to make them still heavier. To our troubles also we not infrequently apply a magnifying-glass, and thus surveying them, we increase their pressure upon us. By "blessings beforehand," our poet probably means those gifts which God bestows almost before they are asked for, thus anticipating His people's prayers. Or, it may be, the blessings He now gives, as earnest of the richer blessings to be enjoyed in the heavenly state, are meant. "Repentance" is another poem, which bears upon the same subject—Sin and its consequences. There is something very beautiful about the comparisons used in the first stanza.

"Lord, I confess my sin is great;
Great is my sin, Oh! gently treat
With thy quick* flower, thy momentary bloom;
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours' work, or three;
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are we to delights; but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feelth, Adam's fall."

This verse is a little dark, yet the idea underlying the words is one we are all acquainted with. Our sense of the passage of time depends very much upon how the moments are filled up; joy makes the hours fleet away, while grief makes them drag tardily along. Our happiness is fugitive, says the poet, we seem but a day old in "delights;" though griefs, as we look back, appear to have spread themselves over a large part of our lives. In fact, he adds, beside present trouble, we are ever under the shadow of that first transgression, and are thus venerable in our sorrow. Though what is here set forth is substantially true, it certainly has a sad tinge which it takes from the peculiarities of the writer. The burden of the rest of the poem is penitence, and in the belief that his cry will be heard, and encouragement vouchsafed to him, he concludes more hopefully.

"But thou wilt sin and grief destroy;
That so the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-set song,
Full of his praises
Who dead men raises.
Fractures well cur'd make us more strong."

The statement of the last line has in various language been repeated by many a writer; that is, the sins or errors of the past, though irretrievable in one sense, may be helpful to us in the future; and so, too, the miseries they may have occasioned. Knowledge of

* i.e. living.

ourselves thus acquired leads to a wholesome distrust of our own power and strength, and then we are led to a safe repose under the shelter of Omnipotence. Everything, however, to use the poet's simile, depends upon the fracture being *well cur'd*; there are those who heal the hurt slightly, as the prophet describes. It is the man who has been taught to sing of mercy and judgment too, who will journey on bravely and yet warily. Two poems of Herbert's are entitled "The Temper," and though not immediately connected with each other, the strain is much the same; they both express a deep longing for the realization of God's presence, and a desire that he might, in heart and life, be more nearly conformed to the image of God. These one reads with much interest, as they are very autobiographic, and it is reported also that his prominent fault was a hasty temper. Some portions of the first of these poems are quaint indeed, as when in representing the rising and falling of his emotions, Herbert says that at times he seemed to rise above forty heavens or more, at other times he could not reach to one. Such distances, he exclaims, God grasps easily, to man such transitions are painful, he is, as it were, racked. Yet the conclusion he arrives at is this :—

Take thy way; for sure thy way is best;
Stretch or contract me, thy poor debtor;
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music better."

This verse reminds us of the conclusion of another poem, called, "Denial."

"O cheer and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time;
That so thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme."

And indeed Herbert was ever seeking that his verse might derive its inspiration from God Himself, and those sacred sources which He has placed within the reach of all. Thus he writes again at the close of another poem :—

"I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is a weed.
Lord, place me in thy consort; give one strain
To my poor reed."

Here he had been speaking of the different ways in which God's creatures serve Him; and comparing himself with such humble objects even as bees and flowers, he thought himself worthless, and but as a weed. "Place me in thy consort," does not mean, "let me be in thy company," the expression has another, and peculiar significance. A "consort," in some of the old writers, was a number of instruments performing at the same time—what we should now call a concert. In the grand concert of song, which the Creator's handiworks raise to their Maker and Sustainer, the poet seeks to bear some part, though it be an insignificant one.

"Praise" is an admirable and compact little poem of five verses, each of which ends with a line somewhat similar. As in other instances, there is no very marked applicability in the title. There is a singularity and yet a pathos in the last verse.

"O raise me then ! poor bees, that work all day
 Sting my delay,
 Who have a work as well as they,
 And much, much more.

In such poems as the "Threshold" the "Altar," "Church Monuments," the "Church-floor," the "Windows," we have curious imagery, interwoven with some thoughts that deserve to be treasured up. The impassioned utterances of Herbert in his "Holy Scriptures," show how he studied and prized this volume. This piece is divided into two parts; the second being perhaps the better; and in it Herbert illustrates and insists upon the great truth that the Word of God is applicable to every circumstance of human life, and also that every verse has not only its own excellence, but it connects with or points to some one or more other verses, and these together "make up some Christian's destiny." We are apt to forget how thoroughly Scripture is in union with it self, and what an inter-penetration there is throughout it, if one may so speak, in spite of seeming discrepancies, and diversities of style. He concludes with these words :—

"Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss;
 This book of stars lights to eternal bliss."

What a splendored portrait does our poet draw, in his "Constancy," of the upright, consistent man, the true Christian gentleman! He is *honest* in the full sense of that word, not as we have now-a-days narrowed it down, applying it to him who only does not rob or cheat his neighbour. The really honest man is to be found "ever following that which is good," and he pays not merely his money-debts, but the acts of kindness and love he owes to others, nor does he forget or neglect his duty to God.

"Who is the honest man?
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
 To God, his neighbour, and himself most true;
 Whom neither force nor fawning can
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due."

We are perhaps tempted to smile at the way in which Herbert uses the word "unpin." It would seem that in those days it was applied in a general sense, something in the way the ancients spoke of a man when he was ungirt. If his girdle was loosened, his dress hung about him, and he became unfit for immediate action. So in Herbert's day one who was unpinned had become exposed to attack, he was unprepared to defend himself, or to proceed on any expedition. Figuratively speaking, the man therefore, who was not to be unpinned by force or stratagem was likely to be truly heroic and resolute for good. In another of the verses, Herbert says that one of the grand characteristics of his model man is, that he is the same in darkness as in daylight.

"When the day is done,
 His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
 The sun to others writeth laws,
 And is their virtue; *Virtue is his Sun.*"

Well may he say at the close of his description,

"This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
 Who still is right, and prays to be so still."

SAVED, AS BY FIRE.*

BY THE REV C. J. WHITMORE.

"Who's got a copper for poor Peter? I'll stand on my head! or give you a dancè! or sing you a comic song for a ha'penny or a penny, or a drop o' beer. Now! who's going to throw the first copper into the old hat, towards getting a dinner for poor Peter?"

So spoke a man of middle height and middle age, having the liquid red lips that denote spirit-drinking, and a full, bloated face,—among a company of working men who were taking their mid-day meal in a public-house in the northern district of London. He stood cringing and smirking in the centre of the room—an awful picture, or rather reality, of what strong drink can do to debase and degrade man, formed in the image of God. Very far superior to most of those around him in education and natural gifts, he had sunk far below the lowest, through indulging the lust of strong drink. When sober, which was very seldom, none could work better or quicker than he; no one more skilled in grace and finish of workmanship: but he would not work; perhaps he could not. He had lost all desire to excel; all true manly ambition had departed from him. The drink had burned these things out of him, and, with them, love of home, and care for his wife and children. So sunken was he, so deeply degraded, that the man appeared to a thoughtful mind as one truly and visibly possessed by the demon of drunkenness; which must be exorcised before he could be once more in his right mind, and walk erect as his Creator had formed him, in the image of his Maker. "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? . . . who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at" that which, at the last, "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Hungering and despised, weary and sick at heart—yet "no man gave unto him." Some looked upon him with a half smile of pitying forbearance, regarding him as scarcely a responsible being; others, especially the younger men, made no attempt to hide their anger and disgust at his presence, but openly bade him go and leave them to eat in peace the dinner *they had earned*. Amid all, he stood bearing, with a sickly attempt at laughter, the hard words and coarse hints directed against him. With the same sickly smile upon his face, he passed out upon his wretched way—one of that horribly large army of young and old, sick and healthy, beggars, cadgers, and thieves, who exist by going from public-house to public-house during the day, and filling our refuges and casual wards at night. To these no man ministers; for them no man cares. And yet among them, it is well known, are those who might have been our brightest and our best, had they not bowed down soul and body under the awful tyranny of drunkenness. From house to house poor Peter went upon his miserable, profitless way; meeting everywhere with the same contemptuous treatment, the same scornful rejection; doing the same really laborious work, for grudging and scanty pay, and for the same seductive poison which made him willing to accept it. As the day closed, and evening drew on, and night came, his gains both in liquor

* Stirling Tract, No. 611, price 3s. per 100.

and money were slightly increased; until the last song was sung, the last house was closing, and there was only the choice between the damp, chilly streets and his miserable home.

Thither he made his way, threading a filthy lane, and turning into a narrow court at the end. He entered the open door of one of the houses—always left open night and day, for the sufficient reason that the whole house contained nothing worth stealing. He ascended a narrow staircase, and passed into a close, dimly-lighted room, which filth and squalor made rife with fever and death. There were dirty bundless of mingled straw and rags, intended for beds, in three of the four corners of the room; an old broken table, two chairs without seats, one old saucepan, and a little crockery:—and *this* was home!

If such men and such homes were not so shamefully common in our midst, if such scandalous facts were not too patent to be for a moment doubted or denied, it might be thought a mere wanton effort of grotesque imagination to set forth such a picture. But the type is so ordinary, the case one of such constant occurrence, that habit has brought us to regard such homes and such men as things of course, calling for no special effort, for no hearty self-denying work, for no earnest prayer for the redemption of the man and the improvement of the home. We see and know, and sigh; we pass on, and we forget! “Am I my brother’s keeper?”

Peter was in his ordinary condition of dull intoxication as he entered his home; his step was steady, his strength firm; but there was brooding within him a fierce caged devil—greatly feared by his wife and children, because easily aroused by a word or a look,—a devil that had oftentimes broken out upon them, and driven them forth amid oaths and curses, blows and tears. Without a word of greeting he sat down, ignorant and careless whether his wife and children had been fed during his absence; and he began to prepare for rest. His toil-worn wife glanced keenly at him from under her bent brow, and then timidly said—“There’s a bad message concerning Nellie, Peter; she must have caught the fever when she came here last week. I went down to see her this afternoon; but a boy came late this evening to say she was very bad, and wanted you to go and see her.” As the poor wife spoke, she looked up fearfully, as if uncertain in what manner such unwelcome intelligence would be received.

He made no reply, but replaced his worn shoes upon his weary feet, and went forth into the sharp night. Shivering with cold as the bleak wind met him, he steadily, and for a time silently, held upon his way. At length he began muttering, “Nellie! Nellie! down with the fever! I’d sooner it had been all the others together! Poor Peter’s one lamb, the despised drunkard’s last hold and hope in life! Nellie down! pleasant faced, bright-eyed Nellie! I wish I knew there was a God! I’d pray to Him, and ask him to spare me Nellie: but I haven’t believed in any God for years: if I had, I shouldn’t be as I am now! But Nellie always loved me; when all the rest ran away afraid, Nellie never did; she came the closer, and looked up,—wondering what mad devil had got into father, but certain it would not hurt *her*. And I never did beat little Nellie,

drunk or sober! Haven't I gone hungry myself many a time with little Nellie's half-penny loaf safe in my pocket? And I know I drank harder, because I missed her so, when she went away from me to service. Why didn't I, why couldn't I, keep sober, and have little Nellie with me at home?"

Struggling on as fast as he was able, and muttering fitfully to himself as heavy gusts of rain fell on him, he went through the darkness and cold until he reached the house where his daughter had found much kindness and a good home as a domestic servant. The master of the house answered his wavering knock at the door, and looked very sternly and doubtfully at the wet, draggled figure seeking admission to his clean home: but the emergency was allowed to overcome all scruples; and, after a caution to wipe his shoes carefully, he informed Peter that he would find his daughter and a nurse at the top of the house. The nurse laid her finger on her lip as he entered, and motioned him to a chair close to the bedside. Laying his shoes aside and removing his wet coat, he sat down and looked attentively at his sick daughter. Nellie was lying as if exhausted, her face colourless, lips black and swollen, and her breathing hard and difficult. As he looked upon her, a dull, faint heart-sinking within him told that hope was over—that his darling was passing away. A low, wild cry that he could not repress broke from him; and then his face was covered by his hands, as he sank upon his knees by the bed-side.

The sound roused the dying girl; she looked wildly and unconsciously around until her eyes met the shrinking figure by the bed-side. Then thought and the old love returned to her; she gently raised the bowed head until it rested upon her hot, labouring bosom; and his arms were flung around her with an intensity that said he knew not how to let her go.

"Leave me alone with father a little while, nurse, dear," said Nellie; "I have something I must say to him before I go." The woman left the room silently; and they were alone.

"Father! darling father!" she said, her arms clinging lovingly round his neck, "I am dying, and I want you to pray to our Father in heaven for me!"

A low groan, that seemed wrung from the depths of a breaking heart, was the only reply he was able to give; but it caused the fever-glittering eyes to fix more intently upon him, and the hot arms to tighten around him as she spoke again. "I want you to think of our old home, father, when you used to twine my hair round your fingers as I climbed upon your knee, and so remember how you always loved Nellie! I wish such times to come again, though I shall not be with you: and so I ask you to pray for me and for yourself too."

"I cannot, I dare not, Nellie," he said; "I would if I could—but if only because you ask me: but I cannot; and it would be useless; I have sinned beyond forgiveness; He would not hear me."

"No, no, father!" she replied; "Jesus 'is able to save to the uttermost,' and He came to do it; and He can and will save you. If you have been a great sinner, the greater honour to Him in saving

you. Pray, father; pray for yourself and for me! I shall soon be in heaven, but I want you to come there too."

Closer and more clingingly yet, as though in her entreaty she would grow to him as in the old happy time, Nellie twined her arms around him. She was fast passing away; but it seemed as if she could not go until her striving spirit was gladdened by words of prayer from her father's lips; and she renewed her effort, entreating, "Father! darling father! Nellie is dying! but before I go, I want to hear you pray! only a few words, father! Don't refuse such a thing to your darling Nellie! It is the last thing she will ever ask on earth of you!"

With an outburst of sobs and tears, that shook the dying girl as a leaf in the autumn wind, her father for the first time in a long life uttered words of earnest prayer to God. He gasped forth—"God in Heaven, have mercy upon my darling and upon me!" The barriers once broken down, the pent-up deluge burst forth. With his daughter's arms round him, her hot breath upon his tear-stained cheek, there the poor drunkard pleaded earnestly for mercy; and though the words were laboured and interrupted, they were earnest and heartfelt:—and they *were heard*.

"Amen!" responded Nellie, and then continued, "I am going to be with Jesus—one of His servants, doing His will, and seeing Him always; and I want your promise to love and serve Him too, and so come to me again when you die!"

"I will, Nellie," he said; "indeed I will! if He will have a poor broken-down wretch like me!"

"Let me pray, now, father," she said; and with her last strength she poured forth humble, earnest entreaties into the listening ear of Eternal Love for her father, and mother, and the other children. Then, still clinging closely round his neck, she faltered, "Father, one more promise: don't ever drink any more!"

"I won't, Nellie!" he gasped; "I never will, God helping me: I will die and come to you, if He will let me; but I will never touch strong drink again." A glad, peaceful smile lit up her face as the promise fell upon her ear; and then she faintly murmured, "I am going: father, pray!"

He complied, and the words fell solemnly upon the air. Then the loving arms unclasped, the head fell back, and Nellie "was not; for God had taken" her to the land of which it is written, "There shall be no night there!"

A few days, and what had been Nellie was laid in a green spot until the great awakening. Her master readily provided means of decent burial, upon her father's promise of repayment. Then all was over; and poor Peter had to return to daily tempting torture, without his darling Nellie. Oftentimes every limb seemed to quiver for the accustomed stimulants, and his life appeared one long continuance of awful craving—a terrible yearning that seemed as if it must have its way. Yet his strong resolve never once wavered:—he would die, or even go mad, if so it must be; but he would be able to look into Nellie's spirit-eyes and declare that he had faithfully kept the last promise he had given. It was hard striving for some time,

and he often found it necessary to aid whence alone it could be obtained.

It was well for him then that he had to strive hard for honest means of living. He therefore went to an old employer, saying, "My daughter Nellie is dead! Before she died she made me promise never to drink any more; and if I die for it, I will keep my word. Now, if you will kindly employ me, and lend me money to redeem my tools, I will work steadily for you till all is repaid."

"Lift up your head, and let me have a fair look at your face," replied the employer.

Peter quietly obeyed the request; and the master fixed a keen, scrutinizing glance upon him,—replying, at length, "All right, Peter, I'll trust you willingly."

So Peter fought the hard strife—and conquered; clinging to his work, to Nellie's Bible, and to prayer. Among the vilest he goes upon his way, speaking of Jesus, of Nellie, and of hope; himself a living gospel to the drunkard, a breathing proof of the infinite willingness of the Son of God to rescue and to save.

PLAIN PULPIT TALK.*

THE title of Mr. Cooper's new volume happily describes its character. The Discourses in this volume—there are only seven of them—are not Sermons, according to the general idea of a Sermon, but are sure to take hold of the conscience and heart of multitudes of hearers. They are emphatically *plain* in the sense of clearness and *candour*, but they are rich in beauty, and, occasionally, are exquisitely embroidered and ornamented. Mr. Cooper tells the story of the old clergyman, who said to his son (who had come from college with his first degree, and had agreed to preach for his father on the following Sunday, from a very plain text which his father had named) when he asked,—“How would you have me treat the subject, father? Shall I treat it philosophically and logically, or shall I merely treat it rhetorically and discursively?” “My dear lad, treat it *practically*.” This Mr. Cooper has not failed to do—he has aimed evidently to benefit his hearers, and the *first* and *fifth* of the Discourses—on “the horrible pit,” and “Praying without Ceasing”—are thoroughly practical, and the *boldness* and *plainness* of the *first* especially reminds us of old Latimer's sermons, whom indeed he in one point avowedly and admiringly imitates. But *faithful appeal*, unless our experience is wholly at fault, is all the more *impressive* and *forcible* if a good solid foundation of instruction on which to build it has been first laid, such as the following. The text is Psalm xl, 1—3 :—

Observe, my friends, that David is not speaking of what we, in this country, understand by a pit—such as a coal-pit, into which you descend, immediately and perpendicularly, from the earth's surface, by a rope, or chain, or by some other mechanical means and contrivance. David never saw a coal-pit, and, perhaps, never heard of one, in his whole life. There are no coals in the Holy Land; the

* Plain Pulpit Talk. By THOMAS COOPER, Author of the “Purgatory of Suicides,” etc., etc., etc. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

geological formation—as, I doubt not, some of you know—is not what is called “carboniferous,” but mountain limestone. David is thinking of the “pits” with which he was but too well acquainted; the cavernous pits, or immense recesses in the rocks, whither he had often been compelled to flee for refuge from his enemies.

The “holes in the rocks”—“caves of the earth”—“clefts of the rocks”—as they are called in our translation of the Bible—abound in Palestine. You often read of them in the Old Testament. Thus, in the sixth chapter of the Book of Judges, you read—“And because of the Midianites, the children of Israel made them the dens which are in the mountains, and caves, and strongholds.” These caves and dens were so large, you perceive, that they formed refuge-places against a huge invading army: an army that came “as grasshoppers for multitude.” Again, in the thirteenth chapter of the first Book of Samuel, we learn that they took refuge from another invading army; that of their old enemies, the Philistines—“people as the sand which is on the sea-shore, in multitude.” “When the men of Israel saw that they were in a strait (for the people were distressed) then the people did hide themselves in caves, and in thickets, and in rocks, and in high places, and in pits.”

This was not only the custom in those very ancient times—well on to 3000 years ago—but even so late as in the time of the Crusades—700 years ago. When Baldwin the First, one of the Crusader-kings of Jerusalem, presented himself before Ascalon, to besiege it, the town and the villages around were deserted: the inhabitants with their families, and also with their flocks, had retired into the huge subterranean caves of the country.

Shaw, our old England traveller in Palestine, says that on each side of Jaffa—the ancient Joppa—on the sea-coast, there is a range of mountains and precipices, where are found the “dens, holes, and caves,” mentioned in Scripture, and so often the retreats of the distressed Israelites. And Pococke, another old English traveller in the Holy Land, says he saw a large cave in which 30,000 men were said to have once taken refuge.

Even when they were not refugees from their human enemies, the Israelites made use of these caves sometimes to shelter themselves from the heat,—also to sleep, when weary,—and sometimes to shelter their sheep. In the twenty-fourth chapter of the First Book of Samuel, there is an exciting narrative. It relates how, when David had fled to the strongholds of the wilderness of Engedi, that “Saul took 3000 men . . . and went to seek David and his men . . . and he came to the sheepcotes by the way, where was a cave, and went in to cover his feet,”—(that is, to sleep; the feet when wearied and over-heated with walking on rocky ground—exposed as the feet of the Eastern people were, of old—grow cold when you lie down to rest: so they were covered—for you cannot sleep with cold feet)—“and David and his men remained in the sides of the cave.” So spacious it was, that David and his men could not be seen in the dark, “in the sides of the cave,”—although David saw Saul in the light, at the mouth of the cave. You will remember how the narrative proceeds; David cuts off the skirt of Saul’s garment and lets him sleep out his sleep and go out, instead of killing him; and then David follows him, shouts from the side of the mountain and holds up the skirt of the robe, to show Saul that his life had been in David’s hands.

The cavernous pits, be it understood, were often very dangerous. A person that went into one and lay down to sleep might oversleep himself, and awaking in darkness—for twilight is very short in the tropics—might lose himself, in his alarm. “Pit of noises”—“roaring pit”—“pit of sounding calamity”—“pit of tumultuous desolation”—are some of the different translations which have been given to the Hebrew words rendered “horrible pit,” in our authorised translation. There is an allusion to the cataracts of water which resound in these subterranean regions so terribly, that you can scarcely hear your own voice, if you try to shout aloud, in your terror. “Miry clay” is an allusion to the bogs, or quagmires, which abound in these frightful recesses, miles underground. No sunlight, of course, is ever beheld. All is horrible darkness, except when the false, flickering light—the vaporous “Will-o’-the-wisp”—is beheld over the bog, or “miry clay.”

These cavernous pits are also the haunts of wild animals. The lion is no longer seen in Judea—(though the Old Testament shows that lions were numerous in old times)—for he is observed to disappear in all countries where fire-arms are heard. But the “Nimmer” and the “Faed”—that is to say, the leopard and the panther are there; and these, with the wolf, the hyena, and the jackal, haunt these caverns by day, and prowl forth at night. Foul serpents, and other crawling

creatures, also tenant these pits. And when the prophet Isaiah describes their tenants, he is made, in our translation, to talk of the "*moles* and the *bats*;" but *moles* should be musk-rats—foul, offensive creatures which abound in these caverns; and so do the bats, by thousands.

Now this—

HORRIBLE PIT represents, in David's mind, the condition of the sinful soul. Every unregenerate man and woman in this chapel—ay, and every backslider, too—is in this "horrible pit" and "miry clay." And, if there be such a character in this place—but, God forbid that there should!—as a hypocrite—one who is making a profession of holiness, yet is really devoted to sin—one who comes under the description given by Robert Pollok, in "*The Course of Time*"—

"The man that stole the liver of heaven
To serve the devil in"—

he is also in this "horrible pit."

The several CORNERS of this "horrible pit" are described very vividly, some of them with almost *terrific* force, almost causing the delivered soul to quake more at the dangers it has escaped than when it was in actual peril. Let the song of the ransomed rise into grandeur as they remember, with intensity of feeling, that God, in His *great* mercy, has delivered them from the *lowest* hell.

But rhetorical power Mr. Cooper is too wise to despise, as are all preachers who have won the slightest oratorical triumphs, or who have witnessed the effects of genuine oratory on an audience. It is right sometimes, to give the reins to imagination, and when allied with the highest thought and the deepest feeling, the effect is electrical, indescribable. What shall we do with THE WORD "unsearchable?" Mr. Cooper asks.

There are three-quarters of a million of words in this blessed book that lies before me. But if every word were the word "*riches*" that would not express "*the unsearchable riches of Christ.*" There are three-and-a-half millions of letters in this blessed book; but if every letter were a word, and every word the word "*riches,*" that would not express "*the unsearchable riches of Christ.*"

There are millions of stars in the Milky Way, and astronomers assure us that every star is a sun, and that every sun has its system of planets. But if the word "*riches*" were emblazoned on every sun and planet of the Galaxy, that would not express "*the unsearchable riches of Christ.*"

There are millions of millions of blades of grass in the field, and millions of millions of leaves in the forest. But if the word "*riches*" were impressed on every blade of grass and every leaf of every tree which has grown amid the influences of sun and air since the creation, that would not express "*the unsearchable riches of Christ.*"

There are unnumbered millions of millions of grains of sand by the sea-shore. But if the word "*riches*" were stamped microscopically on every grain of sand that lies by the broad Atlantic and by the vast Pacific, and by every ocean and sea in the known world, that would not express "*the unsearchable riches of Christ.*"

And if all the minds of power that ever existed among men, and all the minds that worshipped and enthroned intellectual beauty, and all the minds of large discourse, "*looking before and after,*" could be restored to human bodies and be consecrated and set apart for the transcendent investigation, they could not, even unitedly, conceive and explain and fully express to us "*the unsearchable riches of Christ.*"

Nay, if the highest archangel were to let down the plummet of his intelligence into the abysses of far-reaching enquiry, he could never ascertain, so as to be able to explain and fully express, "*the unsearchable riches of Christ.*"

These riches never will be expressed, even to all eternity. No! not by the Noble Army of Martyrs, nor the Glorious Company of the Apostles, nor the Goodly Fellowship of the Prophets, nor the General Assembly and Church of the First-born, nor the Innumerable Company of Angels, nor the Spirits of Just Men made perfect, nor by all the ransomed throng of heaven.

Saints and martyrs, prophets and patriarchs, in glory will try to express "the unsearchable riches;" it will form their most ecstatic employment in heaven, Join all ye happy throng in heaven! join the spirits of holy Abel and holy Enoch; join the spirits of upright Job and perfect Noah; join the souls of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; join the grand souls of Moses and Samuel and Elijah; join the souls of pardoned David and pardoned Manasseh; join the souls of Isaiah, the prophet who in his old age was sawn asunder by the wicked king! Join all ye whose souls under the altar of heaven cry, "How long, O Lord, wilt Thou not avenge our blood upon the earth!" Join holy Stephen and Polycarp; join holy Latimer, and Ridley, and Hooper, and Rowland Taylor, and Anne Askew! Join all ye who laboured so stoutly for your Lord, and were favoured to die a natural death; join brave Wickliffe, and gallant Luther, and stern John Knox, and sweet John Bunyan, and praying George Fox; join pious Doddridge and tuneful Watts; join noble George Whitefield, and holy John Fletcher, and exhaustless John Wesley, and dauntless Rowland Hill, and grand though lowly Robert Hall, join all ye saints of God around His throne!—

Ye sweetest trebles of the eternal choir, ye million million babes who died without actual sin, join all your notes of praise!—Pull out every stop of the great organ of heaven, from the deep deep swell diapason to the lofty flute and cornet!—Gabriel, strike the loftiest note of thy harp of gold!—

"Let the bright seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow!"

And let the full gathered host of heaven, angels and men, begin the grand anthem, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory and blessing!" And let the bold fugue be struck, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that setteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." And let the eternal "Amen!" peal, and roll, and reverberate through all the arches of heaven! but never shall the gathered host, through all eternity, be able fully to express the "unsearchable riches of Christ!"

And we can hardly restrain our admiration that, after soaring in this wonderful manner to such a height of glory, Mr. Cooper *descends* immediately, no, it is not *descending*, but *begins* immediately to plead with men, so tenderly, so winningly, so effectively, that it is astonishing that *all* who heard him did not at once respond to his appeals.

Oh, poor sinner, these riches are for thee! This heaven is provided for thee! Wilt thou leave this chapel to-night still clothed in the beggary and rags of sin, rather than accept "the unsearchable riches of Christ?" What! poor prodigal, wilt thou go away to feed on the husks that the swine eat, rather than come home to thy Father, and be saved by redeeming love? Thy Father seeth thee afar off, He inclines His ear to listen for thy cry. Begin to cry now, before it be too late. How wilt thou escape if thou dost neglect to accept His present offer of mercy? What will be the awful issue? Thou hast not a moment beyond the present to call thine own, Accept pardon, now. Just now be in earnest. Christ was in earnest when He bled and died for thee; God the Father is in earnest in waiting for thee; and God the Holy Ghost is in earnest in working on thy mind and making thee feel thy duty and need to come to Christ. Sinner, I entreat thee, be also in earnest. I tell thee that Christ's love is so great that He would go through all His agony and suffering again rather than thy soul should be lost. Canst thou trifle still? Canst thou find it in thy heart to withstand such love, and to remain in thy sin, and on the side of thy Saviour's foes? Say

"Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more,
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror!"

May God help thee so to yield, for Christ's sake, Amen!

And now let us give just one specimen of what perhaps we may venture to call our Author's *philosophical* method, one to be rarely

resorted to, but which must be occasionally, if all hearers are to be interested and profited.

"Sir," says some earnest young man who has got entangled in the net of theological difficulty, "I want to know what you mean—what the orthodox doctrine of the Atonement really is. I want to know in what the Atonement of Christ really consists. I read that Christ died for the ungodly, and so on; but you and the orthodox say Christ is God: you surely cannot mean that *God died*. The very thought seems impious."

I must confess I do not wonder at such confessions of difficulty. I find them everywhere. I find hundreds of working men have become sceptics from conflict with these very difficulties, and from meeting none to help them. I wonder why plainer and clearer statements are not made from the pulpit respecting such difficulties; and I wonder that modern evangelical bodies do not purge their hymn-books from passages that can only mislead the young thinker. I am sure such purgation would emancipate many a mind from confusion, and ease many a pious heart.

You will not expect me to speak falteringly on such subjects. I shall tell you my mind very clearly,—for, thank God, I am neither amenable to Convocation nor Conference, Presbytery nor Synod,—although, I trust, I am deeply conscious of my responsibility to God, in whose presence I stand. I say, then, at once, of course *God cannot die*. The whole universe would be annihilated if He failed to exist. The Divine Nature of Christ did not die, neither did the human soul of Christ die, at the crucifixion; but only the human body of the Saviour.

You ask in what did the Atonement consist. I reply, First, in the sufferings and death of the body of Christ. But as all the possible suffering, together with the death, of one human body, however pure and spotless, could not be a sufficient atonement for the sins of the whole world, I reply, again, the Atonement consisted, secondly, in the sufferings of the human soul of Christ; and the sufferings of His soul would be greater than the sufferings of His body. I do not stay to describe Christ's physical and mental sufferings. I have no taste for such a task. I could not perform it, I have shuddered to hear others attempt it. I hide my face, in awe and anguish, when I think of what Christ suffered. But, again, I go on to say that all the possible suffering of one human soul, however spotless and holy, conjoined with all the possible suffering of one sinless body, could not be a sufficient atonement for the sins of the whole world.

In what, then, did the fulness of Christ's atonement consist. You know, and I know, what the reply has been and still is, from many who are considered high authorities in theology: that the union of the Divine Nature with the Human Nature, in the Person of Christ, stamped such a value on the sufferings of Christ's human soul and body as to render those sufferings a sufficient atonement for the sins of the world. I am compelled to tell you that I cannot accept that attempt at an explication as satisfactory, if by "union" be meant *mere union*, and no participation in the sufferings. Nor would it suffice to tell me that God can *choose* to consider the mere union as *equivalent* to participation in the sufferings. That would not accord with the revelation that "God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth." It is not the *payment of the debt*. Yes: I avow, again, that I am for what sneerers call the *commercial view* of the atonement. I accept the word "commercial." "Ye are bought with a price," and I glory in it, since it is the price of "the precious blood of Christ!"

Finally, on this point, I tell you with awe, but I tell you the true and solemn convictions of my own mind, that the fulness of the Atonement of Christ consists in His *Divine Suffering*.

"Do you mean that the Divine Nature of Christ suffered?" I solemnly and reverentially declare that such is my conviction and belief. Nay, I say more. I say God knew He would have to suffer when He created a world of mortal agents, all of whom were liable to fall. If God had not chosen to suffer, He would not have chosen to create. I cannot describe the Divine Suffering; but the Old Testament often affirms it of Jehovah; of Jehovah, that is to say, of the Second Person of the Holy Trinity: the Old Testament gives no foundation for the tenets of the Batipassians of old times.

I cannot tell what Christ suffered. God alone knows the awful depth of the Divine and human sufferings of Christ. But whatever the indescribable bitter-

ness of the cup might be, the Holy and Eternally Atoning One drank it to the dregs, and cried, "It is finished!" Such were the "unsearchable riches" of Christ's redeeming love!

Leaving these profoundly and solemnly mysterious points, in which we cannot expect our readers generally to take much interest, we will close with an example or two of what, perhaps, we may term Mr. Cooper's *anecdotal* method; for he interweaves incidents so pleasantly and naturally in his discourses that they are quite a characteristic of them; serving admirably the two-fold purpose of *illustration* and *impression*.

Did you ever see a proud Christian? Never, in your lives, any more than you saw an honest thief, or a respectable scoundrel. Such characters are contradictions and really cannot exist. You cannot be a proud Christian. You are either an humble Christian, or no Christian at all. Pride, loftiness! They are so utterly alien from the spirit of Christianity that one does not wonder at the sarcasms cast at anything that bears the appearance of pride in the professors of Christianity, more especially in its most responsible officers. The shrewd Garrick marked the lofty demeanour of Bishop Horsley, as he rode along the streets of London one day. "Mark him!" said the wit, to Dr. Johnson; "he looks as if he could say to one of the twelve apostles, 'Here, sir! hold my horse.'"

Take care, my dear friend, that your family prayer is family prayer. A good woman at York said to me, one day, "I am glad our family-prayer is at end, for I was sorely tired of it!" "What!" I said, "tired of your family-prayer! How is that? I thought you said you were a Methodist, and met in class, and loved Christ. I cannot understand you!" "Well, sir," replied the poor woman, "our family prayer had grown so dry and barren. My husband would send off the big lads to their work, and the little bairns to school; and then he bolted the door, and we knelt down to family prayer; and it grew so marrowless, I told him I would have no more on't."

"Oh, sir!" said a poor woman to me, the last time I was in the Staffordshire Potteries, "I have had twelve children, and they all died young. I often weep because I have lost them. One sweet little girl lived to be six months old, and I hoped she would have been spared to me. But she was taken away too. I thought my heart would break!"

"My dear woman," I said, "don't yield to grief. Think that you have twelve young souls, as pure as angels, all ready to meet you with smiles in heaven."

"Bless the Lord!" shouted the poor woman, "I'll cry for them no more. I'll always think of 'em that way, in the time to come, and try the harder to meet 'em!" Oh, you who have been yielding to grief for the death of your babes, try to take that poor woman's resolve!

WISE ECONOMY AND HOLY INGENUITY.

A PERSONAL friend, the largeness of whose gifts to the cause of God and to the poor and afflicted members of Christ's Church, have often excited my *gratitude* more than my *astonishment* set me thinking the other day. I may say that his gifts *astonish* many who do not know and will not learn the secret of them, having no wish to follow his example. He seems to have an almost inexhaustible fund for religious and charitable purposes, because he lays by, according to apostolic direction, on the Sabbath day, AS THE LORD HAS PROSPERED HIM. If there were only such *weekly* storing, the *daily* giving would not be felt to be burdensome, but a privilege and a delight. But the *largeness* of the store depends much on the *wise economy*, the *holy ingenuity* of the storer. The richest should waste nothing, and the most liberal and careful be on the look-out for some as yet undiscovered or unexplored mine of wealth. My friend did not say this to me in so

many words, but he suggested this and a great deal besides which I cannot commit to paper at present. He told me about some Christian enterprises of which I had no knowledge, and of others about which he knew much more than I did, felt a deeper interest in them, simply because he supported them more generously than I had done. I judge he saw an expression of astonishment in my face when he had named one thing, because he asked, How do you think I am able to do it? And then he told me that by saving *little bits of string* that others doubtless poorer than himself thought beneath their notice, he had quite a nice little sum every half-year to be sacredly devoted to a certain benevolent object. With a little contrivance, how much might be done to replenish the funds of all our institutions and organizations for the benefit of men and the glory of Christ. And even without that, by simply doing without unnecessary things, and by carefully husbanding their resources, their ability to give most persons would find to be increased, and in many ten, or twenty, or fifty-fold. More than enough is wasted in the houses of the rich to keep all the poor from starving; the garments for which they have no use would clothe all the naked; and the money which is expended in drink and tobacco and ornaments by Christian people would fill to overflowing the too often empty exchequer of the Church. Who among our readers will lay these matters to heart? Let all them all first think, and then act, as in the Lord's sight.

OPENING THE CAMPAIGN.*

By C. H. SPURGEON.

THE next six months are, in many churches, the period of harvest. Our richer friends will have returned from their sea-side vacation, and our poorer brethren will, during the long evenings, have better opportunities for attending our meetings; and therefore we look for larger meetings and less distracted thoughts. In the country, the harvest operations no longer engross attention, and in the town, for the most part, evening services have more attraction. Between this month and the spring much may be accomplished if pastors and churches have a mind to work. The time has come: are the men ready to avail themselves of it? We judge it seasonable to give a word of exhortation this month, and we trust our readers will not only suffer it but accept it. No one can prescribe rules for other men, yet those who have actual and large experience may give useful hints.

We take it for granted that all are resolved that the season should be improved to the utmost, and all done that can be done to secure the blessing. Let this be spoken of publicly in the pastor's discourse, and regarded as being as much a settled fact as the gathering in of the harvest in its due season. It is important that ministers should at once call special attention to the usual prayer-meetings by mentioning them from the pulpit, with a special request that they may be well attended, or better still, by a sermon upon the topic; stirring up the pure minds of the brethren by way of remembrance. It may be exceedingly beneficial to hold a special meeting after one of the Sabbath services, or to impress the minds of the people with the commencement of the winter campaign by some extraordinary meeting for prayer and exhortation. Every one of the members of a congregation should be made to feel—"Whether I help or hinder, whether I unite in effort or am idle, whether I get a blessing or remain indifferent, the minister in God's

* From *The Sword and Trowel* for October. Having been much benefited by this stirring paper, our prayer is that it may be made a blessing to each of our readers.—Ed.

name has summoned the church to seek a gracious visitation of the Holy Spirit, and he acts like a man who will not rest without it." Let the trumpet give a certain sound that every warrior may prepare himself for the battle. A lively, hopeful, prayerful commencement will give tone to all that follows.

Thus, having cried unto the Lord for strength, the church should each week make some distinct inroad upon the territory of the arch-enemy. We assume that her Sabbath-schools, her Bible-classes, preaching stations, tract districts, open-air evangelisations, and so on, are all maintained in first-class vigour, and that grace rests on all the workers: what we have to propose is extra and beyond all this; we suggest that some new effort beyond all that is already done should be made every week between Sabbath and Sabbath, or on the Lord's day itself. For instance, in the department of tract distribution, could not a number of selected tracts be produced at the meeting for prayer, paid for by the gifts of all, and then distributed to all for dissemination all over the district during the week. Upon these might be printed the name of the place of worship, and the time of the services, and thus a double end might be answered. To give publicity to our services would greatly tend to increase our congregations. In large towns tens of thousands do not even know of the existence of a chapel which may stand within a street or two of them. Handbills of a striking character could be issued in the same manner, to be placed in shop windows, pasted on walls, or nailed up on gate-posts, or elsewhere. By this means the church might bear testimony to the truth each week. If no other good came of it, the duty of witness-bearing would have been performed, and a sin of omission prevented. Or take another instance of what we mean. Is there yet room for more children in the Sabbath-school? Then let the meeting for prayer, at one of its gatherings, consider mainly the school, and plead for a blessing upon it, and let the godly persons there present agree to scour the neighbourhood and bring in all the stray children. If the pastor and superintendent would come prepared with a map or plan, with districts marked out, they would probably find sufficient persons volunteering to do all the needful child-hunting, and the whole meeting would feel a far greater interest in the Sabbath-school than it has ever done before. Or, to carry our plan into another department, if rooms in cottages, parlours in larger houses, and such halls as can be hired, were engaged as advanced posts for evangelists' services, so that fresh ground were broken up by all the preaching power of the church, and such services were held here one week, and there another, in each case assailing a fresh part of the enemy's wall, we little know what good would follow. We must not be deterred by the idea that we should be thinning the congregation at home, or diminishing the central power. God has ways of recompensing, and takes care that the liberal church shall be made fat. We have had too much of centralising; God means to divide, and so to increase and conquer. We fish one pond till there are no more fish left that are ever likely to be caught, while the same amount of effort elsewhere would, humanly speaking, be far more remunerative. We must launch out into the deep. We have dragged the shallows again and again, with much wear and tear to the net, and very small results; who knows what shoals of great fishes are swarming in the waves further from the shore?

Each week, then, we suggest some distinct effort in advance, publicly announced and prayed over, and recognised as the effort of the church, or of that part of it which answers to the pastor's call, and gathers at the council of war held weekly at the prayer-meeting. Real work should be *done*, not talked about.

Meanwhile the congregation should be, by God's help, vigorously plied with the Gospel. Within her own suburbs the church should make it hard for sinners to be at ease. Appeals should not only come from the pastor, but from all the members. Whichever way the unconverted turn they

should be confronted with expostulations, entreaties, invitations, and warnings. Frequent seasons should be set apart for inquirers; the pastor and officers should lay themselves out to converse with all persons under concern of soul. No one should find it difficult to unbosom his doubts, or relate his struggles after pardon; all experienced believers should be upon the watch to lend their aid. If the undecided will not come to us we must go to them; the members of the church must individually see to them one by one; but the bulk of them will come to an interview if properly invited, and if their first venture should prove profitable they are pretty sure to desire a second. Love all on fire with holy zeal must make the meetings pleasing and induce the timid to take courage, the retiring to be less backward, and the self-condemned to be more at ease in the company of believers. What sweeter work is there than to speak to an audience gathered on purpose to learn the way of salvation? Sweet as it is, few find it easy to discharge the work aright. One goes away from such gatherings sighing and crying because one's heart is not more tender and one's mind more wise in soul-winning. No one can calculate the personal influence of a beloved minister when he comes side by side with a seeker and pleads with him alone. Under God it is like one of our old three-deckers lying side by side with an enemy's man-of-war and pouring in broadsides of red-hot shot; you may see the vessel under fire quiver from stem to stern, and its attempts at reply grow fainter and fainter at every round. Ministers who hold no such meetings, and give souls no opportunity for private discourse, are surely unaware of their duty, or ignorant of their power.

During the sacred crusade a course of sermons upon the first truths of the Gospel would be peculiarly appropriate, and if all hearers were urged to bring friends with them it would be well. For the seat-holders to give up their seats occasionally, and to make it public that working men were welcome, would be a hopeful experiment. If this were done once a month, and all the seats could be filled with a new set of hearers what a blessing it might be. Where it has been tried it has been attended with the most admirable results. At any rate the preacher must dwell largely at this time upon arousing and soul-saving topics. He must preach Jesus most distinctly, and the plan of justification by faith as clearly as words can put it. The more advanced truths can wait awhile, but the rudiments of the Gospel *must* be laid before men's minds, if peradventure they may believe and live. Every sermon should have a warm side for sinners, and never be concluded without the proclamation of free grace. This, backed by believing prayer which secures the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, will not be without its effect. After each sermon announce that inquirers will be immediately seen, and encourage them to stay behind. Also publish frequently the way of joining the Church, and urge secret believers to confess their Lord.

It will be well that the young should have peculiar attention paid to them. Mothers' prayer-meetings should be in full force, and why not fathers' prayer-meetings too? These last must be held at very convenient times, or they will be a failure, as our experience has shown. Meetings for prayer for the young themselves, if well conducted, will be eminently beneficial. There are young believers in the church who would feel at liberty to pray at such meetings, and their example would, by God's blessing, influence other youths. Addresses should also, at this season, be given to the schools by other than the regular teachers, and the pastor or qualified persons should undertake this task. The little ones must be made to see that they are lovingly cared for by the church. If meetings could be held at which two or three lively, affectionate exhortations should be given, and opportunities offered for private conversation afterwards, it would surprise some to see how many of the young would gladly come forward to tell their gracious feelings and receive further instruction. In

this field we reap not because we do not sow, or because we sow without faith. If day-schools could be visited also by the minister to tell out the common salvation, precious souls would doubtless be his reward. Private seminaries, as well as the more public schools, should also have a visit from the workers in the church.

The church-officers and all the leading workers should come together often during this time of Zion's travelling, both for mutual encouragement and united prayer: the pastor's presence would be a stimulus at such meetings, and therefore should not be lacking so long as time and strength hold out. One such assembly held an hour before the regular prayer meeting, has just been convened at the Tabernacle, and it has made our heart sing for joy. The church members also should come together alone, and stir each other up to increased love and good works. Why not more of such meetings? Why is not the church-meeting utilised to a far greater extent? It might be and must be. To break bread together at such times would also be very profitable, and tend much to the sustenance of spiritual strength.

Every believer should be doubly on the alert in watching for souls. None in that congregation should be able to say, "We attended that place, but no one spoke to us." There should be much hand-to-hand battling with unbelievers, for this mode of wrestling with sin is greatly blest, and it is the duty of all who are themselves partakers of the divine life. If all members of the church became seekers of souls, they would with God's blessings all become winners of souls. This would yield a season of increase such as our present experience has not enabled us to realise. O that the Lord would send forth real power into our midst! We need not great talents or intense excitements; with what we already have the battle may be won if the Lord will put His Spirit within us. The ox-goad, the jawbone, the sling-and-stone, and the ram's-horn trumpet, have each been made an irresistible weapon; with God the instrument is little, His might is everything. Only let us be strong in faith, full of zeal, and very courageous for the Lord our God, and the Lord will bless us. Brethren, our marching orders are—FORWARD!

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MR. THOMAS TREGASKIS.

(Continued from page 467.)

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITIES.

It is the property of all life to impel to action, according to capacities and circumstances. The recipients of Christian life are conscious of inward stirrings and propellings, the meaning of which is, "*Work, work, work.*" Our Brother soon heard this voice of life within, rather the voice of the life-giving Spirit, bidding *him* work for God in the promotion of His cause, which he did by—

JOINING A BAND OF PUBLIC INTERCESSORS. In those days the more zealous of the Lord's people formed themselves into companies, and went hither and thither, far and near, holding Prayer Meetings, which often led to the formation of a society and the erection of a place for regular public worship. Souls would be saved in two or three places, and a demand created for the preaching of the Gospel by ministers of the Body. Providence and the Spirit working together, an eligible spot presented itself at length, and a chapel was built in a situation sufficiently central to draw the people from surrounding hamlets. If much of this

preparatory work had not been done in the earlier times of our history, the Denomination would not be what it is to day. Honour to the men, who, with such indefatigable zeal, walked so many rough journeys on dark nights, amidst storms of persecution, to pray that the perishing might be rescued.

Our brother at first felt this a very heavy cross, and at times was under strong temptation to shirk the duty. It is significant that he was accustomed to describe public supplication as "*speaking in prayer*." All true prayer, whether secret, social, or congregational, is talking with God; an employment how simple—solemn—sublime! Touching certain prayer-meetings, he writes:—"Not called upon to *speaking*—nor did I offer—feeling myself so weak, so incapable for that duty. I hope the Lord will pardon me if in any measure I shunned the cross."

"At prayer *spoke* in my little way, and had a good meeting."

"Attended the prayer-meeting; called upon to *speaking*, but was, I believe, feeble than ever. O when shall I shake off the fear of man, that I may *speaking* boldly, without a stammering tongue? Felt much cast down after I had *spoken*, thought it was not my duty to take up that cross, and almost came to the determination not to *speaking in prayer* in public again. The Lord teach me!"

Of a prayer meeting at Bisso, he says he took part in it "in a stammering way," yet realized in his own soul the preciousness of Christ's love. Better pray stammeringly, and get down the glory, than with fluent formality, and find no quickening power, no thrillings of joy. A week later—having spent the whole day with his mind stayed on God, repeatedly pouring out his soul to Him, and conscious from morn till night of a cloudless sky—he went to Bisso again. This time his brethren, the prayer-leaders, came not, and the complete burden of the meeting came on him. While he felt once more his great weakness, there was also a repetition of Divine blessing.

Time would fail us to follow him to the different places where he helped to hold those meetings; but we may notice that after praying in one of them with a little more trepidation than usual, he was led to inquire of some friends in what way he could get rid of that confusion-bringing shame which often seized him on such occasions. So excellent was the remedy prescribed that we shall copy it for the benefit of others:—"Take up your cross oftener, and it will not seem so heavy."

VISITING THE POOR AND AFFLICTED.—There are many of these to be practically sympathized with. From whatever cause a fellow being is poor, because of that relationship to us, he or she is an object of pity, specially if afflicted also. What sickness there is in the world! How difficult some find it to reconcile its existence with the benevolence of Deity! We are persuaded there are more gleamings of Divine love in this department of His administration than is usually thought. It is a compassionate as well as a righteous thing for God to allow *natural* evil to accompany *moral* evil, that it may help to check its mad rush—be a *break* on its great crushing wheel. The Gospel, as a grand remedial scheme, is intended to deliver at once from sin, and eventually from its physical consequences, which, while penal to the impenitent, are disciplinary merely to the repentant and renewed. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, it afterwards yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Heb. xii. 11. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." 2 Cor. iv. 17. Precious portions! emi-

nently fitted to comfort the pious when lying down in pain, and music-like when uttered by the lips of minister, class-leader, or companion in the sky-ward journey.

That spirit of God which uses all kinds of means for promoting advancement in moral good, does the same for retarding progress in vice. How often, by His gracious influences, have the various forms of tribulation humbled the flagrant offender, disposing him that "hated instruction" to hear the stern accusations of justice, and the insinuating offers of mercy! Times out of number have those who visit the sick found the way thus prepared before them, that to advantage they might inform the ignorant, and pray for the coming of salvation.

Money, experimental religion, and deep sympathy, the grand prerequisites for visiting the poor and sick, were possessed in no ordinary degree by our brother. Having ample means, and being generous in disposition, many of the needy at Hicks Mill received help from him; and he might have said with Job, "I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

When first asked to go to see a sick person, he made haste to get alone with God, that he might be prepared for the work, and successful in it. While so employed—buckling on his armour in the Master's presence—he was, as he says, "wonderfully blessed." A fine example this, which, as a preparatory exercise for our different duties, we may copy to advantage.

The parties visited he found in very various states of mind. One day he went to see a man and a woman; the man very ill, without a particle of comfort arising from a sense of a blessed inheritance awaiting him in the skies, whose case so moved him that he wrestled with God on his behalf; the woman happy in the Lord, and enabled to shout His praises. Calling on them the next day he found matters about the same. In the afternoon he once more saw the man, taking with him this time another: while they were praying for the sufferer his soul was set at liberty, and the house rang with his shouts of newly-begotten joy. A day or two after the sister—Powel her name—died, and the following Friday was buried at Gwennap. He that visited her, with many others, went to her funeral. They sang nearly all the way, a distance of two or three miles. After the interment they returned, and Mr. Warne, then travelling there, preached a funeral sermon from, "I have fought a good fight," &c. A prayer meeting followed, in which a seeking soul found peace—was "born again"—a burial and a birth in one day.

One time he and a friend prayed with a sick man, who felt before they left something of mercy's tranquillizing power. Not long after he was made so happy that he sent for them to come and triumph in the Lord with him. On a subsequent occasion, while engaged in prayer for the same sick man, the power of God so fell that it smote into penitence his sister, then present, who, falling on her knees, cried for pardon. After pleading for her *four hours*, he returned home more than ordinarily weary, but adoringly exultant at the thought that, while shortly his own mortal frame would be laid in the dust, his immortal spirit would wing its way to a world of endless bliss.

When a poor man was suddenly taken ill one night, and he felt as death menaced him that he was not ready, the praying miller was sent for, who went, and, throwing himself down before the Infinite, wrestled for the needed display of mercy. A father to this man was there, and under some concern about his own salvation. Before he left the one felt something of the divine pity towards him, while the other was roused yet more to a sense of danger, and the necessity of at once making sure work for the great future. Calling again the next day, just as he entered the room the aged seeker found the desire of his heart, and gave glory to God, as did also the delighted visitor.

Very admonitory is the case of a professor whom he found ill in bed at

Truro. It was thought that, in regard to the divine life, he had been "declining for some time." Only after "*hard struggles*," almost equal to when he was converted, was he able to rejoice in God again. While he himself did not seem to be distinctly conscious of declensions, the visitor suspected it; and when the fact was thus distressingly revealed, he exclaimed, "*O what blinding things little sins, so-called, are!*" Without doubt, the rod of affliction is often employed to rouse the lukewarm. We should be earnest if we would not be striped.

Of a sick backslider he had been to see, he writes:—

"What a state she is in! Very ill in body; no Christ to strengthen her; no faith; all dark, dark, dark! The Lord keep me from back-sliding!"

Three days later—

"The poor backslider restored. Glory be to God! Dark as she was, the Lord has lifted upon her the light of His countenance, and given her peace. Still very ill."

The next day—

"Visited E. V. When I came into the house she was breathing her last. In a quarter of an hour she passed from time into eternity. I hope she is gone home safe."

One of the most interesting cases which he mentions is that of Benjamin Spargo, whose days were evidently numbered. He found him "reclining on the Lord." While there was "not much ecstasy," there was "a firm confidence in God." Another visit, and the double entry, "The Lord is with him, and me also." After other work of the kind he went to bed fatigued, but had not been there long before he was called to go and see poor Spargo, now dying. He and his wife went, and when they arrived he was speechless. Before deprived of the use of his vocal organs he told his mother he was going to heaven, and that they were to pray silently while he was passing away. They did it, and without doubt his happy spirit ascended to where it is all praise and rejoicing.

A woman was dying; he went to see her, and found her any thing but "ready;" went again, and gathered that, as to the grand thing, matters were the same. This time she disclosed to him a little more of her inward state, informing him that her heart was hard as a stone; that she could not weep, nor in the least degree feel the strivings of the Spirit; that five years back she was convinced of sin, led to pray, and was almost set at liberty; that yielding to shame she stifled conviction, which she then felt to be against her—a barrier to her. She said, moreover, "*If I could but feel what I did then!*" He went again, and found her "much in the same state of mind;" yet again, and had once more to write "much the same." This time she told him that on the previous Sabbath she "had a glimmering light," but that "it soon vanished." So weak was she then that she could scarcely bear to hear any one pray. There he leaves her. What a warning to those who trifle with the gracious workings of the Holy Ghost! True to-day, as of old, is the declaration, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

Chapel Building. But few chapels had we in those days. Where and as they could did our fathers proclaim the great verities of the Gospel. By the road side, under the wide-spreading oak, on the village green, in the humble cot and farm-house kitchen, were their voices heard sounding forth the blessed tidings of salvation through the blood of the Lamb. Straw-covered barns too were made use of. The one adjoining the mill had often been to the miller himself a Bethel, and he granted to others the privilege of bowing there before the Infinite. Within its mud-built walls were frequently proclaimed the thrilling news of an unbought immediate pardon.

At length a more commodious place was erected a little way from the barn, on the same estate, chiefly through the generosity and zeal of our

friend. He set his heart upon the work, and the thought of doing it roused him to action as if the voice of God within him, saying, "Arise, and build." It was opened by the honoured Brethren, O'Bryan and Thorne, August 18th, 1821. Mr. O'Bryan preached in the morning from "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name," Ps. c. 4. "A very good sermon" to begin with in the new sanctuary. Mr. Thorne preached in the afternoon, text, "According to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought!" Num. xxiii. 23. He "spoke wonderfully well" to a densely-packed audience, and crowds outside were unable to enter. "I suppose," says the recorder, "there were, out of doors and in, athousand people, 'many of them' wanting to see a revival of the work of the Lord." In the evening Mr. O'Bryan preached again, text, "Pray without ceasing." A Lovefeast afterwards, not equal in influence to some previously held, but the day finished well with the chief promoter of the building, who writes, "Bless the Lord, the evening crowned the day. I had been praying almost all the day for others, and at last the blessing returned upon myself."

In the good Providence of God, that chapel became the spiritual birth-place of many. So did the cause grow that increased room became imperative.

On the first Friday in March, 1824, he thought of enlargement; mentioned it to his wife, and found that the idea awoke no friendly echoes in her bosom; went with it to Him for whose worship the house was first built, requesting that, if the project met His approval, the way might be opened up for its accomplishment; then to his father, who "did not oppose it much," while his mother showed some concern for certain "trees planted against the wall." At length he obtained their consent, and forthwith commenced preparatory operations, up-rooting the trees, wondering the while what his other self would say. "To my surprise," he writes, "while I was removing the trees the Lord was removing the objection from my wife's heart. When I came in she ran to meet me, and began to say what an unfaithful creature she was; that the Lord commanded her in the morning to say to me, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;' but she disobeyed the command, and laboured under a distressed mind all the day. At last she unbosomed her mind to E. Courtice: the cloud cleared at once, and O how wonderfully the Lord poured out His Spirit upon us! Glory, glory be to God! He doth answer by fire. The way is all clear once more, and we shall begin to work immediately. May God prosper our work, rather His own; I believe it is *all* the Lord's."

On laying it before the people they approved, and many of them seemed inclined to help it on. Best of all, the spiritual work of God was prospering. Numbers had been saved, and he wrote, "I shall have something to do for some time in superintending the building, and so many new converts."

Soon the foundation stone for the addition was laid; the work appeared to be going on well, and he shouted over it, "*Glory be to God!*" No wonder that there was opposition. Satan always seeks, by one agent or another, to cut across what is meant to be disastrous to his cause. In vain did some who professed to think the chapel would be *too large*, try to step him; he despised their "arguments" as "weak," and said, "By the help of God, I shall endeavour to proceed." Finding he was not to be deterred from the purpose he had begun to execute by the frowns and words of the unsympathizing, the crafty enemy assailed him in another way, but was detected. "The devil would have me think a great deal of the chapel enlarging—that it is the work of the Lord, and so forth: but I see that all outward duties will not bring grace into the heart. It is faith alone that can make the soul happy. Good works must follow, or faith and works must go hand in hand, to make the Christian. The Lord make me a true

Christian! Praise God, I feel a determination to be one." It should never be lost sight of, that faith, in the New Testament sense, is

"The faith that sweetly works by love,
And purifies the heart."

And if the heart be pure, its purity, like a thread of gold, will run through and beautify the life.

It is Saturday, the last day of Whitsun-week. He has been in and out among the sick again, realizing the divine presence. He goes to his desk, opens his journal, takes his pen, sends his thoughts back a little, and begins to write. Down go facts and reflections. Fact the first, "preaching on the Moor"—a place so called a little below the chapel, Monday, large gathering of people, many of whom found it delightful to wait on the Lord. Fact the second, one with the "image and superscription" of the chapel upon it. Yes, the chapel again; he had been "busily employed in getting around the chapel." We look in at him, busy at the humbling work of retrospection—"getting around" himself. What makes him cease to ply his pen? Why that deep-drawn sigh? He is afraid he has not been praying enough. Grave thoughts visit him, and are faithfully entered. "I see that if we are building chapels, or doing any other good thing, our minds may be drawn away from the Lord. Oh, what a scanty living, for the soul works is! It is faith alone that will keep our souls alive." "The just shall live by faith"—that living faith which *produces living works*, enshrinements, and demonstrations of true soul-life.

He finishes the week's review with a confession which fails to surprise us—"In building there are difficulties to be put up with;" and with a frank acknowledgement which it is pleasant to hear—"I do not want money." He was not perplexed with that prime difficulty of many in connection with their architectural projects. The one great thing he did want was that something from heaven which should keep his aims lofty, and for which he breathed upward with fervour—"The Lord enabled me to do all to his glory!"

A week elapses—Saturday again—"Perfect victory" last night—busily employed to-day in getting the chapel ready to be re-opened to-morrow. Sunday.—Br. Reed spoke in the morning, not many people on account of the rain; afternoon, Br. Warne, chapel full; evening, Sister Davey. The people prayed, and by the help of the Lord cleared the field—victory was ours."

All this, he verily believed, had come about in the order, and had the advantage of being under the protection of Divine Providence. "God built the house, and raised the church, and He will keep it." Yes, the house with the church, and the church with the house, shall be guarded by the Infinite, only let the people there be true to Him and His cause.

Subsequently, at different times, enlargements and improvements were made, till it came to be a spacious square-built structure, capable of holding four or five hundred people. Four times has it been honoured with the sittings of the Conference—in 1831, 1851, 1861, 1871, the brethren J. Thorne, R. Kinsman, T. W. Garland, and W. J. Hocking, the Presidents.

Is the responsibility of those now connected with it proportionate to its prestige? God grant then that on their children may fall the mantles of the fathers who have left for the realms of glory!

CLASS-LEADING. If requested to propound concisely as possible the principle of class-meetings, we would pronounce two words—*Religious Reciprocity*. The second term shows the thing in its simplest form—a *mutual return* of something, a certain kind of *action interchanged*, while the first shows the department to which it belongs—*religious reciprocity*—a mutual return of thoughts on things divine, an interchanging of spiritual experiences. If it be thought the term "religious" is too loose one more definite may be substituted for it—*Christian reciprocity*—an interchange of

ideas, emotions, realizations as occasioned by the proper influence of Christianity—the religious system of Christ, on the mental and moral nature, the constitution and circumstances, of those who cordially accept it.

We claim for this principle great antiquity, inasmuch as at least it existed far back as the days of Malachi, when “they that feared the Lord spoke often one to another;” nay, in its simplest form, it is implanted deep down among the fundamental principles of humanity, is one of the prime secrets of our social system, is silently or otherwise recognized, by every revelation from heaven, by means of which it is intended to be roused specially, and brought into habitual, healthy play.

This principle finds one of its most legitimate and beneficent developments in the meetings named, in which persons who have been enlightened and renovated by the Gospel meet to acquaint one another with the shakings or strengthenings of their confidence; conflicts or victories they have achieved; opposition or sympathy had since they last assembled; things which have staggered or strengthened them; resolutions they have failed to embody in deeds, on account of which they are humbled, or activities in which their compassion for men and love to Christ have gone forth freely, the thought of which now fills them with grateful gladness. While such things are interchanged, and one persumably more enlightened and experienced than the rest is endeavouring, by wise and loving counsel, to guide the flow of thought and sympathy, particularly while afterwards engaging in prayer for one another according to the necessities of each, they are drawn closer together in Christian union, their hands are strengthened for the Master’s service, and they part thanking God that they assembled.

The principle we speak of has been sadly perverted, and the meetings we advocate denounced on that account. Some even fancy they see a resemblance between them and the “Confessional,” and discard them as “Popish.” We ourselves will be honest, and avow a perceived likeness of some sort—that *between the true coin and the counterfeit*. What then? Shall we cast from us the *good* because of the *bad*?

Some who now regard with disfavour the class-meeting once delighted in it; and when in those days they discovered on the part of others a growing indifference thereto they thought, nay, were bold enough to say, that the word “*Ichabod*,” if written on their brow, would be faithfully descriptive of their moral state. Nor were they very seriously at fault in their sad verdict. Alas! it betrays no want of charity to say that those we speak of are, for the most part, backsliders in heart. If any object, our answer in regard to many of the non-attendants is, *We know them*.

O for the days when the members of our Zion would as soon have thought of committing a crime as to neglect, when not obliged, the blessed class-meeting!

There had been a great revival at Hicks Mill. “The little one is almost become a hundred,” writes our journalist one day; a few days later, “We are now 101 on the class-book.” The time is come for division. A society meeting is held, and four classes are formed out of one. Now for the right men in the right places! A gracious Providence to single them out! The Spirit of purity and love, fidelity and wisdom be given them anew, that with successful persistence they may do their duty. There is Brother Tregaskis! who more than he has been favoured with sanctifying baptisms of the Holy Ghost? Let him have one! Agreed. He is at his desk again; look over his broad shoulders, and read.—“With much trembling I consented to take charge of a few souls, to tell them how I got on toward heaven, almost all I could tell them. Thirteen gave their names to meet with me.” How admirable the humility with which the new responsibility is accepted!

There was an *encouraging beginning*. He pronounces their first meeting

"good," and prays, "The Lord enable me to be a faithful shepherd, leading the little flock into 'green pastures.'"

There was a *blessed continuing*. His own soul prospered. Of one meeting he says, "I do not think I ever had such a good time. How wonderfully the Lord did pour out His Spirit!" Of another, "One of the most wonderful I ever experienced. I believe I never had such perfect faith in my life. If we were faithful we might enjoy perfect faith always"—the simple, unwavering confidence of little children, like that of Abraham, who "staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God." There were at that time "many dear souls abundantly happy." Leader and class together prospered. They maintained the divine life, and were for the most part in good working order, ready by Divine assistance for aggressive movements. After their first meeting in 1824 he informs us that the people were much alive, most of them apparently "about to put their shoulder to the work," which encouraged him to cherish large expectations for the new year. We are not surprised soon after this to find him writing, "At class a shower indeed. How good the Lord is! In the midst of persecution He is pouring out His Spirit upon believers and sinners." We are reminded of what another good man once said, "Persecution rather than stagnation any time." Sooner would we hail than deprecate it, let it but be accompanied with such effusions of Divine influence as shall secure Church quickenings and multitudinous conversions. Welcome the curling waves, if crested with the best blessings heaven can give!

Accessions were realized, and new classes formed; two more fell to the lot of our brother, one with 40, the other with 17, to be looked after. Most of the 40 were juveniles, says their leader, "They could all speak of justification by faith. Bless the Lord, it is a good work. In the class with 17, held at Bisso, there were several lads, in whose welfare he took a lively and affectionate interest. There are two little entries, which seem like gems to flash with this bright quality:—"The little boys seem to stand brave. The Lord keep them!" "What joy did I feel to see the little lambs praying on!"

Conflicts and conquerings, oppositions and on-marchings, were the nature and order of things in those days. "At class an unusual victory. It was heaven below." "Glorious meeting at class, The people seem to go forth wonderfully though persecuted much."

In many of those meetings the wandering were restored, and the beclouded clothed with light. Once when a backslider was brought again to God, the leader shouted, "Bless the Lord, the ark is still going forward."

There is an instance recorded of a young woman who had been very happy, but was under condemnation through having stepped aside in an unguarded moment. After about one half of the members had been spoken to she began, as at first, to cry for mercy. In answer to united prayer the dense cloud passed off; she was surrounded with the glory, and filled with gladness, as before.

Once when gathered as usual, and speaking "one to another," two strangers in distress of soul entered, with whom they prayed till one of them felt the day was breaking.

On no account would we fail to say that the faithful shepherd strove to lead his flock up to the higher and richer pastures of *Holiness*, and when any seemed to be entering them his heart grew big with joy. Turning again to his manuscript we read, "A wonderful meeting to night. Some felt a deeper work of grace in their souls, Bless the Lord!" "At class one cried for mercy and found peace, another believed unto full salvation. After the meeting I told her to hold fast what she had obtained. She said, 'I know I am cleansed from all sin. Bless the Lord!'" "Thursday at class had one of the glorious times. It was all clear. Yesterday, a glorious meeting again. One believed unto full salvation, many more abundantly

blest. I saw a cloud of glory come down upon us as we entered the house and bowed our knees. I had not experienced such a thing before for many months. One old man who had been in a very tried state for some time felt the power of God. How good is the Lord !”

(*To be continued.*)

ELIZABETH ALLIN.

It was on the third of February, 1872, that the ransomed and triumphant spirit of Mrs. E. Allin, of Sutcombe, Devon, freed from the afflicted body, took its departure from this world to another, from earth's troubles and sorrows to heaven's profound and perennial peace and joy. What a glorious change !

Our dear sister had been a member of our society, at Sutcombe, for nearly forty years, and had manifested from the time of her conversion an attachment to the people of her choice of a deep and abiding character, and a strong desire to witness the triumphant progress of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" amongst mankind.

It afforded her peculiar pleasure to entertain the servants of her divine Master; both local and itinerant preachers found in her a true friend, and at her house a home; and during the few years she resided with her friends, she took no less pleasure in their company, and in ministering to their necessities and comfort. The kindness I received from her, together with the knowledge I had of her as a deeply affectionate mother, a faithful friend, a sincere Christian, a bright light in the world, will lead me to cherish her memory with pleasure. She evidently esteemed it a Christian duty, as well as a Christian privilege, to do what she could to encourage the ministers of Christ in their work and labour of love. But I need not attempt to eulogize her, for I have no doubt she heard the "Well Done" of the Saviour as she entered the New Jerusalem.

The cause of God lay near her heart, so near to it that she esteemed it a privilege—as every person interested in the moral illumination, purification, and elevation of the world should esteem it—to contribute liberally towards its grand and blessed advancement in the earth. One greater than man has said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the Christian philanthropist iterates the assertion when he hears of heathens being led to Jesus through the instrumentality of those faithful and devoted missionaries who are supported by the voluntary contributions of the people. Mrs. Allin evidenced her love to the missionary enterprise, by sending her donation to the missionary meeting, which was held in Sutcombe Chapel the same week that she was assailed by her last affliction.

During the time of her union with the church of Christ, she endured some rather severe bereavements. About twelve years before her own departure, she lost an affectionate husband. Through his removal, she was left with a large family to battle alone with the world. But her Maker was her husband; watching over her with peculiar care; illumining her understanding with the radiant light of His reconciled countenance; inspiring her spirit with the comforting assurance of everlasting glory; pouring into her heart the precious balm of His redeeming love; guiding her in safety through the dangers of life's journey; giving her victory in battle, ease in pain, peace in trouble, and joy in sorrow. Subsequently, death separated from her three beloved children, thus causing to bleed afresh the wound which had been inflicted by her husband's death. Though these events must have pierced and wrung her heart with agony, yet she reposed implicit confidence in the Lord. Of the intense pain occasioned by the early death of a loving and an obedient child, perhaps no one can form so correct a conception as a bereaved mother. That

promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," was verified in her experience; and hence, in the realization of the sublime principle of resignation to the will of God, she could adopt the language of the venerable patriarch Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

For many years the relation of her Christian experience indicated that she was progressing in the highest kind of life, and through all the variations of that experience, she quietly trusted in the Redeemer, and said, occasionally, that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

She enjoyed herself in family devotion, and while engaged in that soul-invigorating exercise, often realized much of the presence of the Divine. She evidenced great interest in endeavouring to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of her children, having, perhaps, a vivid consciousness of the fact, that the redemption of their soul was precious. In view of the preciousness of their soul's salvation, she strove to lead them to Jesus. The prayers which she breathed out at the foot of the cross for her children, have, doubtless, been answered in the conversion of some of them; and while her body is resting in the deep, silent sleep of death, and her spirit is living and reigning with Christ in His glory, we sincerely hope that all of them will prepare for a happy and inseparable re-union with her in the city of the living God.

It was on Sunday, January 21st, 1872, that she was seized with the disease which so speedily led to her dissolution. She retained her consciousness even to the last, and had, during the latter part of her affliction, a strong presentiment that her end was drawing near. Just before the spirit took its solemn, but peaceful departure, she expressed a desire that her children would all prepare to meet her in "the better country," and gave an affectionate kiss to each of those friends who were then gathered around her bed. The last articulate expression that escaped her lips was, "Nearly home." Home! there is a sublime significance in that word which excites our admiration. In its utterance there is a sweetness, an eloquence, and a melody of a peculiar character. The Christian is not at home here; heaven is his home. This delightful truth was now distinctly recognised by Mrs. Allin. Towards her heavenly home she had been travelling for about forty years. And now, as she was sweetly falling asleep in Jesus, she was inspired with the assurance that she was nearly home. Just as soon as these words dropped from her quivering lips, her soul entered into rest.

"Who are those radiant spirits bright, so near the eternal throne?
Whence came that white-robed multitude to their celestial home?
The land of their nativity was not the heaven of love;
They dwell not from eternity in realms of bliss above.

"They once were lonely wanderers in a world of sin and woe,
And passed through tribulation great while toiling here below;
They climbed a thorny mountain-path beset with dreary fears,
And laboured long and silently in earth's dark vale of tears.

"Their lofty aspirations for a purer, loftier clime,
Were only echoed faintly in the deepening shades of time;
They followed the Redeemer through the weary path He trod,
And passed through waves of agony up to the mount of God.

"The sorrows of a blighted life once shaded that fair brow
Encircled with a coronet of fadeless glory now;
A spirit-harp, whose notes sublime, were hush'd with grief and pain,
Blends in harmonious strains of joy to praise the Saviour slain."

IN MEMORIAM.

WE have realized of late, as never before, how near death is to us all, how near heaven is to the faithful! We have been passing as it were through the "valley of the shadow of death" with so many of our friends, that it has almost been like our home, and, blessed be God, not as some might think, a sad and desolate home either, for the light of the celestial city, as our fellow-pilgrims have one after another entered its gates, has made even THIS spot bright and cheerful, more like heaven than earth. They are not lost even to us; for the Bible gives us glimpses "of where they are, and what they are doing." Though we have been called to weep and lament at our great and repeated losses, we are bound also to rejoice that those dear to us have gained the eternal prize. And in proportion as our grief has been poignant, has our joy been intense and thrilling. Let us recall the names of some of them, and their many excellences and virtues, as an incentive to greater zeal, and earnestness, and devotion in the cause of our Master.

Our readers know that just as we were going to press last month, we received a note from Br. J. H. BART, announcing the death of his dear father and one of our trusty and warm-hearted friends. He was somewhat eccentric, humorous, and singular, as even his prayers and sermons evidenced; but combined with these qualities there was no little shrewdness and power, and, what is infinitely better, a *right-heartedness* and a *whole-heartedness* which caused him to love Christ and His people, and the work to which he was called, with a genuine and an abiding love. As one result, the Circuits to which he was appointed, almost without an exception, prospered in his hands. And when compelled to retire from active labour, his heart glowed with an enthusiasm which nothing could destroy, or even sensibly diminish. He chose to live at Wellington, Somerset, because he thought he might be more useful there than in any other place. In the last letter we received from him, written August 28th, he said: "As far as I can judge from experience, I don't know that I could have more real Connexional interest in the welfare of the Station had I been the Pastor, and was *in full orders*, then what I have had during the year; and I still feel as much true interest in its

welfare as ever I did, and had I the use of both legs as I once had, I would not care for all the opposition and [difficulties. *Three* quarters of the body are as sound as ever, but *one* quarter is deficient, I am sorry to say." The *spirit* which this communication breathes is the very spirit of the Gospel, and therefore the spirit that ministers, of all others, should seek to possess, for it cannot fail to secure a blessing and command success.

Another of our fellow-labourers, Br. CANTLON, in America, has also passed away to his eternal rest. This brother, besides being an acceptable preacher, modestly and usefully served the cause of his Master, by a wise discharge, only last year, of the duties devolving on him as President of the Conference, and previously in other offices only less onerous. Little did we think when we sent out his portrait last month that even then all his toils and sufferings were over, and that his spirit had already taken its flight to Paradise. The death of Br. Cantlon is the heaviest of several seeming calamities that have overtaken our churches in Canada since their Conference; some ministers having been laid aside by affection, and others proving unstable, but the Ever Living One is vigilantly watching over and sedulously guarding the best interests of his people all the while. Let us therefore trust, and not be afraid.

And Br. WILLIAM WEDLAKE, too, after much affliction and pain, has been summoned into the presence of the Master. His health we believe, has always been delicate since he went to Australia in 1865, and his weakness so increased that the Conference of 1871 set him down as a Supernumerary, and that of 1872, there being no hope of his recovery, superannuated him, and, as we now learn about the same time, viz., on the 5th August, the end came. Of his deep and genuine piety there was no doubt; and therefore, though not distinguished by great abilities, some during his comparatively short ministerial career it was his privilege to lead to Christ, and many of the most godly and devout will long remember him with sincerest affection and respect.

And before we close this brief sketch we must not forget to state that Mrs. BANWELL, the wife of our respected Brother Banwell, died on the 9th of October. Mrs. A. A. BROOKS, the widow of James Brooks, and for many years a devoted servant

of Christ, has joined her husband in the skies; and Mrs. ELIZABETH CHALCRAFT—beloved by all who knew her—died in great peace on the 3rd of October. To few who ever lived, could the honourable appellation, *a mother in Israel*, be so justly applied as to her. “Faithful in all things;” “well reported of for good works;” “full of good works and alms-deeds which she did;” are among the Scriptures that at once recur to the memory when we think of Mrs. Chalcraft. The source, unquestionably, of her great peace, usefulness, and honour, was the full and continuous consecration of herself and all she possessed to the Saviour. She experienced the great change many years ago—and to its importance and necessity she continually witnessed—and came boldly out on the side of Christ—and since, to use the beautiful figure of the Psalmist—she has been like a tree planted by the rivers of water. The deep love which her own immediate circle of relatives and friends had for her, naturally became thoughtful and reverent, which is love in its truest and noblest form, and others—the poor, the afflicted, the servants of Christ—have hardly less reason—such was her kindness, gentleness, benevolence, sympathy—to mourn her departure. For a year or two her strength has gradually declined. Two or three interviews during that time we esteem as among the great blessings of life. Her face was quite a study—so calm, so benevolent, so winning in its smile—and her faith—so simple, so confiding, so triumphant—was not only beautiful to witness, but communicated itself to others. “He *has* been with me, He *will* be with me,” speaking of the Saviour, “will He not?” she would ask in such a tone as to carry conviction to the heart, and make others think, as she doubtless felt, that if the Saviour were to forsake those who trust in Him it would be to deny himself, and that He cannot do. Blessed faith! Blessed Saviour! may *it* and *He* be ours, in life and death.

We must not forget to state that our Br. Hender, too, has had the misfortune to lose his wife and infant child. May all the bereaved ones have the special protection and consolations of our Heavenly Father.

CHAPELS.

BRIGHTON.—The ceremony of laying the memorial stone of a new Protestant Chapel, which is in course of erection in St. George's terrace, Brighton, was gone through on Monday afternoon, in the most pleasant of weather. At the time fixed for the laying of the stone,—four o'clock in the afternoon,—the sun shone brilliantly, and a goodly crowd of persons had assembled in the neighbourhood where the ceremony was about to be performed. Special arrangements had been made for the convenience of those who were to take an active part of the proceedings; and a temporary flooring that had been laid down was well occupied. Mr. Daniel Pratt, of Cuckfield, laid the stone, and among those present were the Revs. E. P. Hood, J. B. Figgis, J. Glaskin, J. McKenny, C. Gilbert, J. Tremelling, I. B. Vanstone, A. Foyster, J. Wilkins, &c. The Rev. J. Martin, the Pastor of the proposed church, was also present, and took a foremost part in the arrangements.

It may be here mentioned that the new chapel is about to be built for the accommodation of a denomination known as "Bible Christians." The architect of the building is Mr. Thomas Lainson, of North street, Brighton. It is pleasantly situate at the eastern end of St. George's terrace, forming a corner, and being within a stone's throw of the Roman Catholic Church in Bristol road as well as of the Church of St. Anne, Burlington street. The structure, which is to be built of coloured brick, with ornamental dressings at the windows and doorways, will cost about £3,400, this sum including the price of the ground. The architecture will be Byzantine in character, and the buildings will have something of an ornate exterior. The chapel will front into St. George's terrace, facing Bristol road, and arrangements will be by which a gallery may be erected as occasion may require, at some future time. At present seating accommodation will be provided for 450 persons. The entrance will be covered by an arcaded porch, and there will be towers at the south-west and south-east corners of the building, the former,—where the memorial stone is laid,—being built 20ft in height, about the roof of the structure. Reliance is placed upon voluntary contributions for payment of the cost of the building, it being stated on Monday that only a little over £1,000 had at present been

subscribed. Mr. John Fielder, of Chichester, is the builder. And he has taken the contract at £2,650.

The Rev. J. Martin commenced the proceedings on Monday afternoon, by giving out an appropriate hymn, which was sung most heartily by the assembly. The singing being concluded, the Rev. J. McKenny advanced towards the memorial stone, and, offering prayer, asked the Divine blessing upon the new chapel, upon those who had taken the matter in hand, and upon the work in which they were about to be engaged. The Rev. gentleman concluded with the Lord's Prayer, and in this he was joined by the ministers present. Another hymn having been sung

The Rev. J. Martin took occasion to explain that the people for whose accommodation the new chapel was being built were known as "Bible Christians;" but he warmly repudiated any connection with a body which had lately made itself notorious in London,—a body, those connected with which were commonly known as Shakers,—but who had also called themselves "Bible Christians." He wished to say that this chapel had no connection with the Shakers; nor the Shakers with them. (Hear, hear.) They never had, nor would they ever have, any such connection; and they would have nothing to do with their disreputable conduct. (Applause.)

The Rev. E. P. Hood then delivered an earnest and eloquent address. He said he felt great pleasure in taking upon himself the little task to which he had been invited in connection with this service. It certainly was a very small service. They were not laying the foundation stone of a cathedral, or of any vast and imposing edifice for worship in connection with any creed of the Christian world; but speaking as a minister, and a member of quite another denomination, he believed that those who were laying the foundation stone of this house of God were among a number of Christians who were most conscientiously and earnestly engaged in promoting the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ and its progress among the poor. The principal triumphs of his friends in this country, in the villages and towns where they had been permitted to penetrate and to effect their purpose, had been, for the most part, chiefly amongst the poor,—amongst those who, com-

paratively, were almost forgotten in the organisation and labour of other Christian denominations. He was sometimes reminded by a service like this of a temple put up a great many years ago in a Midland County of England, when there came forward an old swineherd, who said he had not much to give, but that, for a great many years, he had been hoping that, exactly on that spot, in that village where he had kept his sheep and pigs, there might some day rise up a temple for God; that he had been putting by pennies for a great many years in the hope that such a time would come, and then he came forward and laid upon the foundation stone a peck of silver pennies! Now this was a very fair foundation—(hear, hear)—and he would engage to say that, in case of a similar donation, Mr. Martin would not be found to refuse it. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) Referring to the site of the new chapel, Mr. Hood said it seemed to him a most desirable one. A large population of the poor appeared to be growing up all round and about the neighbourhood; and he would undertake to say that the friends who were putting up this building would trouble them with no nostrums of creed or denominationalism. He mistook them very much if he were not permitted to say, generally, that Christ and Him Crucified; Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, first, last, and next, would be the burden of all their work and prayer. In the time in which he lived, it appeared to him, that we rather occupied ourselves with the outer walls of the church,—the organisation of the church; in fact, about almost everything concerning the church,—to the neglect of that which was the chief concern of the Lord Jesus Christ. Christ, when He came into the world, was concerned for souls. (Hear hear.) He (Mr. Hood) found that He said nothing in the course of His ministry about this or that form of religious opinion, or worship, or service. The Lord said to the woman—"Neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem shall men worship the Father; but the Father seeketh such to worship Him as worship Him in Spirit and in truth." And he (Mr. Hood) believed that the friends who gathered together at this church would be composed for the most part of these. The apostle had said—"Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may run and have free course, and be glorified." He (Mr. Hood) sympathised rather with a "running" gospel—a gospel brought

down to the poor, to the lowest necessity, to the lowest grade, to the lowest want; and he believed that those having the conduct of this new chapel would bring in those who sorrow and labour, who were mourning beneath the life and cares of the world; and who found the grand necessity of their being the want of that consolation and comfort which Christ alone can give. There was that in religion which all men need. Religion was a curious thing; but he had noticed with some that they could neither do with nor without it. He trusted that his friends would find themselves appreciated by the poorer and hard-working classes, and that they would have cause to be satisfied with what they might be able to do. He did not think they coveted the attention of the rich; and he did know whether they would thank him for saying that he believed they did not want rich people. In fact, rich people were, generally speaking, more plague than profit at any place. (Laughter and "oh, oh.") He spoke on good authority; for John Wesley had said exactly the same thing. In proof of this assertion Mr. Hood narrated an incident in the life of the great founder of the Wesleyan connexion, in which he introduced the remark that "Rich people make very fine scaffolding; but they don't do for the inside building." (Laughter and "oh.") Rich people, Mr. Hood said, would put down their cheques for £20, £30, or perhaps £100; but, as a rule, they were so absorbed in the accumulation and disbursement of their money that they advance very little the spirituality of any place of worship. In the work which Mr. Martin had before him, he with all his heart wished him God speed, and as his labours would be more particularly among the poor, he trusted that the poor of the neighbourhood would rally round about him, and that there would be an intercommunity of blessings which would bring down the light and glory of heaven upon their sanctuary. (Loud applause.)

The ceremony of laying the stone was then proceeded with, under the direction of Mr. Lainson, the architect. Beneath the stone, which was hoisted and slung on a scaffolding, was a cavity, in which was placed a sealed bottle, containing, as Mr. Martin explained, a few coins of the realm, an Italian and a French coin, and a lengthy document giving local and national particulars at the date of the stone laying, as also detailing the progress of the cause of

"Bible Christians," and the proceedings of the chapel committee, and some other papers. When the mortar bed had been duly prepared by the mason, Mr. Pratt took a silver ivory-handled trowel, which was handed him by Mr. Lainson, and proceeded formally to lay the stone, which was at once lowered into position by the workmen. In reference to the silver trowel, it may be here mentioned that it was the gift of the building committee; and that it bore an engraved inscription commemorative of the occasion. It is intended that the stone shall bear the following words:—"This memorial stone was laid by Daniel Pratt, Esq., October 7th, A.D., 1872. Rev. Jehu Martin, pastor; Thomas Lainson, Esq., architect; John Fielder, builder. 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'"

Mr. PRATT then declared the stone well and truly laid in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and asked God's blessing upon the erection of the place. He said he was present as a Bible Christian. The Bible was alone the religion of Protestantism; and he was glad when he found that there was to be another place in this town where the Gospel of Christ would be preached. (Hear, hear.) He asked them, in support of the cause, to lay their gold, or their silver, or their copper upon the stone according as God had blessed them. The motto of President Lincoln was, "Keep pegging away!" and, as they had obtained only £1,000 out of £3,000, they would have to keep pegging away to rid themselves of the debt. (Hear, hear.) He felt, personally, greatly honoured in being engaged in the present work; it was God's work; and the aim of all Christians should be—"The world for Christ." The cause had his most hearty sympathy. Having laid five foundation stones in less than two years, his purse was almost empty. He would, however, lay down ten guineas upon the stone, and, if he were spared till the opening of the chapel, he would contribute another similar sum. (Applause.)

Contributions towards the building fund were then laid upon the stone, and a collection was made amongst those who had congregated upon the spot. Prayer was subsequently offered by the Rev. J. B. Figgis, and this part of the proceedings was brought to a close.

A social tea meeting was afterwards held at the Pavilion Picture Gallery; and, subsequently, a public meeting took place in the Music Room. Alder-

man Ireland (the Mayor-elect) occupied the chair, and, in addition to the gentlemen previously named, there were also present several other persons who take an interest in the cause. The body of the room was fairly filled.

The meeting was opened by the singing of a hymn with organ accompaniment, and then the Rev. A. Foyster engaged in prayer.

The Rev. J. MARTIN, at the call of the Chairman, next made a brief report as to the progress of the cause. He said he had lately been collecting money to build a new chapel, and he wished to tell them how he had succeeded. In passing, he might say that the Chairman had been one of the first to assist him—(applause)—not only by a kind expression of feeling, but by a donation of £10, and by introducing him to a friend, who gave him a similar amount. (Renewed applause.) Within the last few months, he had collected a sum of £1,100; and there had been laid upon the memorial stone that day £32 Os 3½d. (Applause.) But, £2,300 more were wanted. In consequence of the increased price of material, the building would cost some hundreds of pounds more than was at first thought would be sufficient. Although the amount was so large, he felt sure that the Lord, who had assisted them so far, would conduct them safely through. (Applause.) He said he had already called at 4,000 houses in Brighton for the purpose of collecting subscriptions in aid of the new chapel; and added that there were, he believed, 7,000 other houses which he also intended to visit. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Martin thanked Mr. Pratt for his kindness in attending to lay the memorial stone; and, facetiously remarking on the fact of Mr. Pratt's name being upon that stone, he said he was pleased to know that, if he failed in his efforts to collect the amount due upon the chapel, the debt would have Mr. Pratt's name at its back. (Laughter and applause.)

The CHAIRMAN then addressed the meeting. He said he had great pleasure in taking part in the proceedings of that evening; and he regretted that he had been prevented attending the laying of the stone in the afternoon. A very great and important subject was just now occupying their attention. He did not think there was any subject more worthy the attention of Christian people—nothing that was more calculated to arrest their attention, to occupy

their time, or to engage their sympathies than the erection of a house of God. (Applause.) When he looked at the circumstances connected with the movement, he felt most agreeably delighted. He commented on the object and energy of the Rev. Mr. Martin, and the great success which had, so far, attended his efforts. He said an opportunity was now afforded them to extend their efforts for good, and he doubted not but that such efforts would be blessed. He felt satisfied that the Truth would be preached in the new building, and that it would bring forth fruit accordingly. It behoved them all to endeavour to spread this truth; and, to this end, he was glad to know that there was to be a large Sunday school in connection with the new chapel. He warmly commended the architectural character of the building, and paid especial compliment to the architect, Mr. Lainson, who, he said, had given his services gratuitously. (Loud applause.) Let them press forward in the work; let them have the Bible,—not only on the Sunday, but on every other day. In concluding, he urged those present to aid Mr. Martin in his efforts for good, and to speedily wipe out the amount which was needed to free the new chapel. (Applause.)

Mr. DANIEL PRATT next addressed the meeting, and, remarking upon the energy of Mr. Martin in his efforts to collect money for the new chapel, applied to him the lines—

Perseverance, faith, and prayer,—
They work wonders everywhere!

He exhorted the meeting to maintain the truth of Protestantism, to which he announced himself,—although what was commonly called a congregationalist—devotedly attached; and said that, by supporting the Rev. Mr. Martin, they would be adopting a means to this end. He denounced Romanism, Rationalism, and Ritualism, and earnestly commended Sunday school work.

The Rev. A. SPONG, as the minister of a neighbouring congregation, felt deeply interested in the work which was being carried on by Mr. Martin in Brighton. (Applause.) This was not the first chapel which Mr. Martin had assisted in building; and he (Mr. Spong) trusted that success would attend his efforts in the present instance. He earnestly hoped that God's name would be glorified in a work to which, with all his heart, he wished God speed. (Applause.)

The Rev. J. B. HORNBERRY, Primitive

Methodist Minister, next earnestly addressed the meeting, urging his hearers to extend the great interests of their Master's Kingdom. To ensure a personal activity and usefulness in the great work of God, he said they must personally and entirely consecrate themselves to His service. He exhorted them to zeal for God and the salvation of souls, and said that then God will bless their endeavours.

The proceedings having been varied by the singing of a hymn,

The Rev. J. TREMELLING, of London, addressed the meeting. He said he belonged to the same denomination as the Rev. Mr. Martin, and for this reason he felt especial pleasure in taking part in the proceedings. He had been much delighted to see the kind catholicity of spirit and the real Christian brotherhood, which had been beautifully developed in the course of the day on the part of many ministers of this town. The speaker went on, however, to take exception to some of the remarks of Mr. Hood in the afternoon, some of which, he said, he liked, but some of which he could not bring himself to agree with. He could not, for instance, bring himself to believe that he and his sect were only suited for poor people, and that they should be confined to dealing with a number of persons in their own district, and that they should, so to speak, never go beyond the precincts of their own dwelling. Passing on, he exhorted his hearers, in whatever they did, so far as God was concerned, to enter into it with right good earnest. He at length commended the site which had been chosen for the new building, and expressed his belief that it would be a beautiful and attractive structure. In his opinion, churches should be made places of accommodation for the people, so that, when persons were got together, they might be seated comfortably and thus hear the Word of God with profit. Opposed to some persons, he did not believe it was good to have a debt on a chapel. The only good thing about a debt was to pay it off. (Laughter.)

This was what they had better do with their debt; and by work—which would never do them any harm—they would very soon get rid of it. But they wanted more than beautiful churches and eloquent sermons; they wanted a real working church as well as people around them cultivating strong faith in Christ. Nothing, he said, could stand before a working

church; and he illustrated the point at considerable length. He concluded an eloquent address by expressing his heartiest sympathies with the cause which they had met to celebrate, and he congratulated them all on the success which they had experienced.

The Rev. J. WILKINS having expressed his congratulations on the success of the day's proceedings, said he could not agree with his friend, Mr. Hood, that the site was surrounded by all the poor. He considered the site a most favourable one, and one which might have been coveted by any denomination. He then went on to deal with a few facts, which, he said, he had been thinking over in lieu of preparing a speech. He asked, in the first place, had Protestants of this town—whether belonging to the established church or to dissent—been keeping pace with the increase of the population of Brighton. Twenty-one years ago, the population of Brighton was less, by about 30,000, than it was now. What had they been doing for the accommodation of these people? There had been built, during those 21 years, 22 places of worship, while two or three others had been enlarged. He did not include in these figures the rebuilding of churches without the intention of enlarging. By the churches he had named, accommodation had been provided for 15,000 people, or, at the rate of about 50 per cent. Next, he asked, had they, as dissenters, been keeping pace with the church; and he said he was happy to say that they did not compare to a disadvantage in this matter. The church, he found, had built nine places of worship; while dissenters had built eleven others. There were also two additional buildings which were not carried out as was originally intended; and this made up the 22 places he had named. Next, he asked, had they been keeping pace with the wants and real necessities of the time—had they, as christians, been doing all that they could do? As to the outward provision, he believed they had done enough, because an allowance must be made for numbers of persons who never would attend a place of worship. This brought him to the question, how were they to reach those who did not go to either churches or chapels? He thought the only practical way was by going to the people, and using every means to get at them by preaching the gospel to them. This, he believed, would be done by his friend, Mr. Martin, in the

neighbourhood of the new church. (Applause.)

The Rev. J. B. FREEIS was the next speaker. He said that, in assuming the name of "Bible Christians," he did not at all suppose they meant it to be inferred that there are no other Christians whose religion is that of the Bible. But in taking two such words for their motto, they incurred some responsibility. The Bible and the Christian are God's representatives in the world. The Bible is the revelation of God's mind and will, and the Christian is he who practises, in his daily life, the principles of that Divine revelation. If they claimed to have the Bible for their rule and guide, nothing but truth should ever be heard from their pulpits, or taught in their Sunday schools. If Christ were their only Master, Saviour, and Lord, then it should be theirs to represent and reproduce His life among men. In conclusion, Mr. Figgis heartily wished Mr. Martin and his congregation success in their undertaking. (Applause.)

The Rev. J. MARTIN, in eulogistic terms, proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman for presiding; to Mr. Pratt for laying the foundation stone; to Mr. Lainsou, the architect, and to the ladies for their valuable assistance.

The Rev. A. FOSTER seconded.

Mr. LAINSON, who was loudly cheered, briefly responded. He said he was very much pleased to find that what little service he had been able to render had given satisfaction; and he hoped that, when the building was complete, it would enable Mr. Martin to disseminate the truths which he was so well able to advocate. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN also briefly acknowledged the compliment.

The Doxology was then sung, a blessing was invoked by the Rev. Mr. Martin, and the day's proceedings were thus brought to a most pleasant and satisfactory termination.—*Brighton Guardian*.

ST. AUSTELL CIRCUIT.—*Highway Chapel Anniversary* was held on Sunday and Monday, September 15th and 16th. Br. John Johns preached twice on Sunday, and on Monday afternoon. An excellent tea was provided by the ladies of the congregation, Mrs. Werry, of Penpel, Mrs. Hawkey, of Crooket, Mrs. Rich, Mrs. Trengove, Mrs. Phillips, of Polharmon, and others. The evening meeting was addressed by the brethren J. Johns, S. L. Thorne,

and E. Turner. The services were crowded, and the total receipts more than £24.

Bethesda Congregation having supplied themselves with a new Harmonium, an effort to pay for it was made September 29th and 30th. Mr. Ives, a Primitive Methodist Minister who was in the neighbourhood on a visit, preached twice, to a crowded house, on the Sabbath. Br. Peter Rounsefell, preached a harvest thanksgiving sermon the Monday afternoon. The Ladies gave a tea. A crowd again attended the evening meeting, Mr. Bale presided. The brethren, P. Rounsefell, Ives, S. L. Thorne, and E. Turner spoke. The receipts reached nearly £17.

Providence Chapel anniversary was held October 6th and 7th. Brs. W. Williams, S. Thorne, and Ives preached on the Lord's Day to large congregations, and Br. Mundy, on Monday afternoon. Tea, got up in no ordinary style, was furnished by our kind female friends, who believe the Lord should have "the best." Capt. Robert Martin presided. The brethren Mundy, Ives, S. L. Thorne and E. Turner spoke. The receipts of the anniversary were over £50.

Some fourteen conversions have lately taken place in various parts of the Circuit. "He must increase."

S. L. THORNE.

ST. COLUMB CIRCUIT.—Scarcewater.
—The anniversary of this chapel was celebrated on Sunday and Monday, September 22nd and 23rd. On the Sunday the sermons were preached by Messrs. G. Holmes and J. Williams; on the Monday afternoon a harvest thanksgiving service was conducted by Mr. S. L. Thorne. A public tea followed—provisions all given—which greatly added to the receipts. The following ladies did what they could to make the anniversary a success:—Mrs. T. Ward, jun., Mrs. Sopper, Mrs. Betty, Mrs. Crews, Mrs. Burt, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Crowle, Miss Beel, Mrs. Richards, &c., &c. Notwithstanding torrents of rain, we had a very good company. In the evening a public meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. Barbary; the report, read by Mr. Richard Crowle, trustee steward, showed that the chapel cost £225, and that there remained a debt of £119. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Holmes, Bendle, Thorne, and Richards, from London, who offered £6 if nine-

teen more would give a like amount, and so pay the debt right off. At a trustee meeting, held on Thursday, October 10th, the trustees stated that they could see their way to raise £80 and decided to try what could be done towards raising the whole sum required. Will some kind friends kindly help those working men who have a mind to work?

New Mills.—The anniversary in this place was held on Sunday and Monday, October 6th and 7th, the services conducted by J. Bendle on the Sunday. It being a new thing for New Mills friends to hold an anniversary—they not having had one for some years—several persons came together on the Sunday. On the Monday, Mr. T. C. Penwarden preached a harvest thanksgiving sermon. Then came the tea, and the provisions being given, a nice sum was raised. Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. Hooper, Misses Beel, Rose, Hooper, and Vincent did good service at the tea tables. Mrs. J. Matthews was prevented, through severe affliction, from taking a part at the tea, but she did not forget the funds. Mrs. Bassett also helped the funds. A public meeting followed the tea, addressed by Messrs. T. C. Penwarden, J. Bendle, and G. Holmes. Mr. J. Matthews occupied the chair, and Mr. John Beel presided at the harmonium. Singing and prayer closed this successful anniversary. A very blessed influence prevailed at some of the services. What is wanted is a revival. O may we soon realize it, is the prayer of

J. BENDLE.

We think it right to state that our friends in Canada show signs of perhaps even increased activity in the Lord's cause, if we may judge from the opening, and re-opening, after improvements and enlargements, of several chapels, and Br. Barker says, in the last No. of the *Observer* that has come to hand that "news has reached us from several points that sinners are coming to God." At home, also, there are indications of good. At Torquay, at Bishop's Tawton, in the Barnstaple Circuit, at Bedminster, and in the St. Columb Circuit there have been several persons converted; oh, that they may prove to be the first-fruits of a glorious harvest!

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

JERSEY.—The annual series of meetings, in aid of the missionary work, were held here during the week, beginning on Sunday, September 15th. Sermons were preached by Mr. T. Braund, the deputation; Mr. Gray, minister of the United Methodist Free Churches, Bristol; and the circuit ministers. The meetings were held in the following order:—Monday, at the Royal Crescent Church; Tuesday, at Gorey; Wednesday, at Great Union Road Chapel; (a *juvenile* missionary service;) and on Thursday, at St. Lawrence Valley. All the services were numerously attended, and those present manifested deep interest in the proceedings. The labours of Mr. Braund have been highly appreciated by our friends, and whenever the way shall be open for him to return to the island, he will meet with a hearty reception.

Mr. Gray, who was here visiting his relatives, kindly remained a week longer than he intended, in order to assist us on this occasion. His services were eminently acceptable, and we owe him a debt of lasting gratitude.

Our people in Jersey evince a steady and laudable zeal in the cause of missions. They do not forget the help afforded them in former days; and notwithstanding that they have now very heavy chapel responsibilities, and are greatly affected by the expensiveness of living, yet they show a disposition to continue fully to perform their part in supporting the parent society.

The collections are as follows:—Great Union Road, £16 10s. 5d.;—Royal Crescent, £16 1s. 2d.—Gorey, £1 5s. 0d.—St. Lawrence Valley, £2 1s. 2d.: the total amount being £1 9s. 5d. in advance of last year's. The spiritual good resulting from those missionary services we cannot estimate, but we believe that in the last day it will be found to be of great worth.

W. L.

[This was in type before Mr. Braund's fuller account came. We may add, that he had good meetings in Guernsey, found the cause in a more hopeful state than he expected, and that he was much gratified by the kindness he received from the friends on both Islands.—Ed.]

REDRUTH AND CAMBORNE CIRCUIT.

REDRUTH.—Very interesting services were held in connection with the opening of a new harmonium, on Sunday,

September 8th, when three sermons were preached; in the morning and evening by the Rev. S. Dunn, and in the afternoon by the writer. Of the sermons in the morning and evening we cannot speak too highly, so simple were they, and yet so full of rich thought, the very essence of Gospel truth. On Monday, the 9th, the opening services were continued, when Mr. Dunn, at the request of the friends, delivered another of his very able and practical sermons.

Master E. Juintrell presided at the harmonium on Sunday, and was assisted by our Camborne choir, who rendered good service. On Tuesday, the 10th, the opening services were brought to a close when many suitable and select pieces were given by Mr. H. Broad, who presided at the harmonium, assisted by the choir. Addresses were also given by Messrs. R. Behenna, and W. Woolcock. The congregations were large, on Sunday night many could not gain admittance.

Cost of the harmonium £28, towards which we have raised a little over £20, which we think noble for the first effort.

W. CLARKE.

PORTSMOUTH CIRCUIT.

Our first missionary services held at Stamford Street Chapel, September 15th and 16th, have gone off with great interest and pleasing financial result. Br. E. Roberts, of Canada, kindly favoured us with a visit about that time. He preached one of the sermons on the Lord's day, and delivered a deeply interesting speech on the Monday. Our friends were highly delighted with the encouraging statements given by our good brother, in relation to the work of God in Canada; and many felt, as most of us who were at the last Conference felt, when listening to Br. Roberts' telling address, that the interests of the missionary cause would be greatly promoted, if such a brother could be retained among us for some months to render help in our most prominent meetings.

Rev. H. Watts (Wesleyan) also rendered us good service on this occasion. Collection £2 ahead.

Our quarterly meeting was held on September 25th; attendance moderately good—the spirit of the meeting was excellent—receipts higher than before—and an increase of three members on

the quarter, after allowing for three emigrations, and three removals. A good work is in progress among our young people at Stamford St. Special services are to be held—and we anticipate success.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

Most of our readers are aware that the late Conference decided on sending the brethren, W. Hicks, and F. Lockwood, to Victoria to reinforce our hard-working and hard-worked staff of labourers in that Colony, the illness of Br. Wedlake (who has since died) and the almost sudden death of Br. Alfred, to say nothing of extension, rendering that course absolutely necessary. An interesting farewell service was held in Jubilee Chapel, on Wednesday, September 18th, the Superintendent of the district in the chair, and after the brethren had spoken, a resolution, expressive of confidence and sympathy, was moved by Mr. Tremelling, seconded by Mr. Bourne. On the following Monday the Brethren went on board the *Hampshire*, at Gravesend, and had a rather rough passage down the channel. The following note was received from Br. Lockwood after their arrival at Plymouth:—

"On board the '*Hampshire*,'"

Oct. 2nd, 1872.

"My dear Bro. Bourne,—It is 9 p.m., we are now anchored in the Sound, Plymouth. Shall get some one to post this in the morning. We came in here last night, after being blowing about in

the channel since you left us. The gales we have encountered were very severe. We were knocking about from Beachy Head to Brighton until Sunday night. Have been ashore to-day, and have been accompanied back to the ship by Bro. Lee, Bro. J. Thorne, and several others. We should have sailed to night, but the wind is strong and against us. "Wind and weather permitting," we are to sail in the morning. We are pretty comfortable, and both very well. Mrs. L. has been very sick and ill, but not so bad as many others. I have been sick only a little. Bro. Hicks appears to get on first-rate, but Mrs. H. is very bad. She seems a little better to night. Our fellow cabin passengers up to the present time are very agreeable and comfortable. I am writing this on my knee in my cabin. There are four groups of passengers playing cards, with the usual chatter, chatter. One group is around a *very large* musical instrument, watching it while it is at work, for the amusement of us all. One of the second class passengers is a trustee of one of our chapels in the Sandhurst circuit, Victoria, and I judge a friend of our cause in many other ways. There are several Christian people among the passengers, and we are hoping to have many pleasant religious services on board. Mrs. L. has taken a pleasure in reading the scriptures to several passengers, which seem to have been appreciated by them."

Bro. Kelley is expected to leave London for Adelaide in the "*Orient*," about the 28th inst.

The Gleaner.

THE PROGRESS OF THE BAPTISTS.—Two generations of men have passed away since this century began: the three score and ten years of a full human life. What has been the numerical progress of our churches in that time? In the year 1801 there were in *England* 417 Baptist churches. In the year 1871 there were 1,940, an increase in seventy years of nearly *five-fold* (4·67). For every 21 churches in 1801, there are now a *hundred*.

Seventy years ago, the 'population of England was eight millions; in 1871 it was twenty-one millions and a half. Population therefore

has increased nearly *three-fold* (2·7). Our churches have multiplied nearly *five-fold* (4·7) Or to put the fact in another form; in 1801 there was one Baptist church to every 20,000 Englishmen; in 1871 there was one to every 11,000.

If instead of reckoning churches it were possible to give the number of members, the progress would be found considerably greater. At the beginning of the century, the average number of members in each church was probably 60 or 70. In 1841, the average number of 714 churches reporting to the Baptist Union, was 110; in 1860, the

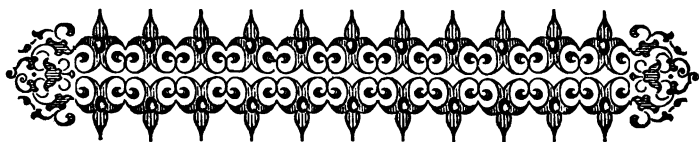
average of 1,012 churches was 121; and in 1871, the average of 1,496 churches was 129. Compared with 1801 the churches were five times as numerous and each church was twice as large.

These facts may be put in another form. Reckoning 70 members as the average of each church in 1801, there were then about 30,000 members of Baptist churches in England, and every 270th man or woman of the whole population was a member of a Baptist church. In 1871, there were nearly 180,000 members, and every 120th man or woman was a member of a Baptist church.—*Dr. Angus, at the Baptist Union Meeting.*

FACTS ABOUT THE CHURCH IN WALES.—The population of Wales in 1851 was 1,188,914, and the number of places of worship 4,006. Of this number, the Established Church furnished 1,180, while the Free Churches furnished 2,826. The Free Churches, therefore, had supplied more than double the number of places of worship than had been supplied by the Establishment. In all the places of worship there were 994,236 sittings. Of these, the Established Church furnished 301,897, or 30 per cent.; and the Free Churches 692,339, or 70 per cent. It being estimated that 58 per cent. of the population can attend public religious worship at the same time, there was a deficiency in Church sittings to the number of 387,672; while the Free Churches had provided more than enough to accommodate the whole worshipping population. It was shown by the Ecclesiastical Census of 1851, that the actual worshipping population in Wales was 611,821. Of these, there attended the services of the Establishment 138,719, or 22 per cent.; while the number that attended the services of the Free Churches was 473,102, or 78 per cent. of the whole. There is not a single district in all Wales in which the Establishment is not in a minority. In Monmouthshire, only one-fourth of the worshippers belong to it, while three-fourths are Non-

conformists. In that county the Baptists alone out-numbered the Churchmen. In North Wales, the number of Church worshippers was only 62,178, while the number of Nonconformist worshippers was 294,855. The Calvinistic Methodists alone have double the number of adherents to that possessed by the Establishment. In South Wales, the number of Church worshippers, in 1851, was 67,115, while the number of Nonconformist worshippers was 249,929. The Independents alone greatly out-numbered the adherents of the Establishment in this part of the country. Notwithstanding that the Establishment is in this minority—notwithstanding that it can have no pretence even to be called “the Church of the people”—it is forced upon the people, and maintained by them, at an annual cost of not less than £300,000. Nearly all who belong to it are the wealthy landowners and their dependents, who not only get their own religious worship for nothing, but compel the poorer people to provide worship for themselves and for the rich. Is this just? Can such a state of things be defended for a moment?—*From a Paper issued by the Liberation Society.*

THE DISENDOWMENT OF THE IRISH CHURCH.—*The Irish Church has actually cost all it possessed to disendow it.* After a disastrous political history of 300 years, after it has conferred estates upon and founded many Episcopal families, the Loftuses, Beresfords, Lings, and Fowlers, after it has expended its strength for three centuries in the vain attempt to convert Ireland to the Protestant faith, it ends without bequeathing the country even the most insignificant surplus for the relief of suffering humanity. Let the members of the Liberation Society study with care all the circumstances of this curious affair, if they desire to avoid or prevent in future cases of disestablishment the operation of those anomalous reservations and compromises which only serve to endow the Churches for ever.—*British Quarterly Review.*



THE
Bible Christian Magazine,
DECEMBER, 1872.

OUR GUIDES:

A FUNERAL SERMON FOR MR. JAMES THORNE.*

"Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation; Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."—HEB. xiii. 7, 8.

I MAY say without affectation, and without, I think, being justly chargeable with it, that while I am not insensible to the honour my ministerial and lay brethren have bestowed on me in asking me to preach on this occasion, I cannot but more deeply feel the weight of responsibility that has come upon me in consequence of my acceptance of their invitation. That responsibility some of you have helped to create, and you doubtless will, as far as you are able, and think it right to do so, willingly share it with me.

I need not attempt to conceal my anxiety that our dear friend and father in the Gospel,—whose memory we desire to-night specially to honour, and whose many and great excellences we should all strive to emulate,—should be thought of and spoken as I believe he deserves to be, lovingly and truly, wisely and reverently. That anxiety is much increased because I know I am unable to do full justice to his noble character, his varied and eminent abilities, and his faithful and almost continuous service in the ministry of the Gospel for more than half a century; but I am still more concerned that I shall fail to make that impression upon your understandings and hearts as shall kindle an inextinguishable, irrepressible desire that his mantle may be honestly and honourably worn by us his sons and successors in the Gospel, and if it may be, though as the prophet said, it is "a hard thing," a double portion of JAMES THORNE'S spirit may be vouchsafed to us as our grandest inheritance and hope.

*It is only fair to state that this sermon owes its character, in part at least, to its being not only a funeral sermon for Mr. Thorne, but the annual sermon to the Conference. The subject was the most suitable that occurred to me, with that

In speaking to you, my ministerial brethren, thus, I confess I have not been thinking so much of ourselves as of the Churches over which the Holy Ghost has made us overseers, and which our Saviour-God has purchased with his own blood; of those souls—precious, immortal, redeemed—for which we have to watch as those that must give an account, and God only knows what painful exercises of mind this watching for souls almost continually produces; and most of all of that Divine Saviour, of whose Almighty Love and Power we have both blessed remembrances and glowing anticipations, our kind and gracious Master also, for His we are, and Him we serve, and who is to be our faithful and eternal Judge, and we are persuaded He will infallibly notice, and not less infallibly approve or condemn, the motives and words and doings of His children and servants.

The subject I have chosen I believe to be in harmony with the thoughts and feelings and desires I have now expressed. The choice of a text did not at first seem easy, but I have all along felt that while it ought to be one which would require me to speak freely about our earthly guides and rulers, it should not end with them, but with the Lord of life and glory. My text satisfies that requirement. But the text determined on, a still more difficult question was, How it should be treated so as to best secure our purpose? I think by regarding it as full of solemn instruction and holy encouragement, for we surely need these even more than we need faithful warning or tender rebuke. We *do* need as ministers *instruction* more than we need warning, *encouragement* more than *rebuke*, if we be honest and sincere, and with all our imperfections and failures, I cannot for one moment suppose that you, my brethren, I cannot even suppose myself to be less than that. We know that sincerity and honesty, in the sight of God, in the sight of men, atones for many a lesser fault of motive and method, and renders it impossible that the character should be utterly spoiled, or the life an ignominious and hopeless failure.

But, my brethren, I have not only to speak *to* you; but, as you will at once perceive, my text requires that I should speak *for* you, and I desire faithfully, if humbly and imperfectly, yes, *faithfully*, to represent you on this occasion. You have claims, if you are good ministers of Jesus Christ, not only on the sympathy and forbearance of His people, but also on their support, and confidence, and affection, and respect, and obedience, aye, on their obedience. Your claims and mine I must endeavour to explain and enforce. Their nature must be explained, the foundation on which they rest set forth, their reasonableness, and strict justice, and scriptural character must be defended. The ministerial office is one of *authority*, as well as honour. You, my brethren, have received *power* from God, and if it is your duty to honestly exercise it, it is not less the duty of

two-fold object in view. I now almost regret an arrangement which was thought at the time to be the best, which has necessarily marred somewhat the unity of the discourse. But such as it is, I humbly commend to the kind consideration of my readers and the blessing of God, conscious that a desire to be useful was the one aim I had in preparing the sermon, first to preach, and now, at the request of the Conference, for publication.

others to submit themselves to it; you have also received *wisdom*, and if it is your duty to instruct those who are ignorant, it is not less their duty to be willing to be taught. See to it that your robes of princely dignity are not soiled and dishonoured, either by yourselves or others. It is necessary to advert to this matter, somewhat boldly and prominently, when we have a suitable opportunity like the present, because in our day, as in fact has been the case always, but in our day pre-eminently, the authority of the Christian minister has been awfully perverted and misused, and because it has been thus perverted and misused, there is some danger of its being ignored altogether.

What power is it, then, my brethren, that you have received?

I think I may say in your behalf that you have never dreamt of lording it over God's heritage, and if you have, I hardly know whether you would be guilty of the greater folly in indulging for a moment such an illusion, or for other persons to allow you to suppose that your dream was a reality; that you would scorn the idea of binding men's consciences, for you well know that God himself intends they should be as free as his own air or light (the very notion of a conscience in chains in the climax of absurdity!); or that you seek dominion over the faith of your converts, when you only wish to be helpers of their joy. Sure am I that all true ministers are ready at once and for ever to acknowledge that all what may be truly and properly designated priestly functions and prerogatives do not belong to them, to renounce all impious and arrogant pretensions, whatsoever their character and speciousness, and to hold up to scorn and ridicule all ecclesiastical anathemas and threats. But then ministers are "called of God, as was Aaron;" they are essential to the well-being and prosperity of the church; and if their duties be properly discharged, their rights may be firmly maintained. They are as useful, as necessary to the church, as the father is to the family, as the shepherd to the flock, and as the general to the army.

It is the duty of the members of the church to *remember*, as in the text, or to *obey*, as it is in the 17th verse, those that *rule* over them. The margin says they are to remember their *guides*, which Dr. Clarke and other commentators properly contend is the correct rendering. But the meaning surely is the same. Guides! is that a just appellation of ministers of Christ, then I assert they are necessarily persons of authority and influence. The guides to others through this world's mazes and dangers, their guides into the way of peace and salvation, their guides into the mysteries and realities of our holy faith, and their guides to the kingdom of heaven and eternal glory, must surely be persons of great authority and influence. Is not life often, I ask, and I now appeal to men generally, like an unknown, trackless sea, or an unknown, pathless desert? Are you not "children, crying in the night?" Are you not "children, crying for the light?" Is it nothing to you to have guides, who are not infallible, it is true, but who can tell you something, who can tell you much, who can tell you all that it is necessary for you to know about the path of safety you long to find, because they have found it themselves? I know it is not nothing to you, because if you fail

to find the right path, you can never come to the "city of habitation."

There is an ultra Protestantism, probably lending more support to the Ultramontane party in the Church of Rome than any of us imagine, which declares that it will have no Guide but Jesus, that it will recognize no other authority than the Word of God, that it will be only taught and inspired by the Eternal Spirit. Have not we, persons sometimes ask, the same map, the same compass, the same pole-star, the same advantages and privileges in every respect as our Guides, and therefore cannot we dispense with them altogether? There is a sense in which all that has been or can be said in this direction, is perfectly right and true, and there is a sense also in which it is absurdly and dangerously wrong and false. Every man might more wisely be his own lawyer, or his own physician, than his own minister. Men do not in the ordinary affairs of life decline to avail themselves of the special knowledge and acquirements of their fellow-men. A man is not a philosopher simply because he has a good library of his own, or a painter because he happens to possess a fine collection of paintings. You have the same books as your guides, but is it true in every case that you have equal powers to understand them, or as good opportunities to study them; or you may have the same chart, the same compass as they, and yet you may not be as well versed as they are in navigation; or you may have the same pole-star, and yet not be able to distinguish it as readily as they can amidst a multitude of other stars of greater or less brilliancy. We only ask you, but we do ask that, in the matter of religion, which is of supreme importance to you all, to profit by the experience and wisdom of others, and realize to the full the benefits which accrue from the wise and merciful arrangements and appointments which God has made in behalf of His church. The traveller in Switzerland does not think of ascending the snow-crowned mountains of that land without a guide. No persons would think of ignoring the labours and discoveries of Livingstone and others only less illustrious than he if it became necessary for them to cross the continent of Africa. The North Pole you might more reasonably hope to find, if that were the settled purpose of your life, if the judgment and experience of some veteran Arctic explorer were placed at your disposal.

And, with these examples and illustrations, which might be indefinitely multiplied, let me caution you against being deluded by specious words and phrases which literally have no meaning to the persons who utter them. There is a liberty falsely so-called which robs you of the inestimable boon. There is an impatience of authority on the part of some which does not make them a whit more free and independent. The friendly hand, the persuasive tongue, the wise head, the powerful arm, the loving heart of some earthly friend may be invaluable to you as pilgrims seeking the better country.

And is it not true that, in certain circumstances, you may get more warmth from a fire—a mere handful of coals or sticks in a blaze, or even from a few expiring embers—than from the sun in all his strength and magnificence, with all his light and heat? And

is it not true that, in certain circumstances, you may get more light, or light that is more useful to you, by which you may be able to read, or find your way over a dangerous road, than you can from the moon or all the stars? But you would not think of comparing your little fire with the sun, or your lamp or candle with the moon and stars. Such comparisons would be simply ridiculous, and therefore in using such illustrations I cannot have had the intention of dishonouring the greater or lesser lights of heaven. May I not now, after thus endeavouring to guard myself against misconceptions, say that a word of human sympathy or counsel, a smile which only momentarily kindles the face into radiance, a small act of kindness or charity, may be to you, yea, sometimes they are more to you than all the "exceeding great and precious promises" of the Bible are, because you cannot fully believe them; than pardon, and sanctification, and eternal life, or all the blessing of the Gospel, because you do not consciously realize them as yours in Christ Jesus; than all the attractions of the Saviour, because your personal relationship to Him is not clearly defined or richly enjoyed; than all the glories of heaven, because to sight they belong only to the very dim and shadowy future; or than all the treasures of eternity, because your final possession of them appears to you very doubtful and uncertain. A child may remove a speck of dust from the eye as easily and effectually as it could be removed by miracle, and certainly more wisely, and yet that single speck of dust may hide from you the most beautiful or the most magnificent object, and its removal be a greater blessing to you than the creation of fresh floods of light and splendour. The great lights all men alike need, but each of us needs some special lesser light which may not benefit a single person besides. The Saviour's merit is necessary always to all; human sympathy is, occasionally, necessary also. The arm of Omnipotence renders us effectual support all the days and years of our pilgrimage; the arm of flesh may, in moments of great weakness, render us partial and temporary assistance. The Divine promise is always good, and beautiful, and true in infinite degree and in eternal duration; the wise or loving word spoken in due season has the same qualities and produces the same effects in the passing moments of life. But it is not wise to undervalue the partial sympathy, the feeble arm, or the imperfect word, because they often bring the Saviour's merit, the Omnipotent Arm, and the Divine Word nearer to us, with all their effectual supports and consolations. Spiritual guides are to men in the stead of God and Christ; they help them to believe in God the Father, and in His gracious Providence; in Christ Jesus the Lord, and His redeeming work; in the Holy Ghost, the Comforter and Sanctifier of His saints; and in a future life, with its eternal blessedness and glory for all the faithful.

Let me advert, for a moment, to what appears to be a fact, in confirmation of the truth of these representations, that even the Saviour, during His sojourn on earth frequently felt the need of human sympathy and kindness. I need not stay to remind you that His relationship to His Father was altogether unique. Sin had not, in His case, as in ours, weakened the tie that bound Him to the Throne

of the Eternal. And yet the home at Bethany, after the labours of the day, was only less precious to His heart than the voice from heaven. The intelligent, conscious sympathy of His disciples He sought—alas! alas! that it should have been in vain—in the hour of His deep agony and humiliation in the garden of Gethsemane, and sought it, too, with definiteness and persistency of purpose, as if as much needed as the angel from heaven to strengthen Him.

The same feature is observable if the life and career of the most distinguished of Christ's servants be examined. The heroic Paul had no rest in his spirit on one occasion because he found not Titus his brother. His wail of weakness on that account follows close upon his triumphant exultation at his marvellous success. The same apostle also speaks of the restoration to health of Epaphroditus as an unspeakable mercy to himself—he was restored "lest he should have sorrow upon sorrow." These are only specimens of the many personal allusions in the Gospels and Epistles which illustrate and confirm the principle for which we are contending.

But to return. In other representations, in all of them in fact, of Gospel ministers the idea of their authority and influence is embodied, gracefully and wisely, as fragrance in the flower, or jewel in the casket, but it is embodied notwithstanding. Take one figure only. Ministers are the Shepherds of the flock. There is One who is, pre-eminently, *The Good Shepherd*, as He calls Himself, the *Great Shepherd*, as He is designated in this Epistle. But ministers are *under-shepherds*. Their duty is to feed the sheep and lambs of the fold, and the Lord has promised to feed *them* with wisdom and understanding. Their duties are not less onerous than they are honourable. They have to guard the flock against the wild beasts that may be prowling near fierce and terrible. They have to bear them in their bosom or on their shoulders when sick or wounded. They have to go after them into the wilderness when unhappily they have strayed from the Shepherd's side. They have to seek green pastures for them by the side of the still waters, in some quiet secluded valley, when, in the hot summer time after a long drought, almost every spot besides seems given over to barrenness and desolation. The shepherd lives for the flock, not the flock for the shepherd. He will not go without a reward—and happy era for the church when *fleeing* the sheep they regard as useful and as necessary to them as it is profitable to the shepherd—but he lives not for the reward alone, or even mainly. He feels that his position is one of great trust and responsibility, and therefore it is one of authority. This is sometimes almost forgotten, (and so it should be,) when on-lookers can discern nothing save his watchful care over the flock, his unsparing exertions on their behalf, and his never-failing tenderness; but though the authority is thus hidden, as the rock by the mantling green, it is there and it underlies the whole.

But, again, some person may ask, Is not every life a new life? Must not every man strike out for himself a *fresh* path? and is he not bound to mould and fashion his character not after any human pattern, but according to the Divine Will? We all know that, to some extent, these questions must be answered affirmatively. Every man requires a new inspiration. Every man is thrown at

times upon his own resources. Rules and examples sometimes fail when most required. At some critical point or other they break down. That is to say, in other words, that some lessons can only be learnt by experience. Men's own convictions of what is their duty may sometimes be in direct opposition to the opinions of others, even of their guides, and then the first thought should be, not about pleasing others, but about being true to themselves, and faithful to their God. Do nothing for the sake of being singular, but fear not being accounted singular, or imprudent, or obstinate, if such a judgment be passed on you because you are faithful to your convictions of truth and duty. But when this is said, it is only saying that the responsibility which rests upon ministers is shared by their people. That they are *men*,—active, intelligent, free,—and therefore that they are accountable to God for the right use of their powers. They must fight their own battles, but as all the Lord's battles have to be fought out on the same line, instruction is not useless;—as they have all to be fought with the same weapons of truth and righteousness, they may be made ready to our hand;—and as they have all to be fought for the same end and from the same motive, the courage and success of others may be inspiring and helpful.

If these views be correct, it may be further asked, Is it necessary that we should be admonished either to *remember* or to *obey* our Guides? Can we either forget them or their labours? and is it likely that we *shall* disregard their injunctions? Can the child forget its wise and loving Parent, the servant his kind and faithful Master, the soldier his brave and generous Captain, the slave his disinterested and noble Protector? Yes, friends and companions may be forgotten and even despised, who have been to us most useful, most faithful, most benevolent. It is not so very uncommon after all for memories to be treacherous, and hearts to be ungrateful. Singular charge that of the Psalmist to his soul, *not* "to forget all the Lord's benefits." If he could not remember them all, how could he forget them all? Unfortunately, there is often no conscious, grateful recognition of blessings until they are withdrawn. In the temporary absence of Moses, the Israelites gathered themselves together, and earnestly demanded that Aaron should make them gods to go before them, because they did not know what had become of that Moses who brought them up out of the land of Egypt. How soon had his instructions, admonitions, counsels, encouragements, lost their force!

Two mistakes are made by church-members respecting their Guides. They are often treated with cold indifference while living, and, as if to compensate for this cruel neglect, they are almost offensively eulogized when dead. The method is sometimes reversed, when they are almost idolized while living, but once removed almost immediately forgotten. Some praise the ministers they once had to the injury of those now set over them in the Lord, and others make it a rule to speak of the minister on his first coming among them, and unfortunately only then, as the wisest, the best, the most eloquent teacher they ever had.

If a general observation may be interposed here, I should like to express my conviction that depreciatory and unjust comparisons are

too often drawn between our past and present Guides. The people who make these comparisons evidently belong to a past age. Surely folly and ignorance can no further go, than when men assert there has been no statesman worthy of the name since the days of Queen Elizabeth, no painter since Michael Angelo, no poet since Shakspeare, and no preacher since the apostles flourished, or the times of the Reformation, at the very latest, for never before were there so many able ministers of the New Testament, or so many godly and devout and able men truly devoted to their work. Their character and labours will bear a favourable comparison with the character and labours of God's servants in any age. The names of Baxter, and Bunyan, and Howe at one period, and those of Wesley and Whitefield at another, are conspicuous as some of the larger and brighter stars, because of the comparative obscurity of the great bulk of their contemporaries. The sermon-literature of no age has the fine temper and keen edge of much of the sermon-literature of our own day.

Remember your guides, my hearers, because they *have spoken unto you the word of God*. Human refinements and speculations are a bad substitute for the verities of eternal truth. The written Word of God is our grand and glorious inheritance. No eulogy need be attempted of that Book which is more than any one thing or even all things besides, the secret of our national greatness, the charter of our liberties, and the fountain of our benevolence and purity. As Locke finely said, it has "God for its Author, truth for its subject, and eternal salvation as its end." God's servants, in this age, in translating the Bible into almost innumerable languages and dialects, and in diffusing it so widely among all nations, have shown a true appreciation of its divine character, and of its inestimable value to the world.

But the written word is not enough. God's proclamation of mercy to a race of sinners, His message of peace to His children, must be spoken in order to be generally accepted and believed. Here we see the wisdom and the necessity of the appointment of the ministry as a permanent institution of the church. By preaching the beauty of the Bible, its grandeur, its tenderness, its persuasiveness, can be most clearly seen and most deeply felt. The masses can know but little of its sweetness and power in any other way. The preached word is the same as the *written* word, and yet it is not the same. Water in wells and rivers is composed of precisely the same elements as in rain or dew, but is it as fresh and as fertilizing? It is with the Bible as with other books of genius. Their half-concealed beauty, as if shy to reveal herself, their deepest meaning, their holiest influences, wholly escape us, till some genuine orator has interpreted them to our understandings and hearts. The ear must be cultivated to enjoy the most delicious harmonies, the loveliest features in the landscape are only seen by the educated eye, and the noblest aspects of truth and goodness are only perceived by the soul which is itself all alive to goodness and truth.

Your guides have spoken to you the Word of God. It may have lost something, but it has gained much, by the medium through which it has passed. In the case of every true minister it has been baptized into his sorrows and joys, glorified and enriched by his own

experience. A father whose heart is set on winning back a child's love and confidence, does not trust to a written letter, however skilfully worded; for he well knows that the radiant smile, the moistened eye, the winsome tones, the palpitating, throbbing heart, that would almost compel by its own force every other heart to beat in sympathy with it, would all be absent. God sends his servants therefore to *beseech* men to be reconciled unto God. We have not risen, my ministerial brethren, to the true dignity of our position unless we have mastered the meaning of the apostle, in the memorable passage, "And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation," and been in turn mastered by it.

It is a vain wish, I know, but it is one which takes possession of my heart again and again before I am aware of it, Oh, that we had only been favoured with our Master's company one hour, that we might learn from Him how to preach, as to method, manner, spirit. Methinks if I could only have heard Him say, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," no trustful penitent would ever listen again to the blessed words from my lips, and refuse to be comforted. There are marvellous powers yet to be developed in preaching the Gospel, of which perhaps none of us have any conception, and when they are fully developed its successes shall become still more marvellous also, and its triumphs multiplied a thousand-fold.

"*Whose faith follow.*" The apostle besought his converts to be followers of him. Preachers and teachers should be Christians of the highest type of character, such as their hearers and disciples may wisely and safely imitate, and this, thank God, they often are. Their personal consistency and devotedness are their life's chief forces, and though not for this alone, yet principally, do others honour and love them. Of what value are all qualifications besides, if their conduct be not right, and true, and noble, and worthy of imitation? And the spring and source of their correctness of conduct is within themselves. Their own hearts are right with God, and inflamed with zeal and compassion for the souls of men. Preaching is not regarded as an official duty merely, it is rather a necessity of their nature. They *must* preach; for their purest affections and desires must find a suitable outlet. They want others to be altogether such as they are. And they have escaped from the city of destruction. They have yielded to "love's resistless power." They have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before them. They are reconciled to God. They *do* cling to the cross. They have overcome the world. They have built themselves up in their most holy faith. They have kept themselves in the love of Jesus. They do pray in the Holy Ghost. They have left the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and gone on unto perfection. They have laid hold upon eternal life. They are contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints. All the blessings and privileges implied by these expressions, they want all men to share with them. They ask you to

May we not say, too, that the Saviour changes not because *we* change not. To use Mr. Dale's most eloquent language, "The life of man is still brightened with the old joys, saddened with the old sorrows, ennobled with the old virtues, stained with the old sins. We listen still to the silver laughter of childhood. Love kindles in the hearts, and shines from the eyes of youth and maiden still. Manhood is still vexed with care and weary with toil. Old age sinks into weakness and decay. The men of our own time must descend into the grave like their fathers; they must stand before the same judgment seat; and the same awful alternative lies before them, of eternal death or eternal glory. "They have all erred and strayed like lost sheep;" and the sacrifice for the sins of past ages is the sacrifice for the sins of men to-day. They must be renewed by the same Spirit. If they are saved, they will rise to the same heaven. If they are lost, they will sink into the same hell. The world may seem new and strange to us; but we are of yesterday, and know nothing. To Christ it is the same world which for so many centuries He has been pitying, loving, and trying to save. The new perplexities of the age do not baffle His wisdom; its new troubles do not appal His heart; its new sins do not exhaust His mercy. He is not weary yet of the great attempt to rescue our race from all its sins and all its sorrows. He is still mighty to save. His eye is not dim, nor His natural force abated. Christ does not despair of mankind, for He does not despair of Himself. Let us trust in Him, and look forward with unfaltering hope to the world's better future. The earth has grown old in misery and sin; but in His presence its youth shall be renewed like the eagle's. The words are truer, nobler, than they seem—"the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be;" for the golden age of the race shall return once more, and, in a fairer Paradise than Adam knew, coming generations shall see the face and hear the voice of God."

Christ is the same righteous Sovereign, the same precious atoning Sacrifice, the same skilful Physician, the same powerful Intercessor, the same sympathising Friend, and the same loving, tender Shepherd through all the ages. We know that the Incarnation made no change in Him—it only revealed what He was; and His Glorification has made no change in Him either—He only asked to be glorified with the same glory that He had with the Father before the world was. During His sojourn on earth, the ingratitude of men, the malice of devils, the agony of the garden, and the conflict on the cross made no change in Him; and neither has His resurrection from the dead, His ascension to heaven, the crown, the palm, the throne, the adoration of angels, the eternal honour and blessedness. Did He ever carry the lambs in His bosom? He does so still; or welcome little children to Him? He does so still; or pity the erring, and sinful, and sad? He does so still; or seek after the lost? He does so still; or sweep the house for the lost piece of silver, or go into the wilderness after the lost sheep? He does so still; or send a loving message to a faithless disciple? He does so still; for He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

Truth is eternal because the Saviour is unchangeable; Power is omnipotent because He is unchangeable, and Love is rich, and full,

and free, and tender, and overflowing and constant, because He is unchangeable. Friends die, but the Lord liveth for evermore!; others forsake us, but He will never forsake a helpless worm that trusts in Him. Hear His own grand, comforting words. "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

* * A sketch of Mr. Thorne's life, and character, and labours was read at the close of the sermon; but as it has appeared already, in part, in the Magazine, and his memoir may be expected shortly, it has not been thought advisable to give the sketch here, though it will be printed with the Sermon in a separate form.

F. W. BOURNE.

GEORGE HERBERT AND HIS POEMS.

No. VIII.

HERBERT has two noteworthy poems which bear the title of "Affliction." These are not written in the same measure; in the shorter of the two the immediate object of his address is Christ Himself, and the poet's outcry, like that of the Psalmist, is to this effect; "My life is spent with sighing;" and he alludes to the popular belief in his time that a sigh, whatever might be its cause, was injurious to the human frame, as weakening the strength, though apparently relieving. The first stanza is sometimes misunderstood, and its force lost, through the omission of the sign of quotation which should separate two words from the others in the same line. We give it here as usually printed:—

"My heart did heave, and there came forth, O God!
By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a sceptre of the rod:
Hadst thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart."

It is evident that "O God!" should be marked by inverted commas; it is not an appeal with which the poem opens; but the burden of the sigh, and hence the writer speaks of it as he does in the following lines; the sigh "came forth" not as an interjection, it bore the form of prayer. From that he argued that God's hand was in the trouble or sorrow, in a special sense, and he believed that He would overrule it, and what would otherwise have been "unruly" gave way when God's rod was proved to be a sceptre as well. The second stanza is a little obscure.

"But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou know'st my tallies; and when there's assigned
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind?
Or if some years with it escape,
The sigh then only is
A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss."

"Thou know'st my tallies," is a singular expression. A "tally" or, as it was also written, a "tale" was much more generally used for the purpose of reckoning in Herbert's time than it is now. The idea is that God has exactly determined the number of the days allotted to each man, giving him life and strength in proportion even as Job expresses it: "Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass." (Job xiv. v.) Hence the poet argues, "Why need I fear that my life is shortening, since it will have just the length God wills, and if a sigh seems to have compressed in it the

essence of many days or even years, what matters it? This expiration of breath may be compared to a waft of a favourable wind, which is bringing my little bark nearer to the haven." By the third and last verse we see that he is addressing himself more particularly to Christ, the God-man.

"Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
Constant unto it making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one cross
Thou dying daily, praise thee to thy loss."

The allusion is, as we see, to the intense sympathy which connects Christ and His people. Herbert had already referred to one source of consolation, this he now hints at rises higher still. Christ, as he quaintly puts it, makes it a "point of honour" to suffer with or in His people. He is the Head, and feels all that concerns the members; so that, as the poet adds in conclusion, those who mourn or ponder over the one death of Christ upon the cross when He was upon earth, lose sight of an important truth, when they fail to realize that He is, as it were re-crucified in the sufferings of His followers.

"In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows bears a part."

This poem certainly, though pregnant of meaning, is one where the current of thought is too deep for many. In the other poem which has the same name, we have very distinct autobiographic touches, and one reads with much interest the record elsewhere, that he is reported to have said, that he "had too keen a wit, his mind was too sharp for his body, it was as a sword which cut away the scabbard." So does he tell us also in one of the verses of this second poem on "Affliction."

"My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scattered smart;
As watering pots give flowers their lives,
Nothing their fury can control,
While they do wound and prick my soul."

Perhaps we hesitate a moment in reading this, the simile of the watering-pot not at once making itself clear to our perception. Herbert is, however, comparing or rather contrasting the fine spray which is thrown upon cultivated flowers by the vessel named, with the effect produced upon himself by the incessant irritation of uneasy thoughts, which gave a "scattered smart," while the other, by its watery drops distributed life and vigour. Indeed as he goes on to show in the next stanza, not only were his thoughts troublesome to him, but his senses, and the various faculties and powers of mind and body were not obedient servants, they were unmanageable or even tyrannous.

"All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place,
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let loose to fight
And while I live, try out their right."

What is meant by "elements"?—not *the* elements of Nature, certainly, but as it appears the constituent parts of the human frame, what Herbert has just before called attendants. It is not unworthy of being noted, that in both poems it is not external grievances which form the subject matter of complaint, but the inner struggles and conflicts the writer experienced. Indeed, owing to the natural constitution of the poet, we see that it was likely to be so, and there are some Christians now who can enter fully into what he describes. Some, we say, but not many, for

we live in an age which tends rather to suppress or check self-inspection, and as we become more active and bustling, we may assuredly avoid falling into that scrutiny of our feelings and sensations which is easily developed into a cause of Christian weakness; yet we may also miss the obtaining of that knowledge of ourselves which comes through heart research in solitude. There cannot be a question that those who have had to fight the hardest battles in private, have come forth among their fellows with shining faces, the glory of which, half-concealed as it was, seemed to inspire men with a certain degree of awe or loving reverence, and so it was with George Herbert.

The poem entitled "The British Church" is especially interesting, as having in it a reference to Puritanism, which was, in not many years after the death of Herbert, destined to wield so vast an influence in our land. Our poet was a large-hearted man, and, with all his partialities for certain of the forms of the Episcopal Church, he would scarcely have argued with some of the High Churchmen of our day, that his Church alone was the true Church of Christ, and all others were mere sects. But by speaking of the British Church as he does, he evidently places it as ranking far above others in his estimation, and, as other amiable men, with much of the imaginative in their nature have done, he was disposed to regard too favourably what, when tried by the Scriptural standard would assuredly be found wanting, merely from strong love based on early associations, and an admiration of what seemed like an external harmony in the ritual of the Established Church. But this is what our poet says of the Puritan offshoot, then comparatively small and weak in Britain;

"She in the valley is so shy
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears:

While she avoids her neighbour's* pride
She wholly goes on th' other side,
And nothing wears."

In fact, Herbert thought Puritanism cold and unadorned, and yet, had he lived a little longer, he would perhaps have seen that there are times when we must renounce or oppose things which are beautiful and attractive, or even in themselves innocent, because they have been set up by a party and perverted from their lawful use in order to draw men away from Christian verities. Popular opinion still regards the Puritans as a body as morose, narrow-minded, and severe (for few will now venture to stigmatise them as hypocrites), forgetful of the fact that they were called to a special work, which required them to renounce much which, under other circumstances, they might have taken pleasure in, and, moreover, they, and their fathers had suffered such persecutions from Rome and Romanizers, as made them keenly alive to all the evils of the great Apostacy, and fearful of all that showed, however faintly, the "mark of the beast." We are more liberal-minded now, it is true, partly, doubtless because we believe that if Romish doctrine remains the same, Romish practice has altered—even the Papacy has, as we fancy, imbibed the spirit of the age and modern Puritanism has no longer need to have her hair uncured. The history of the future will show to what extent we are right.

Our poet, however, as we have already said, must not be suspected of any leanings towards Papal error; on the cardinal doctrine of the true Church of Christ Jesus, namely, justification by faith in Him alone, he repeatedly expresses himself clearly and forcibly, and as we see by his "Holy Communion," the supper of our Lord was to him a means of grace, and a token of grateful remembrance—nothing more. What he thought

* The Romish Church.

of Mariolatry, and the worship of saints and angels, is satisfactorily set forth in a poem which treats of that subject, wherein he says ;—

"All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of His rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the last hour.
Therefore we dare not from His garland steal,
To make a posy for inferior power."

We should judge Herbert incorrectly if we formed an idea of him in our minds as a man entirely meditative and self-absorbed. That he was much given to reflection cannot be doubted, yet he in no way neglected the duties of every-day life. No pastor was more diligent than he, until health failed him, and we find in the narrative, brief as it is, which his biographer gives of his parish doings, that he undertook many things which do not lie directly in the course of most ministers. He intimates as much indeed, in his "Country Parson," he was ever ready to be doing and did not trouble whether men called the work he was at "secular" or "sacred." To him all work was sacred, or it was not worth while taking it up at all. In the poem "Employment" he insists much upon the advantages of diligence, it seems to be written in one of his livelier moods, though there is a touch of sadness in the closing stanza, where he says ;

"But we are still too young or old ;
The man is gone,
Before we do her wares unfold ;
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold."

This stanza illustrates forcibly the remark that in some of Herbert's poems the thought is closely packed ; and therein he differs greatly from many of his successors, who pour forth a flood of words, which enclose within them few ideas. "We are still too young or old," that is, when we have much of life before us, we say that it does not matter about being diligent, as we have plenty of time before us, but by and bye, we grow older ere we are aware, and then our cry suddenly changes ; "it is now too late to toil, let us spend the remainder of our days in comfortable repose." Then he suddenly employs a comparison taken from a man in business. We are like a too tardy dealer, to whom some customer comes in, eager to purchase, but before the wares are unpacked or unfolded, the buyer goes off, and the opportunity is lost. So it is with most, nay, with all of us, in some degree. "We freeze on," we are, as it were half-torpid in life, not fully roused to our advantages and responsibilities, and if we do not stir ourselves up, and awake to a more active life, time will soon be over with us, the "grave increases our cold," and stops our pulses, and, on earth at least, we can do no more. A similar thought, set in imagery a little different, occurs in the second verse of this same poem ;—

"Man is no star, but a quick* coal
Of mortal fire ;
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul."

And Herbert goes on, enlarging this thought, and showing that this life is not a sphere of enjoyment merely, though it has its lawful pleasures, "life is a business," that is, as he takes the word rather in its old meaning than the modern one ; life is a business, we ought to be always at our work, or else preparing ourselves to go at it again with renewed energy. We are to be like the sun, he says, rather than the stars. Probably the poet is a little wrong in his astronomical figure here, but we apprehend the truth he would convey.

* Living.

"Life is a business, not good cheer ;
 Ever in wars.
 The sun still shineth there and here,
 Whereas the stars
 Watch an advantage to appear."

Herbert has a word to say about the astronomer himself in the poem, "Vanity," the drift of which is to show how much research man expends in different directions, while he neglects the pursuit of God, and His revelation, which is full of life, and thereby imparts life to those who explore it, while the works of God, studied apart from their Maker, only exhibit death, and bestow no solid blessing upon the investigator. So he sets before his reader, in turn, the Astronomer, the Diver, the Chemist, three, differing greatly in their pursuits, yet all of them searching into the unknown. First, he properly ranks the Astronomer.

"The fleet Astronomer can bore
 And thread the spheres with his quick-piercing mind ;
 He views their stations, walks from door to door,
 Surveys, as if he had designed
 To make a purchase there : he sees their dances,
 And knoweth long before,
 Both their full-eyed aspects, and secret glances."

And so on, the conclusion being that man is foolish to expend labour on the remote and often unprofitable, while he neglects the attainment of a much more valuable treasure nearer at hand. We forget God, who "yet His glorious law embosoms in us," and thus places it as near us as it can possibly be. Well may Herbert exclaim, at the close,

"Poor man ! thou searchest round
 To find out death, but missest life at hand."

The little piece, "Virtue" is one of the most beautiful Herbert has penned, and if it has a pensive tone throughout, yet it is a not unpleasing melancholy. It is quoted in a book of that day, where we should hardly expect to find it; namely in Walton's "Angler," but then the quaint old fisher knew and loved the bard of Benerton, and he was himself something of a poet too. We must not think of virtue in the restricted modern sense, virtue with the seventeenth century writers was nearer equivalent to the Latin, *virtus*, it was applied to a man who was strong and brave for every good work, not passively excellent merely. In this sense it is that the Apostle Peter assured the disciples that God had called them to "glory and virtue." This heavenly gift, or grace, says Herbert, remains when other fair and admirable things pass and vanish from view. The splendours of the sunshiny and breezeless day, the beauties of the rose, and the mingled loveliness of spring, all these come to their decadence ; not so he, in whom is God-imparted and God-sustained virtue ; he can defy time and change. But let us hear his own words :—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky ;
 The dew shall weep thy fall to night ;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shews ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

These observations might be considerably extended, but we must bring them to a close, only remarking farther that there are some which are entirely figurative or allegorical among Herbert's poems, such as "Peace," "Humility," and others upon which we have not touched. They will well repay thought and attention. Nor let it be supposed that we have intentionally passed by one of his sweetest songs—that written in praise of Sunday, which should be inscribed in the memory of every Christian man. And we are told by Walton, that when near his end, on one Sunday he rose up in bed, took an instrument, and began to play, accompanying the instrument with his own voice, and the words he chose were from this very poem, addressed to the "day most calm, most bright, the fruit of this, the next world's bud."

C.

DRINKING IN RELATION TO OUR FOOD SUPPLIES.

WHAT has to be particularly noted, however, in the production of the intoxicating liquors in common use, is that fermentation on so extensive a scale involves the appropriation of corn to an enormous amount, which *thereby ceases to be available for food*. In the United Kingdom the grain annually used in distillation is about ten million bushels, and in the manufacture of malt liquors fifty million bushels—a total of sixty million bushels. But in distillation not a trace remains of the nutritious parts of the corn employed, so that the waste is complete. Hence, in times of scarcity, distillation has been repeatedly prohibited by the British Legislature. Paley on this ground condemns the production of spirits; and the *Times* newspaper has, for the same reason, described their manufacture as an "infinite waste." Nor can it be denied that in the processes of malting and brewing a similar waste occurs. The notion that beer is "liquid bread" could not be retained were it remembered that the whole object of brewing is the production, not of a thick soup-like solution of the barley, but of a clear, attenuated, and exciting drink. Franklin acted upon this discovery when a journeyman printer; and an accurate study of the brewing process, and an analysis of the liquors produced, concur in exposing the superstitious esteem in which malt liquors have been held from the darkest ages. Beer is the British fetish, and the sooner the ridiculous idolatry is overthrown, the sooner will the tremendous waste of food, now annually repeated, be arrested. The 80,000,000 bushels of corn thus lost as nutriment would supply some millions of persons with wholesome food; and it is no defence to assert that the void thus created is filled with imports from abroad. Destruction of food is not rendered less criminal because more remains behind; the food-fund of the world is, of necessity, reduced by the quantity thus wasted; and foreign imports raise the price of corn in our home-markets beyond the actual standard. To this must be added the loss of the labour of all kinds in bringing about a waste of valuable aliment. If he who makes a grass-blade grow where one did not grow before is a benefactor of his species, what name shall be bestowed upon the system which causes the yearly loss as human food of 2,000 square miles of strengthening grain? The same objection lies against the liquors imported, all of which have been produced by the waste of substances sent by Providence for the sustenance of man. It will be observed that this effect is bound up with the very production of alcoholic liquors, which could have no existence but for the conversion of that which is nutritious into that which is not.—*From The Bases of the Temperance Reform.*

STRONG FAITH.

THERE is a faith which can rise superior to all natural and external improbabilities. A weak faith may suffice when the evidence is brilliant and powerful ; but it requires a strong faith to believe when the evidence is feeble, and truth is clouded with mystery. And yet there are instances of a noble faith rising superior to all natural difficulties, and believing when the evidence was weak ; and there is a cowardly unbelief which rejects all evidence, however bright it may be.

Now there were three circumstances in the Redeemer's life when the evidence of His Divinity and mission was reduced to the minimum—viz., when He was in the cradle, when He was on the cross, and when He was in the gloomy sepulchre. And yet these wise men could believe in Him when they saw Him a helpless infant on His mother's knee ; and the dying thief could believe in Him when he saw Him a bleeding victim on the cross ; and the faithful women believed in Him when they saw Him a corpse in the gloomy sepulchre.—*From a Discourse by Dr. Cooke, in the First Volume of the Methodist Pulpit.*

DEISM AND CHRISTIANITY IN DEATH.

THE Christian religion alone of all others has stripped the charnel-house of its terrors, and enabled the believer to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Contrast with these joyful expectations the cold and feeble light which Deism casts upon the grave ; it shuts out of view the resurrection of Christ, for its system is complete without it ; it bases its hopes of immortality upon the dim gropings after a future state which reason and the light of nature supply ; but it has no comfort to offer the trembling soul about to depart, naked and solitary, into the presence of that Holy One whose eye cannot look upon iniquity ; it has no Saviour to present to the burdened conscience, shrinking from the disclosure of all its past life to the Judge from whom nothing can be hid. It exhorts to a general trust in the mercy of God ; but the soul wants something stronger to lean upon ; it craves after the sure Word of God, and this is found nowhere except in Holy Writ. Weak and feeble are the best consolations that human philosophy can offer to the dying, compared with these weighty words which inspired wisdom has placed on record. Nowhere can the value of our religion be tested better than at that supreme crisis ; if it is worth anything it is a sheet-anchor then. Who ever heard of a dying Christian repenting of his religion ; who ever knew of one regretting that he had loved Christ too much, and served Him too well ! Can the same be said of the votaries of Deism ? We have heard strange tales of the last hours of Voltaire, of Rousseau, of Tom Paine, and even of that cold-blooded sceptic, David Hume. We question if many opponents of Christianity, standing on the confines of eternity, have viewed their past life with satisfaction ; we question if any, with their life to spend over again, would choose to have it the same. We are certain that many would gladly change lots with the dying Christian.—*From The Credibility of the Christian Religion.*

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MR. THOMAS TREGASKIS.

(Continued from page 519.)

BLESSED INGATHERINGS.

In connection with all organizations, involving small or large expenditure of wealth and energy, there are hopes of such ingatherings as would constitute success. The fishermen spread their nets, that they may catch fish. The husbandmen plough and sow, that after patient waitings there may be remunerative ingatherings of the golden grain. Christians generally, ministers in particular, are God's fishermen, to spread the Gospel net, and gather sinners out of the foul waters of ignorance, vice, and misery, that they may swim for ever in the bright waters of intelligence and holy joy. Christ said to Simon Peter and Andrew his brother, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." God's servants are the husbandmen by whom He intends to cultivate the moral wastes. Once when Jesus saw the scattered multitudes He said, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few"—a two-fold proposition to be gravely pondered; "pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest"—an important duty to be habitually discharged. When the woman of Samaria was convinced that Jesus was the long-expected Messiah she hasted back to the city, and moved about among the people, crying, "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" By that true missionary a mighty and healthy sensation was produced. The citizens in great numbers poured forth, thronging the ways which led to the Saviour, who said as He saw them, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." Many of them believed, and that work of mercy formed a prelude of subsequent and more plentiful ingatherings.

The Christian cause was established and enlarged by *subjective* and *objective* revivals, one preparing the way for the other. In the "upper room" the "hundred and twenty" were "all filled with the Holy Ghost." Coming down, and sallying forth among the gathering crowds, they were centres of a new and great power which before the day closed swayed thousands. The good work grew; there were daily ingatherings.

In many ages and lands souls have been brought out of the world into the church, to be ultimately gathered into the kingdom of glory.

Our own section of the church was born in revivals, and through having been nurtured by them has become what it is to-day.

Take from the society at Hicks Mill what has grown out of revivals, directly and indirectly, and, if aught, only a sorry remnant would be left.

Our friend having himself experienced the great moral change the Gospel was intended to effect, the conversion of a fellow being became an event of far greater importance to him than any other of which he could henceforth become cognizant. He longed, lived, and laboured for this, employing the whole weight of his influence to "turn many to righteousness." God be praised that he was not alone in this labour of love. Others there were whose inner being throbbed with the new life, and who like him were ambitious to bring the dying under the shadow of the cross, that, believing in Jesus, they too might have implanted the Divine principle which energizes and thrills the soul. Success followed. There were repeated ingatherings of the newly awakened, who, oppressed with a sense of guilt, cried for pardon, and found it by means of a full heart-trust in the atoning Saviour.

In the latter end of 1821 a good work broke out through the instru-

mentality of Mr. Warne, then travelling in the Falmouth Circuit, to which Hicks Mill belonged. He preached there Oct. 27th, "and while he was praying before the sermon," says our recorder, "such a manifestation of the Divine power was experienced as has not often been felt among us since that time. One person received 'the Spirit of adoption,' and could cry, 'Abba, Father.' How many were convinced of sin I cannot tell. Elizabeth Spargo, who has since been removed to the realms of glory, was so deeply affected that she said she would have gone through the wall if she could, but she could not get out as the place was so greatly thronged. From that meeting a revival commenced. The next Sabbath the people were crying aloud for mercy all over the chapel, and glory be to God, the good work went on."*

The journalizings during the period indicated are on several accounts of great value. Under date of Nov. 20th, 1821 is the following:—"Good class-meeting, 12 new converts, and many more on the brink. The Lord increase us more and more!" On Sunday morning, Dec. 16th, there was a blessed prayer-meeting, some rejoiced and others wept. One meeting ran into another that day. Among other events which transpired was the conversion of a lad. Under deep conviction, he "ground his teeth, and it took one or two at times to hold him. People said he had fits." The result disproved that. To the inexpressible delight of the pious, the boy was made triumphantly happy, and gainsayers, witnessing his demonstrations of joy, were silenced.

A still more remarkable case occurred the Sabbath after. A woman was present whom Tregaskis exhorted to turn to God. A short time after this he noticed that she trembled a great deal, and asked if she were willing to be saved. Many tremble, yet refuse to yield, of which we have a memorable example in the Felix of apostolic days. Alas! there have been thousands of such since. This trembling woman, will she too postpone the acceptance of mercy, or decide now, and evidence the fact by beginning to pray? While one friend of her soul urged, another by his side bowed before God on her behalf. Bless God, the struggle in her soul ended the right way; falling down on her knees, she too prayed. Loud and long-continued were her cries. At length the gloom of despair gathered, and she seemed enveloped in it as with the pall of death. The one delusive idea which sadly afflicted her was, that "there was no mercy for her, no pardon for her sins." She admitted that had she repented before it would have been otherwise; but in that God-seeking time she was thrown into a dreadful agony by the transient belief that it was *too late*, and she pronounced herself "*a lost soul*." We read of one who said, "The pains of hell gat hold upon me." Akin to his were the feelings of the penitent. She felt almost as if in hell, and sometimes in her heart-piercing wailings *said she was there*. We rejoice, and give praise to God, as we think that while on its frightful verge she had not toppled over. Those with her kept assuring her that Christ died for sinners, even for the vilest of the vile, and that she was one of the self-ruined law-breakers for whom He shed His precious blood. "*Not so*," said the doubts and remorse within her, and that "*Not so*" fell from her lips. "Christ never died for me, I am already lost," she said; but midst such effusions of despair she kept roaring for mercy.

Our journalist says, "Bless the Lord, we continued to pray, and hold fast faith. At last the enemy of souls was forced to let go his expected prey. She leaped off her knees, and began to praise God in a wonderful manner. She said the devil was a liar, and kept moving about the Chapel, inviting others to turn to God, telling them that what she had received was *worth that chapel full of guineas*. One of our Brethren said, 'The Lord cast ten thousand devils out of one man in the days of His flesh;'

* Memoir of Mr. Warne, page 156.

she said, 'More than ten millions possessed me, but the Lord has cast them out.' That Brother's figures may have been too high, but Christ certainly did eject a vast number of them. The question was asked, "What is thy name?" the answer, "Legion, for we are many." A learned commentator informs us that among the Romans a legion was sometimes 4,000, sometimes 5,000, but mostly 6,000. The woman in the ardour of her desire to extol her Redeeming Lord went, without doubt, a long way up beyond the right number; but however many the evil spirits who strove to keep her from salvation, and lead her down to utter ruin, they were all cast out by the almighty fiat of Jesus, "the Prince of peace," who enthroned Himself within her. "She continued glorifying God, and went home to her house justified, telling what great things the Lord had done for her. Many more crying for mercy. Praise the Lord, His arm is not shortened, nor His ear grown heavy."

The next night was a smiting and melting time rather than one of healing and comforting. Mr. Warne preached again, and the word was with power. A lad and his sister were present, he bowing under convictions, supplicating mercy, she striving to get him away from the chapel. The preacher noticed, administered rebuke, prayed for her, and the wished-for result was secured—she was subdued by the gracious influences then prevailing, and led to copy the example of him with whom she had been roughly interfering. O beautiful sight!—brother and sister in the bloom of their being unitedly striving to enter the way of life eternal. The meeting was continued till a late hour, and prayer kept up for the many who "groaned, being burdened" with guilt. What though they all returned to their homes without the vitalizings and buoyings of saving grace? "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Let the conditions be practically heeded, and promises of salvation must be fulfilled; on the certainty thereof is staked the veracity of the everlasting Jehovah.

Night waned—grey dawn came—the sun broke forth with darkness-driving splendour, and still weeping were the gloom-surrounded, who longed for the coming of that "*true light*" which should enlighten and ravish their souls. Men of prayer are sent for. Brothers Tregaskis and Methersall go forth to pray with the mourners. In that house yonder they find three crying for mercy, one of whom sensibly receives it. A fourth is present, whose name is enrolled on the church books of another people, but she is not happy. Profession without possession is deeply felt to be unavailing. "*What have I been about? What have I been about?*" she cries. It was a memorable morn to her, for in a little time she "found liberty through the blood of the Lamb."

The sun has passed the meridian an hour or two, and our worthy Brethren go forth again among the sighing captives. Entering a house where two are weeping bitterly, they and three or four more pray for them till they also are enabled to rejoice and give glory to God. How went it in the sanctuary that night? The preaching was turned into a prayer-meeting, and five had given them "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Others there were who without being comforted wept over their great wickedness in breaking the excellent laws of "the blessed and only Potentate."

Wednesday morning, about his Father's business again—obeying the call to pray with the inwardly smitten. All this extra work begins to tell on the physical frame. "Not well in body, much fatigued," he writes. Besides, it is Truro market, and he must needs go; God goes with him, and in due time he returns, to employ his own words, "*very happy*." Account for this, ye man-dishonouring, God-disowning materialists. Here is one who, according to your theory, ought under the circumstances to be very *miserable*, or rapidly approaching that state, yet is he "*very happy*." He cannot be a merely material being then. What is it within him that

triumphs over the body? *The soul, bathed in the brighter sunlight.* Deny it if you please, but it is none the less a fact. We ourselves, with reminiscences of similar experiences, are ready to break forth in the exclamation of St. Bernard, "*Thou hast a noble guest, O flesh!*"

Five converted at night, and more seeking to be.

The next morning, though still unwell, he went forth as before to pray with the seeking. In a house where there were two penitents he and Sister Ann Edmonds pleaded effectually for the bestowment of pardon. A large congregation at night, which was so pervaded by the power of God that preaching seemed altogether out of the question. Prayer after prayer, faith-winged, went up on behalf of the broken-hearted, some of whom were four or five hours on their knees begging for the blotting out of their transgressions. Though the blessing tarried it came at length. Compassionately diligent that night was the Holy Ghost, "convincing of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come;" malignantly busy Satan, tempting some to procrastinate, and others, one in particular, to despair. "*No pardon for you,*" said the daring foe to a praying woman, and she almost believed the torturing lie; only by continuous crying to God was the tempter foiled. "Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." As if she heard at one instant what the bad spirit and what the good spirit said, she cried, half doubting and half believing, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and as she said it with both hands she smote her guilty breast. It was her duty to expect an instant response—the fulfilment of the promise—the answer to her prayer, in the immediate descent of that mercy which alone could satisfy her. Instead of looking off from herself to Christ, and relying resolutely on the Divine Word, she looked at herself, and exclaimed in anguish, "*O my hard heart! O my hard heart!*" and again with both hands she smote her breast, as if she would beat that hardness out. Those with her, perceiving that she had no mercy on herself, moved by pity, seized her hands to prevent what was unavailing. By this time the friends of her soul were nearly all exhausted. On one of them asking her if she would go home to her own house she cried out in desperate mood, "*I will never give up.*" Tregaskis believed that was "the greatest blow the devil had throughout the fight." "A little time after she had power to believe, rose up, and praised God in a wonderful manner." It was quite characteristic of him to record the fact with a good hearty shout of "Glory be to God!"

"January 19th, 1822, Mr. Warne was sent for. Circumstances with the family at that time were very special. He and Mrs. Warne, with four children, were taken ill almost together. His affliction was that of strong inflammation in his eyes, accompanied with fever. It was the Sabbath morning when he was sent for, and the fever had scarcely left him. Earlier than usual he arose, dressed himself, bowed down before his redeeming Lord, remained there in close communion with Him for a considerable time, then went to his wife, and "with eyes sparkling, countenance beaming as with glory," said, "My dear, I do not know what the Lord is about to do with me. I have felt very strangely this morning, and while giving myself into His blessed hands I had faith to believe that the Lord would heal me in a moment; and, praise God, I am quite well; all my disorder is gone, and I feel as if the Lord was preparing me for something particular." Though she "urged him to be careful, he went down stairs to breakfast for the first time after his illness." Soon after a lad on horseback came to the door with a letter. Returning to his wife with letter in hand, he said, "Is it not very singular that friend Tregaskis has sent his boy with a horse and this note to desire that I would come out, if I could ride so far, to preach this afternoon?" The coincidence so impressed him that it was as if he had heard the voice of the Eternal, saying, "*Go, and fear not.*" So strong was his resolve to go that no dissuasion could turn him from it. "Putting on his great coat, and

binding up his head and face with handkerchiefs, he left home, and arrived at Hicks Mill in time to refresh himself before the afternoon service. About half-past two o'clock he commenced Divine worship, and the Lord Jehovah sent the arrows of conviction among the people; many of them fell as Dagon before the ark of God. The meeting continued till six o'clock the next morning, and while the captive exiles were hastening to be delivered, making their moans,

'From sin impatient to be freed,'

with what ardour did this servant of the Lord spend the whole night in prayer for their salvation. It was not unusual for him on such occasions to be on his knees for several hours together, wrestling in an agony of prayer. Their burdens became as his own, and thus did he with strong cries travail in birth for their souls. Very great was his rejoicing when penitents were brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God.*

Alluding to this Tregaskis writes, "The Lord was graciously pleased to strengthen His servant in a remarkable manner, so that he was enabled to come among us, and such Divine power accompanied the word spoken that there was a shaking all through the congregation. Sinners, cut to the heart, began to roar aloud for the disquietude of their souls, and in the course of that week about *forty* professed to have found 'peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

That Sabbath night, while Mr. Warne was praying with some one in the meeting, a sister to the penitent greatly annoyed the fervent pleader. Turning to her he made such an appeal to her conscience as, by the grace of God, caused her to desist, and brought her to her knees. On went the meeting, and 3 o'clock came. No wonder the preacher appeared to be almost exhausted. Mrs. Tregaskis got him some refreshment, after which he said, "I am a new man, I will go up to chapel again." Mr. T. said, "He spoke it like an old veteran in Immanuel's army." He re-commenced his labours by singing that fine revival stanza,

"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thine own immortal strength put on;
With terror cloth'd hell's kingdom down,
And cast thy foes with fury down."

Calm was that memorable morn, and so did the voice of the singer swell that the man at work in the mill a little way off heard it, and said, "I never heard such a voice before." A fortnight's illness ensued.*

OCCASIONAL PREACHING.

We shall not have noticed him in all his pious labours, if we fail to see him lifting up Christ the Saviour to dying men. Oh, the ineffable importance of pulpit work! It bears the stamp of Divinity, and has a history which shows it to have been in many ages vastly influential. What men have preached the Gospel! For the most part, the mighty geniuses have not been devoted to the Christian cause. Many, however, have silently, some avowedly, regarded it with favour. Certain famous thinkers have grappled with its principles, weighed its facts, and come to the conclusion that the system they belong to is more than human, which they have told with tongue and pen to great advantage. Besides the giants who have thus marched with bold and firm step into the departments of evidence, discovering and declaring that the foundations are sure, some with rare elocutionary endowments have worked enthusiastically for the promulgation of a Gospel which by its fruits has proved itself divine. Inestimable value appertains to these labours, yet have they not been invariably honoured as the means of converting sinners. The rule is that the less gifted have

* Memoir of Mr. Warne, p. 62,

* Memoir of Mr. Warne, p. 158.

won most souls, probably because they have most directly aimed at it, and looked with holy yearnings for what the more intellectual have, too often, been content to be without.

While Tregaskis ranked not with the severely logical, nor splendidly eloquent; while, in some senses, below the average in preaching abilities, he was far above it in popularity and success. Why? We reserve the answer till the facts shall have been presented.

On Sunday, June 9th, 1822, he and another brother had an appointment to Lanner and Blackwater, "*to do something for the first time.*" Was he inflated with high notions?—Did he suppose himself possessed of such powers that he could fling forth rare intellectual splendour, and move the public mind as by some magic wand? It was the reverse, as tells the exclamation, "What a simple creature am I to instruct others in the way to Heaven!" "Yet," said he, "by the help of God, I mean to go forth with my sling and stone, peradventure the great Goliath may be slain therewith." By the way the question was asked, "Who shall speak first?" Casting lots to decide, THOMAS was the "JONAH" on whom the lot fell. "I went up with fear and trembling, and exhorted the people to 'flee from the wrath to come.' Bless the Lord! He was my Helper."

He was not without painful exercises respecting this new work. Once in particular he was in a very doubtful mood, disposed to ask if God had really called him to preach the Gospel. He was satisfied of one thing, and deeply impressed with it—that he was "not qualified for the work." He said he was willing to go could he be assured he would be of some use, though "sorry to stand in the place of a better man." "The Lord send more able servants than me," he prayed.

After the conflict came a deepened feeling of obligation, and he could write, "I believe it my *duty* to go forth and exhort sinners, although it is in a very abrupt manner."

There were times when he was more than a little discouraged, and the tempter strove hard to turn him aside from his work. At one place he thought the people were very dead. "Spoke and prayed so long there that I almost exhausted my strength, but it did not appear to have much effect. I came home with peace in my own mind." On account of those toils he felt very poorly in body the next day. Another Sabbath he was so unwell as to conclude he would not be able to do his work. There was besides a painful sense of inability in other respects. Determined to do his best, he went. While engaged he felt that the Master was assisting; and saw that sinners were being graciously wrought on by the Holy Ghost. There came light that day which showed him more than before that if he would be content to be nothing, and let God be all and in all, He would strengthen him, and use him for His glory. He longed to sink lower, and be more in harmony with all that is Divine. Frankly did he confess his want of deeper humility, and that he was "very much tempted to high-mindedness." After this confession came the prayer, "The Lord make and keep me humble." So let every preacher pray, and let all in earth and heaven say, "Amen!"

He was at Barn Lodge one Sabbath, and had so good a time there that he said he did not care how often he had to speak if he might always have seasons like that. Often however have hard conflicts and seeming failures been associated with signal successes, the grand lesson of which is, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

How did he get on in his own Chapel? He was there twice one day, had a "good time in the afternoon; not a perfect victory in the evening. Great congregations to hear a poor babbler." Once a brother by the name of Scoble, commonly called "Uncle Jackey Scoble," was appointed there. He was a mine blacksmith, and a part of his work was that of making chains. He used his mental forge too—hammered out thoughts, and linked them, making chains of them. On the above occasion, when overhauling one of

those intellectual chains for the edification of the people, he found that certain links had in some way become detached; there was a missing link or something; the other part of the chain fell back and the poor chain-maker stood disconcerted before his audience. Tregaskis was there and was requested to render assistance. Alluding to it afterwards, he said, "*Uncle Jacky's chain broke, and I went up to mend it.*"

Another time he was near being obliged to have his own chain mended. He was appointed there twice, and had been trying to make some improvements. The chains were to have been better than their predecessors. By some means he failed in the afternoon. The links might have been of improved quality, but the *linking* was defective. On attempting to give link after link he found to his great disappointment that one would not pull another. His mind had not been disciplined to *consecutive* thinking, for want of habituating himself to this he was anything but clever at it. Unfortunately, failing this once, he resolved to try no more. Of course he blames the devil for it. We are inclined to think that in this instance the grand foe had *more* than his due, which helped to make up for times when he had *less* than his due. Some, no doubt, blame him when they should exonerate him, and others excuse him when they should impeach him. Balance one with the other then. While the new plan of working attempted was not from Satan the crafty opposer of all that is good sought to spoil the endeavour by suggesting proud thoughts, fitted to crowd back the scriptural ideas of men doing his utmost in preparation, and throwing himself into action with a completeness of up-looking and reliance, as if everything devolved on divinity alone. "Study to show thyself approved," &c. "Not by might," &c.

But speak, Tregaskis, thyself. "Sunday, April 4 (1824) planned home. I never was so entrapped by the devil before. I thought I had a brave tale to tell the people, but when I came I was disappointed. The Lord kept it from me? Some say studying and so forth is the best way, but it is no use for me to pretend in that way any more. I must act on the old plan—that is, saying what the Lord gives me from moment to moment. I told the people what I had been about, how I had failed. I was destitute of power as well as words. This evening I could not tell whether to face the congregation again, or let one of the other Local preachers speak. Thought I would trust in the Lord, began, and He helped me; had a blessed season, and the people were able to rejoice. I believe the time in the afternoon will do me good."

No doubt it did thee good, Brother; but the "old plan" was nothing the better, nor the other the worse for that.

"The old plan—saying what the Lord gives from moment to moment," is, if taken strictly, that of infallible inspiration, which was *peculiar to prophets and apostles*. We do not want that, possessing as we do its grand product—the BIBLE. That is our great *Text Book*; we must "*search*" it, and in it "*meditate* day and night." "Give attendance to reading," said Paul to Timothy in his first Epistle, and in the second he told him when he came to "bring the books, specially the parchments." Apostolic men, while favoured as we are not, were nevertheless men of books. To every young Local Preacher we would say, Read, think, and pray all you can—do these three things, and you will soon be able to preach with intelligence and power. Beware of "Skeletons!" Men that are nothing but skin and bones are never robust.

We are pleased to see in connection with the above extract the assertion of one who knew him intimately, that "*Mr. T. did not always abide by this rule.*" Let no one else do it.

A few years later his views of preaching were considerably modified by a sermon preached by our venerable brother James Thorne, from 2 Tim. ii. 15. Among his recorded impressions of the discourse is the confession, "Many things he dropped which I had been prejudiced against, but now

see to be right. We want more wise, humble, teachers that we may be guided into all truth."

Not in vain were his labours in the Lord. Out of numerous entries we pick the following;—

"December 21st, 1823. At Falmouth one sinner crying for mercy. Amidst a great deal of persecution prayed for the mourner."

"January 11th, 1824. At Constantine, a blessed meeting; better in the evening at Church-town, three in distress. Prayed with them after the meeting, one able to rejoice in a measure." Subsequently he found them all happy, and at sight of them was himself filled with unspeakable joy.

"Planned home to-day. Several in distress this evening, three found peace."

"At Lanner. The Lord present to bless. Fifteen joined the society. I hope the barren ground will become a fruitful field."

"This evening at Kea Church-town. Many people came—one from Truro expecting to find the Lord, and went home in a measure comforted."

"February 22nd. At Kerley Downs this evening. Many precious souls lately converted came, and there was a general shout." Thus did God cheer him on in his work by granting him manifest success. We do not claim those happy issues as resulting alone from his labours; he toiled in connection with his brethren, and we shall see shortly how with blessed blending of energies they reaped the ripened fields.

His preaching was *genuine*. No sham in the pulpit was he, but a thoroughly honest, outspoken-man. No one can be another; he who is not himself then is nobody. O, if he could but be made to think so! Our brother never aimed at being some other person, but was content to be, what he was always expected to be—THOMAS TREGASKIS. He did not go forth with something put on—not mentally and morally inwrought, but with what *vitality belonged to him*—wit, humour, simplicity, sanctified enthusiasm, &c., which were most times brought into full play. Being very fond of anecdotal and analogical illustrations, it now and then happened that a comparison was nearly all the way from top to bottom from the loftiest order, and caused some of the more refined to halt between two opinions—whether to frown in indignation, or indulge in a hearty laugh, like the majority of the audience. One who used to hear him, says, "He would say *funny things*, but had a *good meaning* for them." It was not his fault if the "funny things" were sometimes remembered when the "good meaning" was lost. Too often was the "good meaning" even of Christ's most exquisite parables forgotten.

In nature every thing is in its own order. The grass-blade cannot take the place of a leaf, nor a leaf fulfil the functions of an emerald spire. A glowworm cannot pour forth the splendour of a star, nor a star shine with the peculiar lustre of a glowworm. As in the natural, so let it be in the moral world—"every man in his own order." If Tregaskis could not preach like a Fletcher, neither could the illustrious Vicar of Madely do the work of our Cornish Miller. What an enormous amount of stupidity is exhibited, and power lost, because men will not strive in earnest to be *themselves, fulfilling their own mission!*

His preaching was *practical*. Seldom did he fail to lead his listeners into some department of Christian morality. Habitually and strongly did he urge the importance of conduct agreeing with the precepts of the Gospel, repeating often the passages, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world," &c. We have heard him before an audience to a great extent made up of young men and young women, in chaste words and in strong indignation, denounce seduction and desertion.

Here is one of his old texts—"If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift," Matt. v. 23, 24. It was the lax morality of some which stirred him up to demand, in the name of the Lord, a better practical regard to the first principles of equity. For a time he shrank from it, lest, as a man of business, he should be suspected of interested motives. At length, breaking through all such considerations, resolving to leave consequences with the God of truth, he seized the trumpet of warning, blew it with his full strength and verily it gave no "uncertain sound." From the oft-applied passage cited he preached first at his own place June 23rd, 1824, and recording the fact he says, "Praise the Lord, He gave me a little light." A short time after he preached from it again elsewhere, urging the importance of living at peace with our neighbours, being thoroughly upright in all business transactions, and making restitution for known injuries. Some of his hearers cavilled about it; notwithstanding, knowing that many professors took goods from others without being duly concerned to pay for them, he felt bound to persist in branding such practices as *contrary to the Divine law*. A member of his family remarks, "He was always very particular on this point, as every one should be; it should be preached more than it is."

His preaching was *prayer-sustained*. He was, more than most men, a man of prayer, which indeed was the *grand secret of his success*. For a while he lived in the house adjoining the chapel vestry, in which some young men held band-meetings Sabbath mornings at five o'clock. There was in those days a little window in the wall. Often when they came at that early hour did they hear him in his own dwelling pleading with all his soul. When, after those spiritual wrestlings, he came to lead his forenoon class, it was sometimes noticed that *his face shone with the glory*. Going there to preach in such a state of devotedness, his spirit charged, as it were, with the electric influences of the Holy Ghost, no wonder the word was with power to awaken sinners, and make glad the hearts of the believing.

"O let us not of numbers vaunt,
Nor make of art a snare,
But men like Moses most we want,
To bless the church by prayer."

(To be continued.)

MRS. NANCY BRAUND.

BENEATH the shade of the tall lime trees in the church-yard of Milton Damerell, Devon, lies a stone, covering a grave, that tells to passers-by, that on March 31st, 1871, NANCY BRAUND passed from the visible to the invisible world. The hour of her departure had come, and so all our efforts to retain her longer amongst us were unavailing. The Master Himself had sent down a chariot from His royal palace to bring her to His presence; and in celestial triumph she rode up and on to the throne of Him who had sent for her. Sad, indeed, were our hearts when she left us: and, as the news spread through the neighbourhood, all mourned her departure. But knowing the Lord had taken her to Himself, we could not but bow with meek acquiescence to His sovereign will. And when we thought of her safety and blessedness, the thick cloud that had settled down upon us, filling our hearts with sadness, parted: the bright sky again appeared; and our sorrow was intermingled with the beautiful and blessed hope of re-union in heaven.

"Dearest! what delight again to share
Our sweet communion there!
To walk among—
The holy ransomed throng.

Meet again! Yes, we shall meet again,
Though now we part in pain!
Together all
His people Christ shall call."

But who was Nancy Braund? Her son, Mr. T. Braund, says, "My dear Mother was born in the parish of Milton, Damerell, Devon. Her father was a farmer. Respecting the character of her parents, I am not prepared to speak definitely. I believe they were Church-going people. Her father died when she was very young. Being a niece of Mr. Rattenbury's, at whose house Mr. O'Bryan first preached in the parish, she early became acquainted with the Bible Christians. About the year 1830, she was married to Mr. William Braund, with whom she lived very happily for twenty years. As my father died just after he had taken a large estate, or perhaps, I ought to say about six months after we got into the estate, Mother was left in a trying position, for none of the children had reached maturity. Henceforth, the care and training of her family, and to a certain extent the management of the business also, for some years, devolved upon her. Her treatment of her labourers and servants was such as to command due respect, and secure from many of them a deep interest in the success of the business, and also a lasting regard for her memory. For some time after father's death, we had a dozen or fourteen servants on the mill and farm, besides several labourers. To the younger branches of the domestic circle, she often acted the part of mother as well as that of mistress. I need hardly say, that as a mother she was very affectionate. Still, her tenderness was mingled with considerable firmness and strength of will. Her word was law. I think I never felt the value of such a mother so much as while writing this." Nearly eight years have passed away since I first became acquainted with Mrs. Braund. She had then retired from business. My first impressions of her were somewhat prepossessing, and as experience subsequently verified, I was not far wrong in my estimation of her character. Of course, I speak only of the outline: there were many tints and shades of colouring in the filling up that were discernable only by continued observation and daily friendship. No doubt there was much moral worth that was of *natural* growth—that was the development of constitutional organization. But whatever were the excellences and virtues she inherited by nature, there were other and higher traits that were above nature—lineaments that were divine—produced in her by the operation of the Spirit of God. There were no elements however that brought her out into public view—elements that place individuals in the front rank, or that raise them to some station of eminence, whence they may be more fully seen, and their doings scrutinized by others. It was hers to walk in the quiet, unobtrusive paths of life, where she was known and loved by the few. Her Christian life resembled the quiet flow of the deep river that moves along in the valley to the sea adding fertility and beauty to the landscape.

And as the river has its beginning, so also had her Christian life. But of its beginning we have but little positive information. Mr. T. Braund says, "I have heard my mother say she was brought to God under the ministry of the late Mr. W. Reed." But we know not when or where she was converted; nor what were her feelings and conflicts in her transition from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son! But it does not matter. There was a time in her history when she was born of the Spirit, and was made a new creature in Christ Jesus. When, into her darkened soul, the beauteous and blessed light of the glorious Gospel shone

with undimmed brilliancy, revealing to her heart its corruption, and the one method of restoration to holiness, she was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but trusted in the unseen Saviour, and received the witness of adoption.

Of the genuineness of her piety there was abundant evidence. Her love to Jesus was no spasmodic affection; but a principle underlying, permeating, and regulating her moral nature, and lighting up her soul with peace and joy. Ecstasy, however, was not the region of experience that was most congenial to her spirit. It was rather in that tranquil, confiding state, expressed by the prophet, "The work of righteousness is peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever," that her soul most delighted in. What a blessed inheritance *this side of Jordan!* *Peace*—the peace of God which passeth all understanding—that flows like a river, ever deeper and broader—the rich and exhaustless legacy of the world's Redeemer to all who believe in his name: *Quietness*—the heart tranquil as the placid lake, agitated by no stormy passions within, frightened and alarmed by no evil without; *Assurance for ever*—of her Father's smile, and the starry crown, of the fulness of joy, and pleasures forever more, in God's New Creation, the Paradise Regained.

"Child of my purchase! heir of fadeless glory,
In tribulation great thou shalt be tried;
Yet in My peace which passeth understanding
Thy steadfast soul for ever shall abide.

"Peace shall be thine when death's cold waters swell
Around thy feet thy trembling soul affright,
The hand that in the wilderness has led thee
Through the dark waves will guide thee into light.

"Peace—when the strange new sound of angels' hymning
Breaks in wild music on thy wondering ear;
Peace—when thy human soul unclothed and lonely
Before My throne in judgment shall appear.

"Peace perfected—when, from the din of battle,
The everlasting doors shall close thee in,
And thou shalt know, upon My throne beside Me,
Victorious peace, freedom from strife and sin."

"As much as lieth in you," says Paul, "live peaceably with all men." And all who knew Mrs. Braund will readily bear testimony to her pacific disposition. Strife, and things which engender strife, were studiously avoided; and where a rent existed, her healing hand would, if possible, apply a remedy.

To vanity and mere outward show, she was thoroughly opposed. Superfluities in dress, unbending stiffness in deportment, parade and ostentation, ever fell under her condemnation; while that which was natural and of real worth, was warmly commended. Hence, what hundreds think so much of, and glory in, was regarded by her, in her riper wisdom, as vanity and folly. She evidently had a high appreciation of the true, if not of the beautiful.

It is no exaggeration to say that she was very highly esteemed by all who knew her. And the more she was known the better she was loved. There was so much kindness and sympathy in her nature that it was impossible not to be drawn instinctively towards her. Her generosity and hospitality will not be easily forgotten. Niggardliness was altogether foreign to her heart. The wants and sorrows of the poor and the afflicted were often relieved by her benevolence. And to many a disciple did she give far more than "a cup of cold water" for her Master's sake. The last thing she did, before her illness, was getting supper for the two

young preachers* that were at her house, on the last Sabbath evening she spent on earth. On the afternoon and evening of this day, she felt particularly anxious to go to chapel. And whilst sitting in the house of God in the evening, the thought passed through her mind, perhaps, I am hearing my last sermon. And so it proved. Before another Sabbath came round, her ransomed spirit had joined the worshippers from all nations, in the great temple of Jerusalem the Golden. A few brief days and nights of acute suffering terminated the mortal strife, and released her for ever from pain and sorrow.

During these days of suffering, when bronchitis was doing its death-work on the body, her soul was sweetly sustained by her loving Saviour. "I am going home," she said to me, as I entered her room on Tuesday evening. One day Mr. Braund said to her, as he was weeping, "Ah, mother, you are going to a world"—and she completed the sentence, by saying—"Where all tears shall be wiped away." Frequently she repeated—

"O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to' appear,
And worship at Thy feet."

On being asked by her daughter, Mrs. Allin, if she saw any light in the valley, she emphatically replied, "Yes, I have not the shadow of a doubt." At another time Mr. Braund read the twenty-third Psalm to her, and when he had done, she repeated again and again—"I will fear no evil." Christ, whom for many years she had served, was her strength and hope. "Rock of Ages," she said, "cleft for me," "*cleft for me,*" "**CLEFT FOR ME.**" And in this happy, trusting state she passed away. And having expressed such strong confidence in Jesus, we felt we need not sorrow, as those that have not hope. No shadow obscured her setting sun; no clouds dimmed the calm lustre of her departing spirit; but in the unwavering confidence and sweet assurance of a heaven-inspired faith, she launched her frail bark on the dark waters of death, knowing that her heavenly Pilot would guide her in safety and blissful triumph into the harbour of everlasting rest. Angels welcomed her to the skies; loved ones who had passed on before, greeted her on the eternal hills; and in holy, happy fellowship she now mingles with those dear ones above. Adoring the all-glorious Saviour, who redeemed her from all evil, she now stands among the great multitude, before the throne, in the temple of our God, to go out no more for ever.

A. BRAYLEY.

DIED at Newport, Monmouth, Sep. 29th, 1872, ROSSETTA WACKFORD HARTLEY, in the 29th year of her age. She was a member of society for upwards of ten years, and during that time the church found her a cheerful and consistent Christian. For some years she had been ailing. Death to her was not unexpected nor unwelcome. Earth had lost its charms. Heaven was her hope; and eagerly did she look forward to the joys and glories of heaven's immortal blessedness.

No anxieties or doubts disturbed her peaceful mind. The future was

no uncertain existence, but the eye of faith, with a calm assurance, beheld beyond the grave her eternal and happy home. Her last testimony was; "I am ready to go, I feel that all is right." And shortly after she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus' arms.

J. J.

EMILY BUTLER was born in Dublin, May 20th, 1837, and died in Jersey Oct. 14th, 1872. She gave her heart to Christ when very young, and for many years has been an approved member of the Bible Christian Society in Jersey. She

* Mr. Verran and Mr. Ackerly; the latter, as most readers of this Magazine are aware, fell asleep in Jesus a few months afterwards.

was ever kind, tender-hearted, and affectionate; and uniformly evinced much love to God, and to His cause and people. During the last year or two she has suffered greatly from cancer, which in the end caused her death. By the grace of God she was enabled to bear her affliction with most exemplary patience and submission, witnessing to her latest moments, "a good confession." Being filled with the love of God, and having strong confidence in the Redeemer, her end was perfect peace. Her death was improved to a large assembly, on Sunday evening, Nov. 3rd, when, there is ground to hope, the lessons of her life and death were made, through the Divine blessing, beneficial to many of her youthful associates attending Great Union Road Chapel. At her own request, the text selected for the occasion was Matt. vi. 33.

W. L.

ANN ARTHUR BROOKS, whose maiden name was Guest, fell asleep in Jesus at Meldon, near Okehampton, Devon, Sep. 31st, 1872, in the 72nd year of her age. She gave her heart to God at the early age of fourteen and joined the Bible Christian society, which was then in its infancy, and continued a faithful member until death. Soon after her conversion she began publicly to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and at the age of nineteen she gave herself wholly to the work of the ministry, and laboured with very great success for twenty-one years, when she became the wife of Br. James

Brooks a man of sterling piety, and a faithful minister of the Gospel. "Hundreds," said a friend of sister Brooks' to me since her death, "will have reason to praise God throughout eternity for having heard her." Mr. Way, one of the first Bible Christian missionaries to Australia, was converted under her ministry. While she was abundant in labours, she was very self-denying that she might be able to contribute more largely to help extend the Redeemer's kingdom. She laboured as a local preacher, both in the Northlew and Chagford Circuits, as often as her failing strength would allow almost to the very last. She preached twice in Okehampton Chapel only three weeks and one day before she died. Her closing remarks in the evening were, "I shall never address you again — my public work is ended"—and so it was. She gradually sunk under her disease, which was dropsy, until her spirit fled to the paradise of God. The many friends who visited her in her last illness found her quite ready, waiting to go when bidden by her Lord. She was interred in Providence yard by the side of her husband. Her death was improved in Providence Chapel by Br. Seldon, and in Okehampton Chapel by Br. Braund. The end of the righteous is peace.

Perhaps some friend, better acquainted with Mrs. Brooks than the writer is, will prepare a fuller account of her life and labours for the Magazine.

L. B.

CHAPELS.

NORTHEW.—The Anniversary services of this chapel were held on Sunday and Monday, October 13th and 14th. The Sunday Services were conducted by Mr. Higman. On the Monday afternoon Mr. Edgcumbe, of Hathleigh, gave us a nice discourse. At five o'clock a public tea was provided, which was numerous and respectably patronized. At seven o'clock a public meeting was held. The remarks of the chair-

man, Mr. E. Spear, were to the point. He told us that he was decidedly opposed to chapel debts, and he is among the few who "do as well as say," giving £5 on this occasion. Mr. W. Squire, Mr. Keast, and Mr. Edgcumbe addressed the meeting. Mr. Squire thought that persons who hadn't "little boots to buy" might give freely to God's cause. Mr. Edgcumbe's speech was very practical. Twelve months ago

the debt on this chapel was £95. A few months since some friends took collecting cards, resolving to lessen if not to remove entirely the debt. It was very interesting to read the result of their efforts at the meeting.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Wood's Card	7	10	0
Mr. Vallance's do.	7	0	0
Mr. Pincum's do.	2	0	0
Mr. Gloyne's do.	4	0	0

Total collected by card £20 10 0

Balance in hand	1	2	3
Seat rents	4	0	0
Collections	2	4	4
Profits of tea	4	0	0
Mr. Speare's donation	5	0	0

16 6 7

20 10 0

Total receipts 36 16 7

Debt last anniversary... .. 95 0 0

Deduct 36 16 7

Present debt 58 3 5

The chapel debts in this circuit have been lessened very considerably during the past two years; and as more is done, and all the chapels contribute to Quarter Board, as several are doing, the circuit will know no financial difficulties in the course of a few years. Our Pastor was not with us at the above meeting, having to go on a missionary tour.

W. H. KEAST.

HIGHAMPTON.—The congregation in this place having had the truth preached to them from one of those pulpits which reach nearly to the roof of the chapel, and in which one can neither kneel nor sit comfortably, a few weeks ago they decided on modernizing a little. The pulpit has been taken down and a nice rostrum built. Lamps have been substituted for candles. The seats have been stained, and the walls cleaned. Last Sunday* was the day appointed for the re-opening services. Two sermons were preached to a crowded chapel by the writer. On the following Monday Mr. Edgcombe gave us a thoroughly practical sermon. A capital tea was provided, and although the rain poured down incessantly, about 50 partook of it. A deeply interesting meeting was held in the evening. Mr. Hatherleigh presided. We never met with a better

chairman; addresses were delivered by Messrs. Drew, Keast, and Edgcombe. The receipts were nearly equal to the disbursements, notwithstanding the unpropitiousness of the weather. These were good services. It did us good to see the tear in the eye on the Sunday evening.

W. H. KEAST.

PORTLAND.—The Anniversary of Zion Chapel was held on Sunday and Wednesday, the 20th and 23rd October last. On the Sunday, the Pastor preached in the morning, and Mr Andrews, Primitive Methodist Minister, afternoon and evening. The congregations were good; the heavenly influence rich, and both preachers and people felt to say: "Master, it is good for us to be here." The annual tea was held on the Wednesday. The attendance was not large, as trade is very depressed; but, the weather being very fine, the provisions all given, and the tea well served, the visitors appeared to enjoy themselves very much. The evening's meeting was well attended, and past off very encouragingly; pecuniary proceeds are a little over £8. To God be all the praise!

JOHN MATNARD.

CHEPSTOW CIRCUIT.—*Whitelye*.—On Monday, September 16th, it was decided, after consultation, to put a new floor into this chapel, skirting around the walls, build a wall on one side and in front, with an iron gate, and also make a drain to carry off the water which had hitherto injured the floor. The next morning fourteen men were busily engaged in putting in the drain and carting stones and lime, all free of charge. The chapel was re-opened, Oct. 20th, when two excellent sermons were preached by Mr. J. H. Michell, of Bristol. The next day (Monday) 116 persons sat down to an excellent tea. After which a public meeting was held, and addresses delivered by the brethren, J. Parker, E. Roberts, W. Morgan, W. Edwards, J. Harris, and S. Shortridge; T. Church in the chair; all of whom spoke under a very good influence. The congregations were good each day, although the weather was very unfavourable.

	£	s.	d.
By Cards and Donations	5	17	6
" Collections	2	2	6
" Profits of Tea	4	2	6
" Sale of old Floor	0	17	6
" Labour given... ..	2	0	0

£15 0 0

Date not given.—Ed.

DECEMBER, 1872.

2 M

Leaving a debt of only £20 on the chapel.

Caldicot.—The anniversary was held Oct. 27th. Two sermons were preached by Br. Wooldridge, and being an old friend many came to see him. On the Monday over a hundred persons sat down to an excellent tea in a room kindly lent by Mr. Prior for the occasion. A public meeting was held afterwards in the chapel, addressed by the brethren J. Malpas, (Wesleyan) T. Wooldridge, and S. Shortridge. We were disappointed in our old friend Mr. John not being able to take the chair; but the meeting was very good and well attended. Br. Wooldridge greatly interested the congregations on both days. The weather was very favourable, which added to our success.

	£	s.	d.
Collections	2	7	6
Cards and Donations	3	0	0
Profits of Tea	2	12	3
	£7	19	9

I may add, great praise is due to our female friends in both places, for

the interest they took in getting up the teas.

I am happy to say that a few souls have united with us at Whitelye and Abbey. We greatly need a revival. May God send it. Amen.

S. SHORTRIDGE.

DEAN FOREST.—*Burdean.*—The anniversary of this chapel was celebrated on Sunday and Monday, October 6th and 7th; on the Sunday the sermons were preached by Messrs. J. Stephens, and T. Wooldridge to crowded congregations. On the following day, a public tea was provided at five o'clock, of which upwards of 180 persons partook. In the evening a public meeting was held, the chair was occupied by Mr. Thompson, and heart-stirring addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Benney, J. Cowmeadow, C. Cowmeadow, J. Kemeys, C. E. Boughton (Independent) J. Stephens, and T. Wooldridge. The meeting will be remembered with feelings of pleasure and delight, some few have since been converted, and others we hope are feeling after God; may they soon turn in with us, is our united prayer.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

SOUTH PETHERTON.—The first series of meetings for this Circuit was held October 13th, and following week.

At *Hardington*, Monday, the 14th, Br. H. Werren introduced the business of the meeting and read the Report. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. A. H. Goodenough, and W. Werren, our Pastor's brother, who was on a visit from Cornwall. Meeting good and collections in advance. The sermons were preached by the writer.

Haselbury, Tuesday, the 15th, Br. Norman occupied the chair and did his work exceedingly well; the Report was read by Mr. H. Werren, and the meeting was addressed by Messrs. W. Werren, A. H. Goodenough, and H. Werren. Owing to the unpropitious state of the weather the congregation was rather small, but the collection was more than last year's.

The sermons were preached by Messrs. H. Werren and R. Harris.

Wednesday the 15th. We came to Crewkerne, one of the cleanest and prettiest little towns in Somerset. We were rather desponding when we went to the preaching room, for the friends

said we were sure to go behind, and we were afraid there was some reason for the assertion, for during the last three months we have stretched every "nerve and vein," in raising money for our new Chapel, of which we cannot now speak particularly, suffice it to say, it is thought the chapel will be opened about the 20th of November. Mr. G. D. Norman was so pleased with the meeting the preceding evening, that he came to Crewkerne, and was again voted to the chair. Messrs W. Werren, A. H. Goodenough, and H. Werren were the speakers. Notwithstanding the special effort for the new chapel, the friends evidently had not forgotten the missionary cause; for at the close of the meeting it was found that the collection was a little more than last year's. The sermons were preached by Messrs. R. Harris and H. Werren.

Seavington, Thursday, the 16th. Congregation rather small. Speakers, H. Werren and A. H. Goodenough. Collection a little behind, probably owing to the recent removal of several friends; but before we left the chapel we had the promise it should be made up. The

sermons were preached by Mr. V. Culliford, of High Ham.

At each place we had the presence of the Master; the speakers spoke with ease and power, and the friends appeared to be interested.

A. H. G.

HATHERLEIGH CIRCUIT.

BR. JOHNS' VISIT.

On Sunday, September 29th, the Anniversary of our Chapel at Hatherleigh was held, when two excellent sermons have preached by Br. Johns to crowded congregations, who listened with rapt attention to the eloquent speaker, and we trust the word preached will be as seed cast into good ground, which will spring up and bring forth in some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred-fold.

On Monday, the 30th, we held our quarterly meeting at Beaford. The attendance was very good, the business done in a capital spirit, and the receipts nearly equalled the disbursements. A good number sat down to a public tea, provided by our kind and valued friend Miss A. A. Knapman. Tea over, Br. Johns gave us a good sermon, and then spoke on his "special mission," and the friends liberally responded to his appeals.

On Tuesday we attended a harvest-thanksgiving service at Winkleigh. Br. Johns preached at half-past three p.m. one of the most soul refreshing sermons to which it has ever been our privilege to listen. A public tea followed, got up in good style by Mrs. Bennett. About 80 persons sat down at the tables, which were presided over by Miss Kenner, Miss Harris, and Miss Stevens. A public meeting followed, and suitable addresses were delivered by the Brethren Johns, Edgcumbe and the writer. Br. Johns obtained promises to the amount of several pounds.

On Wednesday we returned to Hatherleigh. Br. Johns again preached at half-past three o'clock to a good congregation. It was a very precious season, a rich influence rested upon the assembly. Praise the Lord! At five about 70 persons sat down to a good tea, provided by Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Knapman and Mrs. W. Horne assisting. In the evening Br. Johns gave his Lecture on "Queen Mary and her Times," at the close of which a collection was made in behalf of the Chapel. This has been one of the

best anniversaries of the chapel since it was opened. Mr. Johns succeeded pretty well also in regard to his mission.

On Thursday we visited Exbourne; Br. Johns preached to a good congregation at half-past seven p.m., at the close of the service the friends came forth nobly in behalf of the special Fund. The amount obtained in cash and promises at the four meetings was about £50.

We have been holding special services at Hatherleigh for the last four weeks, and sixteen persons have professed to find peace with God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and many others are deeply feeling. We hope to see them brought into the liberty of the gospel. To God be all the praise.

W. DENNIS.

QUEENSLAND.

Br. Woolcock, writing September 3rd. last, says—"So far, at least, as appearances go, I think our little cause of God in Queensland, never looked so healthy and hopeful before. We never had so many regular hearers, the various departments of finance were never so well sustained, and our Sunday Schools never so numerously attended as now. We have just opened a *fifth* Sunday School at Maggill. The number of members and tone of religious feeling were never before so good. On Thursday last I had finished speaking to the members of the class—about a dozen being present, and I then said, 'Now will two or three pray, any who feel the spirit of prayer.' Whereupon a man, who, with his wife had recently given his heart to God, and united with us, broke out just thus, 'O, God I thank thee, that I ever came to this chapel to hear the blessed gospel preached. It has touched my poor sinful heart, and I feel now that I have but just begun to live. I was dead in sin before, but I am now alive. I have got pardon and peace: I am in a new world—I see everything in a new light, and it is all in and through Jesus Christ. I thank thee, O, Lord, for what thou art doing for my dear wife, as well as for me. I pray that we both may be steadfast in the way we have chosen, so that we with our dear Minister and friends may meet in heaven at last.' This man is a native of Scotland, a carpenter carrying on his own business, he had been in this colony for some seven or eight years; but like many others never entered a place of worship before he came to our chapel. This is

not the only case of the sort we have here. We are all in excellent health, and unite in warmest love."

W. WOOLCOCK.

DEPARTURE OF A MISSIONARY.

Mr. Kelly left London in the *Orient*,

November 4th, but they were beating about in the Channel for some days, and on the following Monday, when he wrote the last note we received from him, they had only got a little further than the Isle of Wight.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IS THIS AS IT SHOULD BE?

MR. EDITOR,—When from home a short time ago, I had the privilege, after preaching in a certain chapel, of conversing with some of the members; our conversation turned on class-meetings, prayer-meetings, the sacraments, &c. I found the members strongly disposed in favour of class-meetings; they would maintain them by all means, and urge them upon other persons with all the strength of argument they could command. With that we find no fault whatever, it is certainly good. Presently the question was asked, "How often do you have the Sacrament?" "Oh, not very often, only twice since I have been living here," a period extending over ten years. The chapel will hold about one hundred persons, and there is a good, intelligent society, and yet they only get the Sacrament given once in about five or six years. Is this as it should be?

Another case I met with. A chapel which will hold some hundreds, and having a Society of about one hundred members, and yet for a period of three years the Sacrament was not once given. The class and prayer-meetings must be attended regularly; the preaching services kept up twice on the Sunday, and once in the week in most places; but the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper may be observed once a month, or once a quarter, or once a year, or years may pass away without the Saviour's command being once observed: "This do in remembrance of me." Is this as it should be?

In Paul's epistle to the Corin-

thians, he tells them, that because they had not properly kept the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, there were many among them, "who were weak and sickly, and some asleep." Who can doubt that these words correctly describe many members of the churches of the present day. We have many weakly, sickly, sleepy professors among us; and may not the cause, at least one of the causes, be, that specified by Paul, as the reason why the Corinthians were in such a condition.

We were forcibly struck some time ago by a remark in the life of that truly great and pious man, Adam Clarke. He says that for one year the Conference decided that their preachers should not give the Sacrament. During that year they had a large decrease in members. The year following, the preachers gave the Sacrament again, then they had a great increase. That to him was a proof that the ordinance must be properly attended to by all members of churches in order that they might prosper, and that the neglect of it was displeasing in the sight of heaven.*

The question, whether class-meetings shall be or shall be not considered as a test of membership, is still being discussed with some ability and spirit. Let it go on; if any good can come from it. We have no wish for class-meetings to be thrust aside, nor any expectation that they will be; yet we do most ear-

*We cannot think there is much force in this argument, as a hundred causes besides might be at work producing declension one year, and prosperity the next.—Ed.

nestly desire to see the ordinance of the Lord's Supper properly regarded by Christian people, and observed by all our societies. Let ministers appoint the Sacrament regularly, and attend to the appointments, whether the members who attend be many or few.

There is no christian duty more plainly indicated or more strongly enforced in the new Testament, and probably not one more sadly neglect-

ed by some of our members. Let us show our love to Christ by keeping His commandments. Let us "honour God, and He will honour us."

S. H.

[Sympathising deeply with the writer's object we know how difficult it is in large country Circuits to realize it; but most likely by a little attention, such cases as those specified above would not occur. Ed.]

Brief Notices of Books.

Disciple-Life. By the Rev. D. MACCOLL, Author of "Work in the Wynds." Glasgow: James Maclehose.

THE name of the author of "Work in the Wynds" on the Title-page will induce many persons to get this new volume from his pen, albeit that it is of quite a different character. We can however promise them that in its way it is equally excellent, as original, as suggestive, as striking. The thought is fresh and powerful, and the style almost perfect in its simplicity and clearness. By "*Disciple-Life*" is meant, "that life of faith whose first necessity is continuous divine teaching." And while the whole Bible implies this; "yet, it seems more especially the function of the Gospels to make this prominent and plain." Further, the life of the first disciples "is a part of the teaching we need. By representative cases we see how this and the other soul is affected still, when brought into relation with Christ." Our readers will perceive what the leading idea of the book is, and to that we must refer them to see how skilfully and effectively it is worked out. We make one brief extract from one of the best chapters, that on "the leaven of the Pharisees:"—

But it is the *leaven* of the Pharisees against which our Lord here warns His disciples. The features, and the voice, and the whole bearing and character of a man, and especially of a disciple do not take an outward form and tone

contrary to the inward being without difficulty, without frequent effort, and great restraint upon what is more honourable and natural. The new mould will often be broken in the making, and be thrown aside with shame. The type of a hypocrite is happily not easily set up, and not easily stereotyped. But hypocrisy is not thus formed piece by piece from without; it is an inward process, secret, silent, slow. It is the process of leaven. A false spirit has been introduced, moistening and melting into the inner life, changing gradually each particle of thought and feeling, and becoming outwardly perceptible only after it has been perfected within. Our Lord thus, as His wont, calls attention to the inner life and spirit, to the springs of life, the silent depths in which life's well fills, and where it can most easily be made deadly or wholesome by some mineral mixture. It is the handful of leaven hidden in the meal of which He warns us; the kind of strata not out of which but *through* which the water rises. Yet, though the work is within, it may begin from without. Outward circumstances, like a hand, may hide the leaven within; the mineral mixture may percolate through various interstices of associated life, into life's individual will. It is the leaven of the *Pharisees* against which warning is given. For the neighbourhood of hypocrisy is dangerous. This disease is contagious. The air becomes infected by it. If we breathe it much, it may infect the blood. Thus unbelief, suspicion, doubt, disputation, contempt, by so-called religious men, of the faith we have received, may easily leaven us with hypocrisy. The

faith we once had may shrink into smaller dimensions, while the form it made first for itself may remain. The appearance that was once natural may become the mask of a very different face—outwardly it may look reverent and devoted; inwardly it may sometimes wear a doubt or a sneer, or a cold unsympathetic look; outwardly it may seem what it once was—simple, sincere, pure; while within there may be what is double, deceitful, gross; outwardly it may still sound earnest, happy, holy; but it may sound only as the voice of one that can sing well, that may even make others feel well, and yet would fain have earthlier songs, and music more suited to the mind.

The Bases of the Temperance Reform. An Exposition and Appeal. With Replies to Numerous Objections. By Rev. DAWSON BURNS, M.A., F.S.S., Joint Author of "The Temperance Bible Commentary." London: Pitman.

If we "regard," as we are bound to do, "the Author's end," this work must be pronounced a perfect success. Mr. Burns tells us that "the design of this work is to set forth, with clearness and succinctness, the principles of the Temperance Reform," which he has unquestionably done, and we are persuaded that in many instances his hope will be realized that, "by securing the reader's enlightened assent, a stronger public sentiment may be called forth against all the causes — personal, social, and legalised—of Intemperance." Indeed, to our mind, the arguments Mr. Burns employs are so convincing and forcible, that we should be surprised if all of his readers were not converted to his views, did we not know something about the influence that prejudice, habit, and interest have, in blinding the understanding, confusing the moral perceptions, and hardening the heart. The propositions that Mr. Burns seeks to establish are, That the Drinking System is the Great Social Evil in our Land, That Intoxicating Liquors are Useless and Injurious as Articles of Diet, That Intemperance is a true

Plague which can only be effectually suppressed by the exclusion of Intoxicating Drinks, That violence is done to the Will of God and the Welfare of man by appropriating the fruits of the earth to the production of Intoxicating drinks, That the Sacred Scriptures do not afford sanction to the use of Intoxicating drinks, but give encouragement and support to the Total Abstinence practice, That the traffic in Alcoholic Liquors exerts a pernicious influence, calling for its Legislative Suppression, and That the Exclusion of Intoxicating Drinks from the Diet, the Entertainments, and the Commerce of Society is a principle approved by Science and Christianity; and is the only efficient Cure and Preventive of Intemperance.

The Credibility of the Christian Religion; or, Thoughts on Modern Rationalism. By SAMUEL SMITH. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

A CAPITAL book to put into the hands of intelligent young persons inclined to scepticism, and Sunday-School Teachers, City Missionaries, and others will find it very useful in fortifying their minds against infidel assaults, now unhappily so common. One expression towards the close of the following extract some of our readers probably may think is neither very complimentary nor exact. Having shown that there is "a true reflection of Scriptural teaching in bodies so far apart as the Calvinists and the Quakers," our Author proceeds:—

There is, in fact, a great resemblance between political and Christian Societies, in respect of their variety of structure and creed. One who looked cursorily over the nations of the world might conclude that there are no axioms of political science—so extraordinary a diversity of Government does he see; but the more careful student will find many points of resemblance between the most diverse, and, what is more important, a steady progress towards certain cardinal ideals of order, liberty, and intelligence. He will also find a fitness in the different Governments to the various degrees of civilization. The

despotism of the Czar suits the ignorant Russian, while Republicanism best suits the intelligent Anglo-Saxon in North America; and what will surprise him much will be the large common ground which is occupied by Government both in Russia and America. In like manner the Episcopal and Presbyterian polity, the rudimentary Church-life of the Bible Christians, and the pre-eminently elaborate system of Wesley, cover a wide area of common ground, and serve as true channels for the varying requirements of Christian Society.

It may be, that this reference to the "Bible Christians" is to a small body that has long existed in Manchester, Liverpool, and we believe in a few other large towns in the North, and in that case we cannot decide as to the correctness or otherwise of the allusion. We feel however that it is, to say the least, an unfortunate circumstance that we should have a name which has been appropriated by more than one sect, and if a fresh proof of this were wanted, it is to be found in the fact that, in the valuable statistics which the *Nonconformist* has lately published, the ordinary reader would not know that the people designated "Bible Christians" in Manchester and Liverpool were not those bearing the same name in Portsmouth, Plymouth, Brighton, and Swansea.

The Methodist Pulpit. Vol. 1. London: A. OSBORNE.

In this neat volume we have twelve

sermons, and the President's address at the late Wesleyan Conference, held in London. The sermons are not equal in merit, but when we state that the Revs. William Arthur, M.A., Luke H. Wiseman, M.A., Samuel Cooley, Charles Garrett, W. Cooke, D.D., and Bishop Simpson have each a Sermon in this Volume, they will expect a high degree of excellence, and in this they will not be disappointed.

The Second Report of the Church Reform Union we have read with interest. The Reforms which the "Union" seeks to accomplish, homœopathic though they be, are, if not impracticable, not likely soon to be realized, as we are informed "the chief work accomplished by the Council during the past year has been to plan and carry through an important Public Meeting of persons desiring 'to strengthen the Church of England by judicious reforms.'"

Railway Signals for Life's Journey
J. W. W. THOMPSON, & Co.

CONTAINS such solemn warnings, wise counsels, and tender appeals, and is written withal in so lively a style, that its circulation must do good.

The managers of our Sunday Schools will be glad to know that a New Choral Service, entitled *Incidents in the History of Jesus*, similar to the well known "Service of Song," has been published by Haughton & Co.

The Gleaner.

BOUND TOGETHER.—You remember the touching story of Sir Robert Peel's daughter. Her father gave her, as a birthday present, a gorgeous riding habit, and went out with her on the same day for an airing in the park, his heart swelling with parental pride as he rode by her side. Shortly afterwards she sickened and died of typhus fever of the most malignant type; and

when inquiry was made as to how she had caught the infection, it was discovered that the habit, bought from one of the London West-end tradesmen, had been made in a miserable attic, where the husband of the seamstress was lying ill of fever, and that it had been used by her to cover him in his shivering fits. Thus, whether we will believe it or not, the safety of the highest

is bound up with the condition of the lowest; and if we neglect their material, moral, and spiritual interests, there will come a dreadful Nemesis to mark the Divine displeasure on our conduct, and we may perceive our guilt all too late, when the vast temple of our liberties is a shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish.—*W. N. Taylor.*

CONVERSION TO THE "HAPPINESS" OF THE GOSPEL.—"We as much need converting to the *happiness*, as to the holiness, of the Gospel." Creatures are happy, each according to its nature and in its own element; the lark in the sky, the bee among the heather, the fish in the stream, the limpet on the rock. To the child of this world, happiness seems to lie in the unrestrained indulgence of his own will and desires. The Gospel of the world is—"Happy are the rich; happy are the mirthful; happy are the great." To one so judging, happiness through poverty, sorrow, humility sounds an absurdity. If he is to be capable of it, his character must undergo a great change.—*E. R. Conder.*

INFLUENCE OF STATE-CONTROL.—We are afraid that it cannot with reason and truth be denied that the Church is "stunted and chilled by the influence, direct or indirect, of legislative control," and that she is "deprived of her proper powers for the exercise of discipline, or for the ordering of her spiritual resources." How, indeed, can it well be otherwise, so long as she is *under* the State—subject to the arbitrary interference of the State even in her spiritual concerns—the State being composed, not of her members only, or even her "friends," but of those among whom it may not improbably be, that such as dissent from her communion, and are her inveterate enemies, are in a decided majority. Besides, the "legislative control," the influence of which is referred to, is the control of a House of Commons in which it is notorious that there is a preponderance of those who do not care about the interest of the Church, many of whom, in

fact, are only too glad of any opportunity that they can avail themselves of to impair and injure those interests.—*Church Herald.*

THE GREAT RULE OF CONDUCT.—The rule of conduct followed by Lord Erskine—a man of sterling independence of principle and scrupulous adherence to truth—is worthy of being engraven on every young man's heart. "It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth," he said, "always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequence to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and, I trust, the practice, of this parental lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity or wealth, and I shall point out the same path to my children for their pursuit." And there can be no doubt, after all, the only safe rule of conduct is, to follow implicitly the guidance of an enlightened conscience.

TRAPS AND SNARES.—Ps. x. 9.—Take care, brethren, for there are other traps besides those mentioned in Psalm x. 9. Hungry lions are crouching in every den, and fowlers spread their nets in every field.

Quarles well pictures our danger in those memorable lines:—

"The close pursuers' busy hands do plant
Snares in thy substance; snares attend thy
want;
Snares in thy credit; snares in thy disgrace;
Snares in thy high estate; snares in thy
base;
Snares tuck thy bed; and snares surround
thy board;
Snares watch thy thought; and snares
attack thy word.
Snares in thy quiet; snares in thy com-
motion;
Snares in thy diet; snares in thy devo-
tion;
Snares lurk in thy resolve; snares in thy
doubt;
Snares lie within thy heart; and snares
without;
Snares are above thy head; and snares
beneath;
Snares are in thy sickness; snares are in thy
death."—*Spurgeon on the Psalms.*

"SECRET FAULTS."—Ps. xix. 12.—Beware of committing acts which it will be necessary to con-

ceal. There is a singular poem by Hood, called "The Dream of Eugene Aram"—a most remarkable piece it is indeed, illustrating the point on which we are now dwelling. Aram had murdered a man, and cast his body into the river—"A sluggish water, black as ink, the depth was so extreme." The next morning he visited the scene of his guilt,—

"And sought the black accursed pool,
With a wild misgiving eye;
And he saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry."

Next he covers the corpse with heaps of leaves, but a mighty wind swept through the wood and left the secret bare before the sun,—

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep;
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep,
On land or sea, though it should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep."

In plaintive notes he prophesies his own discovery. He buried his victim in a cave, and trod him down with stones; but when years had run their weary round, the foul deed was discovered, and the murderer was put to death.—*Ibid.*

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.—A traveler one day called at a cottage to ask for a drink of water; entering, he found the parents quarrelling and cursing, and the children crouching in a corner trembling. Wherever he looked, he saw only marks of degradation and poverty. Greeting the inmates, he said, "Dear friends, why do you make your house so like hell?"

"Ah, sir," said the man, "you don't know the life and trials of a poor man; when, do what you can, everything goes wrong."

The stranger drank the water, and then said, softly (as he noticed a dusty Bible in a dark corner), "Dear friends, I know what would help you, if you could find it. There is a treasure concealed in your house: search for it." And so he left them.

The cottagers at first thought it a jest, but after a while they began to

reflect. When the woman went out, therefore, to gather sticks, the man began to search, and even to dig, that he might find the treasure. When the man was away, the woman did the same. Still they found nothing; increasing poverty brought only more quarrels, discontent, and strife.

One day, as the woman was left alone, she was thinking upon the stranger, when her eye fell on the old Bible. It had been a gift from her mother, but since her death had been long unheeded and unused.

A strange foreboding seized her mind. Could it be *this* the stranger meant? She took it from the shelf, opened it, and found this verse inscribed on the title-page in her mother's own handwriting, "*The law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver.*" It cut her to the heart. "Ah!" thought she, "this is the treasure, then, we have been seeking in vain." Her tears fell fast upon the leaves.

From that time she read the Bible every day, and prayed, and taught the children to pray, but without her husband's knowing it. One day he came home as usual, quarrelling and in a rage. Instead of meeting his angry words with angry replies, she spoke to him meekly and kindly. "Husband," said she, "we have sinned grievously; we have ourselves to blame for all our misery, and we must now lead a different life." He looked amazed. "What do you say?" was his exclamation. She brought the old Bible, and, sobbing, cried, "There is the treasure. See, I have found it!"

It was a year after that the stranger returned that way. Seeing the cottage, he remembered the circumstance of his visit, and thought he would call again. He did so, and found the cottage the picture of neatness and cleanliness. He entered, saying, "How are you, my good people?" Then they recognized him, but for a time could not speak; at length they cried, "Thanks, dear sir! thanks! we have found your treasure. Now the blessing of God dwells in our house, and His peace in our hearts."—From "*The Mothers' Treasury*," an *Illustrated Penny Magazine*.

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